

## TELL IT OUT!

At the Annual Meeting of the Officers, and Employees of Headquarters and the Metropolitan Area, Presided Over by Commissioner Estill, the Commander sends out a Stirring Call for the "Break All Records" Campaign

My Dear Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, Officers, and Employees:

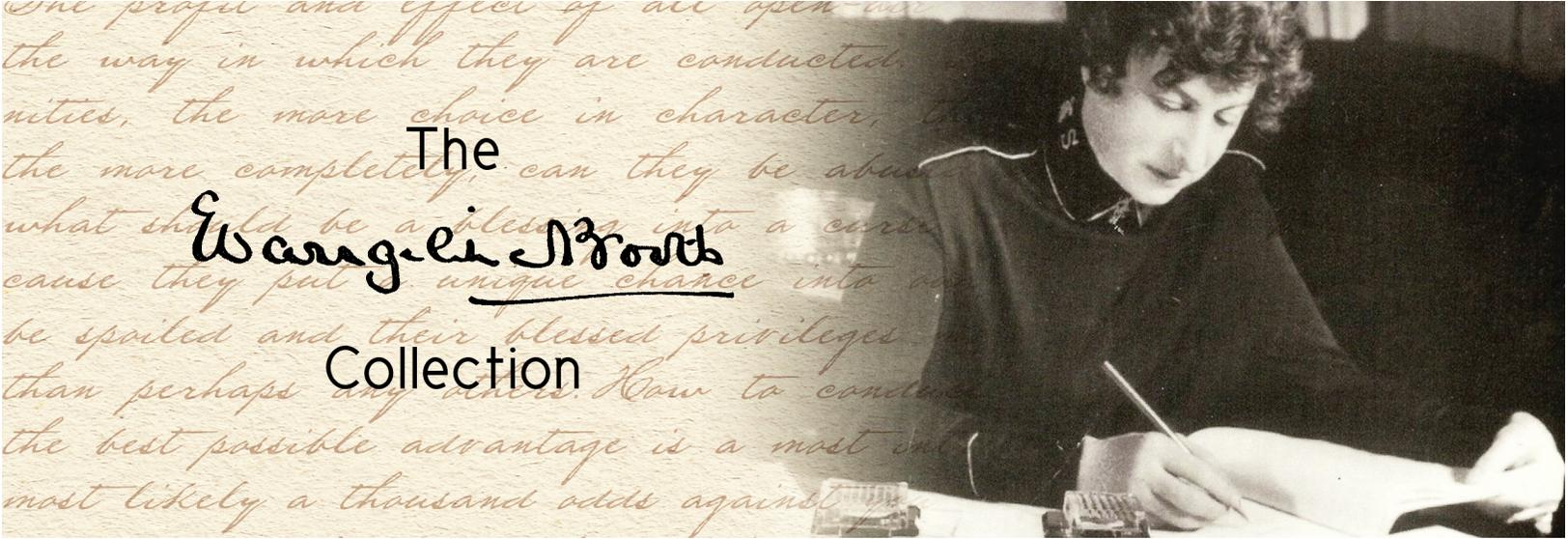
Here we are again at the old stamping round, gathered around these tables, Indulging, through the blessings of God, in the hilarity and sumptuousness of this Annual Banquet, which has become an established institution.

It is the banquet which belongs to Christmas and the New Year. It comes to us fragrant with ten thousand memories — memories of loving days — of toiling days. It comes to us borne down with the weight of innumerable mercies. It comes to tell our thankful hearts how great is the goodness of God.

I discussed with the Commissioner the advisability of substituting some new form of Christmas and New Year's celebration, but there are many things relative to this annual banquet that make our hearts loath to give it up.

First: It is the family idea, and anything and everything that makes stronger and faster and more impossible of breakage the bonds that hold us together in The Salvation Army — a one people, a one heart, a one family, around a one table as we shall be at the great banquet in Glory — is of infinite worth. I suppose no officer here, and none of our employees who have been with us for so many years, but can remember the family gatherings of Christmas time at home with father and mother. The Christmas candles burning in my childhood's home have never grown dim. Their light still comes to me shining through all the years.

My mother always made the very most possible of Christmas. She had faith that the memories of the day would stay with us in all their purity and blessedness throughout our lives. And I believe with us each it has been so.



