

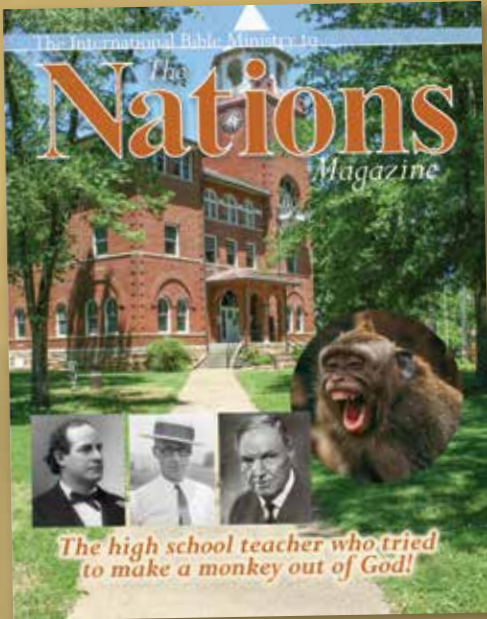
The International Bible Ministry to

# The Nations Magazine



*The high school teacher who tried to make a monkey out of God!*

# The Nations Magazine



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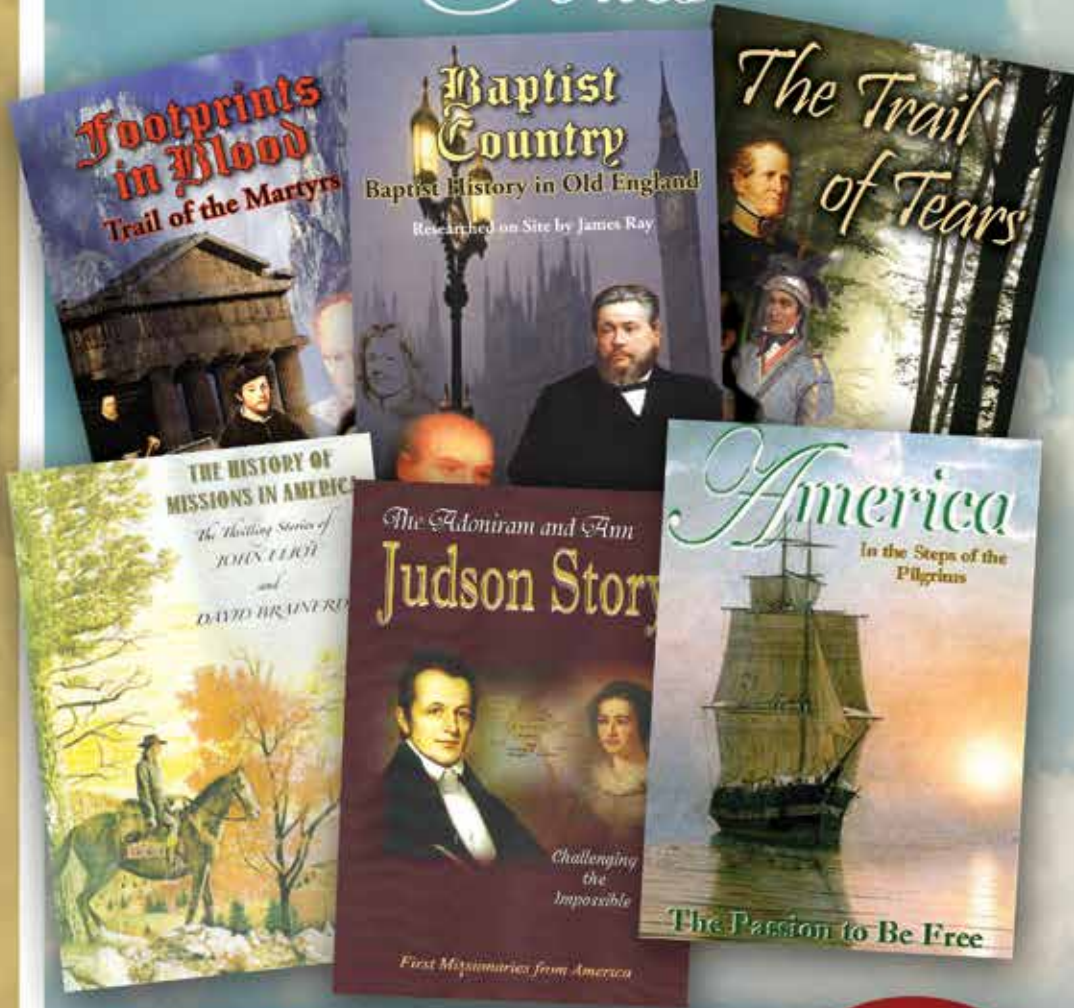
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Volume 17,  
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# EDITORIAL

JAMES RAY, *Editor*

## *The Lonliest Man in the World*

(From *Journey to Eternity* by James Ray)

***If in this life only we have hope . . . we are of all men most miserable (1 Corinthians 15:19).***

The most solitary figure on earth is the atheist who denies God and life after death. This solitary figure is such because he stands alone among earth's masses.

The atheist is one who has hope only in this life, if indeed one can call that hope. An atheist is one of the most daring beings in the world for he must by his assumptions allocate to himself the attributes he denies to God. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity by which even he would be overpowered.

This solitary figure, then, the atheist, knows all things, all truth, fathoms all depth, understands all mysteries, possesses all wisdom or such is his assumption.

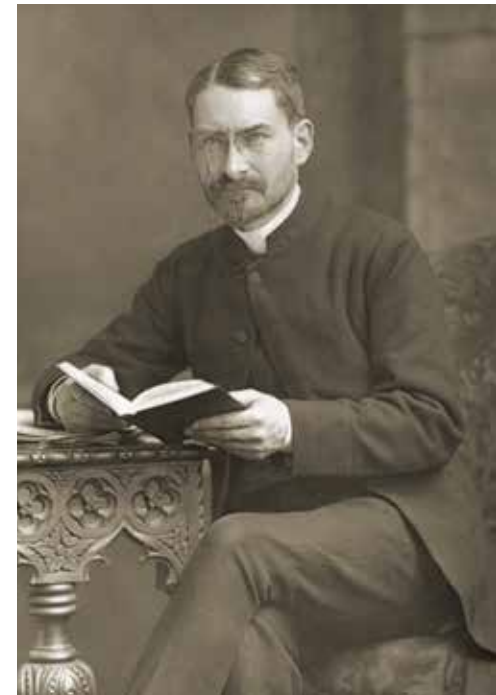
Charles Bradlaugh was a well-known atheist in England. A minister by the name of Hugh Price Hughes was well known for ministering to people in the slums and lower parts of London. All of London was aware of changed lives through his ministry. Bradlaugh challenged Mr. Hughes to debate with him the claims of Christianity. London was greatly interested. Hugh Price Hughes immediately accepted the challenge and in doing so added one of his own. Hughes said, "I propose to you that we each bring some concrete evidences of the validity of our beliefs in the form of men and women who have been redeemed from the lives of sin and shame by the influence of our teaching.

I will bring 100 such men and women and I challenge you to do the same. If you cannot bring 100, Mr. Bradlaugh, to match my 100, I will be satisfied if you will bring 50 men and women who will stand and testify that they have been lifted up from lives of shame by the influence of your teaching. If you cannot bring 50, bring 20.

