

You Must Have Faith in Your Prayers to Have Them Answered

"Billy" Sunday Declares that the Greatest Blessings Come Through Prayers.

RELIGION SHOWS ON FACE

Sunday's sermon yesterday afternoon was as follows (Text: Luke, xii, "Teach us to pray."):

We live and develop physically by exercise. We are saved by faith, but we must work out our salvation by doing the things God wills. The more we do for God the more God will do through us. Faith will increase by experience.

"Teach us to pray," not to gossip about our neighbors. "Teach us to pray," not to sing. "Teach us to pray," not to preach. "Teach us to pray."

If you are a stranger to prayer you are a stranger to the greatest source of power known to human beings. If we care for our physical life in the same lackadaisical way that we care for our spiritual, we would be as weak physically as we are spiritually. You go to work in the week and without prayer, I want to be a giant for God. You don't even sing; you let the choir do it. You go to prayer meeting and offer no testimony.

Greatest Blessings Through Prayer. You are a stranger to the greatest privilege that is offered to a human being. Some of the greatest blessings that people enjoy come from prayer. In earnest prayer you think as the Lord directs, and lose yourself in Him.

Some people say, "It's no use to pray. The Lord knows everything, anyway." That's true. He does. He knows everything and has known it since before the world was. We don't know everybody who is going to be converted at the revival, but that doesn't relieve us of our duty. We don't know, and we must do the work He commanded us to do.

It makes me sick to hear men and women put their infinitesimal reasons against the wisdom of God. Everything God offers us is for our good, and we are fools if we don't realize it.

The Lord knows you need salvation but He won't crowd it on you. The Lord knows you need crops, but He won't send down angels and yoke them to the plow to work, while you sit in the shade sucking lemonade through a straw and singing about the promised land.

Others say, "But I don't get what I pray for." Well, there's a cause for everything. Get at the cause and you'll be all right. Find out what is the trouble. Does God's word abide in you, and you in His? If you are sick and need for the doctor he pays no attention to the disease, but looks at what produced it. In Matthew I find it written, "Ask and it shall be given." "Seek and ye shall find." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Must Have Faith in Prayer. If your prayers are not answered you are not right with God. If you have no faith, if your motive is wrong, then your prayers will be in vain. Many times when people pray they are selfish. They are not gripping the world.

Many a wife prays for the conversion of her husband alone, hoping that things will be better for her at home. Pray for your neighbors as well as your own family.

"Teach us to pray" implies that I want to be taught. It's a great privilege to be taught by Jesus. A friend of mine was preaching in Cedar Rapids, Ia., and had to go to a hospital in Chicago for an operation, and I was asked to go and preach in his place. Alexander was leading the singing and one night Charles called a little girl out of the audience to sing. She didn't look over 4 or 5 years of age, though she might have been a little older. I thought, "What's the use? Her little voice can never be heard over the crowd."

But Charles stood her up in a chair by the pulpit and she threw back her head, and out rolled some of the sweetest music I have ever heard. It was wonderful. I sat there and the tears streamed down my cheeks.

That little girl was the daughter of a Northwestern engineer and her mother took her to Chicago and to Patil, who was singing in that city.

"Some people say my little girl has a sweet voice," said the mother. "I thought you might like to hear her."

Patil Sings for Little Girl. Patil took the little girl to one of her suits of rooms and told her to stand there and sing. Then she went to the other end of the suite and sat down on a divan and listened. The little girl sang a couple of hymns, and the songs moved Patil to tears. She ran and hugged and kissed the little girl, and sat her down on the divan and said to her:

"Now you sit here and I'll go over there and sing."

She took up her position where the child had stood, and she lifted her magnificent voice and she sang "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer."

She sang them for that little girl. And Patil used to get \$1,000 for a song, too. She always knew how many songs she was to sing, for she had a check before she went on the platform. It was a great privilege to the little daughter of that Northwestern engineer had, but it's a greater privilege to learn from Jesus Christ how to pray. "Lord, teach us to pray."

When I was assistant secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Chicago, John G. Patton came home from the New Hebrides and was lecturing and collecting money. He was raising money to buy a sea-going yacht, for his work took him from island to island and he had to use a rowboat, and sometimes it was dangerous when the weather was bad so he wanted the yacht. We had him for a week and it was my privilege to go to lunch with him. We would go out to a restaurant at noon and he would talk to us. Sometimes there would be as many as fifteen or twenty preachers in the crowd, and now and then some of them were so interested in what he told us of the work for Jesus in those far-away islands that we forgot to eat. I remember that he said one day:

Over Much to Early Prayer. "All that I owe to my Christian father and mother. My father was one of the most prayerful men I ever knew. Often in the daytime he would slip into his closet, and he would hang a handkerchief outside the door. When we saw the white sentinel we knew that father was talking with God and we would not go in. It is largely because of the life and influence of that same saintly father that I am preaching to the cannibals in the South Seas."