We had everything that belongs to this wonderful day — the day of the birth of Christ — nothing grand, but everything so sweet and lovely. First came the carol-singing, when all we children, in the early dawn, in our little nightgowns and with bare feet crept down the stairs, feeling not altogether unlike the caroling angels, and gathering in the hallway lifted our voices in the chorus that has come down through the ages,

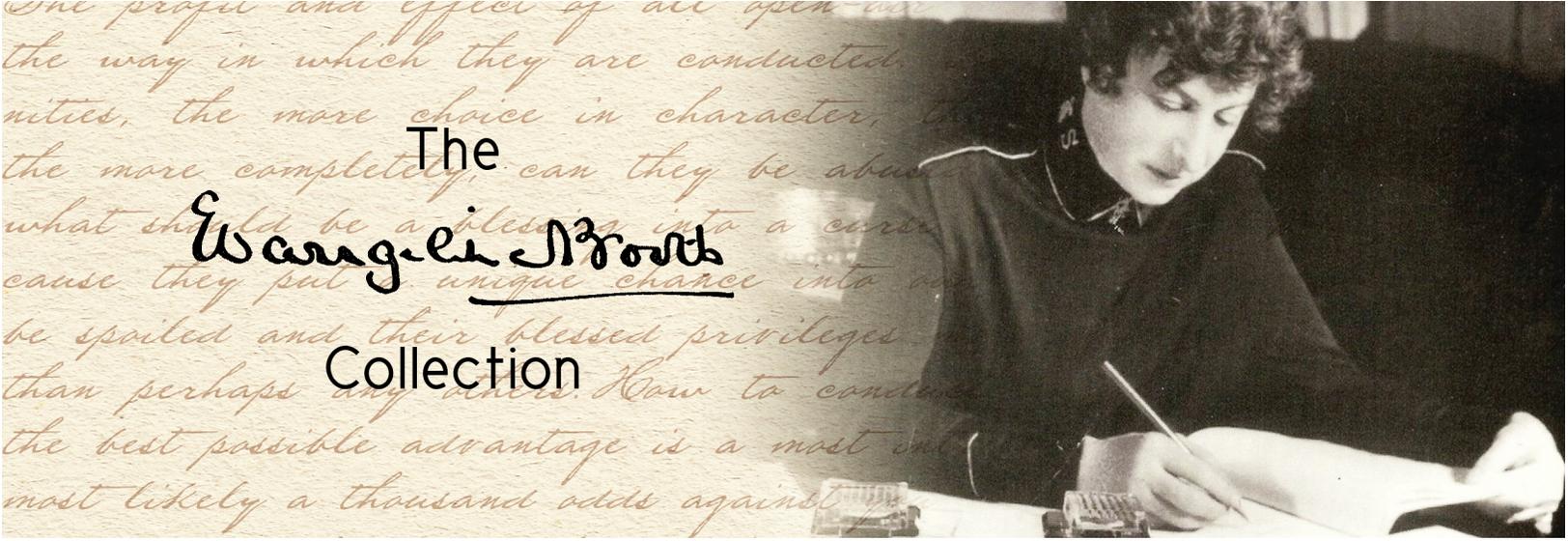
"Hark the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the New-born King"

Our mother and father coming out from their room would clap their hands to cheer us, and we would hear our mother's voice saying, "God bless my children!" and felt Heaven's blessings pour down upon our young souls.

Then there were the stockings — and almost as good as finding them on Christmas morning was the hanging of them up the night before. The excitement. The fun. The measuring of them as to their equality of size. To those of us who had only small socks our mother would give one of her stockings, which enhanced the value of everything we took out of it, to the orange excavated from its utmost depths. Ah, all the big things that come in life, cannot blot out these stocking memories!

Then the Christmas hamper, the receiving of the presents, and the watching of mother's face to see if she was really pleased with our small gifts.

Then the games. Musical chairs. Someone would play the piano, while all the rest of us moved slowly around the chairs. What a wonderful thing is memory when it comes from a long way back — when it has to do with childhood and with mother! I can feel again the clasp of her fingers as she held my hand then but four or five years of age — with her stretched-out arm keeping me a step in front so that the moment the music stopped she could lift me quickly to a chair. So it is with mothers all the way through, securing the place and the joy for the children and making them to win in the game of life, when they are too weak, or too young, or even too sinful to do it for themselves.