If you cannot bring 20, bring 10, if you cannot bring 10, bring just one—just one man or woman who will make such a testimony that they have been uplifted by your atheistic teaching."<sup>1</sup> Again London was stirred. What would Mr. Bradlaugh do? In answer, Charles Bradlaugh withdrew his challenge for the debate.

Charles Houser wrote: "Atheism never composed a symphony, never painted a masterpiece, never dispelled a fear, never healed a disease, never gave peace of mind, never dried a tear, never gave meaning to man's life on earth, or gave an intelligent answer to the vast mystery of the universe."<sup>2</sup>

Evolution is the brainchild of atheism. Atheism does not answer the common questions of life this side of the grave and death. How, then, if this be so, should we listen to it in matters regarding life beyond the grave?



**Hugh Price Hughes**

<sup>1</sup>Paul Lee Tan, *Signs of the Times* (Rockville: Assurance Publishers, 1979) p. 174.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 178.

# *I Promise...* *I'll Bring You Home*

By Keith Lay (Father of Timothy Brandon Lay)

**M**arine Sergeant Timothy Brandon Lay was deployed for two six-month tours to Afghanistan. He volunteered and trained as a Combat Engineer with the responsibility of finding and detecting Improvised Explosive Devices (IEDs). In fact, of the first five Marine Combat Engineers that were sent to Helmand Province, Afghanistan, in 2006, four came back in flag draped caskets with only Lay surviving.

During the missions that Marine Sergeant Timothy Brandon Lay conducted and led, he would always promise his fellow Marines: "I promise . . . I'll bring you home." According to the Marine Lieutenant who trained Lay, he stated that Lay was the best he has ever trained; it seemed that he could even smell an IED. Lay kept his promise to his men for he never lost a man to an IED during all the missions he was assigned. Even though Lay himself suffered many concussions, was knocked unconscious twice, and suffered from Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), he kept his word to his men.

**I**f you are a Military Veteran, you are to be commended. You also made it back home to the United States of America. You were able to be reunited with family and friends after you had been deployed and served our country in a foreign land. Many of your fellow military comrades did not have that privilege for they paid the ultimate sacrifice of service.

According to the Bible, there is another home that God has prepared for men. The home that the Bible speaks about is Heaven. However, although God prepared it for all men, not all men will arrive there one day. God promises that Heavenly Home only to those who place their faith and trust in His Son, Jesus Christ. If a man goes to heaven after death, man must go God's way—not man's way, nor a religion's way, nor culture's way . . . but God's way.



Well, there is good news for you. The Bible states in 1 John 5:13, *These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may **KNOW** that ye have eternal life* (emphasis added). The Bible also says in John 14:1, 3, *Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. . . . And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*

Jesus Christ has promised you that He would bring you home—home to His Heavenly Home. But, there is a decision that you must make. That decision is for you to confess that you are a sinner and that you believe Jesus Christ died on the cross and paid the penalty for your sin. You must trust Jesus Christ as your personal Savior for He is the only way to gain a home in Heaven. Since it is God's Heaven, one must go God's way. There is no other way.

You can ask Christ into your life by sincerely praying something like this: Dear Lord, I know that I am a sinner and that I need your forgiveness. I believe Jesus Christ died in my place to pay the penalty for my sin and He rose from the dead. I now invite Jesus to come into my life as my Savior. Thank you for taking me safely home to Heaven one day for I am trusting only in you.

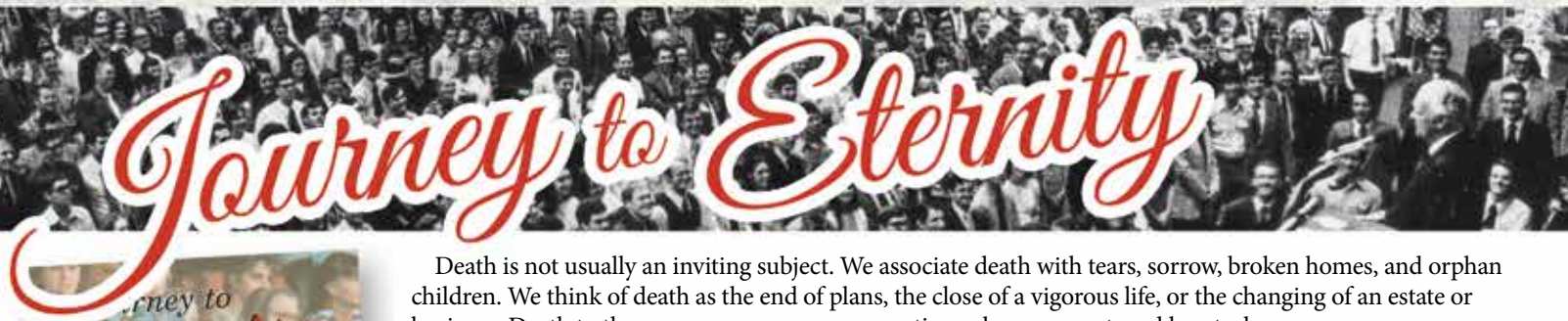
Timothy Lay went home to be with the Lord November 21, 2020, at the age of 36. He was studying to become a counselor to help other Marines who suffered as he had suffered.

As a tribute to him, the state of Iowa honored him by a service held in the rotunda of the capitol in Des Moines. Only two others had been so honored and both were governors.



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# Freedom is not Free,



Death is not usually an inviting subject. We associate death with tears, sorrow, broken homes, and orphan children. We think of death as the end of plans, the close of a vigorous life, or the changing of an estate or business. Death to the average person means emptiness, bereavement, and heartaches.

The author of this book, *Journey to Eternity*, gives a different touch to a somber subject. Every page of this book leads to the climatic chapters based securely on God's infallible Word. Read with care the chapters on "The Loneliest Man in the World," "Keys That Fit No Locks," "The Grave's Only Key," and "The Dying Experience of the Redeemed."

I assure you that Dr. Ray's book will lead to a better understanding of the subject of death and will give an assured peace to sincere but troubled hearts. Read thoughtfully and then share with others the message of Christ who said, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life."

Sincerely,

Lee Roberson

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# A Man Standing on the Edge of Eternity ...



**By Pastor Daniel Irvin**  
**Former missionary to Hawick, Scotland**

Through the past five years, I have kept in touch with a man I met while distributing those 20,000 Hawick Edition New Testaments that you so graciously provided. A month ago, he let me know that he now has myeloma cancer, and the doctors have told him that he only has a few months to live.

