

CLERGYMAN CHATTER

By M. Homer Cummings

A few days ago, I received a letter from the editor of "THE MOUNTAINEER" requesting me to ~~writexanaxartikaxax~~ furnish an article each week for his paper. It is, indeed, a pleasure to comply with his request.

However, nothing was said relative to ~~knx~~ my subject material. That being the case, I am ~~frxx~~ at liberty to discuss any topic from ~~knx~~ pre-historic times until the present moment. And that is as it should be. The pulpit and the press should always be free to express convictions without fear or favor.

M. HOMER CUMMINGS

SACRED MUSIC PUBLISHER

BOX 390

WHEELING, WEST VA.

224.89
45.00
269.89

...I received a letter from the editor of "THE MOUNTAIN" regarding me to write xxxxxxxxxx in an article each week for his paper. It is, indeed, a pleasure to comply with his request. However, nothing was said relative to xxxxxxxxxx. It being the case I am xxxxx at liberty to discuss any topic xxx historical times until the present moment. And that is what should be. The point and the press should be free to express convictions without fear or favor.

No. 240. Keep It Out.

The Eighteenth Amendment, a part of our Constitution, it was adopted by 28 of the 48 states. The largest majority ever achieved in any election. It is illegal the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Obeyance and not repeal should be the slogan. "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by wine unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and his drunken."—Ezek. 16: 17, 18.

M. Homer Cummings. Copyright, 1922, by M. Homer Cummings. Tune: "Help It Out."

Musical notation for the first system of the song "Keep It Out".

- 1. The saloon has been outlawed, Keep it out! It has thrived on
- 2. There's a clam-or for re-peal, Let us make our
- 3. There must be no com-pro-mise, Vice we can-not
- 4. For the sake of girls and boys, Keep it out! And the homes that

Musical notation for the second system of the song "Keep It Out".

crime and fraud, Keep it out! Oh, the lives that it has wrecked,
land i-deal, Nev-er fal-ter in the fight,
su per-viso, Fa-ther, moth-er, stop and think,
it destroys, Keep it out! Work and pray each day to save

Musical notation for the third system of the song "Keep It Out".

And the good that it has done, Keep it out, keep it out, keep it out, out, out.
For our cause is just and right, Keep it out, keep it out, keep it out, out, out.
Do not leg-a-lize strong drink, Keep it out, keep it out, keep it out, out, out.
Millions from a drunkard's grave, Keep it out, keep it out, keep it out, out, out.

Warnings Against Drunkenness.

- Let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness.—Ro. 13: 13.
- It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Ho. 14: 21.
- And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.
- But be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5: 18.

21925. ~ 96250
18
21
21
5
10
01

2031
Residence
2551
Funeral Home
2031

Selections," our new song book. SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: \$10.75 per 100; \$6.00 per 50. On orders for 50 or more, the name of your church and its pastor will be printed on the front cover of the books that you purchase, if you desire.

SEND 15 CENTS AT ONCE FOR A SAMPLE
M. HOMER CUMMINGS, Fayetteville, West Va.

Clergyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

An Appeal To Voters

Men and women of West Virginia, at the special election on June 27, 1933, we earnestly request you to vote to retain national prohibition. Please do not make it possible to license the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Never again let us legalize a beverage that dethrones reason, creates crime, incites riots, sponsors prostitution, supports vice, makes murder, ruins homes, breaks the hearts of mothers, destroys character and wrecks immortal souls. For the sakes of the boys and girls of today and the generations to come, do not repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken."—Hab. 2:12, 15.

"But," it is argued, "there is drinking today." Yes, but not by the sanction of our government. But should we do away with the Eighteenth Amendment, drinking will not only increase but we place our legal stamp of approval upon this evil traffic and enter into partnership with it through the license system. We would not think of removing from the statute books the law against theft and murder because there are persons who steal and kill, neither should we repeal the Eighteenth Amendment because it is being violated. God has not recalled the Ten Commandments because multitudes constantly disregard them.

Let us keep the liquor traffic where it belongs—outlawed. On June 27, go to the polls and vote against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, thereby preventing the legalization of strong drink. Then let everybody obey the prohibition law and the bootlegger will be banished from our land.

Throughout the state the various newspapers are running an advertisement urging us to vote for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in order to bring better times, reduce taxes, restore temperance and respect for law. How absurd! For whom will it bring better times? Not for those who handle nourishing food products and harmless drinks. The increase in the consumption of milk since prohibition is 212.5 pounds annually for every man, woman and child in the United States. With the coming of prohibition, the number of employees in the ice cream industry increased 95 per cent and its production 281 per cent. Since prohibition there are 114 per cent more wage earners employed in the making of soft drinks. Will it help the banks and insurance companies? Not by any means. Savings deposits have increased three times since 1918 and life insurance has increased 145 per cent since prohibition. Who then will it benefit?

Nobody but the persons engaged in the liquor traffic and the undertakers.

But what about reducing taxes? This is preposterous. In order to raise the \$150,000,000 revenue promised by the wets from the manufacture and sale of beer, the people of our nation must spend one billion, four hundred and forty million dollars. What an investment! Who really pays the tax? Do the brewers and distillers? Not one cent of it! Finley C. Hendrickson in 1910 said: "A woman bends over the wash tub. Her husband is down in the saloon drinking, helping to pay the tax. A young man is taking his first drink. He is beginning to pay the tax. He may be a drunkard in a few years and then he will pay more tax. An employee has just been discharged for drinking. He was paying the tax. A husband is selling off some of his best furniture and the family is moving into a stuffy flat. He has been paying the tax. A lot of noisy men are in a saloon drinking. They are paying the tax."

It would be a foolish bargain to trade gasoline revenue for booze. According to the World Almanac, 1933, the total gas revenue received by the U.S. in 1931 was \$537,589,717. This was on 25,814,103 cars. There were over 20,000,000 passenger cars

in 1931. These cars afforded pleasure to the whole family, including mother and the kiddies. The total average annual revenue (all liquors) received by the states (1913-1917 inclusive) was \$89,000,000. The liquor that produced this revenue did not contribute one iota to the happiness and comfort of the family. Mother and kiddies paid—it wrecked thousands of families. It is inevitable that the Repeal of Prohibition will greatly decrease the more than a half billion dollars auto gasoline revenue to the states, slow down auto production and sales and auto accessories sales.

The third argument that is advanced in the advertisement against the Eighteenth Amendment is that its repeal will restore temperance. In other words, they maintain that people will drink in moderation and no one to excess. They would try to make you believe that there were no drunkards until the advent of prohibition. But the facts do not substantiate this intimation. Ever since the deluge, men have tarried too long at the flowing bowl. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug and when once the individual is in its clutches, it is almost impossible for him to free himself. Instead of temperance as it pertains to strong drink, there should be total abstinence.

And then the repeal advocates say that it will bring respect for law. When was the liquor traffic ever law-abiding? Did they refuse to sell to young men under age or to habitual drunkards? Were the saloons careful in observing the Sunday closing law? Is it not a fact that the first insurrection in the United States was known as the Whiskey Rebellion?

Go to the polls on June 27th and vote against ratification of the repeal amendment and you will have a conscience void of offense before God and man. The acid test of any liquor control system is the actual amount of alcohol consumed. Despite the highly financed opposition, thirteen years of prohibition (according to U. S. Government figures) has reduced liquor drinking by two-thirds.

Pat Withrow says, "I hate the liquor traffic with all of my heart. God is against it and I am against it." And we might add our government should always be against it. Let us all vote against it.

If you vote for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, you sanction the sale of intoxicants to your boy and mine.

Vote against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Gyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

Last week in the State Sentinel, an article by Mr. John Doe appeared on the right side of this column under the caption of "What Others Say." In it, this pseudopigraphous gentleman took issue with Rev. Clarence Shirley Donnelly, pastor of the Oak Hill Baptist Church, in regard to certain statements that were published in the Fayette Tribune concerning the evils of the legalized liquor traffic and reminded the minister of crimes that had been committed since the days of the open saloon.

Mr. Doe fails to discriminate between the two—in both instances the murders were caused by intoxicants, but under the license system the liquor was sold with the permission of our government and our county and state became an accomplice to the crime, while under prohibition, it was done without our consent and in violation of our constitution.

Mr. Doe is mistaken when he says that boys and girls did not go into the saloon to drink. The writer has witnessed scenes to the contrary. Fathers would often take their sons into these dens of iniquity and order beverages for them and would laugh when the boys became "tight." Many of the homes in those days kept large quantities of whiskey in their possession and the entire family would partake of the liquid fire.

But the most absurd assertion made by the afore-said Mr. Doe to Rev. Donnelly is this ridiculous declaration: "Vote dry if you want to make thousands of bootleggers happy and if you are in politics you are sure to get their vote." Will you please give us the names and addresses of the bootleggers that are helping us in the fight to prevent the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment?

In closing his article, Mr. Doe signs off with "Yours for Real Prohibition." John, may we give you this suggestion in rhyme?

"If you want to stop a man
From drinking rum and brandy,
Don't give license to the shop
That keeps it always handy."

Much is being said and written about the failure of Prohibition. If it is such a joke, why are certain organizations financed by millionaires working night and day to get rid of it? Why this frenzied effort for repeal?

It is true that people have not observed this law as they should have done (they have also violated the statutes against theft, murder, etc.) but prohibition abolished 177,790 open saloons, 1,247 breweries, 507 distilleries and reduced 275 liquor cure establishments to 68. The greatest thing, however, that the Eighteenth Amendment did was to put Uncle Sam out of the whiskey business. He ceased to place his stamp of approval upon this vice.

We deeply deplore the fact that the U. S. Congress and our own state legislature legalized the manufacture and sale of beer and light wine. It is a step in the wrong direction. It is also a source of regret to us that it is being sold in legitimate places of business where total abstainers formerly frequented.

The great Apostle informs us that the "love of money is the root of all evil." How true this is! Diamond-studded brewers care nothing for the misery and woe that they cause the poor man and his family. They are concerned about the profits that they can make off the weakness of humanity.

Former Congressman W. D. Upshaw says that there are 32 million reasons for prohibition—32 million automobile drivers in the United States. Alcohol and gasoline do not mix.

A GEM FROM THE POETS

O SHAME ON WEST VIRGINIA

All eyes are centered now on you,
O West Virginia!
John Davis, honest, fearless, true,
Was born within you;
He sought to bring to you renown,
But at the polls you turned him down!

So often you have been abused
By press dispatches,
The crimes of which you've been
accused,

The public catches;
Ah, Davis would have honored you,
But unto him you were untrue.

O West Virginia, bow in shame
And deep contrition;
Think of the blight upon thy name—
Thy sad condition;
Forever there will be the blot—
He came and you received him not.

John W. Davis is the only person born in West Virginia who was ever nominated for President of the United States and yet our citizens were so devoid of patriotism that they defeated him in this state by an overwhelming majority. Truly, he "came unto his own, and his own received him not."

Clergyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the first lady of the land, is quoted in recent news dispatches as saying that America needs more religion. Her husband, the President, voiced the same sentiment in a radio address that he delivered the other night. With them, we heartily agree.

What is religion? Different persons will give various interpretations. After exhorting the individuals to whom he was writing to be doers of the Word and not hearers only, James emphatically declares, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." When the lawyer asked Jesus, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" Jesus replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." These statements by James and Jesus reveal to us that religion is man's proper relation to God and his fellowmen. The Apostle John tells us that we can not love God and hate our brothers. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

We do not believe that we have the love that we should possess for this and the coming generations if we legalize gambling, Sabbath desecration, and strong drink with all of its attendant evils. We should not place a rock of offense or an occasion for stumbling in the way of others. The Bible plainly says, "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken."

It will be recalled that more than a year ago, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., asserted that prohibition had increased drunkenness and he urged the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, thereby implying (we suppose) that if our nation complied with his request that drinking would cease. Now comes the statement from his commission that the booze industry with its enormous revenue should turn into the coffers of Uncle Sam at least \$750,000,000 each year! What about the "true temperance" of which we used to hear? Nothing is said about it. That was simply camouflage. It's revenue, REVENUE off the tears of widows and the sobs of orphan children.

If Rockefeller really thought that there was more drinking under na-

tional prohibition than when we had the open saloon, why didn't he petition congress to pass a law forbidding the manufacture and sale of the Standard Oil products? Why didn't he get the government to close all of his refineries and filling stations and let the "bootleggers" peddle his oil and gas?

How many of our readers heard Billy Sunday over the radio the past week? He conducted a revival in the Lehman Tabernacle in Wheeling. Notwithstanding the fact that he is more than seventy years of age and has recently suffered a paralytic stroke, he is still going strong. He is now in an evangelistic campaign in Washington, D. C. He and "Ma" Sunday are planning to go to Alaska for a series of meetings. Mr. Sunday, before his conversion was a baseball player and as an evangelist, he is in a class to himself. His radio addresses last week were Scriptural, earnest and forceful. He is a wonderful preacher and has led thousands to Christ.

Mr. Sunday lost two of his children in the past two years. Helen, his daughter, died of tuberculosis and his son, George, fell from a building and lived only a few days after the accident. He has always been devoted to his family. Unfortunately, he and his wife were not able to spend as much time as most parents do with their children. His evangelistic work kept him and Mrs. Sunday almost continually away from home.

By a strange co-incidence, while Mr. Sunday was in Wheeling, his former song leader, the genial and magnetic Homer A. Rodeheaver was engaged in a revival in Charleston at the Union Mission Tabernacle. It was the writer's privilege to hear both of them the same day over the radio, one from WWVA and the other from WOBU. Moody and Sankey and Sunday and Rodeheaver are names that will always be linked together like David and Jonathan and Paul and Barnabas.

LETTING OFF STEAM

Editor, The Herald-Advertiser:

As a rule, I find the meditations of George M. Adams very helpful, uplifting and inspiring.

However, I cannot subscribe to his views of "Letting Off Steam." In it he says, "If a woman feels like crying or a man like swearing (refinely!) go ahead and cry — or swear."

Does he mean by this that we are to exercise no self-control but let our emotions run wild and give way to temper tantrums? Are we to remain children all our lives?

It may be all right for women to cry for "if at first they don't succeed, they cry, cry again" but there is certainly no valid reason for anybody breaking the Third Commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Although profanity is one of the most inexcusable of all sins, it is nevertheless very prevalent. There are those who inhale and exhale it with delight. They swear when they are sad, when they are glad and when they are mad, in summer or winter, in all kinds of weather, at home and abroad. Yet it is of no service to mankind.