After the games came the family altar, with its singing and never-to-be-forgotten prayers. Then the good-night kiss — from father downstairs, from mother when our heads were upon our pillows. Then sleep.

So it was, from morning till eventide, from dawn to dark, the whole day a banquet. It seems to me, looking back through all the years between, that our young hearts received on that day such a wealth of loving-kindness that it flowed out a rippling stream in the nursery, in the school-room, in the park, all through the following year.

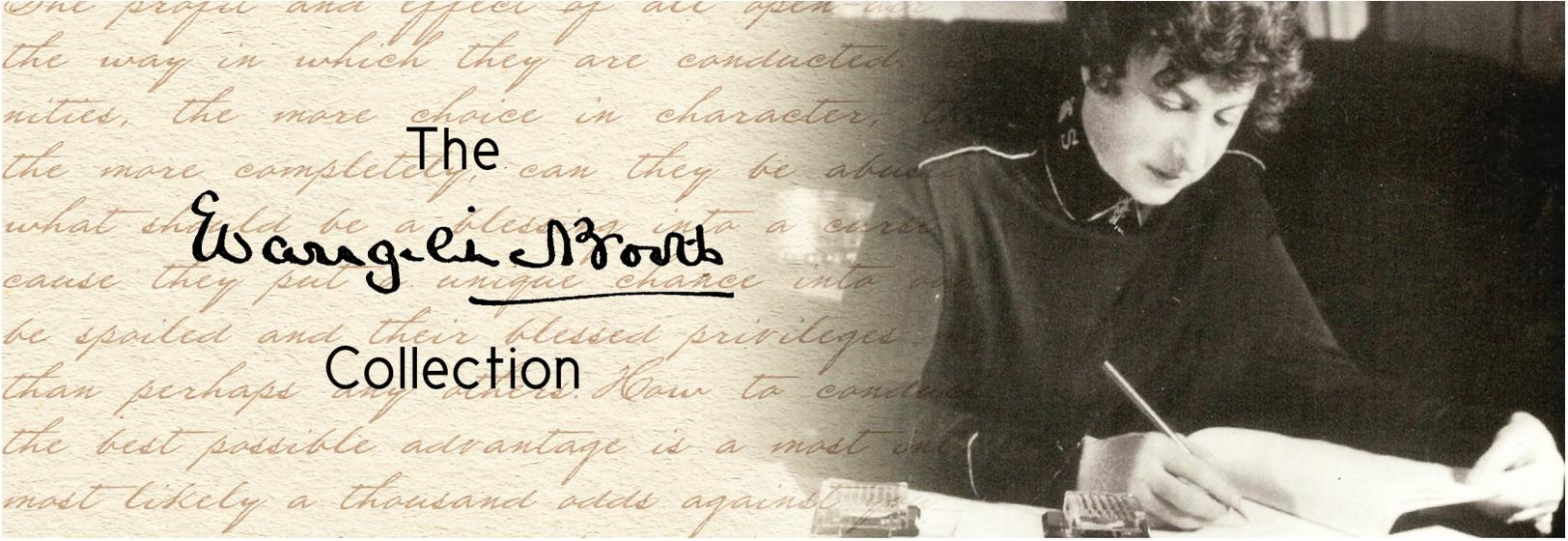
So at this banquet, which links up Christmas and the New Year, we come together as a family of children. We are all only children — nothing more. We know so little. We have learned the lessons of life so slowly. We have oft been too regardless of our Divine Master's teaching. Only His infinite help and patience have gotten us through at all.

As children of His Kingdom we gather around these tables tonight. May His grace so rain upon us that our hearts shall overflow, and the stream of divine blessing from my heart reach the stream of divine blessing from your heart, and the stream from your heart, the stream from your comrade's heart, that our sentiments, our hopes, our ambitions and our faith may all intermingle in the one great sea of God's love.

Then associated with this banquet is THE PASSING OUT OF THE OLD YEAR AND THE COMING IN OF THE NEW,

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years".

The smallest detail of God's great plan holds a momentous purpose. We cannot linger tonight to point out all the service rendered by seasons, days, and years. They call our attention to the passing of time. God's best gift is time. All others pale in comparison, yet we are apt to give the fact of its passing little attention. But if life were one unbroken span, like the swallow's flight, we should give it no attention at all. Nothing helps you to value even your smallest treasure like a reminder that it is hurrying toward a leave-taking, and this division between the old year and the



new — the gates that close and the gates that open – is an impressive reminder that we are but a unit in the great procession which is ever moving on.