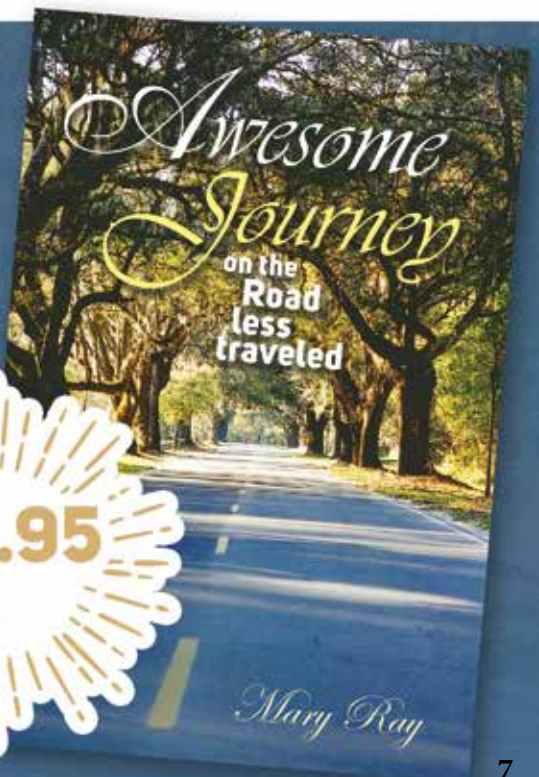
“I am currently reading the Hawick Edition of the New Testament and find it such a valuable source of scripture with many easy to find answers to many problems as well as valuable insights. I am in Bible Study sharing with three of my grandchildren, Kyle age 30, Robyn age 26, and her sister Shaye age 23. I have 22 more I hope to add to the list. I would dearly love to purchase some more copies of the Hawick Edition for them so that we are conversing in the same source of scripture.

It was a blessed day for me when I met you, leading to where we are today and counting my blessings every day for that meeting. Almighty God sure knows how to get action when He wants it and there is no alternative but to obey the command He puts in your heart. God bless you all.”

(100 New Testaments with imprinted helps and Psalms have been shipped to honor this request.)



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# DAYTON, TN

## WHERE A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER TRIED TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF GOD

by James Ray

Dayton, Tennessee, is a beautiful little town situated on Richland Creek near the Tennessee River, 36 miles northeast of Chattanooga. Perhaps the reader has never heard of Dayton, Tennessee, but there was a time 100 years ago when the whole world was focusing on the little town. Dayton's claim to fame was an event that happened in the year 1925. John T. Scopes, a high school science teacher, was put on trial and found guilty of teaching evolution. The state of Tennessee had passed a law which made it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine to *“teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals.”*<sup>1</sup>

The trial of John Scopes drew the attention of the entire nation as well as eventually the whole world. Beautiful little Dayton, Tennessee, became the focal point between darkness and light. The trial was led by William Jennings Bryan for the prosecution and the famous atheist lawyer Clarence Darrow who defended the teacher.

I never met William Jennings Bryan. He lived before my era. However, my friend Dr. Charles Weigle did meet him. At 92 years of age, Dr. Weigle led revival meetings at Calvary Baptist Church in Olney, Illinois, of which I was pastor. During that meeting, he told me that he had met William Jennings Bryan once on a train. He said William Jennings Bryan was a real gentleman and a great Christian. He served as the major candidate for his party three times as president. Dr. Weigle said Bryan was defeated by the liquor industry. That industry poured money into the campaigns of those who opposed William Jennings Bryan.



John T. Scopes

William Jennings Bryan was known as “The Great Commoner” and “The Silver-Tongued Orator.”<sup>2</sup> His most famous speech was at the party convention July 8, 1896, in Chicago—a 30-minute speech, which propelled

<sup>1</sup>Text from Acts of the State of Tennessee: Passed by the Sixty-Fourth General Assembly: 1925, (1925), 50-51.

Bryan into national fame. His famous statement that struck a chord in the hearts of common people was “You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold” (from a speech delivered on July 8, 1896, at the Democratic Convention in Chicago).

That statement hurled him on first nomination to be the candidate for the President of the United States. Among those hundreds who heard that speech was a lawyer by the name of Clarence Darrow. He listened as the young congressman swept delegates to their feet, warning of crucifixion upon “a cross of gold.” Although Darrow found the speech simplistic, he wrote that he never heard a speech move an audience the way Bryan’s speech did. Clarence Darrow said that the speech was the greatest ovation that he had ever witnessed. It would not be the last time the two men would meet. They would meet in Dayton, Tennessee, 29 years later, where Darrow would challenge the belief in God and the Bible.



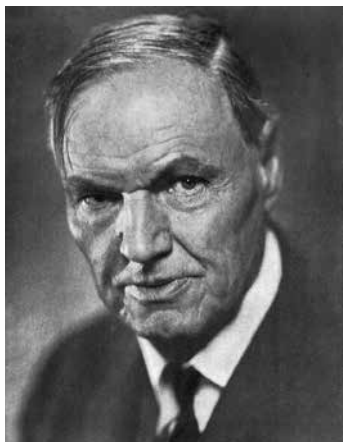
William Jennings Bryan

William Jennings Bryan became Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson and served at that post until 1915. Then he moved to Nebraska, becoming editor-in-chief of the *Omaha World-Herald* newspaper.

On July 10, 1925, in Dayton, Tennessee, the so-called *Scopes Monkey Trial* begins with John Thomas Scopes. Scopes was a young high school science teacher. He was accused of breaking the new law by teaching the theory of evolution to his students in Dayton.

**“The fear of God is not the beginning of wisdom. The fear of God is the death of wisdom.”<sup>3</sup>**

— Clarence Darrow



Clarence Darrow



Darrow Arrives—The noted defense attorney reaches Dayton to take part against Bryan in the Scopes trial. He is welcomed by Scopes, Attorney Neal, and enthusiastic adherents. © Underwood & Underwood photo.

With local businessman George Rappleyea, Scopes had conspired to get charged with this violation to test the state law. The two of them contacted the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) to help with the defense. Christians considered this an attack on Christianity and fundamentalism in particular.

William Jennings Bryan heard of this attack on the Bible and Christianity and volunteered to represent the State of Tennessee. The offer was welcomed by the state. Bryan was a hero of fundamentalism and a three-time presidential candidate. He was well known throughout the nation and an outstanding public Christian.

Soon after Bryan was engaged to represent the State of Tennessee, the well-known atheist attorney, Clarence Darrow, volunteered for the other side defending Scopes. Clarence Darrow was famous (or notorious) for defending people who had committed murder and other dastardly crimes. Darrow described himself as an agnostic and he spent most of his life fighting a God he claimed did not exist. Clarence Darrow scorned belief in the Bible, the existence of God, and the possibility of a hereafter.

He thought that teaching creation in school was promoting ignorance and depriving children of science. He read the Bible but scorned most of it.

He agreed to join the ACLU in planning the defense. This trial would be considered as one of the most famous trials in United States history. It would be a trial not to test the Tennessee law but to test the Word of God and creation itself. Darrow somehow thought that

<sup>3</sup>Clarence Darrow, *Why I Am An Agnostic*, Little Blue Book No. 1500 (Girard, KS: Haldeman-Julius Publications, 1929).



to discredit those who believe the Bible to be the Word of God would advance the cause of agnosticism and enlighten what he considered existing ignorance.

The trial in the small village of Dayton, Tennessee, would have national implications. William Jennings Bryan was well known in the country as a champion of faith in God and a defender of religious liberty. If Darrow could bring William Jennings Bryan down, he reasoned that it would enforce his argument against belief in God and faith in the unseen. This was his epic chance to discredit belief in God. Two of the most well-known men in the century Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan would face each other in debate and the causes would be belief in God or humanism.