Let us obey the admonition of Jesus, "Swear not at all."

M. HOMER CUMMINGS,
130 Cedar Street.

NEW PASTOR TAKING WELL.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings, the new pastor of the M. E. church, is taking quite well with the people of Ceredo. He seems to be quite a mixer and his congregations are increasing numerically. The church was filled with people last Sunday evening, while a large crowd was also present at the morning service. During the evening service Rev. and Mrs. Cummings sang a duet, "I Want My Life to Count for Jesus," one of the pastor's own compositions, and the audience was well pleased with the number. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings are both talented musicians.

Clergyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

Repeal the Twenty-first amendment!

November 7, 1933 was one of the darkest days in the history of our nation. On that date, a sufficient number of states voted to ratify the Twenty-first Amendment, thereby making it possible to legalize the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Our government has now gone back into the business of producing drunkards, imbeciles, widows, orphans and paupers for the flimsy excuse of revenue. Well did the Apostle Peter say, "It is happened unto them according to the true proverb 'The dog is turned to his vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.'"

Will strong drink be of benefit to our country? Will it bring prosperity? No. It will fill the purse of the diamond-studded brewer and distiller but it will rob the consumer of his money, his home and character. Liquor and poverty go hand in hand. Every cent that is taken in by this nefarious traffic is diverted from the channels of legitimate business; hence business suffers to the extent that booze prospers.

Squire Hadstead says that if whiskey will pull America out of the hole, then Europe should be sitting on the top of the world. She has never had prohibition.

Has beer helped our state? Since the frothy foam has been on sale in West Virginia, the arrests for drunkenness in some sections have tripled. What about the revenue? Well, the governor has had to call an extra session of the legislature to devise means of financing the schools. Unless something is done, the institutions of learning will have to close. BEER, Beer, beer, whew! What a panacea! Did beer stop the activities of the boot-legger as some of the legislators argued that it would do? Nay, verily.

Rev. O. M. Pullen, one of the most severely criticised and maliciously maligned men who ever labored in West Virginia, recently went to his eternal reward. There the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Hats off to North Carolina! Altho' all of the returns are not in, it seems that South Carolina also has not defiled her garments.

The Parson Writes

Dear Mr. Publisher:

I'm in hot water again and I can't even swim in cold waer. Last Sunday during the sermon I told a joke and the young folks laughed out loud. One ole sister was so shocked that her teeth fell out on the floor. After the service most of the grown people dodged me like I had the leprosy. When I got home the phone was bouncing up down. One of my deacons allowed as how I had done committed the unpardonable sin — telling jokes in church. When I told him I thought a good joke was good most any place you told it he hup up. Anyhow, by the next time you hear from me I may be a has-been preacher. (That is as low as you can go and still be a U. S. citizen.)

Ain't it a puckering shame, Mr. Publisher, how everybody's loosening their sense of humor. Even the funny papers ain't funny no more. Pore ole Dick Tracy spends all his time inventing new gadgets like TV wrist watches. They've got comics like Payten Place, that shows how miserable life can really be. Then theres Ben Casey. He's in the funny sections now, cutting out gall bladders and snapping off peoples' heads.

I'll declare if it ain't getting to the place where the funny page is about as sad as the front page.

Another problem about getting folks to laugh now a days, Mr. Publisher, is that everbodys so thin skinned they won't allow a joke told on them. The colored folks cry "discrimination", the Jews cry "anti semitism", the Catholics "bigots", the Protestants "blasphemy", and the white folks "communist". Everybody's so dad-burned overwhelmed by his own importance that he can't take a little funny crack about him. Pretty soon, the whole world will be made up with nothing but "bawlers". We'll walk around everywhere we go with a crying towel. We'll be dead serious with emphasis on the dead part.

Mr. Publisher, I always looked upon humor as one of God's best tools. Its a ego buster. I got a feeling that the Almighty would be a little better pleased with a few more laughs in Church and a few less sour looking faces. Its like my ole lady said, "Christianity got started in a maturnity ward—not a funeral home." If I had my way I'd fix it where everybody would get at least one good belly laugh each Sunday. Wouldn't it be funny if we found out you could laugh the Devil out of a fella a hole lot quicker than you can scare the hell out of him.

I gotta close now. By the way, do you know what the chicken said to the rooster as the farmer walked across the yard? "Theres the guy I'm laying for."

So long,

Parson Jones

JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"We hafter git at th' source uv things. No one kin purify th' water by white-washin' th' pump."

JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"My ole mule can't kick an' pull at th' same time. Kin you?"

JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"Ef you're afear-ed of doin' too much, mor'n likely you'll soon be a-doin' too little."

Clergyman Chatter

(By M. Homer Cummings)

The wet parade moves on with Michigan and Wisconsin leading the procession. Thirty-four more states will be needed to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. We sincerely trust that this number can not be found. The liquor traffic should be kept where it now is—outlawed. Vice should never be legalized. It is wrong and can not be made right.

As the wave of wet sentiment seems to be sweeping the country, we should heed the words of Jehovah that were delivered to Moses while he was on the mount receiving instructions from God. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." Jesus says, "WIDE is the gate and BROAD is the way that leadeth to DESTRUCTION and MANY there be which go in thereat."

"But," it is objected, "there is too much drinking at present." That is true. There is too much stealing and murder. Shall we repeal all of the laws that are being violated? If so, the statute books would be clean. There would be no laws. Has God revoked the Ten Commandments because man has continually disobeyed them? Nay, verily.

Recently a friend handed us the following: "We want bread not beer, jobs not liquor, clothes not booze, schools not saloons, sobriety not drunkenness, friends not enemies, peace not fighting, Heaven not Hell."

This is holy week. Our thoughts are centered upon the Christ, who though "He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich." He, "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—(Phil. 2:6-11.)

Jesus not only gave Himself for us, but, as Paul tells, He "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—(1 Cor. 15:22, 58.)

Clergyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

Well, Texas, the lone star state and the home of United States Senator Morris Sheppard, author of the Eighteenth Amendment, has gone wet by an overwhelming majority. It begins to look like the people of the nation, north and south, east and west, want booze and are determined to get it. The attitude of the women of our land on this subject has been a great surprise. We were persuaded better things of them, but alas! we are doomed to disappointment.

* * * * *

While on his recent trip to Chicago, the writer was amazed at the prevalence of cigarette smoking among the fairer sex. On every hand at the World's Fair, the sisters were puffing and blowing the fumes. Once or twice, we ventured to exhort them to desist from the use of the weed and they gave us such a look that we became oysterized. Since so many of the flappers are imitating the men in dress and habits, it is high time for us men to set a good example before them. It might have a wholesome effect upon them, altho' it is doubtful. They are probably hopeless.

* * * * *

How do you like it? Practically everywhere you go, you see the advertisements of beer and the pictures of women with cups of the frothy foam in their hands. This unworthy scribe is cranky, fanatical, narrow-minded and old-fashioned and of course it does not appeal to him. Neither does he enjoy the bill-boards and other displays of feminine beauties (?) advertising the various brands of cigarettes. Well, society is certainly becoming smoke-cured.

* * * * *

Is our money our own to do with it as we please or does God hold us responsible for the manner in which we use it? Wasn't there a prophet one time who cried, "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread and for that which satisfieth not?" Is it right to burn up billions of dollars each year when it could be used for a better purpose?

* * * * *

Arthur Brisbane says that since the manufacture and sale of beer has become legalized, there is a great decrease in the use of milk and that it will be disastrous to the health of children.

* * * * *

We have had but few guests in our home that we enjoyed more than Rev. E. R. Crockett of Roanoke, Virginia. He recently spent two weeks with us. He is an interesting character—unique, entertaining, jovial, unassuming and comical. His sermons are altogether different from those preached by the average minister. Although his educational advantages are very limited—less than two years in school, he is a profound thinker and knows the Scripture. If he has any hobby as a minister, it is prophecy. His hearers may not always agree with his expositions but they nevertheless appreciate his messages.

* * * * *

Rev. Crockett believes that the signs of the times are being fulfilled and that the Second Coming of Jesus is near. There is no doubt about the advent of our Lord being imminent but when, we do not know. "Therefore," Christ exhorts us, "be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch." "The day that shall dawn for my Lord's appearing,

He hath not revealed to me; Yet if He but find me a faithful servant,

A glorious day 'twill be."

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Horace Greely once received a letter from a woman seeking advice in regard to the distressing financial condition of her church. She said they had tried everything they could think of—



strawberry festivals, fairs, oyster suppers, a donkey party, turkey banquet, Japanese weddings, poverty socials, mock marriages, grab bags and necktie sales — and she asked Mr. Greely if he would be so kind as to suggest a new device to keep the struggling church from disbanding. The great editor replied: "Try religion!"

Mr. Greely Was Right

Mr. Greely was right. Religion will readily solve the financial problem of the church.

"Where your treasure is," declared the Master, "there will your heart be also." (St. Matthew 6:21.) If we love the Lord our God with all our heart, soul, and mind, our money will also be dedicated to His service. It will be a joy to give to the cause of the Christ and and to help promote the work of His kingdom. But here is where many professing Christians fail. If they should happen to put a dollar into the collection plate, they would feel like singing:

"When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again."

Some Amusing Things

In my ministry, I have seen some rather amusing and ridiculous things happen with reference to church giving. Years ago on one of my charges, I was asking for money for my District Superintendent. As the hat was being passed around and as the persons present were contributing pennies, nickels, and dimes, one brother began to sing, "God be with you till we meet again." On another occasion when a collection was being taken, the choir leader sang, "Never Give Up."

Billy Sunday used to say that some folks would rather sing "The Ninety and Nine" than "Old Hundred" because ninety-nine is one number less than a hundred and it would be a saving of one.

Robbing God

We may smile at these incidents but in all seriousness, giving to the church is a very painful process to some persons. Every year in the United States billions of dollars are spent for intoxicants and other non-essentials while a comparatively small amount is contributed to the spread of the gospel.

Long ago the question was asked, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye robbed Me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. 3:8-10.)

Give Of Your Best

"Give of your best to the Master;

Give of the strength of your youth;
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor
Into the battle for truth,
Jesus has set the example;
Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give Him your loyal devotion,
Give Him the best that you have.
"Give of your best to the Master;
Give Him first place in your heart;
Give Him first place in your service,
Consecrate every part.
Give, and to you it shall be given;
God His beloved Son gave;
Gratefully seeking to serve Him,
Give Him the best that you have.
"Give of your best to the Master;
Naught else is worthy His love;
He gave Himself for your ransom,
Gave up His glory above;
Laid down His life without murmur,
You from sin's ruin to save;
Give Him your heart's adoration,
Give Him the best that you have."

Try Religion

The advice of Horace Greely to "try religion" will not only solve the financial problems of the church but it will go a long way towards solving all other problems that confront us today. Jesus says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (St. Matthed 6:34.)

If the inhabitants of the earth were to place God first in their lives, what a wonderful world this would be! There would be no jails and other penal institutions for there would be no crime. We would need no locks on our doors for no one would steal from another. Wars would be unknown.

(Continued on Page 14)

Editor The Gazette:

At last it has happened! The impossible has been accomplished, the incongruous amalgamated, and the harmonious confluence of incompatible elements consummated. The pewter handle has been welded to the wooden spoon. Oil and water have mixed. The wolf and the lamb feed together and the spider and the fly are boon companions. The Gazette and the Mail, in the midst of a political campaign, are occupying the same building. O tempora! O mores!

One paper cries: "Let Richard Milhoan Nixon do all our nation's fixin'." The other answers, "Nay, let us go all the way with Kennedy and L. B. J."

The Prophet Daniel in the night visions beheld beasts, "dreadful and terrible," but it is doubtful if he ever saw one that had the head of an elephant and the tail of a donkey; or a fowl with two heads—one an eagle and the other a rooster.

But dispensing with all nonsense, you have two great newspapers and I want to take this occasion to thank you for the kindness that you have shown me in a ministry of more than half a century. You have been more than courteous. I wish you well.

(Rev.) M. Homer Cummings -
130 Cedar St.

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In the English language one word often has a number of different meanings. Take "pound," for instance. As a noun, Webster defines it (1) as an enclosure, maintained by a public authority, in which cattle or other animals may be confined when taken in trespassing, or when going at large in violation of law, or where distrained cattle or goods may be kept until redeemed; (2) a shelter for sheep or cattle; (3) a trap for wild animals; (4) a prison for criminals or debtors; (5) a difficult or hopeless position to get out of, as in hunting; (6) an area or space within which fish are kept, stowed, or caught; (7) a contusion or bruise; (8) a heavy blow or thud.



(9) a unit of weight varying in value from 300 to about 1,070 grams and commonly divided into 12 or 16 ounces; and (10) the gold monetary unit of Great Britain and some other countries. As a verb, it means (1) to imprison; (2) to put into a place from which the chase cannot be followed; (3) to weigh coins; (4) to pulverize by beating; (5) to strike heavily or repeatedly, as with a fist or some weapon; (6) to make firm by beating, as the ground with the feet; (7) to make a jarring noise, as an engine in running; (8) to walk with heavy steps; and (9) to come down heavily, as a ship in water.

Another Meaning

But the word, "pound," has another meaning with which Noah Webster did not seem to be familiar. Had he had the privilege of being the pastor of the Coalwood Community Church and had he been the happy recipient of its congregation's unbounded generosity, he would have added this definition to the word, pound: (10) "to make an unheralded and surprise donation to a minister and his wife of canned goods,

sausage, ham, oranges, apples, sugar, potatoes, et cetera; members of a congregation and others visiting the home of the preacher while he is at the church and bringing food and other things."

Pounding

Yes, your pastor and his wife were the "victims" of an old-fashioned and orthodox "pounding." It was a very pleasant ordeal and one that we greatly enjoyed. We have learned from experience that it does not hurt to be "pounded." Please accept our sincere thanks for your kindness and thoughtfulness. May God richly bless and reward you.

Pears

For several years, at each Christmas, an unnamed friend has been sending us a box of Comice Pears. This year was no exception. On the outside of the box was this printed statement: "Please accept this 'Gift of Golden Flavor.' It will delight your family and friends."