"And as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered. Ladies, do you want to look pretty? If some of you women would spend less time on soap, pomades and cold cream, and get down on your knees and pray, God would make you prettier."

"As he prayed his countenance was altered." Try it, women, and see if your husbands don't fall in love with you. Try

it, old man, instead of cussing around the house. I can tell which of you people are listening to me through your projections, and which of you are listening because you want to get nearer to God. I am a student of faces. I know them like a jeweler knows the faces of watches.

Why, I can look into your faces and tell what sort of lives you live. If you are devoting your time and thoughts to society, your countenance will show it. If you pray, I can see that.

Religion Shows in Countenance. Two famous men walked the streets of London one day. One was William Pennycuik, the great philanthropist and devout Christian of England, and the other was Radcliffe, the famous infidel and attorney. Pennycuik said to Radcliffe that religion could be seen in a man's face, and Radcliffe agreed. Pennycuik's father was too modest to offer himself as an example, but just then a poor mendicant, a street beggar, approached, and Radcliffe said: "We'll try it on that fellow." As the mendicant reached them he looked into the hard face of the infidel lawyer, heavily lined with religion, over cases and with his smears at religion, and turned away. Then he looked into the mild and gentle face of Pennycuik, and in your face, please give me a penny!" Radcliffe was staggered. "There must be something in that," he muttered as he walked away. "That man didn't know either of us, and he didn't know what we had been talking about."

"We haven't had a genuine revival since 1857. There have been revivals in different cities, but we haven't had a sweeping revival throughout the country since that in 1857-58. That revival started in the old John Street Methodist church. Oh, you Methodists! The Lord help you! You are trying to ape other society churches, and have lost your religion. The Presbyterians have taken your 'Amen.' And God doesn't seem to be able to get to the workbooks of you people. When you Methodists and Presbyterians are baptized they put the water on your head, and the water doesn't get to your pocketbooks. When you Baptists are baptized, you change your breeches, so your pocketbooks are not baptized. I don't know where you women keep your purses. I know where Nell keeps hers. (Prolonged laughter.)

Biggest Revival Started by Three. That revival started with three men on their knees in New York. It spread to Boston and Chicago and Cincinnati and Pittsburgh and St. Louis and San Francisco, and it jumped the ocean to Europe and Australia and millions were converted. We have had little revivals—local revivals—since then, but not a religious landslide.

I don't care whether you read your prayers out of a book or whether you just say them, so long as you mean them. A man can read his prayers and go to heaven, or he may just say his prayers and go to hell. We've got to face conditions. When I read that all the saints men who have done things from Pentecost until today have known how to pray.

Some pray, "Thy will be done," then go out and do something to block God's will and keep His kingdom from coming. Matthew says, "But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

All Must Have a Secret Religion. They say that the roots of the trees reach out for many yards around—the secret source of their outward strength. If you have no secret religion you'll have no public religion.

One of the Young Men's Christian Association I used to have to get ministers for the noon meetings, and got to know Dr. Armstrong. One day he told me of a call he had made to collect for mission work. When he rang at the door it was opened by a little girl. He asked for her mother and she asked, "Are you sick?" He said that he wasn't, and she asked, "Are you hurt?" Again he said no. Then she asked if he knew of anyone sick or injured. When he said no, she said, "Then you can't see mamma, for she prays from 9 to 10 o'clock." Then he said he knew why that home was so bright; knew why her two sons were in the theological seminary and her girl was a missionary. All hell can't tear a boy or girl away from a mother like that.

A friend told me of meetings in which, when the people were asked to name persons for whom they wished prayers, made, an old lady always jumped up and asked prayers for "John." She was asked why she always was so anxious about him, and she said that all of the other members of her family were saved, and that from the time she first took John to her knees, she knew why he had prayed every day that he might be saved, too. She said she was sure that God would save him some day. She was rewarded when John Morrow, circuit court judge, came down the aisle and accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. Go home and pray for your husband, or wives, or sons or daughters, and we shall have a great revival.

Say, pray in secret, wives, that your husbands will hit the trail. Say, pray in secret, husbands, that your wives will hit the trail. Why, do you know that if you both pray in secret for one another, you are both likely to meet here face to face and go to Jesus together?

Finding One's Niche. "Success depends upon the mind, not the muscle. The engineer is bigger than the engine he runs; the captain is bigger than the ship."