**Thomas Scope** and his violation of the new state law would be left in the dust in the battle. This would be a battle for the defense of God and the Bible. For a moment of time, the battle for light and darkness, good and evil, heaven or hell would be held and the stage would be Dayton, Tennessee.

Dayton in 1925 had a population of around 3,000. The highly publicized trial brought in thousands more, including reporters from other states. It was hot in Dayton in 1925. The heat was staggering. Dayton was alive with displays from Christians and preachers who came into the town to support Bryan. They set up displays and sold Bibles. There were refreshment stands.

At the trial William Jennings Bryan shed his coat and debated his case in shirtsleeves. The New York Times

called it “the most amazing courtroom scene in Anglo-Saxons history.” Genevieve and John Herrick in their book *The Life of William Jennings Bryan* described the scene in Dayton.

“Into Dayton flocked a hundred or more newspaper men from all parts of the country. Some came from Canada. Over the wires, thousands upon thousands of words were sent out to papers all over the globe. London papers were getting cabled dispatches of 500 to 1,000 words daily. . . . In the stifling heat the audience listened. They crowded the seats, stood in the aisles, and overflowed into the hall.”<sup>4</sup>

There was little accommodation available. The hotel Aqua was booked up with no rooms free. People rented their homes to those who came. The Scopes trial began and the jury was chosen. The state presented its case. The defense admitted to the charge and then sought to put a dozen well-known scientists on the stand to prove that evolution and the Bible were not in conflict. Bryan protested that the two really could not be reconciled.

He argued against the scientists admission as witnesses. Bryan said, “We do not need any expert to tell what the law means.”<sup>5</sup> The judge agreed and the scientists were not allowed to take the stand.

Standing before the bar in his shirtsleeves, the silver-tongued orator stated that this was an attack on the faith. Bryan said,

<sup>4</sup>Genevieve and John Herrick, *The Life of William Jennings Bryan* (Buxton Publishing Co., 1925), 350, 354.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, 354.

“My friends, if a man and monkey were in the same class called primates it would mean they came up from the same order. . . . The Christian believes that man came from above. . . . The evolutionist believes he must have come from below, and that he is from a lower order of animals. . . . The parents have a right to say that no teacher paid by their money shall rob their children of faith in God and send them back to their homes, skeptics, infidels, agnostics, or atheists.

Never have they traced one single species to any other, and yet they call us ignoramuses and bigots because we do not throw away our Bibles and accept evolution.<sup>6</sup>

The Bible is the Word of God, ‘The Bible is the only expression of man’s hope of salvation. The Bible, the record of the Word of God, the Saviour of the world, born of a Virgin Mary, crucified and risen again.’ ”<sup>7</sup>

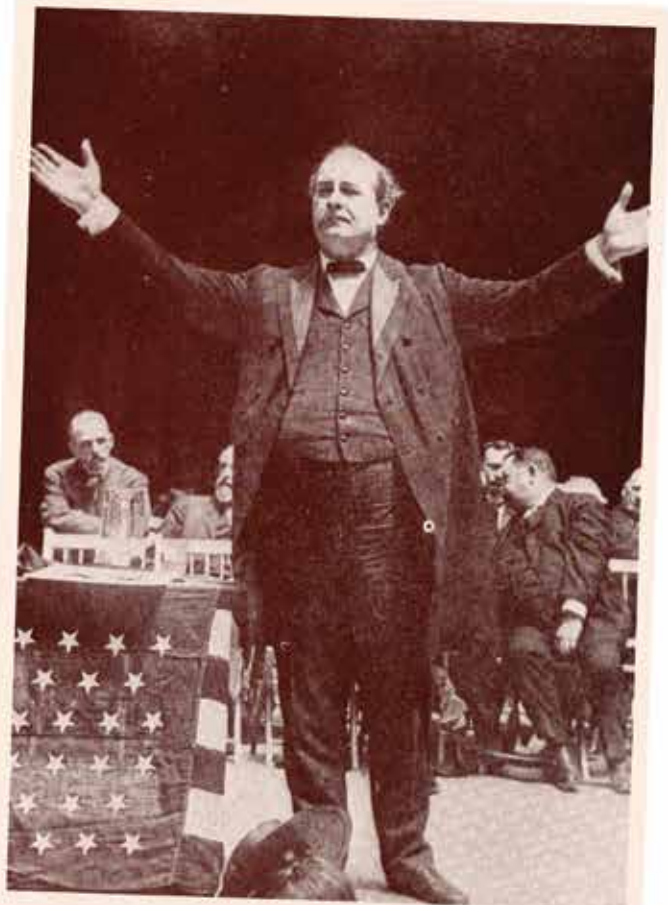
From that point Bryan eloquently defended the merits of the law and nonsense of evolution and Darwin.

It is reported that at the conclusion of Bryan’s remarks, the audience, including the fundamentalist and the evolutionist, applauded.<sup>8</sup>

The remainder of the trial was moved to the outside on the courthouse lawn to protect the building from the weight of the hundreds of people jammed into every space as well as to mitigate the stifling heat. They had set crude wooden benches made of planks set across squared logs for seating. When these were filled, the remainder of the crowd stood.<sup>9</sup>

Darrow had lost his scientific witnesses. His case had hung heavily on their testimony. Not to be undone, he decided to call William Jennings Bryan to the stand. If he could humiliate Bryan, he had a chance of turning things around. Clarence Darrow remembered the young man of 29 years past when that same young man, William Jennings Bryan, swayed a multitude of politicians to their feet at a convention. Judge John Raulston asked Bryan if he wanted to take the witness chair. Bryan said, “Only if I have a similar opportunity of questioning Darrow.”<sup>10</sup>

William Jennings Bryan took the witness chair to be questioned by Darrow. For two hours Darrow drilled him on the whale swallowing Jonah, the sun standing still, Adam and Eve, the seven days of creation, the inspiration of the Bible, and other Bible miracles. Bryan



Known to Millions—A characteristic speaking pose of the “Sil Tongued Orator.” © Underwood & Underwood pl

answered the challenges biblically. He did not try to explain how God ordered the miracles but declared his belief that God could do anything He willed.

The questioning went on for about 2 hours when Judge John Raulston ordered that the whole session be deleted from the records as having no bearing on whether the law on evolution was legal. The charge was that Scopes had violated the law of Tennessee. The jury had not witnessed Darrow’s questioning of Bryan.

Clarence Darrow saw the writing on the wall. He would lose the case. Probably knowing that his case was doomed and not wanting to face Bryan as was agreed upon, Darrow in his closing remarks asked the jury to return a verdict of guilty so that the case might be appealed. Of course, when the defense pled guilty the trial was over. By state law, that would end the deliberations and any further proceedings would be canceled. Darrow would not be cross-examined by Bryan. Without a doubt, he remembered the ability of Bryan to move an audience. When he heard Bryan’s speech in Chicago 29 years past, he wrote that he

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., 355-356.

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., 361.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., 361.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., 363.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., 364.

never heard a speech move an audience the way Bryan's speech did. Clarence Darrow said that the speech was the greatest ovation that he had ever witnessed.

William Jennings Bryan was disappointed, having been deprived of questioning Clarence Darrow, but he had won the day. Scopes was guilty and the law against evolution stood.