These pears not only delighted our family and friends but they more than pleased your columnist. Pears and sweet cherries are his favorite fruits. If by the "Gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in heaven a place" and am permitted to partake of the "tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits," I sincerely trust that pears and sweet cherries (either red or black hearts) will be two of the fruits that will grow thereon.

Christmas Cards

We want to thank our friends for the many Christmas cards that we received this year. They came from the north and the south, the east and the west, from Coalwood, Ravenswood, Williamstown, Fayetteville, and various other places where we were once pastors. We appreciate being thus remembered.

James Tilden Browning

One of the most impressive Christmas cards that we received this year was from our district superintendent, Rev. James Tilden Browning. To each pastor in the Bluefield District, he wrote:

Dear Brethren:

"This day I have called your names one by one, thinking of you and your families, and asking God to bless you everyone.

"May the Christ, whose birthday we celebrate, bring peace to your hearts and may the New Year bring you many happy surprises.

Sincerely yours,

James T. Browning"

Thank you, Dr. Browning! "The
(Continued on Page 14)

OUR WEEKLY MESSAGE

(Continued from page 4)

Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." (Numbers 6:24-26.)

A Former Parishioner

Another Christmas greeting that caused the mist to form before our eyes was from a former Ravenswood parishioner who wrote: "I certainly do miss you — both of you and your splendid inspiration. My very best wishes always and my kindest regards to Hugh and Homer."

Coalwood Christmas Cards

No Christmas cards were more beautiful and attractive than the scores of greetings that we received from Coalwood. Again, we think you.

A Happy New Year

We wish you all a happy and a prosperous New Year. May the Giver of every good and perfect gift grant you the best of everything. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew, 6:33.)

Start It Right

Start the New Year right. Give your heart to God, live for Him, and try not to miss a single church service this year.

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

There is nothing of which we are more certain than death. It is an ordeal through which we must all pass. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," God said to Adam. Some day our hearts will cease to beat, the light will fade from our eyes, the color will depart from our cheeks, and our spirits will take their flight. When that event will occur, not one of us can say. It won't be long; it may be soon. "Boast not thyself of the morrow," declared the wise man, "for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Proverbs 27:1.)



An Epitaph

I once read this epitaph on a monument as I entered a cemetery: "Kind friends, beware as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I; As I am now, so you shall be, Prepare therefore to follow me."

Eternity

We are all living on the verge of eternity. There is but a step between us and death. At any moment we may be summoned to meet our God. We are well and strong today but tomorrow we may be turned to clay. The biography of every man is closed by one short sentence, "And he died."

The day and the hour have not been revealed

When we from our labors shall rest;

The future from us is wisely concealed,

The plans of our Father are best.

Jesus said, "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." (St. Matthew 24:44.)

The Unknown Tomorrow

There is a limit to our mortal vision. We see only the present. We are not permitted to look into the future. It is mercifully hidden from us. If we knew all that will happen to us in the days to come, the dread of approaching events would make the burden heavier to bear. Some of us may lose a loved one this year; some may suffer bodily affliction; and some of us may be called out into the great beyond. It is well that this information is withheld from us.

I know not what the morrow

May have in store for me.

Will it bring joy or sorrow?

God knows, He holds the key.

Saint Paul's Philosophy

Although the Apostle Paul was often persecuted and did not count his life dear unto himself, he faced the future heroically and triumphantly. In writing to the Romans, he said, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Romans 8:28.) And again, "If God be for us, who can be against us? * * * Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Romans 8:31, 37-39.)

How do we stand before God?

Are we saved just now or are we lost? Are the loving arms of Jesus around us or are we in the increasing grasp of Satan? Are we walking heavenward with Christ and the redeemed or are we as fast as the wheels of time can roll going down to that region of endless night with the Evil One and the condemned?

Should the death angel come, would you be ready?

Settle the Question

A revival meeting was in progress in Wales. The minister was urging his audience to get right with God. A man under deep conviction responded to the appeal and came forward. As he knelt at the altar, he kept repeating, "It must be settled tonight, tomorrow may be too late." Finally he yielded to Christ and peace filled his heart. The next day as he was at work he was accidentally killed. His last words were: "Thank God, it was settled last night; tonight would have been too late."

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



Yes, it is true. It is unfortunate but it is nevertheless a fact. Many persons, when they move from the country to the city or from one place to another, fail to take their religion with them. They may have been pious and devout in the community in which they were well known but when they go elsewhere to live, they seldom, if ever, attend church services. Why is this?

Nobody Invited Them

One reason that they assign for their neglect is that nobody invited them to church. On the surface this seems to be a sound and plausible excuse but it does not bear close inspection. These same persons frequent the post-office, theater, store, and other places of business without being invited. Why should they stay away from church (and perhaps not even go then) until a special invitation is extended to them? That is the \$64.00 question and I am unable to answer it. I shall have to give it up but I hope I can do better the next time.

Invite People To Church

Whenever a family moves into a community, we should see them as soon as possible and invite them to attend the Sunday School, morning and evening worship, prayer meeting and the various services of the church. A glad smile and a hearty handshake will go a long way toward making them feel welcome. However, should we fail to do this it does not excuse them. It is as much their duty and privilege to find the House of God as it is for us to seek and find them. We are commanded in the Bible not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but to exhort one another; and so much the more, as we see the day approaching. (Hebrews 10:25.)

controlling the money and industry of our country and determining national elections, they dominate our land. From them we get our newspapers, books, magazines, fashions, radio broadcasts, motion pictures, motor cars, and ideas. Our professional men are city trained.

The influence of the city is both good and evil. It offers wonderful cultural advantages, but it also holds insidious menaces to our security, health, morals, and happiness. The "isms" contrary to our institutions flourish there and alien cults are strong.

A Poem

Yes, many persons who move from the rural sections to the cities do not take their religion with them. As a result, their lives end in tragedy. This truth is very vividly set forth in the song, "He Left His Religion In The Country."

"He moved in from the country
To the city with its glare,
Gratified his wife's ambition—
He had money and to spare.
He put up at the hotel
And he ate the city food;
His wife joined all the social clubs,
His son became a dude—
But he left his religion in the
country.

"He took a dab in politics,
The city kind, of course;
He bought a high-powered auto,
It was faster than a horse.
He had a box at the opera,
And he purchased bonds and
stock;
He owned a store and bank right
in
The city's finest block—
But he left his religion in the
country.

"The church just 'round the corner
Did not meet with his own
views,
So he criticised the preacher
As he read the Sunday news;

The Prodigal Son

As long as he remained at home under parental restraint and discipline, the younger of the two sons mentioned in the fifteenth chapter of Saint Luke seems to have been honored and respected. He was not until he gathered all together and took his journey into a far country that he wasted his substance with riotous living. There are many today who are like the Prodigal Son. When they leave their fathers and mothers and loved-ones and live among strangers, they fail to let their light shine for the Master and consequently fall into sin. Millions have been ruined by the seductive glitter and glamor of the large cities.

Growth Of The City

The cities of America in recent years have grown to an amazing extent. In 1790, when the first census was taken, 95 per cent of our people were in the rural sections. But in 1940, according to the last census, the percentage had dwindled to 44.5. In reality, fewer than 23 per cent of the American people are supported directly by the farms, for a considerable part of the so-called rural population actually lives in towns.

The cities influence practically every phase of American life. By

He stayed at home and grumbled
And picked all kinds of flaws;
His son went down the road to ruin,
His daughters, lost, because
He left his religion in the country.

"And when he took his journey
To the place where all must stand;
He walked up to the gates of pearl
Just like he owned the land.
(Continued on page 6)

OUR WEEKLY MESSAGE (Continued from page 4)

'I know you're from the city,'
Said Saint Peter with a sigh,
'I'm sorry I must tell you now,
This is once you can't get by—
For you left your religion in the
country.' "

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS
GEORGE WASHINGTON

We pause on this his natal day
And to his mem'ry tribute pay.

Today is George Washington's birthday. He was born on Friday, February 22, 1732 in Westmoreland County, Virginia, 214 years ago. His father died when George was eleven years old but his mother lived to the age of eighty-two, departing this life when her famous son was at the height of his brilliant career. It was under his mother's care that he received his early education, and to her he owed especially his honor and integrity.



As a Young Man

As a young man he established a reputation for truthfulness, honesty, and forthrightness. He worked hard and performed his tasks with great care and accuracy. This was a trait of character that ever remained with him. Whether as a surveyor, a military leader or the chief executive of our nation, he was faithful to the trust that was committed to him.

His Rules of Conduct

Before he was sixteen years of age, George Washington copied down 110 "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation."

Here are some of them:

"Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

"Wear not your clothes foul or dusty but see that they be brushed once every day at least."

"Do not be hasty to believe reports to the disparagement of any."

"Do not gnaw your nails."

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others."

"If you cough, sneeze, sigh or yawn, do it not aloud but privately; and speak not in yawning, but put your handkerchief or hand before your face and turn aside."

"Drink not nor talk with your mouth full."

"Keep your nails clean and short."

"Be careful to keep your promise."

"Speak not evil of the absent for it is unjust."

"In eating . . . lay not your arm, only your hand upon the table."

"When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously and with reverence."

"Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor."

"Strive to keep alive in your breast that spark of celestial fire known as conscience."

Not Our First President

George Washington was not the first president of the United States. There were eight men who served as presidents of the United States under the Articles of Con-

federation. This was in that period of time in the history of our nation after the Declaration of Independence had been signed and before the Constitution had been formulated and adopted.

These eight men were: Thomas McKean, Delaware; John Hanson, Maryland; Elias Boudinot, New Jersey; Thomas Mifflin, Pennsylvania; Richard Henry Lee, Virginia; Nathaniel Gorham, Massachusetts; Arthur Saint Clair, Pennsylvania; and Cyrus Griffin, Virginia. John Hancock was elected but did not serve.

However, George Washington will always be regarded as our first president for he was our first chief executive after the Constitution was ratified.

A Faithful Public Servant

George Washington was a faithful public servant. He literally gave his life to the service of his nation. As commander-in-chief of the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War and as President of the United States, he accepted no salary for the work he did for his people. He labored unselfishly for the best interests of his land.

Severely Criticised

Many did not appreciate him. During his second administration, he encountered much opposition. His cabinet quarreled unceasingly and Congress wrangled and jangled. Thomas Jefferson, his Secretary of State, became hostile to him. John Adams, his Vice-President, referred to him as an "old muttonhead" who had not been out for what he was only because he kept his mouth closed. Thomas Paine called him "treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life." Many of the newspapers severely criticised him. Finally Washington became so tired and worn that he declared that he would rather be in the "grave than in the Presidency." It was with a feeling of relief that he stepped down and let another take his place.

"It Is Well"

Two years, nine months, and
(Continued on Page 13)

WEEKLY MESSAGE

(Continued from page 4)

eleven days after he left the Presidency, George Washington breathed his last and went out into teerpnity. His final words were: "It is well."

Thus ended the fruitful life of this remarkable man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

His earthly remains lie in the vault at Mount Vernon awaiting the voice of the Son of God. "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." (John 11:25, 26.)

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

The outlook may be dark as night;
The uplook is forever bright.

Killing the Preacher

The pastor of a certain church died and was buried, and on the following Sabbath a memorial service was held in his honor. A large congregation overflowed the house. One speaker told of his worth as a preacher, another of his tender administrations as a pastor, and others spoke of his as a citizen. Finally they called on a visiting minister and a special friend of the deceased to speak. He arose and spoke as follows:



"All that you have said of my brother is true. He was a man out of the ordinary and gave his remarkable powers to your church without stint or reserve. But if you had, while he was yet alive, filled these pews as you have today, and said of him and to him what you have just said, he would not now be dead.

Empty pews broke his heart, and he did not know of the love of which you have been speaking. He died for lack of the things you have so beautifully said and done

today."

Broken Hearts

It is said that more ministers die of broken hearts than any other cause. The weight of our tremendous responsibility constantly rests upon us. "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." (2 Corinthians 5:20). Many do not heed our messages or even attend the services of the church. Often we see little or no fruit of our labor. Our work seems all in vain and we are tempted to be discouraged. Like David, we have to encourage ourselves in the Lord our God. (1 Samuel 30:6.)

Is Christianity a Failure?

"How is it," asked a man of a minister, "that your religion has been going for nearly two thousands years and has not influenced more people than it has done?" For a reply, the minister asked another question, "How is it that water has been flowing for more than two million years and many people are still dirty?" It is not the fault of Christianity that people go without the remedy for human ill but their fault. Jesus said, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life." (Jno. 5:40.)

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

"He is not here; for He is risen, as He said."—Saint Matthew

Good Friday

Today is Good Friday. In many of the churches throughout the Christian world, religious services are being conducted and devout souls are commemorating the death and sufferings of the Author and Finisher of our faith.



Greatest Crime In History

The crucifixion of Jesus was the greatest crime in all the annals of history. There is nothing blacker in the dark roll of human enormities. The strokes of the cruel hammer that nailed His hands and His feet to the cross and the cries of the angry mob who desired His execution still ring throughout the universe. Although more than nineteen centuries have elapsed since then, everything is as real and vivid as though Calvary were but nineteen hours distant.

The enmity and jealousy of the scribes, Pharisees, and chief priests, the treachery of Judas, the unfaithfulness of the disciples, the vacillation of Pilate, the taunts and jeers of the multitude, and the patience and longsuffering of the Savior are fresh in our memories. We see Him led as a "lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before His shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." We behold Him "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and "acquainted with grief" as He is being "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities."

The Uplifted Cross

There comes before our minds the vision of the old rugged cross uplifted high on which the Son of God is hanging and the darkness that settles over all the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour. It seems that Jehovah Himself can not look upon this appalling scene, for the sun blushing hides his face, the rocks are broken asunder, the vale of the temple is rent, and many of the graves are opened.

As the blood was flowing from His hands and feet which had been

nailed to the cross, and as He was suffering the deepest pain and agony, His spirit of forgiveness rose above His grief and He prayed for the soldiers who had just crucified Him. He said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"It Is Finished"

Finally the Son of God cries, "It is finished!" and, committing His spirit into the hands of His Father. He bows His head and gives up the ghost and the plan of redemption is completed for the whole human family.

He Rose Again

Yes, as the Apostle Paul says, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures: and . . . was buried, and . . . rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." (1 Corinthians 15:3-4.)

Easter Services

You are invited to attend all our Easter Services. Come for worship, for Christian Fellowship, and for an opportunity to serve the kingdom of God.

