

**HATCHING
CHICKENS
FOR THE HAWKS**

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Hatching Chickens for the Hawks by T. E. Beebe

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T. E. BEEBE

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Hatching Chickens for the Hawks

BY

REV. T. E. BEEBE



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(Poems in this book written by F. M. Lehman).

INTRODUCTION

The Bible is a perfect Book. Its prophecies are plain and pointed. They are being fulfilled before our very eyes. Take the Bible in one hand and the newspapers in the other, and one can see at a glance the prophecies and their fulfillment. We read of "perilous times," "falling away," "the love of many shall wax cold," "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse," "lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God," "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," "now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." Here is the prophetic picture of the last days; look around and behold its fulfillment. The great apostasy is not coming, it has already arrived. The perilous times are not now in the future, they are already upon us. The pleasure-loving, truth-forsaking, back-sliding conditions are not at the door, they have entered in and taken possession. It is not the cry of the pessimist, when we speak of these things. Give us time and we are optimists out and out; but at present, we are, in the language of Dr. Bresee, realists. Thank God for the anointing eye-salve of Rev. 3:18, which makes one see things as they really are.

Take a bird's eye view of our Christendom, and what do we see? We see empty church buildings in every direction. The doors are closed, the cobwebs are strewn about, and debris has taken possession. Why have the great denominations reported a falling off in membership, even of the kind they have? We are in the perilous times of apostasy. They have turned their backs on the old Book, fallen in line with higher criticism, relegated the blood, and inspiration, and miracles, and the diety of Christ outside the realm

INTRODUCTION—(Continued)

of their belief. Now it becomes easy for them to believe a lie and be damned according to II Thes. 2:11, 12.

God never intended newborn babes to be put into refrigerators to be nurtured. The question may be asked, Are not refrigerators good for something? They certainly are. Put dead chickens in them and they will be preserved; put live ones in them and they will die. Who has not entered some cold storage plant calling itself the church of God, and at once discovered an iceberg in the pulpit, icicles in the pews, frost on the eyelids, and at once felt the cold chill of religious atmosphere which almost made the teeth chatter? Thank God that all places of worship are not thus. Some are spiritually qualified to bring forth new born babes, and then nurse them and train them for God. Long years ago the Holy Ghost revealed to me, rather than to turn the products of a revival meeting over to the devourers, it was far better to bottle our own wine and crib our own corn.

Rev. T. E. Beebe has put before the reading public this timely book—*"Hatching Chickens for the Hawks,"* and in terms easily understood. He shows present-day conditions and dangers, and reasons why we should conserve our own products in church work. This book should have a wide circulation and should be read with an unbiased heart. We would better know the whole truth and know the worst here and now, while we have a chance to make good, rather than later on, when it will be too late to rectify. May the Holy Ghost, the Author of the inspired Word, send home to every heart the contents of this volume and make it an eye-opener to the sleeping, carnal, religious world at large.

W. E. SHEPARD.

CHAPTER I

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

The above title was suggested to me by an aged brother and member of a church I served as pastor in a certain New England city. It was his answer to a lady quite prominent in social affairs with whom he was conversing about the spiritual condition of a very worldly church of which she was a member in this same city, and where she taught a class of boys in the Sunday School.

This woman often attended our meetings and seemed to enjoy the preaching and the beautiful spirit of freedom manifested in our midst. She said she would like to unite with us, but could not do so until she had led her scholars to Christ and had succeeded in getting them to unite with the church of which she was a member. It was at this point of the conversation that the aged brother remarked: "That sounds good, sister; but you are only *hatching chickens for the hawks.*"

Beloved, these words contain more truth than poetry. To succeed in bringing souls to Christ and then to unite with a church worldly and spiritually dead is dangerous, and radically wrong. When church-conditions are such that converts uniting with it are sure to backslide, it will be only a short time un-

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HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

til the hawk will carry off the poor chicks to its bone-littered nest.

Who is there among the children of God that does not feel like weeping over the lamentable condition of the nominal church of our day? Be it far from the writer to mention the things contained in this book in a harsh, criticising spirit. However, the truth must be spoken—even though it may be hard for some to bear. To those who do not understand the facts in the case—in order that they may be enlightened—the truths in this book are addressed.

As we see it today, nowhere is apostasy more noticeable than in Methodism. We make this statement with a sad heart. It was in the Methodist Episcopal Church where we were saved and sanctified wholly, and where we received our call from heaven to preach the Gospel. In the past five years there has been a great change in this denomination, which has not been for the better. It is deplorable.

How well do we remember the old-time class meeting where the glory fell on the people, and where shouts of victory were heard from those whom God blest! How the new converts, assigned to different classes, testified with shining faces that God had kept them during the week just passed! Memory recalls those happy days with keen delight; but fact says—No more; no more!

A young man worked by my side where I was employed. I tried hard to induce him to attend class meeting with me, but for a long time he refused. He always had some excuse ready why he could not go. Finally my mind evolved a rather curious proposition, which I brought him, with a prayer on my lips that