**I**t took the jury nine minutes to proclaim Scopes guilty of violating Tennessee Law. Scopes was declared guilty and ordered to pay \$100 minimum fine (\$1,367 in today's currency).<sup>11</sup>

William Jennings Bryan was an orator. Darrow's cold and hopeless agnosticism was unconvincing. Part of Bryan's closing speech, not given, but released to the public, would have been:

"Evolution is not truth; it is merely a hypothesis—it is millions of guesses strung together. . . . Again force and love meet face to face, and the question, 'What shall I do with Jesus?' must be answered. A bloody, brutal doctrine—Evolution—demands, as the rabble did nineteen hundred years ago, that He be crucified. That cannot be the answer of this jury representing a Christian state and sworn to uphold the laws of Tennessee. Your answer will be heard throughout the world; it is eagerly awaited by a praying multitude. . . . If . . . the law is upheld and the religion of the school children protected, millions of Christians will call you blessed and, with hearts full of gratitude to God, will sing again that grand old song of triumph.

*Faith of our fathers, living still,  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!*<sup>12</sup>

<sup>11</sup>A year later, the Tennessee Supreme Court reversed the decision of the Dayton court on a procedural technicality—not on constitutional grounds as Darrow had hoped.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., 406, 407.



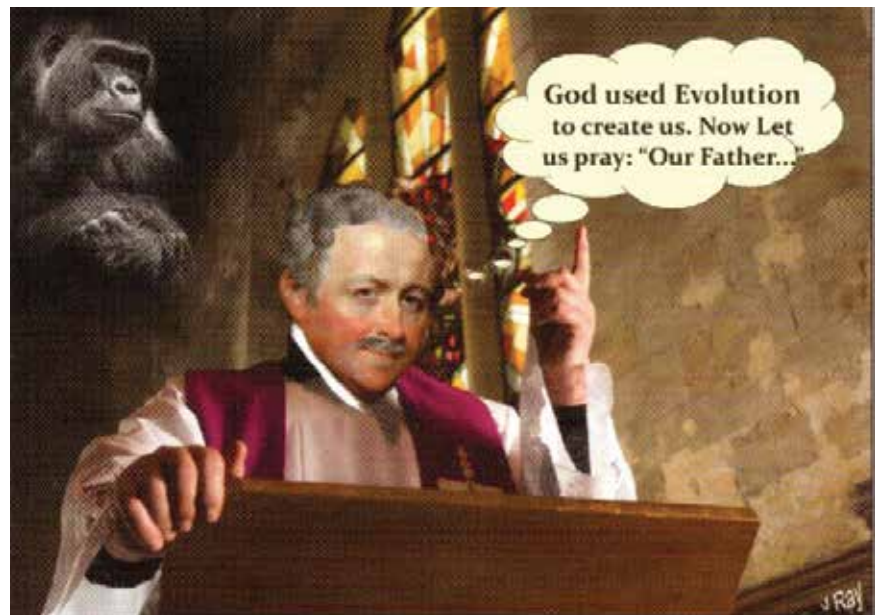
Some writers suggest that it was a stroke of genius to put Bryan on the witness chair. In reality, it was desperation. Darrow's scientific witnesses had been denied and there was nowhere else for him to go.

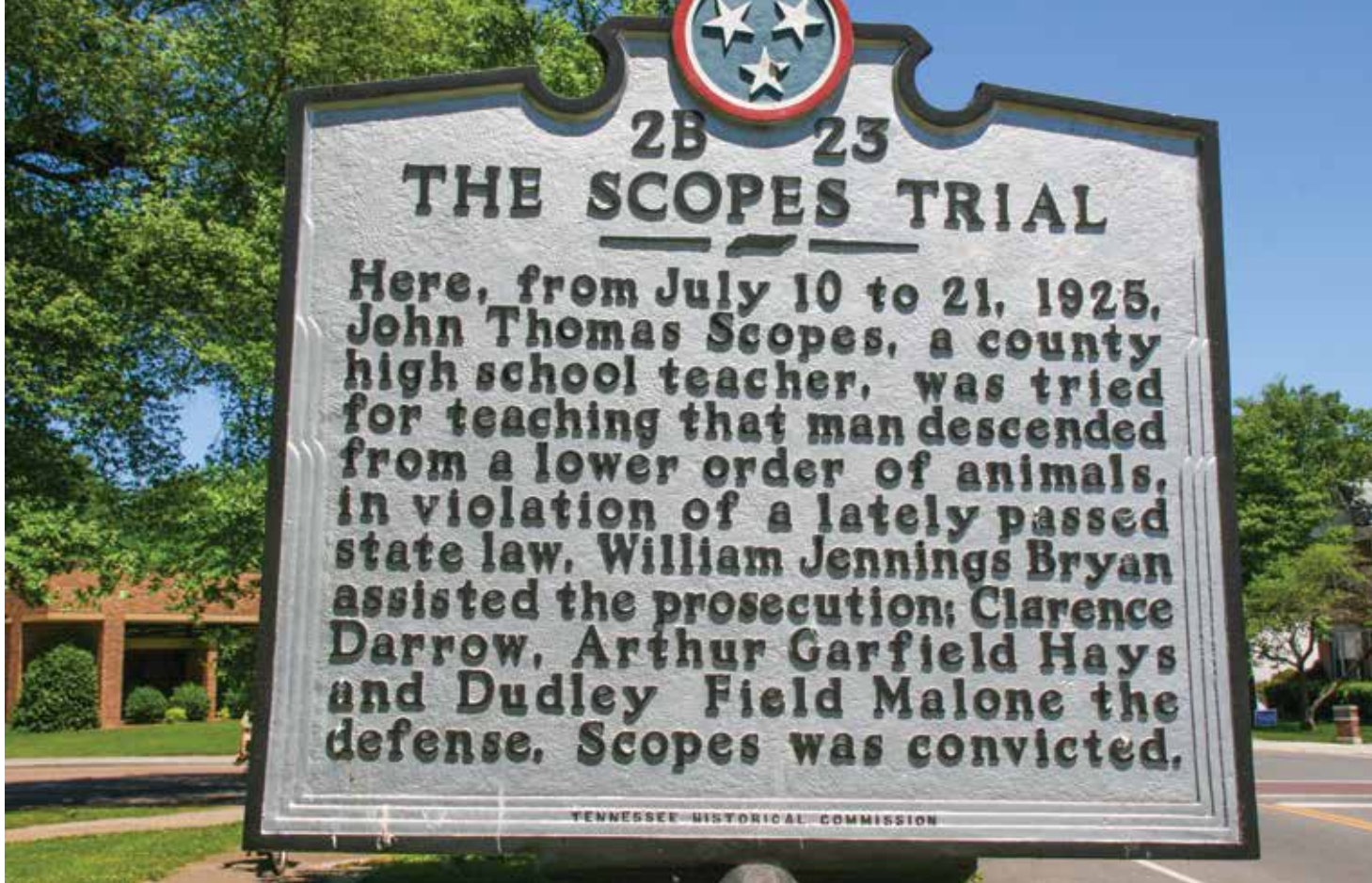
A few days after the trial ended, still in Dayton, in the home of Richard Rogers, a Dayton druggist, Bryan had gone to his room for a nap after a hearty meal. The time was about 1:30 in the afternoon. He gave instructions that he should be awakened about four o'clock.