The Easter season reminds us anew of our religious duty. Inspiring services have been arranged for those who desire to renew their consecration to our Lord and Master, and to His church.

A rich spiritual feast is in store for those who attend our special Easter services.

Come to Church Easter. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m., preaching at 11 o'clock and pictures of the Life of Christ will be shown at 7:30 p. m.

Coalwood Community Church Activities

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, Pastor
SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

Morning services at 11 a. m.

Youth Fellowship, 6:30 p. m.

Evening worship at 7:30.

"Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it Holy."—Fourth Commandment—Exodus 20:8.

DURING THE WEEK

Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Cottage Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7 p. m. and Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m.

"I was Glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord".

Our Week

By REV. M. HO
Some folks complain
But what they really

February 2 is commonly called "Ground-Hog Day," in allusion to the tradition that this animal comes out of his hole on that day and, if he casts a shadow, runs back, in which case a return of



wintery weather is to be expected. Although it is inconceivable that the woodchuck could have the power of prognosticating the meteorological condition of the atmosphere, there are many who apparently think that he has this ability, and they are alarmed if the sun happens to shine on the second day of February. Their thoughts are described in the couplet:

"If Ground-Hog Day is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in one year."

Bad Luck

There are those who maintain that it is bad luck to walk under a ladder; for a black cat to walk across your path; to put your right shoe on first; to place your hat on the bed; to sweep dirt out of the door after dark; to raise an umbrella in the house; to carry a hoe into your home; to spill salt, and should you do so, be sure to throw a pinch of it over your left shoulder; to thank people for a flower slip; to give a person anything that is sharp; to watch a loved-one out of sight; for two to look in a mirror at the same time; for a rooster to crow at night; for a bird to fly into the house; to meet a funeral procession; to sneeze over the left shoulder; to go back to get anything that you have forgotten; to return a borrowed saw; for a dog to howl at night; to tell your dreams before breakfast; to sing at the table; to start work on Friday unless you can finish it before Sunday; and they state that if you break a mirror, you will have seven years of bad luck.

Other Superstitions

It is claimed by some that if you drop a dish cloth or if your nose itches, you will have company; and if your ear itches, somebody is talking about you. There is an old belief that if a single woman goes out of her own door very early in the morning of Saint Valentine's Day, and if the first person she meets is a woman, she will not be married that year. If she meets a man, she will be married within three months.

We are told that if the tongue of a goose be cut out when the fowl is alive, and laid on the breast of a man or woman when asleep, he or she will confess any sin. Some say that if you go to bed singing you will wake up crying.

Warning of Death

Death omens of various kinds are encountered among all superstitious people. Mysterious knockings and unaccountable noises are considered indicative of the death of a relative. If the kitchen fire burns out on Christmas Eve or New Year's morning, it is thought that some member of the household will die before these seasons come around again. If the farmer fails to plant a row that he has already laid out, one of the family will pass away that year, they insist. Dogs are supposed to see death as it enters a dwelling and consequently they start to howl.

Unlucky Days to Marry

My mother used to quote to me

This little rhyme concerning the significance of the days in which to marry:

'Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no day at all.'

However, another has informed us that there are seven unlucky days in the week in which to get married. They are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Although we have made remark-
(Continued on page 16)

WEEKLY MESSAGE (Continued from page 4)

able progress in science and the diffusion of knowledge, many folks in America still remain superstitious and rely upon charms and enchantments.

We should recognize the fact it is not luck but pluck we need. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." (Proverbs 22:29.)

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



A father purchased an air rifle for his son. The following day the boy led his father into the back yard and asked the father to watch him shoot.

"How is that, father?" asked the boy, after he had delivered a shot.

"That is fine," readily answered his father, "but what were you shooting at, my son?"

"Oh, nothing," said the boy, "but wasn't it a big bang!"

A Big Bang!

A big bang never does very much, whether it goes off in a gun or in the human mouth. There should always be a definite aim. Everybody should have a purpose in life. No one should drift with the tide.

Jesus came to earth to seek and to save that which was lost. That was the mission of the Savior. Man was made in the image and likeness of his Creator and he should live in tune with the Infinite and do everything that he can to promote the kingdom of God.

Many Fail

Many fail in this respect and their lives become wrecks.

The recent execution of a young man at Moundsville brings to our minds once more the truth that the wages of sin are death. He was a high school graduate, an athlete, and could have been a good and useful citizen. But he became addicted to the habit of drink and, while under the influence of alcohol, committed one of the most dastardly crimes in the annals of our state. He was later arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

Converted

While in prison, he could no longer obtain intoxicants and he began to think on the error of his ways and his impending doom. He made a profession of religion and

asked forgiveness of the ones he had wronged. He stated that he deeply regretted what he had done and said that liquor was to blame.

Hanged

Last Friday, October 11, 1946, Richard Lee Collins died on the West Virginia penitentiary gallows for the pistol slaying of Denver D. Hill. The trap was sprung open at 8:45 p. m. and in eleven minutes he was in eternity. His last words were: "God forgive me—forgive me for everything."

He was the fifty-ninth person to be hanged at the state prison.

Thus ended the career of a young man only 22 years of age, who could have done much good in the world had he been a Christian and let drink alone.

A Warning

We are sure that if the lips of Richard Lee Collins could move and he could speak to us from eternity, he would warn us all to beware of sin for when it is finished, it "bringeth forth death." (James 1:15).

Yes, Paul tells us: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Galatians 6:7,8).

IF TO US THEY COULD SPEAK

Many friends we have known,
In the years that have flown,
Have departed this brief, fleeting life;
From their labors, they rest,
They are saved now and blest
And are free from all trials and strife.

They have gone from our sight
To that city of light,
Where no sorrow will ever distress;
If to us they could speak,
They would urge us to seek
God's kingdom and His righteousness.

But alas! there were some,
Who to Christ did not come,

Written By Local Man

Hymn Commemorates 'Aldersgate Sunday'

By DORIS MILLER

Aldersgate Sunday will be observed May 19 by Methodist churches around the world. The Rev. M. Homer Cummings, retired minister of the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church, who lives in Huntington, has a hymn he wrote for the 200th anniversary of the occasion Aldersgate Sunday commemorates which will be used in several area churches next Sunday. It is entitled, "Has your Heart Been Warmed?"

Mr. Cummings, the conference poet laureate, has written hundreds of hymns, many of which are in use in area churches. He also has written the following explanation of John Wesley's Aldersgate experience.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was born in England on June 17, 1703. He was the 15th child in a family of 19.

He was reared in a parsonage. His father was a minister and his mother was a devout Christian. His parents brought him up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." At the age of 22, he received his holy orders and was licensed to preach.

As a clergyman, he was faithful and energetic. He visited the sick, studied the Scriptures, prayed earnestly and in every way possible sought to perform his sacred duties.

But there was a longing in the young minister's soul that was not satisfied. In vain, he sought to obtain salvation by good works. Once in despair, he cried out, "I went to America to convert the Indians, but oh, who shall convert me?"

After searching for 13 years to find peace and rest in Christ, he began to feel light dawning on him on May 24, 1738. In the morning of that day, his eyes fell upon these words of the Bible, "Thou art not far from the kingdom."

In the evening, he went very unwillingly to the meeting of a young men's society on Aldersgate Street in London, where he heard a reading of Luther's preface to the Book of Romans. At about a quarter of nine, as he was listening to the description of the change God works in the heart, he felt his heart "strangely warmed."

It was then that he felt he did trust in Christ alone for salvation. He said, "An assurance was given me that He had taken away my



REV. M. H. CUMMINGS

sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." The events of that evening since have become known to Methodism as his "Aldersgate experience."

After that important epoch in his life, John Wesley became one of the greatest preachers of all time. He was a flaming evangel. Although he lived back in the horse and buggy days, he traveled some 225,000 miles and preached more than 40,000 sermons, some of them to congregations exceeding 20,000 persons.

John Wesley died March 2, 1791, in his 88th year. His last words were, "The best of all is, God is with us."

Has Your Heart Been Warmed?

"I felt my heart strangely warmed. An assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins."—John Wesley's Aldersgate experience, May 24, 1738. "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"—Luke 24:32.

M. H. C. Copyright, 1938, by M. Homer Cummings M. HOMER CUMMINGS

DUET

1. Has your heart been warmed by the pow-er of God? Have you
2. Has your heart been warmed by a jour-ney with Him? Have you
3. Has your heart been warmed by His in-fi-nite love? Are you

felt His Spir-it with-in? Do you walk the path that the
talked with Him in the way? Does your light shine bright-ly or
seek-ing souls gone a-stray? To re-deem the lost, Je-sus

CHORUS

saints of old trod? Does He cleanse you now from all sin?
has it grown dim? Do you strive His will to o-bey? Has your
came from a-bove, And He longs to save them to-day,

heart been strangely warmed by His pow'r? Do you feel His presence each hour? Is your

soul a-flame? Are you praising His name? Has your heart been warmed by His pow'r?

ALDERSGATE SUNDAY HYMN

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

No, it won't be long now. Christmas is almost here. Most people are thinking about the presents they will give and are wondering what gifts they will receive. Many children are writing to Santa Claus, and are asking him to bring them practically every conceivable toy. They desire whistles, balloons, roller skates, airplanes, kites, dolls, electric trains, miniature automobiles, tricycles, picture books, and other articles too numerous to mention.

We, who are older, are grown up children, and we also appreciate being remembered at this season of the year.

A Busy Time

What a busy time it is! The stores are filled with shoppers, the buses are jammed with passengers, and the streets are crowded. Persons are rushing about to find suitable gifts for father, mother, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, daughter, sweetheart, and friend. We wrap our purchases in attractive packages; hide some of them away until Christmas morning; while others we send off by parcel post. Holly wreaths are hung in the windows, homes are decorated with mistletoe and other ornamentations, and hours are spent in trimming and preparing Christmas trees.

Why are all these things done? One little boy said that we are commemorating the birthday of Santa Claus. Of course he had the wrong idea. But is this day celebrated in such a way that we catch its real significance?

The Right Idea

One little girl about whom we once read had the correct idea. When she woke Christmas morning and began to open her packages before any one else was out of bed, she was heard to sing:

"Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear Jesus,
Happy birthday to you!"

Yes, Christmas is the day that we observe as the birthday of Jesus. It should not be spent in revelry and dissipation but in honoring and worshipping the Christ. There would be no Christmas were it not for Him.



His Presence

Christmas should bring to us a renewed sense of the presence of Jesus. What greater joy can come to us at this time than to know that He is ours!

A little boy had a new baby brother born into his home. Every

day this little lad went to school he had to tell his teacher something new about the baby. One day he told the teacher about the baby's hands and feet; and another day he told the teacher about the baby's lovely eyes. One day the teacher said to the little boy: "Johnnie, what is the best thing that you know about that baby brother of yours?" Almost as quick as a flash the boy replied: "The best thing I know about him, teacher, is, 'he's all mine!'"

Happy, indeed, is that person who can say, "Jesus is mine and I am His!"

No Room In the Inn

Saint Luke informs us that, when Jesus was born, His mother wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; "because there was no room for them in the inn." Thus the Savor, Christ the Lord, began His earthly existence in a stable. There was no home open to Him; no hotel afforded Him shelter. He who has gone to prepare for us a place in His Father's house of many mansions had to lie in a manger as a babe.

"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down
His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down
where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on
the hay."

Is He Crowded Out?

Before we condemn the innkeeper of Bethlehem for not making room for Joseph and Mary and the Christ child, let us ask ourselves if we have room for Him in our hearts and lives and homes. Is He crowded out by selfishness, worldly pleasures, business or the cares of this life?

Can we say now in the lines of the old hymn:

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for
Thee!"

Greetings —
We'd like to visit you today
But since we can not, we now say,
"May Christmas bring you hope and cheer"
And joy be yours the coming year."
Rev. & Mrs. M. Homer Cummings

I am in a dilemma. The other day I hurriedly took my car out of the garage and, in my haste, I failed to lock the door but left the lock on the staple. When I returned, I discovered that somebody had taken unto himself (or herself) my lock. That person now has a lock and no keys and I have two keys and no lock. We are both in a piteous predicament. The lock without the keys can be of no service to him and the keys without the lock are of no benefit to me.



A Compromise

If we could meet and discuss the matter together, we might be able to agree on a compromise. Should he show just cause why he should have them, I would let him have my keys for the lock or, if he thought best, he could return my lock. Either plan would solve the problem. As it now stands, we are both losers. But this is usually the case when something is appropriated that belongs to another—no one gains any great profit. Honesty is not only right but in most instances it is the best policy.

Lorenzo Dow

While traveling one Sunday to a place where he had an appointment to preach, Lorenzo Dow heard a man swearing bitterly. He went up to him and asked him the cause. The man answered that he had an axe stolen the night before.

"Come along with me to the meeting," said Dow, "and I will find your axe."

The man consented and when they arrived near the church, Dow stopped and picked up a large stone, which he carried into the church, and laid it upon the front of the pulpit. The subject of his sermon was very well fitted to this particular object and, when in the midst of it, he stopped short, took the stone in his hand, and, raising it with a threatening attitude, said: "A man in this neighborhood had an axe stolen last night, and if the person who stole it does not dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone," at the same time making a violent gesture as if he were about to throw the stone, as he swung round in the pulpit.

A person present was observed to dodge his head, and he proved to be the guilty person.

A Rooster

In another place, a person who had been robbed entreated Lorenzo Dow to discover the thief.

Dow told him to gather all the suspected persons into a certain room, and to get a black pot and a rooster. He did so, and Dow put the rooster under the pot, and then

had the room darkened. He then explained that he wanted every one present to go up to the black pot in the dark, and touch it with his fingers, and assured them that when the guilty person touched the pot, the rooster would crow.

After all had gone up to the pot, the room was lighted, and it was discovered that one person present had no soot on his fingers. He had been afraid to touch the pot, and afterwards proved to be the guilty person.

A Unique Preacher

The loss of my lock recalled to my mind these two incidents in the life of Rev. Lorenzo Dow and so I have passed them on to you and I trust they will be of interest to you.

Rev. Lorenzo Dow was one of the most unique ministers that America has produced. He was born in Connecticut, Oct. 16, 1759. His parents were descended from English ancestors. They taught to educate the children well both in religion and common learning.