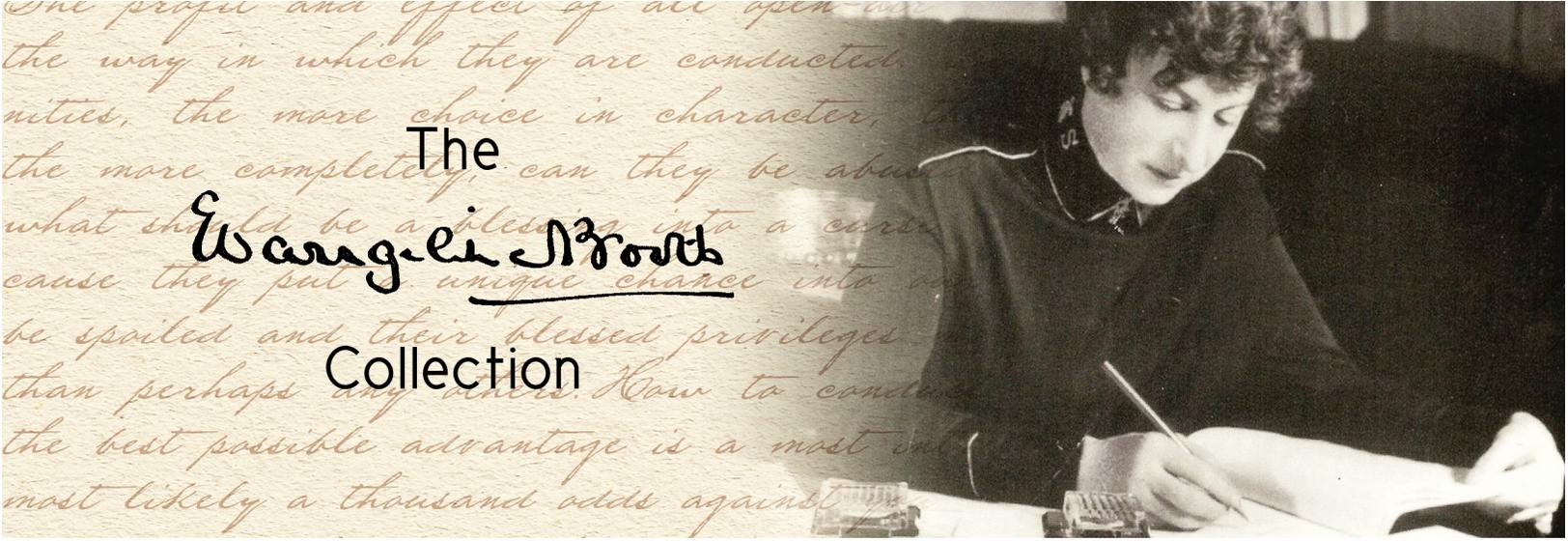
### THE SEASON'S PSYCHOLOGY

A friend of mine tarried for three days near the Antwerp Cathedral, renowned for its wonderful belfry. Every fifteen minutes the bells of that tower chime, pealing forth with such thrilling sweetness that one might think that angels of God flying past had alighted there. But when the full hour comes then a resonant, far-reaching, impressive tolling in a slower and more solemn note announces to all the city that another hour is forever gone.

So through the year we listen to the tones of joy, tones of mercy, tones of comfort, tones of amusement. It is so easy to forget, when the warm blood flows full and strong through the swelling arteries, when laughing happiness exhilarates the body and the mind; when in the passing of our days there are no happenings of circumstance to arrest our attention to shock the tranquility of our thoughts — so easy to forget that we are not moored. We are gliding, ever gliding on, though we notice not the landmarks that plainly tell our passing as we go down the stream of time.

But the announcement of the closing year breaks is upon us and makes us to listen as the great clock tolls the passing of another cycle of our lives. Another portion of our allotted span has gone into eternity. We are solemnized. We look back over the path we have traveled. We see our own footprints in the mistaken steps we have taken. We measure in our achievements. We make our calculations. We step to the witness stand, and at the same time sit in the judge's chair. We pass sentence on our own actions — the losses and the gains. Splendid service, helpful service this stopping-place of the year has brought to us.

