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That Preacher of Mine.

BISHOP W. A. QUAYLE.

I think of the funny men I have had preach to me, and I remember how they did tear the beautiful garment of dramatic expression into small ribbons and did not care about the ribbons at all; and I remember when I heard them fall on the "whoms" and the "whos" and all the ridiculosity of speech.

Yet I remember some of those men, who could not get it arranged whether they should say "who" or "whom," who brought you up until you fell on the outstretched Hand, and caught the foot of the cross of God. I would not say that I like to be ungrammatical, but I would rather hear some people who are ungrammatical and divine, than hear other people who are grammatical and utterly human.

The preacher that came over to me and said, "Billy, you belong with Jesus!" that is the fellow. He was a kind of a farmer fellow, and he grew all crops but hair, and he wore farmer clothes, and spoke about farming and sowing; and he said that there was a Sower who went out to sow, and that there was a great harvest. And everybody paid heed. And then he came and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Billy, God wants you to be one of His farmers;" and I came up the aisle of the schoolhouse; not to the chancel—there wasn't any—there wasn't anything but a dictionary in the schoolhouse, so I came up and bowed at the dictionary. And O me, the wind was wild that night! It was as stormy as on the wide sea, the storm that beat upon that prairie schoolhouse. The wind had its chance, and it blew like it did on the Sea of Galilee; and Christ came over and said, "Boy, what do you want down here?" and I said, "I want thee, O Christ." And He said, "I have come."

Oh, people, there isn't anybody who ever drew breathe, that knew how to draw the bow of steel and aim the arrow of strange words, golden and beautiful, who can use words beautiful enough for the preachers of God; and though they had small salaries and large families and few belongings and scant wealth, they had God. In their dreams they talked about God. Said an old preacher in my hearing at a Conference, "Brother Quayle, I am so old, and have no business to be here, and I cannot preach; and O," he said—and his voice was as wistful as a mother's calling the name of her dead daughter; if you have ever heard that you will never forget it—"Brother Quayle, sometimes in my sleep in the night I awaken myself from my slumber because I dream that I am preaching."