At an early age, Lorenzo was converted and, when he was nineteen years old, he was licensed to preach and became an itinerant minister. His manner of preaching was bold, full of zeal, and uncompromising. He aroused the anger of many, but God blessed his labors as he traveled about on foot and on horseback, proclaiming the gospel to tens of thousands, and winning multitudes to Christ.

In personal appearance Dow was about five feet, 10 inches in height, was rather light complexioned, and much marked by the scars of small-pox. He had small, light eyes, dark brown hair and eye-brows, small features and short visage.

His Death

In 1834, at the age of 57, Lorenzo Dow laid down his cross and took up his crown. He endured much suffering for the sake of his Master, but he won many souls to the Savior, and he will shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Although original in his style and eccentric in his methods, he was a "good minister of Jesus Christ" (1 Timothy 4:6) and was faithful to the trust that had been committed to him. In the last day, many will rise and call him blessed.

The Bible

Daniel Webster once said: "From the time that at my mother's feet or my father's knee, I learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper, but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury our glory in profound obscurity."

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Do not feel mortified even through you are guilty. Perhaps nine out of ten who read these lines made the same mistake. In writing their first letter of the New Year, they dated it "1945" instead



of "1946." It was a very easy thing to do. Three hundred and sixty-five days had been spent in 1945 and when January 1, 1946 arrived, they did not realize that a New Year had dawned and that it was no longer 1945, so they continued to write it "1945."

Habits

We are all to a certain extent the victims of habits. We walk in trodden paths and readily drift into ruts. Doing that which we have been accustomed to doing, we find an aptitude for some action acquired by frequent repetition. It becomes a second nature with us.

A Rooster

I once heard Booker T. Washington tell about a certain family that belong to his race who moved twice each year. He said that the old rooster would come up to the house every six months and cross his legs to be tied. It had become a habit with him.

A Parrot

The story is related of an old parrot who was kept in a cage hung over the door way of a hunting club in the Appalachian Mountains of Pennsylvania. As guests went in and out of the hunting club the parrot with great dignity and courage would speak the only words he knew, "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time."

Finally there came a day when he managed to escape from his cage and wandered off into the mountains. A searching party was sent to find him.

It was some days later when he was discovered. His rescuers came just in the nick of time. He had gotten into a hornet's nest, and the hornets were stinging him fiercely. There he was, head high and with great dignity and courage shrieking at the top of his voice, "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time." He said that which

he had been in the habit of saying and it happened to be appropriate.

Isaac Watts

Isaac Watts, when a youngster, had the habit of rhyming. His father grew weary of it, and set out to punish him. This made the boys cry out:

"Father, mercy on me take,
And I will no more poems
make!"

His father, realizing for the first time that his son was a genius did not punish the lad but encouraged him to continue his rhyming habit, and Isaac Watts later became one of the greatest hymn writer of Christendom.

Good Habits

Many persons for good habits, such as punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, prayer, praise, Bible reading, attending church services, helping the needy, lifting up the fallen, and looking on the bright side of life.

In that old familiar hymn that has blessed millions, Fanny Crosby, the sightless singer, says:

"This is my story, this is my
song,

Praising my Saviour all the
day long."

Although she was blind, she had made praise the habit of her life.

Bad Habits

There are others who are enslaved by vice and addicted to strong drink and kindred sins.

"I would give a world, if I had it," said an unfortunate wretch,

"to be a true man; yet in twenty-

(Continued on Page 13)

OUR WEEKLY MESSAGE

(Continued from page 6)

four hours I may be overcome and disgraced with a shilling's worth of sin."

"How shall I a habit break?"

As you did that habit make.

As you gathered you must lose;

As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we
twist,

Till they bind us, neck and
wrist;

Thread by thread the patient
hand

Must entwine, ere free we stand;

As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil unhelped, alone

Till the wall is overthrown.

Christ Can Set You Free

Jesus said, 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' (John 6:36.)

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



Yes, it is true. It is unfortunate but it is nevertheless a fact. Many persons, when they move from the country to the city or from one place to another, fail to take their religion with them. They may have been pious and devout in the community in which they were well known but when they go elsewhere to live, they seldom, if ever, attend church services. Why is this?

Nobody Invited Them

One reason that they assign for their neglect is that nobody invited them to church. On the surface this seems to be a sound and plausible excuse but it does not bear close inspection. These same persons frequent the post-office, theater, store, and other places of business without being invited. Why should they stay away from church (and perhaps not even go then) until a special invitation is extended to them? That is the \$64.00 question and I am unable to answer it. I shall have to give it up but I hope I can do better the next time.

Invite People To Church

Whenever a family moves into a community, we should see them as soon as possible and invite them to attend the Sunday School, morning and evening worship, prayer meeting and the various services of the church. A glad smile and a hearty handshake will

controlling the money and industry of our country and determining national elections, they dominate our land. From them we get our newspapers, books, magazines, fashions, radio broadcasts, motion pictures, motor cars, and ideas. Our professional men are city trained.

The influence of the city is both good and evil. It offers wonderful cultural advantages, but it also holds insidious menaces to our security, health, morals, and happiness. The "isms" contrary to our institutions flourish there and alien cults are strong.

A Poem

Yes, many persons who move from the rural sections to the cities do not take their religion with them. As a result, their lives end in tragedy. This truth is very vividly set forth in the song, "He Left His Religion In The Country."

"He moved in from the country
To the city with its glare,
Gratified his wife's ambition—
He had money and to spare.
He put up at the hotel
And he ate the city food;
His wife joined all the social clubs,
His son became a dude—
But he left his religion in the
country.

"He took a dab in politics,
The city kind, of course;
He bought a high-powered auto,
It was faster than a horse.
He had a box at the opera,
And he purchased bonds and
stock;

go a long way toward making them feel welcome. However, should we fail to do this it does not excuse them. It is as much their duty and privilege to find the House of God as it is for us to seek and find them. We are commanded in the Bible not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but to exhort one another; and so much the more, as we see the day approaching. (Hebrews 10:25.)

The Prodigal Son

As long as he remained at home under parental restraint and discipline, the younger of the two sons mentioned in the fifteenth chapter of Saint Luke seems to have been honored and respected. He was not until he gathered all together and took his journey into a far country that he wasted his substance with riotous living. There are many today who are like the Prodigal Son. When they leave their fathers and mothers and loved-ones and live among strangers, they fail to let their light shine for the Master and consequently fall into sin. Millions have been ruined by the seductive glitter and glamor of the large cities.

Growth Of The City

The cities of America in recent years have grown to an amazing extent. In 1790, when the first census was taken, 95 per cent of our people were in the rural sections. But in 1940, according to the last census, the percentage had dwindled to 44.5. In reality, fewer than 23 per cent of the American people are supported directly by the farms, for a considerable part of the so-called rural population actually lives in towns.

The cities influence practically every phase of American life. By

He owned a store and bank right in

The city's finest block—
But he left his religion in the country.

"The church just 'round the corner

Did not meet with his own views,

So he criticised the preacher
As he read the Sunday news;

He stayed at home and grumbled
And picked all kinds of flaws;
His son went down the road to ruin,

His daughters, lost, because
He left his religion in the country.

"And when he took his journey
To the place where all must stand;

He walked up to the gates of pearl
Just like he owned the land.

(Continued on page 6)

OUR WEEKLY MESSAGE (Continued from page 4)

'I know you're from the city,
Said Saint Peter with a sigh,
'I'm sorry I must tell you now,
This is once you can't get by—
For you left your religion in the
country.' "

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



A man left the service at church on a recent Sunday, saying to his wife, "You are right, I do feel better. I will go regularly. I had gotten out of the habit and I have been the loser by so doing."

No Substitute

There can be found no substitute for the church. It is the only organization on earth that is exclusively devoted to proclaiming the gospel, exalting the worship of the one true God, and laboring for the salvation of souls, the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the reign of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood. It is your friend. It exists to serve you and your children, your community, your nation and your world. You can not afford to be without it. If you belittle it, you do so at your own peril. It is the rock upon which our civilization is built.

Excuses

Many and varied are the excuses that people offer for not attending religious services. Somebody hurt their feelings or they don't like the preacher or the persons at the church are not friendly and sociable—these and hundreds of other reasons they give for their absence from the house of God.

Morbus Sabbaticus

We once read of a Sunday sickness called "Morbus Sabbaticus." This is a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt; Saturday night the patients sleeps well, and awakens feeling well, eats a hearty breakfast, talks fluently, but about church time the attack comes on, and continues until the morning services are over at the church. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he is much better; he is able to take a walk, talk politics, discuss the markets, and read the Sunday papers. He then eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home.

He retires early and sleeps well, and wakes up Monday morning very much refreshed, and is able to go to work. He does not have any more symptoms of the disease until the next Sunday when they return with all their accustomed violence.

Peculiar Features

The peculiar features of this disease are, that: (1) It always attacks members of the church; (2) It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath; (3) The symptoms vary, but they never interfere with the sleep or the appetite; (4) It never lasts longer than twenty-four hours.

(5) It generally attacks the head of the family; (6) No physician is ever called; (7) It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul; (8) No remedy is known for it—except prayer; (9) Religion is the only antidote; (10) It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year to destruction.

Several in McDowell

It has been reported that there are several cases of Morbus Sabbaticus in McDowell County. We sincerely trust that Coalwood will not experience an epidemic of this dreadful malady of Sunday Sick-

ness. It is possible for it to become so widespread that the churches would have to be closed.

A Good Habit

Church going is largely a habit but a good one. Saint Luke tells us that Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day "as His custom was." Let all who read these lines plan to become a regular church attendant. David said, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." (Psa. 122:1.)

AT CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY

(Author Unknown)

If I knew you and you knew me
How little trouble there would be!
We pass each other on the street,
But just come out and let us meet
At church next Sunday.

Each one intends to do what's fair
And treat his neighbor on the square;
But he may not quite understand
Why you don't take him by the hand
At church next Sunday.

The world is sure a busy place
And we must hustle in the race;
For social hours some are not free
The six week days, but all should be
At church next Sunday.

We have an interest in our town,
The dear old place must not go down;
We want to push good things along
And we can help some if we're strong
At church next Sunday.

Don't knock and kick and slam
and slap

At every body on the map.
But push and pull and boost and boom

And use up all the standing room
At church next Sunday.

Clwd. Bible Class To Give Musical Dec. 19 at Church

There will be a musical program and a silver offering taken under the auspices of the Bible Class, Dec. 19, in the sanctuary of the Coalwood Community Church. The program is directed by C. W. Todd, assisted by Mrs. Preston Woodville, Mrs. J. F. Pittman, and the Rev. and Mrs. M. Homer Cummings, the Youth Fellowship and the Junior and Primary Departments of the Sunday School.

Among the numbers on the program is a quartette by Rev. and Mrs. M. Homer Cummings, Mrs. J. R. Littreal and Mr. Todd. A solo will be sung by William Hash.

The public is cordilly invited to attend.

Coalwood Community Church Activities

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, Pastor
SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Morning services at 11 a. m.;
Youth Fellowship at 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship at 7:30.

"Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it Holy." — Fourth Commandment—Exodus 20:8.

DURING THE WEEK

Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Cottage Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7 p. m., and Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m.

"Was GLAD when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Psalm 122.

Or Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

We should learn to guard the tongue.
Whether we are old or young,

In our column last week, we used a part of an editorial that was written by the late J. O. McClurkan. He was one of the most devout men that we have ever known. He was also an able speaker, a gifted writer, and a successful pastor. We trust his article was a blessing to you.



Old Books

My father died, May 11, 1926. In the summer of that year, my mother broke up house-keeping and left many of the books that were in her possession to my keeping.

Often when my mind dwells on the past and I long for time to "turn backward in its flight and make me a child again," I enter my library and take one of these volumes from the shelf and find solace and comfort in perusing its pages.

"Whisperers"

The other night I happened to be reading "Gems of Truth and Beauty." On pages 278-279, I found a sermonette by the late T. Dewitt Talmage entitled "Whisperers." Mr. Talmage said:

"When Paul called the list of the world's villainy, he put in the midst of the roll 'Whisperers.' They are so called because they generally speak under voice, and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth, acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They speak softly, not because they have lack of lung force, or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears but the person whispered unto, and the speaker be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first class liars!

their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people, where everybody knows everybody else. But they are also to be found in our cities. They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have to eat, morning and night. They can see as far through a key-hole as other people can see with the door wide open. They can hear the conversation on the other side of the room. The world to them is a whispering gallery."

Reasons for Whispering

"Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold, or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others, but the slanderer gives muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can hear only the sibilant sound as the letter "S" drops from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom.

Paul a Victim

"From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles, I conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal appearance was defective, and made him perhaps the target of this ridicule. And besides that, he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down into the sixties, indeed, all the way through; and some having failed in their connubial designs upon him, the little missionary was put under the raking fires of these whisperers.

He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalization; and he cannot keep his patience any longer, and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue, and gives them a very hard setting down in the text among the scoundrels and murderers.

Found Everywhere

"They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

What would your answer be if someone should happen to ask you, "What month of the year has twenty-eight days?" In all probability, if you were caught off guard, you would reply, "February." This is true but all the other months also have twenty-eight days. Do you recall that verse that we used to recite at school? "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November. All the rest have thirty-one, Excepting February alone, Which has just eight and a score Till Leap Year gives it one day more."

Short But Eventful

Although February is the shortest month of the year, it is nevertheless eventful. George Washington was elected the first president of the United States under our constitution, February 1, 1789. The Southern Confederacy was formed February 4, 1861, and Jefferson Davis was chosen president. February 4, 1783 marked the end of hostilities in the Revolutionary War. The diphtheria germ was discovered at Pasteur Institute in Paris, February 5, 1889. Long Distance Telephone was set up between New York and Boston, February 7, 1893. The Boy Scouts organization was incorporated February 8, 1910. Alexander Graham Bell was granted a telephone patent, February 14, 1876. "The Liberia Herald," the first paper published in Africa, was issued at Monrovia, February 16, 1826. The Washington Monument was dedicated in the District of Columbia, February 21, 1885. The U. S. mails were opened to the carrying of merchandise, February 26, 1861.

Celebrities Born

February marks the birthday of many distinguished Americans. Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, was born February 11, 1847; Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator, February 12, 1809; George



Washington, the father of our country, February 22, 1732; James Russell Lowell, noted writer, February 22, 1819, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the great poet, February 27, 1807.