Then this banquet is also associated with the coming in of the New Year. It unfolds before us as a bud, lovely in the purity of its unspoiledness, full of the fragrance of hope, bright with the expectation of glorious accomplishments.



My friend told me that the Antwerp chimes ringing in the New Year cannot be described. So this New Year! What can I say about this New Year?

It is the picture I looked upon this morning when I left my home, which is in the country. Everything snow and ice. The great firs stretching their snow-cloaked arms up to the sun to show how King Frost has studded with diamonds their needle-fingers. The cottages transformed into marble palaces, the high hill a shining, glistening path to the skyline, the untrodden fields: plains of blameless snowiness, as though all the white-furred beasts of the Arctic had laid their tributes of ermine at the feet of nature. The one gray rock, all its rugged scars covered, standing a tower of beauty. The forest of pines behind me a gathering of hoary-headed prophets clapping their white hands to the songs of praise of the morning winds.

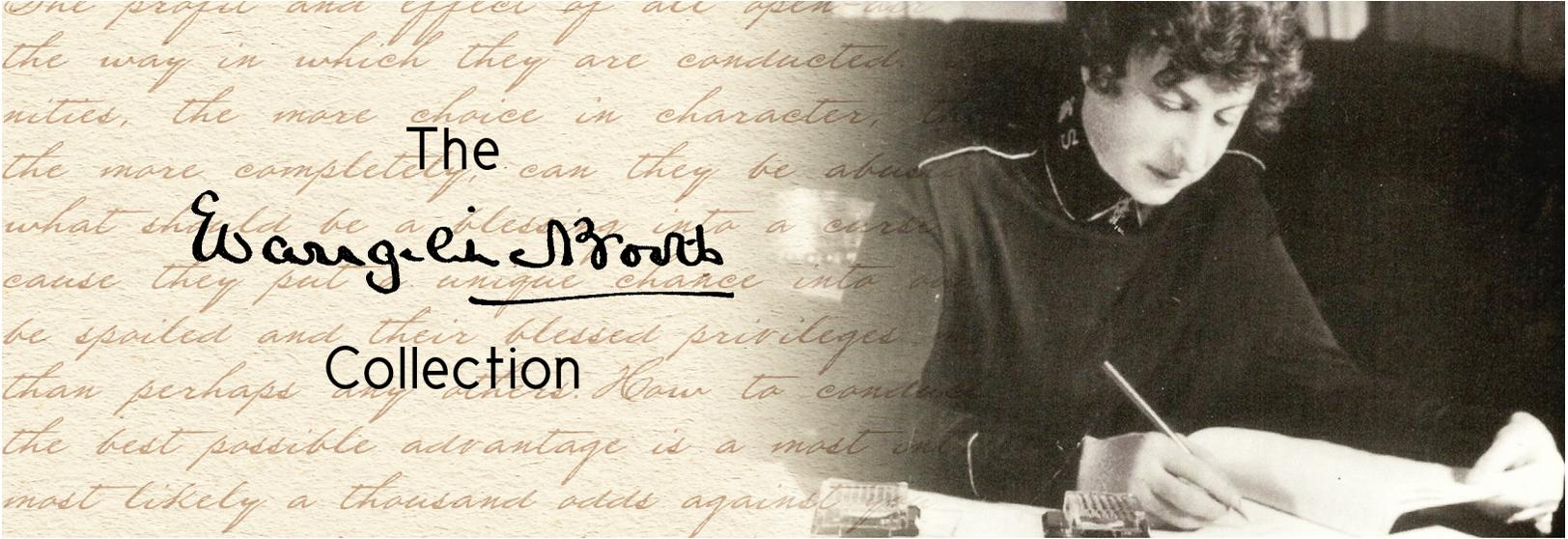
This is the New Year — white, pure, unspoiled. O Lord, our Heavenly Father, help us to journey through its yet untrodden paths and keep its whiteness. Thy grace alone can do this for us. New conflicts will come, new duties, new trials, new hardships, but grant that we may have new grace, new hope, and new faith.

My comrades, there is nothing in trial, or suffering, or difficulties to soil the soul. Or to sadden the heart. Happy and spotless year it will be if through every valley of trial, up every climb of difficulty, and over every sunny height we march on in fellowship with Jesus. Jesus, every day, will make every day a white day!

Now, you will know that the motto I have selected for the nation for 1923 is, "Break All Records!"