At four o'clock the family chauffeur went in to wake him. William Jennings Bryan had gone to sleep, his heart had stopped, and he had gone to Heaven. Beside him lay his Bible.

**O**n the day before he died, Bryan had made a trip to Winchester. On the way to Winchester, he had spoken to a great throng of people at Jasper. At Fairgrounds later in the day, he addressed an audience of 8,000. Bryan's train was like his campaign special of 1896. At town after town, the Great Commoner made speeches.

He hailed the conviction of Scopes as a great victory for the cause of Christianity and a staggering blow to the "power of darkness." Bryan covered 200 miles and talked to more than 50,000 people on the day before he died.





When he died, telegrams and letters by the hundreds from all parts of the United States and the world poured in. The flags over Dayton were lowered to half-staff.

His friend, President Calvin Coolidge, sent a long telegram of sympathy to Mrs. Bryan. Even Clarence Darrow felt the loss and said, “I have known Mr. Bryan since 1896 and supported him twice for President. I always respected his sincerity and devotion.”<sup>13</sup>

The death of William Jennings Bryan had been untimely but his life up unto his last day had been ETERNAL.

Great crowds packed the New York Presbyterian Church with hundreds standing outside in the rain. Bryan was buried in Arlington National Cemetery after he died in Dayton, Tennessee, on July 26, 1925, at the age of 65.

Thousands of people lined the tracks of a special train that carried William Jennings Bryan to his burial in Arlington National Cemetery. Another service followed in a Washington church. Right as the procession started to move down the aisle a quartet sang:

“One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o’er and o’er;  
I am nearer home today,  
Than I have been before.”

William Jennings Bryan University was chartered in 1930 in Dayton and admitted its first class in the fall of that year. Its stated purpose was, and is, to provide “for the higher education of men and women under auspices distinctly Christian and spiritual.” In 1993 the name was shortened to Bryan College.

When Clarence Darrow was seventy-five, he wrote: “At seventy-five, I am not sure of how much or how little I have really accomplished. I am reminded of what Simon is reported to have said when Jesus came to his boat in the early morning, ‘Master, we have toiled all night, and taken NOTHING.’”<sup>14</sup>

Clarence Darrow’s life was consumed with defending murderers and people who had committed grievous crimes. He had been determined in his fight against a God who “did not exist.” When he summed up his life, the total was—*NOTHING*. At Clarence Darrow’s funeral, only a few friends were present. There was no one present who said, “This man gave me hope” or “I am a better person because this man lived” or “This man comforted me in my grief” or “This man gave me a purpose for living.”

*We have toiled all night,  
and taken NOTHING!!!*

**Editor’s Note: Clarence Darrow NOW believes in God!**

<sup>13</sup>Ibid. p 410.

<sup>14</sup>Clarence Darrow, *The Story of My Life*, A Project Gutenberg of Australia eBook,(1932) Posted October 2005 THE STORY OF MY LIFE (gutenberg.net.au). 13



**The sound of gentle waves lapping against the seashore, the warm glow of the tearoom lights, and the smell of freshly baked scones topped with strawberry jam and clotted cream made this seem to be the perfect place to be. I sensed that this was going to be a day to remember.**

Leaving the busy A38 dual carriageway, we traveled through the beautiful countryside of Devonshire. Passing through ancient villages, crossing babbling brooks, and seeing sheep lazily grazing on lush green hillsides gave us a feeling of peace and tranquility.

It was midafternoon when we finally reached our destination. From what the locals call “Strawberry Bends,” we could see it up ahead and realized why it is called the English Riviera. The beautiful waters of the English Channel, the fishing boats bobbing up and down in the harbor, the pastel colored Victorian houses perched along the hillside, and the cobbled streets made it look like a page from a fairy tale book.

**B**rixham has always been a fishing town and was recorded in the Domesday Book of 1086. At that time, there were only 39 residents. The population in 2021 was a little over 16,000 but since it is a popular holiday destination,

the number of people greatly increases during the summer months.

The town played an important role during World War II. American military personnel were stationed in and around Brixham. The harbor was a significant embarkation point for the first US ground troops and heavy equipment destined for Utah Beach on D-Day. Eventually, Brixham was recognized as “the town that helped liberate Europe.”

While we appreciated the beauty and significance of Brixham, the place we were excited to see was Berry Head Hotel, which is within walking distance of the town center. Since it was time for afternoon tea, we decided that our timing was just right. After all, who would come to Devon without having a Devonshire Cream Tea, and the Berry Head Hotel Tearoom was the perfect place for it.

While sipping my tea, I gazed at my surroundings and tried to imagine what it was like for Henry and Anne Lyte to live in such a beautiful place. Of course, it was not a hotel then. It was the home of the Lyte family, was called Berry Head House, and was within a short distance from the All Saints Church of England, where Henry was the Vicar.

Henry F. Lyte was described as a tall, handsome man who had great personal charm and was known for his humor and wit. He was a scholar,





a poet, and a musician. He knew Latin, Greek, and French and had an expansive library. For three years in a row, Lyte won the Chancellor's Prize for English Verse while he was a student at Trinity College. As a musician, he played the flute beautifully and according to his grandson, he always had his flute with him.

**B**orn in Scotland in 1793, Henry moved to Ireland when his father, who was a captain in the military, was stationed there during the Napoleonic Wars. As a young boy, Henry was sent to boarding school at Portora Royal School in the county of Fermanagh. His father, who obviously wanted a different lifestyle, sent his wife and youngest son back to England, deserted his family, and married another woman. Sadly, Henry never saw his mother again. "Memories of his mother constantly proved a source of inspiration to goodness of life, and were sacred treasures of his soul to the very last of his days. From his poem, 'On Dreaming of Mother,' we realize how deeply her image was engraven on his soul."<sup>1</sup> At nine years of age, Henry was abandoned and alone. Dr. Robert Burrowes, who was the Headmaster at Portora, saw potential in the young boy, took him in as an adopted son, mentored him, and paid for his education at Portora and Trinity College.

**L**yte planned to study medicine but while attending Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland, he changed his mind (perhaps because of the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Burrowes) and decided to become a minister of

religion. He was ordained in the Church of Ireland in 1815 and was a curate (assistant vicar) in Wexford, Ireland, for a short time. To Henry, the ministry was a "profession" and not a "calling." Although he said he believed that the Bible was the Word of God, he did not believe that it could be taken literally. He professed to be a man of God, yet, he was a man of little faith. He admitted that he openly mocked the zeal of the evangelicals around him.

During the time that Lyte was a curate, he often visited Rev. Abraham Swanne, who was a rector in a neighboring parish and was dying. They had long and serious conversations about the Scriptures. The dying minister, who had previously believed the same error about the Bible as Lyte, convinced him that they were both wrong and that the Holy Word of God could be taken literally. Observing his friend's faith and peace, even while facing death, made Henry rethink his own spiritual condition. Suddenly, his eyes were opened to the truth; he now believed every word of the Bible. Nothing less than conversion could have brought about such a change in Henry's life and ministry. After the death of his fellow minister, Lyte took care of his church until a replacement could be found.