Abraham Lincoln

He was reviled while here on earth But now the world acclaim his worth.

Although severely criticised by both the North and the South during the unfortunate war between the states, the stature of Lincoln has grown with the passing years. Few men have a warmer place in the affections of the citizens of our nation. As Stanton said of him, "He now belongs to the ages."

Fight Against Odds

But it was not ever thus. The life of Abraham Lincoln was one constant struggle against difficulties. He was born in poverty and obscurity. Little opportunity was afforded him to attend school. He was unsuccessful in many of his undertakings. He went to the Black Hawk War as an officer and returned as a private. His country store passed into the hands of another. His surveyor's compass and chain were sold to pay his debts. He was disappointed in love. His married life was unhappy. He lost in his first campaign for the legislature. He saw another win the senatorial race in 1856. He was defeated for the vice-presidency in that same year and again for the Senate in 1858. Yet in 1860 he was elected President of the United States.

A Message for Us

The concluding sentence of Lincoln's second Inaugural Address contains a very valuable message for us today. He said on that occasion: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

BY REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Through the courtesy of the editor of this paper, the pastors of Wood and Caretta Community Churches are requested to write each week for this interesting periodical. This is a privilege and a privilege that Rev. Johnson and I deeply appreciate.

This morning as I sit at my desk, trying to get my mental machinery properly to function, my eyes have fallen upon a poem that is composed by an unknown author, which I pass on



to you. It is entitled, "TODAY." The Writer very fittingly says:

"I've shut the door on Yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches;
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles
And every spring-time bloom.
No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And every malice and distrust
Shall never therein reign;
I've shut the door on Yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me
Since I have found Today."

It would be well for us to remember that we are all living in the present. We should not worry about the failures of the past or fear the coming morrow but do our best today. "Now is the accepted time," says Paul, "behold, now is the day of salvation."

One Day at a Time

A man was once seriously injured and was rushed to a hospital. As he lay in his room, he asked the physician, "How long must I remain here?" The doctor replied, "Only one day at a time."

Living In the Past

Henry Ward Beecher once told the story of a little house-dog that followed him as he went on a walk into the country. At a certain turn in the road they came alongside a stone wall, and only a little way from the corner the little dog started up a chipmunk.

In the wild excitement the little house-dog, grown fat and slow as

a result of much pampering, set after the chipmunk but was easily out-distanced. Coming to a hole in the wall, the chipmunk dashed through, and made his escape in the field beyond. But the little dog stood at the hole, where his prey had disappeared, barking furiously.

The next day the minister and the little dog came down the same road again. When they were in sight of the stone wall, the memory of yesterday's chipmunk stirred within the mind of the dog, and he set off toward the hole, barking as furiously as he had the day before, and with even less results.

Each day for a week the performance was repeated, the dog chasing the chipmunk that had disappeared through the hole in the wall days before. Mr. Beecher declared that even after six weeks the little dog remembered, and barked at the same hole.

We laugh at the little dog, but if we had a real sense of humor we would laugh at ourselves, for most of us spend at least some time every day refighting old battles, barking at the spots from which the enemy disappeared weeks, months or even years ago.

Disgruntled

There are those who become thoroughly disgruntled because of some unfortunate experience that they have had with others. They nurse old sores and wounds until these injuries fester their souls. They can hardly carry on a conversation of any considerable length but what they mention their old grievances. What a furore they make of them, though many years have elapsed since somebody hurt their feelings!

Jesus once said, "When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." (Mark 11:25-26.)

FATHER

He walks no more
This mortal shore,
His trials all are past;
His race is run,
His work is done,
And he is home at last.

Safe evermore,
His journey o'er—
All gloom and darkness gone;
The morning breaks—
His glad soul wakes
To greet the golden dawn.

'Twas "Good Night!" here
To all most dear,
To children, friends and wife;
Good Night! to fears,
Good Night! to tears,
Good night! to toll and strife.

"Good Morning!" there
In mansions fair
That Christ went to prepare;
No grief to share,
No pain to bear,
No sorrow and no care.

Words can't express
The deep distress
And heavy loss we feel;
The souls that ache,
The hearts that break
The Lord alone can heal.

Till twilight falls
And Jesus calls,
Let us our vigil keep;
Our best to do,
Courageous, true,
Until in death we sleep.

—M. Homer Cummings.

The above was written by Mr. M. Homer Cummings of Ceredo, W. Va., in loving memory of his father, Mr. Hugh M. Cummings, who died May 11, 1926. Mr. Cummings embodies in his tribute the comforting thought so well expressed by Homer Rodeheaver in a message of sympathy to him: "Accept my most sincere sympathy because of your father's death. Will say 'Good Night' here but 'Good Morning' up there'.

PULLING RANK: Homer Cummings, the Glasgow Methodist preacher and poet, walked into Motor Vehicles Bureau the other day and coolly asked that license plate No. 1 be reserved for him. A startled clerk, going along with the gag, told him in 1956, had already been spoken for this year, suggested he who knows?

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Do you have a good memory? Can you recall what happened on the fateful night of December 6, 1941? If you can not you are in the same class with our two top service leaders at



that time — Admiral Harold R. Stark, who was chief of naval operations, and General George C. Marshall, who was the army's chief of staff. In testifying recently before a committee on Capitol Hill, they stated that they did not know where they were or what they did that eventful night when Colonels Bratton and Sadtler were frantically trying to get in contact with high officials to tell them that the Japanese were going to attack the next day.

Pearl Harbor

But we can all remember what occurred December 7, 1941. It was a date that has gone down in history as a "day of infamy." Without provocation and without warning, the blood-thirsty Nipponese treacherously attacked Pearl Harbor and other colonial possessions and killed thousands of our soldiers and sailors and defenceless citizens. We were suddenly drawn into World War II. From Maine to California and from the Gulf to the Lakes, there sounded the cry, "Remember Pearl Harbor!" Congressman Johnson of Texas shouted: "America is united America will fight! America will win!"

Our Nation Was Changed

Before the reverberations of the bombs that fell on Pearl Harbor had died away, Americans were on the move. Soon in every town and village of our land was heard the sound of tramping millions. Most of the young men of our country who were physically able were called to the colors. They were sent to Alaska, Hawaii, Australia, Europe, Africa, and other places. Many of these brave lads failed to return and are sleeping today on foreign soil. They gave the last full measure of their devotion.

Civilian Population

Older persons—men and women—poured out of the rural sections into the cities where war industries were located. They went from the North and East into the South and West. In all thirty million of our civilian population moved. Nothing like this mighty exodus was ever seen before in our land and it has altered the visage and heart of America. It disrupted our way of life, broke up many homes, and produced juvenile delinquency to an amazing extent.

Reconversion

Now that the war is over, it will be some time before everything will return to normal. In many respects our country will never be the same again. Millions who have moved will want to remain where they are. The change to peace time economy will necessarily be slow.

Moral and Spiritual

Our greatest problems are moral and spiritual. Men and women have forgotten God. Sin is everywhere apparent. A wave of crime is sweeping over our land. In Am-

erica, more than 100,000,000 persons never enter a church building or attended a religious service. In view of this alarming situation, can our country be classed as a Christian nation? No wonder Jesus said, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

A Better World

Let us all help to make a better world, Let us begin with ourselves—in our own hearts, our own lives—our own home, and our own community.

Or Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

We have heard the old adage, "When an angry count ten before speaking." This is wholesome advice for it gives the enraged person a brief cooling off period before he expresses his opin-



Well, before starting to write this article, I counted one hundred. I did not do this because I was upset or offended at anybody but I wanted to ascertain how much time would be consumed in the process. It took me thirty seconds. At that rate, I could count two hundred in one minute, twelve thousand in one hour, ninety-six thousand in an eight-hour working day, thirty-five million and one hundred and forty thousand in one year, and seven billion and twenty-eight million in two hundred years.

Seven Billion

Yes, it would take a person, if he could live that long, about two hundred years (working eight hours each day) to count seven billion. Why am I interested in this figure? It is because the American people spent more than seven billion dollars for alcoholic drinks in 1944, (the figures for 1945 are not yet available.) This staggering sum is practically as much as was expended in the United States during the same period of time for all public and private schools, colleges, universities, educational institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind, the American Red Cross, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, hospitals, crippled children, old age assistance, aid to the maimed, unemployment compensation administration, libraries and churches.

Evangeline Booth

The enormous amount of money wasted for booze is bad enough but it does not portray the true picture. Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army says: "Drink has drained more blood, hung more crepe, sold more homes, plunged more people into bankruptcy, armed more villains, slain more children, snapped more wedding rings, defiled more innocence, blinded more eyes, twisted more limbs, dethroned more reason, wrecked more manhood, dishonored more womanhood, broken more hearts, blasted more lives, driven more to suicide, and dug more graves than any other poisoned scourge that ever swept its death-dealing waves across the world."

Strong Drink Is Raging

Solomon says: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." (Proverbs 20: 1.) "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling, Who wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." (Proverbs 23: 29-32.)

19 Attend Clud. Prayer Meeting

The Rev. M. Homer Cummings pastor of the Coalwood community church, gave a talk from the book, "Daily Bible Devotions", Thursday night a week ago at the cottage prayer meeting held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lige Overby. The meeting opened with singing of hymns and prayer. Song, "Love Held Him There" was given by special request by Rev. and Mrs. Cummings.

The meeting closed with the forming of the Friendship Circle with prayers.

At the last meeting were Mr. and Mrs. Neal Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Surratt, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Durham, Mrs. Robert Vinson, Mrs. Eugene Robinson, Mrs. Lige Overby, Mrs. Okey Sargent, Mrs. E. L. Stilwell; Mrs. Bill Dunn, Mrs. Arthur Cook, Mrs. Mullen C. McMillan, the Misses Peggy Sargent, Mary Lou Robinson, Janet Dunn, Frankie Seach, Charles McGlothlin and the Rev. and Mrs. M. Homer Cummings.

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

There is an old adage that it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. For instance, if it is 34 miles from Welch to Bluefield, it would naturally follow that the distance from Bluefield to Welch would be the same — 34 miles. If it is 5 miles from Coalwood to Carretta, it would also be 5 miles from Carretta to Coalwood.



But what about this one? If it is seven days from Christmas to New Year, how many days from New Year to Christmas? Seven days? No; it is 358 days.

The Seven Day Period

We are now in the seven day period between the two holidays. Christmas has come and gone. The old year is rapidly drawing to a close. The New Year will soon be here. As we bid farewell to 1945 and greet 1946, we wonder what the future may have in store for us.

The Year 1945

The year 1945 has been fraught with momentous events. It marked the end of the most colossal and devastating conflict in the annals of mankind. The official announcement of the unconditional surrender of Germany was made at nine o'clock on the morning of May 8 by Harry S. Truman, President of the United States, and Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain. This terminated the war in Europe.

At 7 p. m., August 14, the news was flashed throughout the world that Japan had accepted without reservation our terms and that hostilities had ceased. The surrender papers were not signed until September 1. This was done by the different representatives of the warring nations on board the U.S.S. battleship Missouri. These proceedings you will recall were broadcast over the radio to rejoicing millions.

Other happenings of the year

of historical significance were the passing of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the development of atomic energy, the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, and the defeat of Winston Churchill in the British election.

They Never Come Back

"There are four things that never come back." This was the caption a traveler in England discovered on a piece of decorative burnt wood he picked up in the Shakespeare country. Upon closer examination, he read the following phrase: "The spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity."

These are truly words of wisdom that should be remembered when "patience ceases to be a virtue." Even then the right word is always the kind word. Well did Solomon say, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stirreth up anger." (Proverbs 15.1)

Failures

Yes, we all make them but let us not continually brood over them. If something has gone wrong, let us make something else go right. We are not defeated as long as we keep trying. The pugilist is not knocked out unless he stays down. Never give up. Make the world laugh with us instead of at us.

The Year 1946

The year, 1946, lies ahead of us. What is beyond that horizon? Not one of us knows. God has given man freedom of choice. The new chapter of history will be written by man. He will decide his own fate. May he seek the guidance of the Most High. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." (Proverbs 3.6.)

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

What would your answer be if someone should happen to ask you, "What month of the year has twenty-eight days?" In all probability, if you were caught off guard, you would reply, "February." This is true but all the other months also have twenty-eight days. Do you recall that verse that we used to recite at school? "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November. All the rest have thirty-one, Excepting February alone, Which has just eight and a score Till Leap Year gives it one day more."

Short But Eventful

Although February is the shortest month of the year, it is nevertheless eventful. George Washington was elected the first president of the United States under our constitution, February 1, 1789. The Southern Confederacy was formed February 4, 1861, and Jefferson Davis was chosen president. February 4, 1783 marked the end of hostilities in the Revolutionary War. The diphtheria germ was discovered at Pasteur Institute in Paris, February 5, 1889. Long Distance Telephone was set up between New York and Boston, February 7, 1893. The Boy Scouts organization was incorporated February 8, 1910. Alexander Graham Bell was granted a telephone patent, February 14, 1876. "The Liberia Herald," the first paper published in Africa, was issued at Monrovia, February 16, 1826. The Washington Monument was dedicated in the District of Columbia, February 21, 1885. The U. S. mails were opened to the carrying of merchandise, February 26, 1861.

Celebrities Born

February marks the birthday of many distinguished Americans. Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, was born February 11, 1847; Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator, February 12, 1809; George

Washington, the father of our country, February 22, 1732; James Russell Lowell, noted writer, February 22, 1819, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the great poet, February 27, 1807.

Abraham Lincoln

He was reviled while here on earth But now the world acclaims his worth.

Although severely criticised by both the North and the South during the unfortunate war between the states, the stature of Lincoln has grown with the passing years. Few men have a warmer place in the affections of the citizens of our nation. As Stanton said of him, "He now belongs to the ages."

Fight Against Odds

But it was not ever thus. The life of Abraham Lincoln was one constant struggle against difficulties. He was born in poverty and obscurity. Little opportunity was afforded him to attend school. He was unsuccessful in many of his undertakings. He went to the Black Hawk War as an officer and returned as a private. His country store passed into the hands of another. His surveyor's compass and chain were sold to pay his debts. He was disappointed in love. His married life was unhappy. He lost in his first campaign for the legislature. He saw another win the senatorial race in 1856. He was defeated for the vice-presidency in that same year and again for the Senate in 1858. Yet in 1860 he was elected President of the United States.