It has made me very happy that this motto has already been taken up with such enthusiasm, and that I have received quite a few letters telling me that it has already struck a high note in awakening new ideas and stirring fresh ambitions. I believe it will be helpful chiefly from the fact that it will not only set the standard for every branch of our work, but apply to its smallest detail.

We have made tremendous strides throughout the nation during the past twelve months. The figures of advance given here tonight for the Eastern Territory are indeed remarkable. But whatever the achievements of the old year, the records must be broken. However remarkable



the advances, they must be left behind. However high we have lifted our Flag, it must wave from greater heights. All records must be broken, from the figures of the recruits' roll to the Commander's achievements of united warfare.

### PROGRESS IN BEING

But, first, we must break the records as regards our personal spiritual and moral attainments.

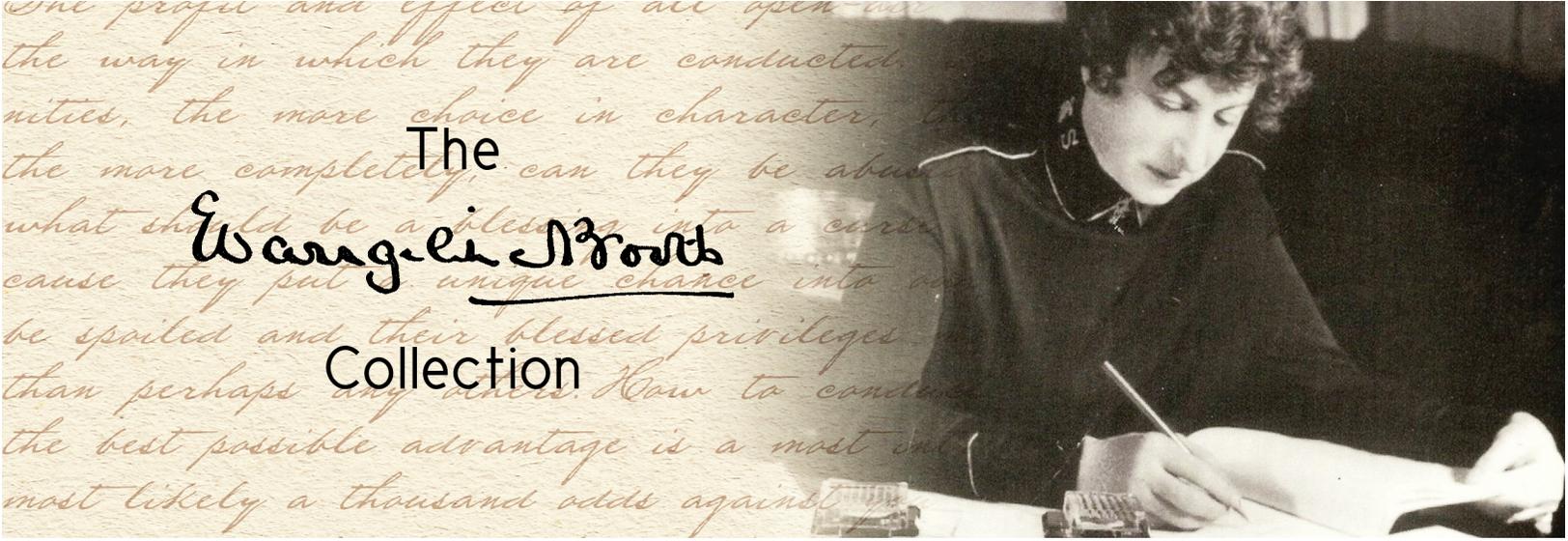
Progress in the sense of acquisition is very good, but progress in the sense of being is far greater. To grow within, to become higher in thought, deeper in our affections, wider in our vision, as the years go on; to conquer difficulties more easily, to acquire more of Divine power, to reach out into new spheres of human influence, to achieve the more rapid unfolding of one's faculties, to feel the roots of truth driving deeper into the soul, to gain a clearer comprehension of the will of God for yourself and for others — this is a march forward of our own being, this is growing in grace, this is breaking the records of moral and spiritual advance.

But, my dear officers, there is one feature of our work I would press upon you with all the passion and vehemence of my soul. Of all our duties it is the first. Of all our obligations it is the most sacred. Of all the claims the world can make upon us by reason of the office we fill, the profession we make, the flag we carry, it is the most binding.