"When Galileo was 16 years of age his parents wanted him to be a physician, but he had no liking for the cranium and the bones and muscles, and he hid away and studied his Rudin."

"Many a boy gets started at third base and tries to run the wrong way and is thrown out because he goes the wrong way. Acknowledge that you are a bunch of quitters."

"I will tell you, many young people are good in the beginning, but they are like the fellow that was killed by falling off a skyscraper—they slip too quick."

"The newspaper today is a better college than Abraham Lincoln had—just the newspaper. The limbs of the tree of knowledge hang so close to the ground that the boy or girl who is ambitious can walk up and pluck the fruit away."

"Many a man couldn't tell what they God wanted him to be a college professor or an auctioneer, but he may have had luck enough to keep out of the poorhouse because he found some girl who was big enough, strong enough and willing enough to stand over a washbasin and manure her finger nails."

"Ma" Sunday is Mother to All the Women of the Sunday Party



The women of the "Billy" Sunday party have been organized into a gymnastic class by the ever-watchful "Ma" Sunday. This is an entirely new health "stunt" pulled off for the first time in Omaha.

"Ma" is the most motherly soul imaginable. She just has to "mother" somebody. And with her two younger sons going to school away off at Winona Lake, Ind., she looked around for somebody to be a mother to. She found the women of the Sunday party. "You've got to take care of your health," she told them. "Your work is mostly mental and of a sedentary character. You don't have time enough to exercise. That won't do. We're going to start a gymnastic class and it will meet every evening between the close of the tabernacle service and bedtime."

And it was so ordered. The room of Miss Grace Saxe, Bible teacher, was selected for the "gym" because it is the largest. "Ma" is the physical instructor. The members of her class are these: Miss Florence Miller, Miss Alice Gam-

lin, Mrs. William Asher and Miss Grace Saxe. "Ma" has made a study of calisthenics and has outlined, not without some difficulty, a splendid exercise which is scientifically designed to fill the physical needs of the hard-worked party of women.

Difficult? Yes. Because the four women in her class are easily classified as heavyweights and featherweights. Mrs. Asher and Miss Saxe are of generous proportions, while Miss Miller and Miss Gamlin are petite and look as though they could run a marathon in record time.

The exact details of the difficulty, "Ma" had in securing acceptance of her course of exercises are not given out, but with masterly diplomacy she carried through her program and now the class meets promptly every evening and goes through the "one, two, three, four" business. After it's over the five go to their respective rooms for a sound night's sleep preparatory to another day's battle for the Lord.

And every one of them is enthusiastic about it already.

one showing a bowing, bald-headed "hubby" with his hand on his heart giving a flower to his smiling wife, this illustrating the evangelist's maxim, "Don't heap flowers on your wife's coffin. Give them to her while she is living."

Yes, sir, "Billy" likes to read the papers. He reads omnivorously at night. In a recent sermon he said, "while you're sleeping I'm sitting up reading, getting something to put into your empty heads."

Apartment, flats, houses and cottages can be rented quickly and cheaply by a Bee "For Rent."

He picked up The Bee and his eyes rested on "Sundaygraphs at Tab." as Caught by Our Cartoonist.

The great evangelist chuckled. Then he laughed right out loud and long. And he called for "Ma."

Mrs. Sunday came and sat by the side of the bed. "Look here, Nell, isn't this funny?" he said.

One of the cartoons was captioned, "God bless us every one," these being the words of Tiny Tim in Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

"That's from Dickens, isn't it?" said "Ma."

The pictures were taken from "Billy's" famous prayer when he prayed for the city officials, the bankers, the washwoman and nearly everybody else. Each class was depicted by the artist in humorous style. "Billy" was especially tickled by the "city official," the "banker" and "the man who reads the gas meters."

Another picture that pleased him was

one showing a bowing, bald-headed "hubby" with his hand on his heart giving a flower to his smiling wife, this illustrating the evangelist's maxim, "Don't heap flowers on your wife's coffin. Give them to her while she is living."

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"Pep" and Pepper

"Billy" says: "I am glad we have the Fourth of July when we can shout like a Comanche and drink red lemonade."

"Square Jones always is square in little old Alfalfa town, but when he gets to the big city he is just Jones."

"We are big or little, according to where we are."

"The man who walks home sober is bigger than the drunkard."

"A midget in body can be made a financial asset in a dime museum, but a midget in character is a carbuncle on the body politic."

"Stop trying to be a cogwheel when you should be a whistle."

"Do your best and you will never wear out your shoes looking for a job."

"Be a live wire. Fill your veins with ginger, tobacco and pepperin."

"It is a sad day for a young fellow when he is so chummy that Taff's coat wouldn't make a vest for him."

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