A Message for Us

The concluding sentence of Lincoln's second Inaugural Address contains a very valuable message for us today. He said on that occasion: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."



JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"I aint no authority on women. Nobody aint."

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

A LIE

A lie is never white
But always black as night.

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

WHY THE ROOF LEAKS

Whene'er it rains, the roof we
can't repair;
It does not need it when the
weather's fair

Corner Couplet

Copyright 1946

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

BURDEN AND BLESSING

Life is a burden to bear;
Also, a blessing to share

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Man grows weary of the monotonous routine of life. There is ever within him a longing for a change in the order of things. That which is out of the ordinary interests and refreshes him.



In my column today, I shall write about the most unusual osicine specie I ever knew.

Bob was his name. Although we had known each other only a few months, we had become fast friends.

Shy at First

When I first saw him, Bob was shy and did not seem to want to get acquainted with me or to have anything to do with me. One day I gave him some food. Ever after that he was so appreciative that he often visited me and would frequently follow me as I journeyed to and from church. He enjoyed sitting on my arm as I walked.

Nearly every day, he came to see me. He was not hungry because practically everybody in Coalwood fed him. But I would go into the house and bring him a Graham cracker and he would eat it out of my hand. After taking a few bites, he would fly away and visit another home. There were times that he did not care for any food but he would come just the same and talk to me and get me to gently stroke the back of his head. He would then close his eyes and appear to be asleep.

Glad to See Me

If I should happen to be out of town for a day or two, Bob would be one of the first to greet me when I returned. He would be sitting on the branch of a tree or on the fence and, when he would see me, he would fly to me and jabber the few words that he had learned to say: "Here Bob! Here Bob! Hello Bob! Hello Bob!" and other phrases that I could not understand. But it was his way of trying to converse with me.

Liked the Church

Bob liked the Coalwood Community Church. There was something about this building that had a peculiar attraction for him. He spent much of his time on its roof. Pencils and other articles that he had appropriated but could not eat, he hid there. That was his storage room for these things and his bank for the pennies he found and which people handed him.

Became Angry One Day

One day when I was in the church, I left the door open and Bob flew inside. He at once proceeded to tear up the song books. I tried to persuade him to desist from this work of destruction but to no avail. It became necessary for me to forcefully evict him from the church. So I caught him and carried him outside. This highly incensed him and he opened his mouth and screamed at me and looked very angry.

However, about that time a friend passed by and he flew to her and seemingly told her his troubles and soon all was forgiven and forgotten.

That was the only time that Bob ever got peeved at me.

Mischievous

Bob was very mischievous. He was fond of dogs and children and

was often in their company. There was nothing that he apparently liked more than to slip up behind a dog and pull his tail or to swoop down near a child with an ice cream cone. He got a great kick out of chasing any animal or person who would run away from him.

And cigarettes! Some men and women have the habit of putting cigarettes in their mouths and setting them on fire and leaving them there until they are almost consumed by the flames. Bob would take a package of cigarettes and tear them up one by one. I wonder which displayed the greater wisdom.

Human Traits

Bob had certain traits that reminded one of human beings. He had strong likes and dislikes. There were some folks to whom he was deeply devoted and there were others whose presence he resented. It was hard for him to forgive an injury done to him. Yet he was grateful for any kindness shown him.

Like a child, he would not display his talents when company came. Some friends from Fayetteville visited us one day and we told them about Bob and how well he could talk but when they saw him, he would not say a word but remained as silent as a sphinx. As soon as they left, he became very loquacious and was a veritable chatter-box.

A Pet Crow

Who was Bob? Nearly everybody in Coalwood knew him. He was a pet crow that belonged to Dr. Gibson.

The crow is of the genus *corvus brachyrhynchus* and allied genera and is probably the most intelligent of all the birds. He is mentioned in the Bible as the raven. The ravens fed the prophet Elijah. (1 Kings 17:4-6). Jesus once said, "Consider the ravens: for they sow not nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?"

In the gospel song that was written by the late Rev. C. A. Tindley, we have this verse:

"If the world from you withhold
Of its silver and its gold,

And you have to get along with
meager fare;

Just remember in His word
How He feeds the little bird,

Take your burden to the Lord
and leave it there."

Bob is Dead

Bob is dead. He has gone the way of all the earth. I shall miss him, for he was my friend. And yet I cannot help but think if there are birds in Paradise and if they

are conveyed from this terrestrial sphere to that celestial clime, the ravens whom God commanded to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith will be there and Bob may also be in their midst to bid us welcome home.

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

"And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." Acts 24:16.

The Story Of A Boy

Bishop Costen



J. Harrell tells a story about a boy and his conscience. This lad had a large dog named Fido. They loved each other very much. They played together every day, and on holidays they took long walks together.

One day this boy was playing with his ball in his mother's parlor. In this he was disobedient, for he had been forbidden to play ball anywhere in the house. All seemed to go well for a time, but in the end his disobedience got him into trouble. He failed to catch one high bounce—and the ball fell on the table and shattered to pieces his mother's beautiful vase which she prized very highly.

Frames His Dog

"What shall I do?" he thought. He did a very dishonorable and wicked thing. He attempted to deceive his mother and to put the blame on his dog. He called Fido, and closed him up in the parlor. This was a second disobedience, for it was against his mother's rule for Fido to enter that room. But Fido loved the soft carpet. He stretched out in front of the sofa and was soon asleep. Our little friend went over to play with a boy who lived near him. He played, but he was not happy. All the while he was thinking of his disobedience, and the broken vase, and Fido in the parlor.

His Mother Punishes Fido

Not long afterward his mother went into the room. Fido lay asleep on the bright and downy carpet, and near him on the table and floor were pieces of the broken vase. What do you suppose she thought? "Fido," she said, "you naughty, disobedient dog! How did you get into this room? And, look, you have broken my vase! You must be punished!" The dog was given whipping, and shut up in the barn for the night. And poor Fido did not seem to understand.

The Boy Returns Home

Near nightfall our little friend came in for supper, and his mother told him what she had found in the parlor, and what had happened

to Fido. He said nothing, but in his heart he was very miserable. His conscience told him that he had sinned. He had lied to his mother and wronged his faithful dog. We need not speak in order to lie. All deceitful acts are lies. We may sin, by thought or word or deed. No one can have peace who has a guilty conscience. This unhappy boy tried to eat his supper, but he was too miserable to enjoy it.

Conscience Troubles Him

After supper he went to his room to prepare his lessons for the next day. He could think of nothing except his mother whom he had disobeyed and deceived, and Fido whom he had betrayed. His conscience would not let him forget. As he tried to study, a great tear dropped on the page before him, and he could endure his distress no longer.

He went to his mother's room, bravely confessed to her all that he had done, and asked her to forgive him. She smiled and said, "I forgive you, my boy." He went in the dark to the barn, and opening the door threw his arms around Fido's neck. The dog was glad to be out of prison. We may be sure that Fido would have forgiven him, but Fido never knew that he had been betrayed by a friend.

The Boy Prays

That night, before a conscience-stricken boy retired, he and his mother had a long talk together. She explained to him that when he commit a wrong, we sin against God, and that our sins grieve the heart of Him who has given us all things to enjoy. She told him how God is kind and merciful, ready to forgive if we are truly sorry and earnestly as Him. The two knelt together beside his bed. Our little hero confessed to God the wrongs he had done, and asked God to forgive him.

As he prayed, peace came into his heart. It was the voice of God telling him that his sins were forgiven.

What Is Conscience?

Bishop Harrell defines conscience as being the "voice of God speaking in our hearts, approving the right and condemning the wrong."

Let us like Paul "exercise ourselves to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

Medbury Says

BY JOHN P. MEDBURY

"GOOD PROVIDERS"

According to financial records, several new millionaires were made last year. One man was so grateful for his good fortune that he sent his folks to the poorhouse in a taxicab.

He even used his influence with the governor to get them a room near the bath.

He was so worried about their comfort that he wanted to phone long distance every evening to find out how they were but the state wouldn't let him reverse the charges.

He felt so generous one morning that he sent his grandfather a check for a thousand dollars and then waited until two thirty in the afternoon before he stopped payment on it.

Now that he was a millionaire, it wouldn't look right for the neighbors to see his wife doing the family washing, so he bought a shade for the basement window.

Realizing that wealthy people always had several motor cars, he went right out and purchased three Fords.

He wanted to be very ultra, so instead of putting them in the garage, he scattered them in front of the house.

He felt quite Ritzy because he had three flivvers and the man across the street only had one Rolls Royce.

He also tried to high hat the

neighbors by having a bathtub put in his home.

Now that he's a millionaire, nothing is good enough for him. He even lets his wife buy fresh eggs.

When he accumulates another million dollars, he's going to quit trading at the chain stores.

He says his wife will soon be too old to carry home the groceries.

He enjoys being rich. He says it's wonderful to go into a telephone booth and don't care whether or not you get your nickel back.

He never waits over ten minutes now for central to return his money.

He even sent a telegram the other day and used eleven words.

He also gets a great kick out of throwing a cigar away before it starts burning his fingers.

He can't do enough for his family. His grandmother is very ill and he's reserved a place for her in Potter's field.

Wealth sometimes turns a man's head, but it can't spoil him. He could have ten million dollars and still be tight.

(Copyright, 1927, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

DODGES 13TH DIVORCE

CHICAGO—Learning that her divorce case was the 13th of the day Mrs. Carrie Layton withdrew her suit.

Our Weekly Message

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

Don't brood over trails and strife
But look on the bright side of life.

The Sunny Side

Miss Ada Blenhorn, the noted author, began writing gospel songs in 1892. One day as she was wheeling an invalid nephew who always wanted to ride on the sunny side of the street, she



got the inspiration for the hymn, "Keep On the Sunny Side of Life."

The first verse is as follows:

"There's a dark and a troubled side of life;

There's a bright and sunny side, too;

Though we meet with darkness and strife,

The sunny side we also may view."

It would be well for us to "keep on the sunny side of life" for, as Miss Blenhorn says, "It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way," if we do so.

The Dark Side

It is so easy for us to let our thoughts dwell upon the unpleasant and the disagreeable. The weather is seldom what we want it to be. It is either too hot or too cold. It rains too much or not often enough. Conditions are never ideal. There is always something wrong. Sorrows and disappointments come, our loved-ones leave us and we are forced to be separated from them. Our hearts are bowed with grief.

But let us not forget that the darkest night is followed by the morning light. The mists will vanish and the day will dawn.

Not So Bad Off

We are frequently not as bad off as we think we are. Our forefathers did not have sugar until the 13th century; coal until the 14th century; potatoes until the 16th century; coffee, tea, and soap until the 17th century; matches until the 19th century, and radios, airplanes, automobiles and a great many of life's seeming necessities until the twentieth century.

Mental Attitude

The story is told of a Russian railway employee who accidentally locked himself in a refrigerator car. Unable to escape or attract attention, he resigned himself to his fate. As he felt his body be-

come numb, he recorded his sensations in such sentences as these, scribbled on the wall of the car: "I am becoming colder. . . Still colder. . . I am slowly freezing. . . Half asleep. . . These may be my last words."

When the car was opened the man was dead, but the temperature of the car was only 56 degrees. The freezing apparatus was, and had been, out of order. There was sufficient air in the car, and the man had not suffocated. There was no physical reason for the man's death. He was the victim of his own illusion.

How careful we need to guard the door of our minds, knowing the power that our minds have over us!

THE OPTIMISTIC FROG

"Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl,

One was an optimistic soul;
But the other took the pessimistic view.

'We shall drown,' he cried, without more ado.

So with a last despairing cry,
He flung up his legs and he said 'Good-bye.'

Quoth the other frog with a merry grin,

'I can't get out, but I won't give in.

I'll just round till my strength is spent,

Then will I die the more content.'
Bravely he swam till it would seem

His struggles began to churn the
(Continued on Page 13)

Our Weekly Message (Continued from Page 4)

cream.

On the top of the butter at last stopped,

And out of the bowl he gaily hopped.

What of the moral? 'T is easily found;

If you can't hop out, keep swimming round."

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Happy Thanksgiving greetings! It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men. "I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth!" shouted the Psalmist. On another occasion he said, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."



like best, Nancy?" he said, laughingly. "You," said the little girl, slowly, "Well you like 'most anything we haven't got."

Are we thankful to God for that which He has given us, or are we always wanting what we do not possess?

Not To Return Thanks

An honest farmer was asked to dine with a gentleman, and there he returned thanks at the table as he was accustomed to do at home. His host said jeeringly, "That is old-fashioned, it is not customary for well educated people to pray at the table."

The farmer answered that with him it was customary, but that some of his household never prayed over their food. "Ah, then," said the gentleman, "they are sensible and enlightened. Who are they?" The farmer answered "They are my pigs."

Always More to Follow

Rowland Hill used to tell the story of a rich man and a poor man in his congregation. The rich man sent a sum of money to a friend to be given to this poor man as he thought best. The friend sent him just five pounds, and said in the note: "This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow." After a while he sent another five pounds, and said, "More to follow." Again and again he sent the money to the poor man, always with the cheering words, "More to follow."

How this illustrates the giving of our gracious Provider, whose gifts are always accompanied with promises that cover and guarantee the future of His children!

"The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." (Psa. 34:10.) "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Psa. 84:11.)

God's blessings are so numerous that it is impossible to number them. They are as countless as the stars of the sky, the sands of the sea, or the waves of the ocean. Why should we withhold from Him our praise?

Thank You

When a glass of water is handed to us, a handkerchief picked up, a door held open, or some other favor is bestowed upon us, we do not forget to say, "Thank you!" Over and over again, this word is said to man. But how often we neglect saying it to God, the "Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Let us cultivate the habit of praise.

The Bishop Was Cheerful

When asked why he was always so cheerful, Bishop William Burt replied: "Maybe the remarks of a child that I once overheard helped me to complain and grumble as little as possible."

While I was studying in Wilbraham Academy, I spent a few days with this child's father, a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night, when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the family liked best.

Finally it came the father's turn to be described. "And what do I

Glen White Pastor Praises Operators

In Leaving Gulf District Rev. Cummings Extends Thanks to His Friends

Rev. M. Homer Cummings, pastor of the M. E. Church at Glen White, and also former pastor of the Fulton M. E. Church, has just returned from the Annual Conference held at Wheeling from which he has been sent to serve in other fields. Mr. Cummings has written close to three hundred hymns in the past three years which are printed in five different hymn books. One of his songs entitled "Mother" recently appeared on the Rainbow Records which are sung by Homer Rodeheaver, the famous singer and choir leader of the Billy Sunday party.