WE MUST BREAK ALL RECORDS IN TELLING OUT OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD.

In this day of political, social and religious unrest, with its tendency to doubt, to unbelief, to infidelity, and to atheism, ours is the solemn responsibility of holding up to the world the unchanged and unchanging Saviour, the "One Name" given among men whereby they must be saved.

In the midst of the increase of learning and the floods of God-given knowledge that are pouring upon the world today from almost every avenue of research and investigation, we need have no fear to go on telling out, and to tell out with increased zeal and confidence, the Gospel of the



Son of God whose salvation will see the sands of the desert grow cold, and the books of the Judgment unfold. No powers must hinder us, no influence silence us, no faithlessness of others chill our enthusiasm. We must tell out the Gospel of Christ.

### TELL IT OUT!

Tell His life, tell of the manger, the shepherds, the wise men, the angelic announcement to the world of the birth of the Child King.

Tell His boyhood — at twelve years of age confusing and confounding the professors in the Temple.

Tell Him at Jacob's well where with exquisite tact He discovered to the poor woman her soul thirst and gave her of the water of Life.

Tell Him meeting the widow of Nain and turning her mourning to song.

Tell Him curing the lepers of their diseases and causing the lame to leap for joy while they threw away their crutches.

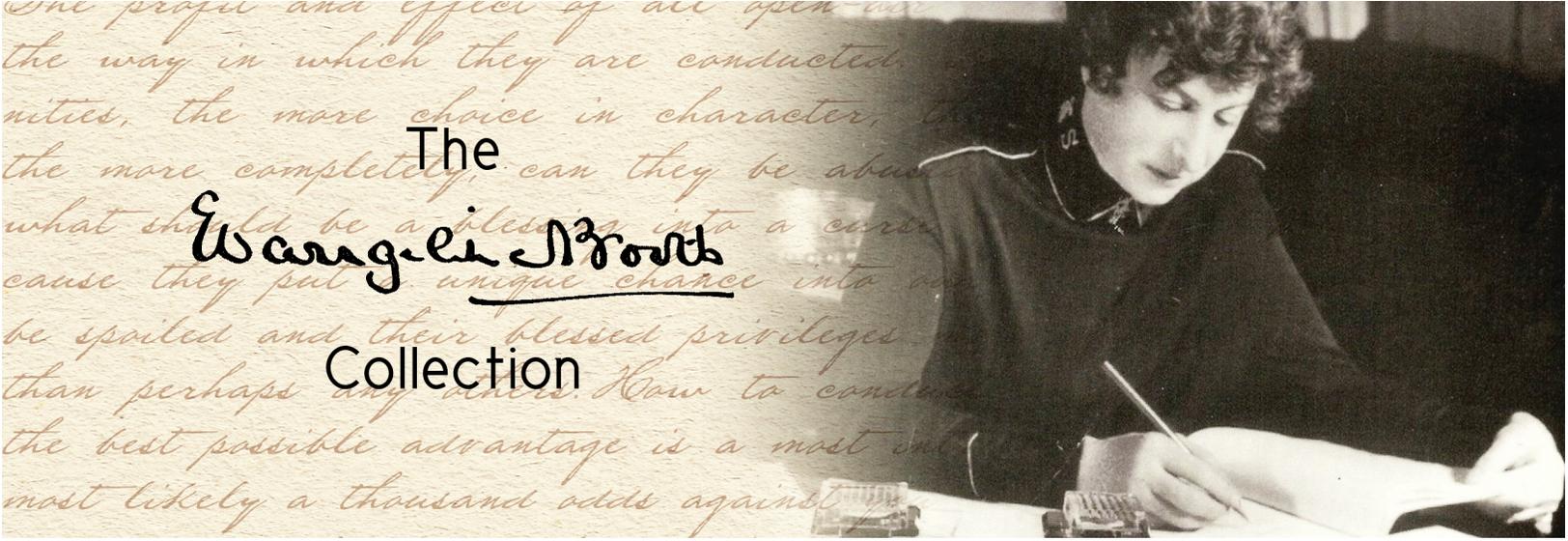
Tell Him with His arms around little children, their heads upon His breast.

Tell Him in the boats of the fishermen, filling up their empty nets.

Tell Him standing at the grave, calling Lazarus out of cold death into warm life — the two sisters' tears turned to glistening jewels.