<sup>1</sup>John Appleyard, M.A. D.Litt., *HENRY FRANCIS LYTE: A SHORT BIOGRAPHY*, (London: The Epworth Press, 1939), 9.

Henry Lyte had never been a healthy man. He suffered with asthma and bronchitis, which had weakened his lungs. Thinking that warmer weather would improve his health, he left Ireland and went to France and Italy to recuperate. He never returned to Ireland but decided to settle in England. It was while he was a curate in Marazion in Cornwall that he met Anne Maxwell who became his wife on January 21, 1818, in Somerset, England. Anne was no stranger to the ministry since her father was a Methodist minister. She was described as compassionate and kind and was an excellent manager of the home and finances.



Lyte had served in several parishes before going to All Saints Church. The new vicar and his family arrived in Brixham in 1824 and from the beginning of his ministry there, it seemed that he had finally found his “niche.” He had always loved the sea so he enjoyed many peaceful walks along the shore as He communed with God. He soon endeared himself to the residents of Brixham, especially to the fishermen.

Much had changed in the life of the Reverend Henry F. Lyte since his ordination in the Church of Ireland in 1815. He had learned that the Bible was the Word of God and could be taken literally. He had discovered that *Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God* (Romans 10:17). He now knew that the ministry was a “calling” and not a “profession” and that it could be a “delight,” not just a “duty.”

When Lyte came to Brixham, he was determined to pastor, not only his church but also his city. He joined the school board and eventually became chairman. He founded the first Sunday school in the area and organized an annual retreat for 1,000 Sunday school children with sports, activities, and food. He always shared the Gospel at every event.

Henry reached out to the sailors in the town and organized special Bible studies for them. He especially loved his ministry with the fishermen. He visited them on their boats and in

their homes and gave each one a copy of the Bible. Shortly after he arrived in Brixham, the minister attracted such large crowds that the church had to be enlarged.

Henry and Anne certainly had their share of sorrow. The death of their one-month-old daughter Anna Maria brought them deep grief. Together, they walked the trail of tears. Their faith through their own personal sorrow gave comfort and hope to those in sorrow to whom they ministered. Also, because of his poor health, Lyte had to spend long periods of time abroad. This caused sadness, loneliness, and hardship for both of them and for their children.

What is now Berry Hill Hotel was originally built as a military hospital in the early years of 1800. When the hospital was no longer needed, the building was leased to its builder in 1823. It is thought that the Lytes moved into the house sometime during the year of 1834. Henry and Anne soon turned the drab hospital building into a beautiful home. In those days, most vicars’ salaries were meager so it is not known exactly how they obtained the enormous house. Anne had received an inheritance, which probably enabled them to acquire Berry Head House and to travel abroad. Henry was an avid gardener and labored tirelessly to turn the barren grounds of the former hospital into a beautiful English garden. John Appleyard said, “The garden was rich in its luxuriance, as South Devon gardens usually are. Glorious fuchsias, hydrangeas, veronica, Japanese anemones, evening primrose, wallflowers in profusion and roses galore. In this paradise, he experienced perfect peace.”<sup>2</sup>

After 23 years of ministry in Brixham, Henry sensed that the shadows were lengthening. He knew it, Anne knew it and so did his congregation. The weight of the ministry seemed heavy, yet he would not allow himself the luxury of rest. He could feel his body getting weaker. He coughed more, and his steps were slower. His walks along the beautiful seashore were fewer. He could no longer climb into the fishing boats and minister to his fishermen friends.

He and Anne decided that they should go again to Italy and France. Maybe the warmer weather would help him recover as it had in the past. Sensing that this may be the last time that she did it, Anne lovingly packed his clothes. With tear-filled eyes, she prayed that the Lord would allow him to return to Berry Head with her.

The days before his departure, the beloved vicar of Brixham walked along the beautiful seashore behind the home that he loved. He watched as the fishermen tied their boats in the harbor. He walked past All Saints Church where he had preached so many sermons. He looked at the houses on the hillside and prayed for the people who lived in them. Henry was taking a mental picture of every scene so that he could



<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 49.



visualize it over and over again. His tears flowed freely as he thought of his mother who had taught him to pray. He felt again the pain of being abandoned as a nine-year-old boy, but then he rejoiced in the knowledge that Jesus had promised to never forsake him but would abide with him

forever. After he returned from his walks, although weary, Anne would often see him sitting at his desk at Berry Head House writing.

Because he was so frail, his family was distressed when he insisted on preaching to his congregation once more before he left. Weak and exhausted, Henry preached with great power. He was a dying man preaching to a dying congregation. His hearers seemed to hang on to every word. He reminded his hearers that they all must face death and that they all must account to God. He longed to impress upon them the importance of knowing that Christ was their Savior and that HE was the only one who could give them eternal life.

In the hours before their departure, Henry and Anne prayed together, exchanged loving glances, and mingled their tears. With heavy hearts, they said goodbye to their beloved Berry Head House. Anne's heart was breaking. With Henry's frail condition, she wondered if she would return without him.

After arriving in France, they checked into a hotel, but Henry was very ill. His lungs were so weakened that they could no

longer function, and he had influenza and dysentery. Pain and fever racked his body, and his nights were filled with coughing. An English minister who was a resident at the hotel assisted him and prayed with him. In his dying moments, Henry must have thought of his children, the church on the hill, the boats in the harbor, and the fishermen. His ears must have heard again the sound of waves lapping against the shore behind his home at Berry Head.

On November 20, 1847, in a faraway place, Henry F. Lyte closed his eyes in death. His last words were "Peace! Joy!" He was buried in a foreign grave and with the passing of time, it seemed that the upcoming generations would never know that he had lived, but as William Cowper wrote in 1773

*God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.*

On August 25, 1847, Lyte wrote a letter to a family friend and described his failing health. In the letter, he also penned a few stanzas of what he called his latest effusion, which was the hymn "Abide with Me." It was based on Luke 24:29 that says, *But they constrained him saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them* (KJV).

Before leaving, Henry placed a copy of the hymn that he had written into the hands of his daughter Anna Maria. It was not the first hymn he had written. In fact, he had already written 80 others, but it would become the most famous and

the most beloved one of all. In the history of Berry Head Hotel, it is recorded “Henry Francis Lyte was best known for his hymns: ‘Praise My Soul the King of Heaven’ and his most famous ‘Abide with Me,’ which he actually wrote in the grounds of the house just prior to his death. The house was passed to his daughter Mrs. Hogg and remained in the family until 1949 when it was turned into a hotel.”<sup>3</sup>

When the sad tidings of his death came to Brixham, the fishermen wept. His voice would be heard no more in the church on the hill. The home at Berry Head stood silent, lonely, and foreboding. The fishermen, with others, gathered in the church for a memorial service and lifted their voices together to sing “ABIDE WITH ME.”