Tell Him gathering the poor and the sick and the troubled and the hungry and soothing all their sorrows.

My officers, I charge you here tonight to tell out His life. Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!



Tell his death, tell Him falsely accused at the great tribunal, with pale face and silent lips.

Tell Him praying in the Garden, the heart agony, the bloody sweat, the "Nevertheless, the 'Not my will but Thine be done".

Tell Him the victim of a traitor's diabolical plot.

Tell Him thrust and pushed in the crowd. Tell the blood surging from His temples, the hard-struck cheek, the stone-bruised feet, the shoulders bent low under the Cross burden.

Tell His sufferings. Tell Him dying on Calvary, His broken heart, His lacerated form — the immeasurable ocean of torment, suffering and sorrow that heaved up against His Cross in one wrathful, foaming, gory, omnipotent surge. Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell His resurrection, the guards running away, the stone toppling over, the burst of golden glory that marked His pathway back to the Throne and poured into all the graves of our departed. Do not let men say He did not die for them. Do not let the Christian forgot His sufferings!

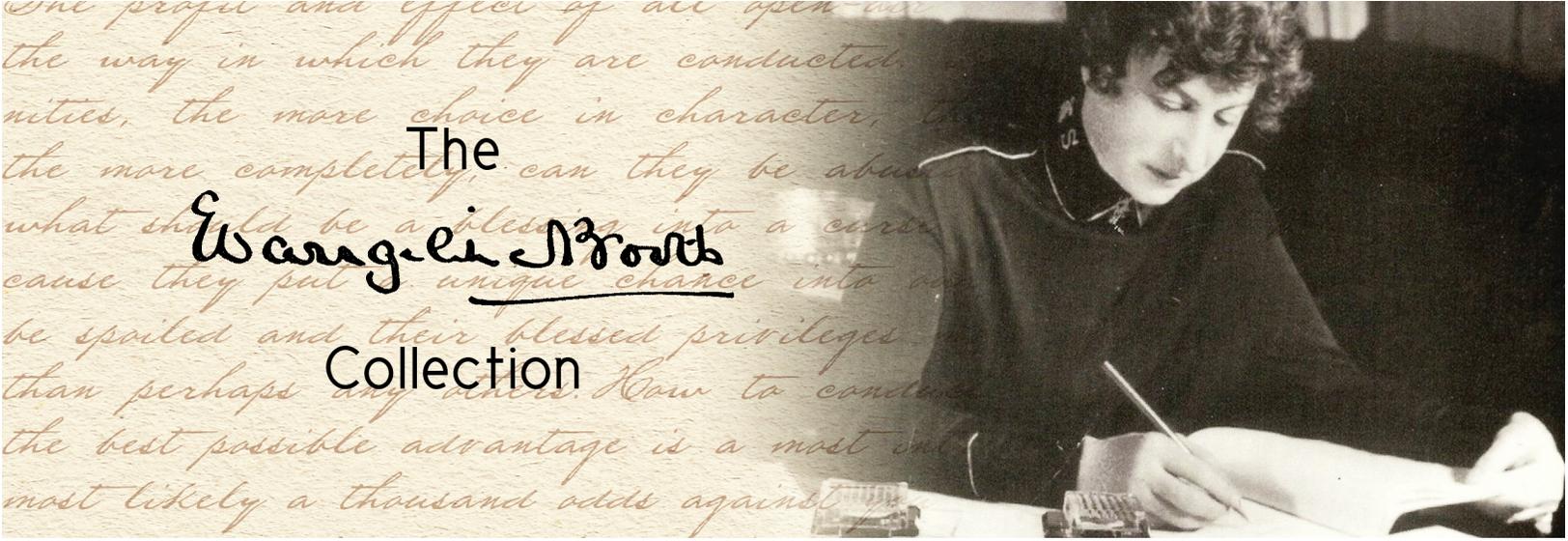
Tell His love is fathomless, His grace is limitless, His mercy is a sea without any shores. Tell it out! Tell it out!

My officers of small and high and all ranks, with all the physical and spiritual passion of which my being throbs, I charge you here this night break all records in the way you shall through 1923 tell out the story of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Tell it out!

"Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above;  
Tell It out. Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!  
Tell it out. Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,  
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;



Like the sound of many waters, let our glad shout come;  
Tell it out! Tell it out!"

(January 27, 1923)