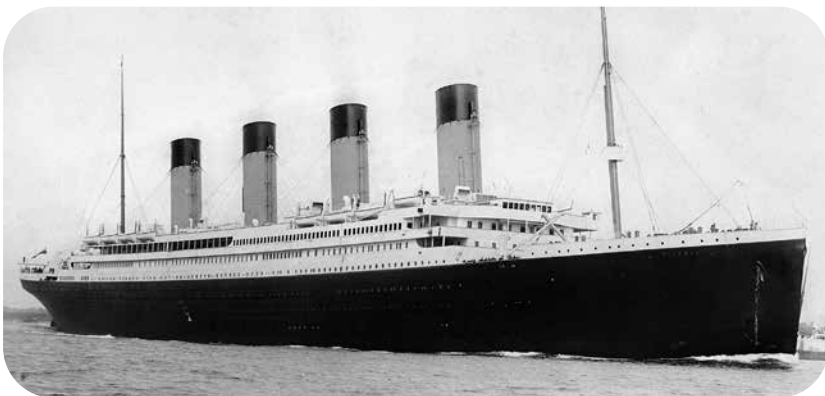
The little village of Brixham could not keep the hymn “Abide with Me” for its own. Soon, it was being sung all over England and then all over the world, bringing comfort and hope to all who heard it. It was known to be the favorite hymn of King George V. It was sung at the wedding of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Phillip. It is often sung at special events and it has almost become a national hymn for Great Britain.

When Edith Cavell, a British World War I nurse, was condemned to death by the Germans for helping wounded soldiers escape, the English Chaplain, Sterling Graham, was given permission to visit her the night before she was shot. Together, Edith and Sterling recited the words of “Abide with Me.”



The hymn was repeatedly played by the band of the Titanic as the ship went down. All seven musicians drowned, along with over 1,500 other passengers.

Brixham’s harbor was a crucial staging area for American forces with many ships loading supplies and troops for the Normandy landings. It has been said that often when American ships going to Normandy during World War II went past Berry Head, the sailors would line the deck of the ship and sing “Abide with Me.”



It was evening and our day at Berry Head was coming to a close. The bells of All Saints Church would soon be playing “Abide with Me” as they do every eventide at 8:00 pm.

*Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;  
Earth’s joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.*

*I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.*

*I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death’s sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.*

*Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*

I had walked the halls of Berry Head House that Henry had walked. I had strolled along the beautiful seashore that he loved. I had seen the fishermen and their boats in the harbor. I had seen the church on the hill where he preached his last sermon. I had been inspired and encouraged. I had been uplifted and motivated to love my Savior more.

I knew that I could never again sing “Abide with Me” without thinking of a little nine-year-old abandoned boy who found someone who would never leave or forsake him. I was right. It was indeed a day to be remembered.

*Oh, by the way...  
the Devonshire Cream Tea  
was delicious!*

#### SOURCES

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<sup>3</sup>Berry Head Hotel, Brixham. History of the Berry Head Hotel. 2025 [berryheadhotel.com/brixham-history](http://berryheadhotel.com/brixham-history).

# A Work of Friends

Dear Brother Ray,  
Thank you for your faithful service to our wonderful Savior and for your encouragement. I have said it before, but it bears repeating: We love your *Nations Magazine*! It is a personal favorite, uplifting, and informative as well. We pray that your financial needs will be met and that the Lord will keep you safe in all your travels.

**John & Terry Cross, Lucas, Ohio**

Dear Mrs. Ray,  
Just a brief note to let you know how much I enjoyed in so many ways the article titled “*Lessons from Lockerbie*” in the recent issue of the *Nations Magazine*. It was well written and well researched, and I was blessed by reading it. I have kept it for future encouragement. God bless you.

**Joe Wellam, Chattanooga, Tennessee**

Dear Dr. Ray,  
My husband and I thank the Lord for *Nations Magazine* and the ministry of Dr. and Mrs. James Ray, and I am enclosing an order for *Awesome Journey* and *Embracing the World*.

**Susan Lord, Macon, Georgia**

Dear Brother and Sister Ray,  
I just last night finished reading the most recent edition of the *Nations Magazine*. Thank you again for a ministry that is always a blessing and challenge to my heart. My partner in ministry left for Heaven eleven years and one month ago today. I love you two and count you among my favorite living authors.

I especially enjoyed James’s “I Love Flowers” and Mary’s “Lessons from Lockerbie.”

**Jennie Britt, Fredericksburg, Virginia**

Dear Brother Ray,  
Please pray for a young man who received a Bible and is searching for the truth. He lives in Llandudno and came to our youth ministry on Friday night and seemed to enjoy it. He has attended every service with his grandparents. Every time he attends, he brings his New Testament with him.

**Pastor Leonard James, Wales, United Kingdom**

Dr. Ray,  
I loved the article on the Sextons. Brother Sexton was my pastor and will be missed. Mrs. Sexton was just precious, makes our Homecoming all the more special. May God bless you and Mary.

**Molly Drake, Knoxville, Tennessee**

Dear Dr. Ray,  
Our church family at Woodhill Baptist Church wants to thank you for your kind generosity to our pastor and for the Bibles that were distributed around our area. We have a wonderful pastor who brings God’s Word so faithfully three times a week. So thank you once again from us all at Woodhill.

With Christian love from the church family,  
**Ann Moore, Deacon’s wife, Wales, United Kingdom**

Dear Dr. Ray,  
On behalf of Victory Baptist Church, Blackpool, England, we offer our deepest thanks for the New Testaments, which arrived this morning. They are beautiful and certainly have inspired our people to get out and distribute them. For a tourist town, they are perfect for giving out during the tourist season to all the folks who visit here. We will also post through doors and use as a teaching tool. The ideas are flowing in fast and furious by our excited people. May God bless your ministry and thank you again for this wonderful outreach tool and for the blessing and the encouragement it already has been to us.

In His Service,  
**Debra Smith – Missionary with Victory Baptist Church, Blackpool, England**



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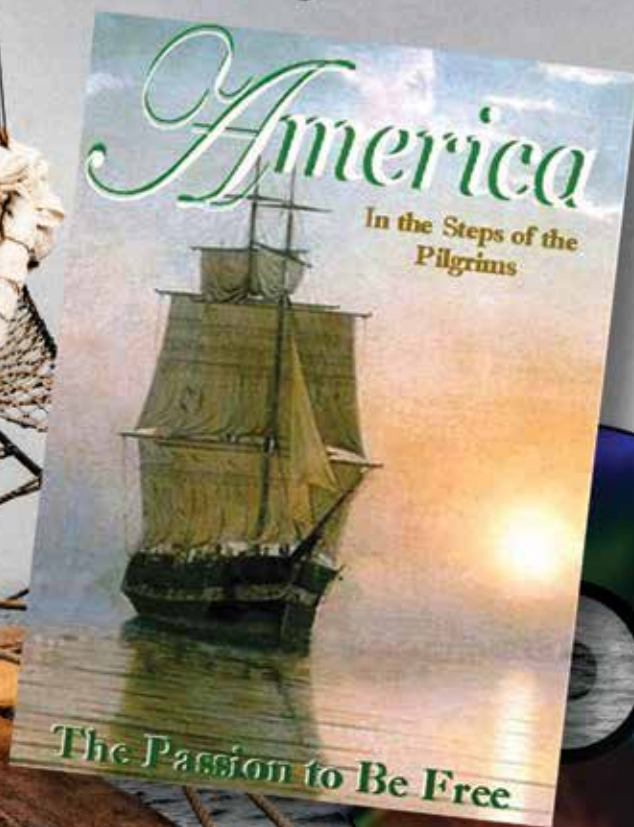
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