In a recent interview, the Rev. Mr. Cummings gives an interesting discussion of the mining town of Glen White, which he claims is almost a model mining town in sharp contrast to some of the incorporated towns in the coal sections of the state. The town of Glen White has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful mining towns in the state of West Virginia, and, although its population is only a trifle over a thousand, it has had the honor of entertaining some very distinguished visitors within the past two years. Twelve governors have visited the town. The great evangelist, the Rev. Billy Sunday, not only held services at Glen White, but took a personal tour through the mines. During the past week the town has had the honor of entertaining one hundred and fourteen delegates of the National Tax Association, who made a special trip from their annual convention at White Sulphur Springs to secure first-hand information with reference to mining conditions in the Winding Gulf district. These delegates from the National Tax Association represented every state in the Union, the Dominion of Canada and the Republic of Mexico.

The Rev. Mr. Cummings states that all coal operators in the Winding Gulf District are deeply interested in religious work and that he has secured splendid cooperation on the part of those interested in the coal mines of the district; that they take a personal interest in their workers, endeavor to share their profits and pay good wages, the average wage of each man in the district being something over \$2,000 per year, says

Corner Couplet

Copyright 1946

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

THE SILENT SUN

Though mortal man has much to say,
The sun in silence shines each day.

JOSH HAYSEED



"Folks now a-days is keerness, and fergittful, and too onthankful."

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Many years ago, in company with several other young people, I visited the City of Washington. It was my first trip to the seat of our national government and consequently it left a profound impression upon my mind. To use a common expression, I was "all eyes and ears." We went to the various places of interest and on Sunday our entire party attended church. At that period of the world's history. Woodrow Wilson was the Chief Executive of the United States and Thomas R. Marshall was the Vice-President.



Vice-President Marshall

The pulpit that Sunday morning was occupied by Vice-President Marshall. He chose for his text, John 8:32: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." At one point in his discourse, he digressed from his subject and took cognizance of the criticism that was being hurled at him by the press. (As well as I recall, the newspapers were censuring him for his lack of dignity and his plainness of dress.)

He said, "No man should enter public life who does not have a hide as tough as a rhinoceros. Whether he be a minister, a school teacher, or even a vice-president of the United States, he will be a target for criticism and ridicule." How true are these words!

The Minister

No man in public life can please everybody.

Take the minister, for instance. If he is young, he is immature and needs experience. If he is more advanced in years, there are those who feel that he has reached the period of his usefulness and should step aside and let a young man take his place. If he is frequently seen on the street, he is a "hail-fellow-well-met" and should be in his study preparing his sermons.

If he stays in his study, he should be out calling on his parishioners.

If he reads his sermons, he is dry and uninteresting. If he speaks extemporaneously, he is desultory and discursive. If he is pleasant and cheerful, he should be more serious. If he is solemn and sedate, he should not be such a long-faced Christian but should scatter sunshine. If he is emotionally religious, he is a crank and a fanatic. If he is quiet and unassuming, he should be more enthusiastic. Try as he may, he can not please everybody.

John and Jesus

Jesus once said, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, 'He hath a devil.' The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, 'Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.'" Thus we see that many found fault with Christ.

I Expect of My Pastor

Recently we asked our congregation to send us letters and inform us what they expect of their pastor. The response was interesting and helpful. One person wrote: "I expect my minister to

be a good mixer, visit the sick and the homes in the community, invite people to church, and to preach the whole word of God, and preach it strong and plain so it will hit me and help me to live a life that will be pleasing to God and that will prepare me for eternal life. I am praying for you."

A Follower of Christ

Another wrote: "I feel so very unworthy when I try to tell my pastor what I expect of him, for old self is my greatest trouble, but since he has asked my help, I will try to do my part in my own small way. I expect him to be a true follower of Jesus Christ, invite people to church, visit the homes and especially those that are non-church goers. I expect him to visit the sick and shut-ins in our community. I expect him to preach the whole truth, without fear of man, so that it will help us to grow in grace and so that it will be pleasing to God.

"We want to be true followers of our Master and we feel that our pastor was sent to us to help us to learn the meaning of truth and help us to do what God requires of us.

"My prayers are for you both and our family wishes to cooperate with you in any way possible.

"May I add, yesterday I heard a man say, 'One thing I like about the New Preacher is that he believes in congregational singing.' So you see, sometimes the little things cause some one to become interested in the church. Prayerfully yours, ———"

Preach the Gospel

A third person wrote: "If it were my privilege to select a minister for my church, I would submit the following specifications:

- (1) That he preach the gospel as written in the Bible, not in a manner that might please me but as God directs him to deliver it.
- (2) That he endeavor to make the Scripture plain and simple in order that I might apply its teaching to my daily life.
- (3) That he fear nothing but God."

Not Blame My Pastor

A fourth person wrote: "I expect my pastor to preach the whole gospel, but how he preaches it is strictly up to him. I believe that any preacher that God calls to preach knows more what I need than I do myself. Because God knows all about me, therefore God speaking through my pastor to me is sure to show me where I stand; and if my heart is right with God, I will rejoice.

"But if I am guilty, I am sure to feel that guilt; then it is up to me, if I love God enough, I will repent, then all will be well. If I choose the other way, I certainly will not blame my pastor."

No Puppet Pastor

If these four letters are an index to the sentiment of this town, the people of Coalwood do not want a puppet pastor. Instead they desire a minister who "fears nothing but God" and who will "preach the whole gospel" in the way he deems best and take orders from no one but the Lord. That is as it should be. Freedom of speech should always be the prerogative of the pulpit. The mouth of the minister should not be muzzled. No one should dictate to him or tell him what he must or must

(Continued on Page 14)

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

(Continued from Page 4)

not preach. His hands should not be tied but he must ever remain free to warn people of their sins and exhort them to turn from their wickedness and seek the living God.

Paul's Charge to Timothy

In his final charge to Timothy, Paul, the prince of ministers, said: "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." (2 Timothy 4:1-5.)

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Inasmuch as we are human beings, we are all more or less inclined to be selfish. We naturally look after our own interests. If we do not do this, it is not likely that anybody else will.



In fact, it is our duty to take care of ourselves. At the same time we should recognize the rights of others and help them whenever possible. We should take no more than our share for "love seeketh not her own." (1 Cor. 13:5). No one should strive to rise by pulling another down.

Is Everybody Selfish?

Years ago Abraham Lincoln and his law partner, Herndon, argued this question while riding through the country. They spied a pig caught in a rail fence that ran along the road a short distance away.

Herndon pretended a lack of interest in the animal's plight and was all for passing it by. But Lincoln alighted from the buggy, waded through a wet ditch, climbed a muddy embankment, and, pulled two rails apart, released the pig.

Herndon pointed triumphantly to Lincoln's muddy shoes and spattered trousers, saying, "You see that I am right. Men are capable of performing unselfish deeds."

"Oh, no," replied Lincoln, "if I had left that pig in the fence, I would have worried about him all night. I would have been so busy wondering if someone had rescued him, or if he was still held between those rails, that I would have lost my sleep. For my own peace of mind, I had to rescue the animal. So you see, I was merely being selfish—that proves my point."

Call it glorified selfishness if you will, it is better to serve than to be served, to give than to be given to, and to love than to be loved. Christ for the "joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising its shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Hebrews 12:2).

Want To Be Remembered

It may be selfishness but many want to be remembered after they are dead. They do not like the idea of passing into oblivion when they go from their earthly stage of action.

"Will they miss me when I am gone?" is a question that has often been asked.

Robert C. V. Myers has written a very touching poem. It is entitled:

"IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT"

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my
quiet face,
Before they laid it in their rest-
ing place,
And deem that death had left it
almost fair,
And lay snow-white flowers
against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tear-
ful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering
caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold
tonight!

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind
with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand
had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips
had said;
Errands on which the willing feet
had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and
pride,
My hasty words, would all be put
aside,
And so I should be loved and
mourned tonight.

"If I should die tonight,
Even hearts estranged would turn
once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with avert-
ed glance
Would look upon me as of yore,
perchance
Would soften in the old familiar
way;
For who would war with dumb,
unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-
night.

"If I should die tonight,
~~Keep~~ not your kisses for my dead,
cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel
them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel
worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with
many a thorn.
~~Forgive~~, O hearts estranged, for-
give, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I
shall not need
The tenderness for which I long
tonight."

Memorial Day

The thirtieth of May has long
been set apart as Memorial Day.
On this occasion, we pause with
bowed heads to commemorate the
deeds of valor, self-sacrifice, hero-
ism, and love of those brave men
who have given their lives for
their country. It is fitting and
proper that we should thus re-
member them for they gave the
"last full measure of their devo-
tion."

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

"Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."—2 Kings 20-1.

We all have an absolute horror of death. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. We will do anything to keep the Grim Monster from our door. Not one of us wants to be cut off from land of the living. We instinctively cling to life.



What would you do if you knew that you only had a few more weeks to live? A friend of mine who is afflicted with an incurable malady asked me this question the other day.

Hezekiah

When Hezekiah was notified by the prophet, Isaiah, that he must set his house in order for he was going to die and not live, there were three things that he did.

(1) He turned his face to the wall. He was so distressed and troubled that he did not care to see any one. The beauties of the palace had no more attraction for him. His friends and loved-ones who were standing beside his bed could not help him. He had to bear his burden alone. In his desperation, he turned his face to the wall—away from everybody who might distract his thoughts. He was evidently not able to leave the room or he would have gone into a secluded place to think of what he should do to set his house in order and make preparation for death.

Gethsemane

The night before His crucifixion, Jesus went into the Garden of Gethsemane. There He said to His disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." And He took with Him Peter and James and John, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. He said to them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me."

Then he went a little farther, (about a stone's throw from them) and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Yes, when death comes, we shall want to be alone.

Hezekiah Prayed

(2) Hezekiah not only turned his face to the wall when he was informed that he must die but he prayed unto the Lord. He said, "O Lord, remember now how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which was good in Thy sight."

This was not the prayer of a self-righteous Pharisee. Hezekiah was conscious that he had honestly endeavored to walk before God and to do His will. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, his heart had been right toward his Maker. He could not understand why he should be cut off in the midst of days, at the age of thirty-nine, when such a wicked king as Uzziah had lived to be sixty-eight.

It should be remembered that under the old covenant length of life was promised to the righteous (Proverbs 3:2) and that a shortened life was the penalty of wicked-doing. (Proverbs 10:27).

Hezekiah's self-assertion was thus a sort of laying hold of the promises of God.

If we were to be brought face to face with death, we would pray.

(3) Hezekiah not only turned his face to the wall and prayed but he wept sore. He was not sorrowful because of a guilty conscience. He had tried to serve God faithfully. He had done that which was right in the sight of the Lord and had kept the commandments. As the king of Judah, he did all within his power to restore the true worship of Jehovah.

Why then did he weep? It was because he did not want to die. Life to him was sweet and he did not wish to go down to the grave. He felt that his work was not finished and that there was much good that he could do. It was no unmanly fear of death that he displayed, but one resting on sound and substantial reasons.

And then, too, he did not desire to leave his family and loyal friends. He was loath to break these earthly ties. There were those who were near and dear to him and he did not want to be separated from them. This is a feeling that we can all appreciate. We love those with whom we have been associated these many years and it would grieve us to have to be parted from them by death.

We Must Leave Them

But the time is coming when these earthly ties will all be broken and we shall have to leave our families, our friends, and our loved-ones. May God grant that we may meet them again "beyond the river where the surges cease to roll and where all the bright forever, sorrows ne'er shall press the soul."

"Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



There never was a more truthful statement uttered than that which fell from the lips of the Master, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (Matthew 12:34.)

We naturally talk about the things in which we are interested. The lawyer delights to discuss law; the physician, medicine; the farmer, agriculture; the merchant, business; and the various other professional men and women that which concerns them.

The Sea

In recent days, I have been thinking about the sea. About 143,259,300 square miles of its waters cover almost five-sevenths of the surface of the earth. The Atlantic Ocean is the nearest ocean to us. This vast body of salt water lies between the eastern coast of America and the western coast of Europe and Africa. Its greatest width is about 5,000 miles, but between Brazil and the African coast the distance is only about 1,600 miles. From north to south, it extends from the Arctic Ocean to the Antarctic regions.

Its Area

The area of the whole Atlantic basin is about 41,000,000 square miles. Its main body has an area of 31,600,000 square miles. The Atlantic Ocean communicates with many enclosed or partially enclosed seas, such as the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and Hudson Bay, on the west; the Baltic, North Sea, Mediterranean, and through the last with the Black Sea, on the east.

The greatest depth thus far ascertained of the Atlantic Ocean is 27,972 feet (slightly more than 5 miles) off the coast of Puerto Rico, and the average depth is 12,000 feet. The Pacific Ocean is somewhat deeper with an average depth of 13,000 feet.

Why I Am Interested

The reason for my interest in the sea is purely a human one. My son, Homer, Jr., has recently crossed the Atlantic Ocean. In a letter dated June 14, 1946, he writes:

"After staying 21 days at Camp Kilmer we finally departed from the dismal place at 5:15 a. m. We climbed aboard an old B. and O. railroad coach which probably was built around 1902. The seats in the coach were lengthwise and extremely hard. We entered the ship about 10 a. m. and were immediately assigned to our rooms.

"The ship is an old German luxury liner which was built in 1908 by the Germans and christened the George Washington. In 1918 it was taken over by the United States. Its weight is over 27,000 tons, while its length is 722 feet. During the past several years it has been used as a troop transport—it will carry from 4,500 to 6,000 men. * * *

A New Experience

"At 5:28 p. m. DST (1728) a new experience began—the ship's anchor was raised and we were towed out of the harbor by three tug boats. Due to the haze the skyline of New York and the Statue of Liberty were only slightly visible. As we slowly departed from the harbor, the shore line became smaller, smaller, and—gone. A peculiar feeling came over me. I was leaving my wife, two sons, father, mother, brother, and other dear relatives. I was alone among

strangers in a vast area of water—only God to watch over me. * * *

"A great surprise awaited us when we went to dinner. Lo and behold, we ate in style—each eight men sat at a table which was serviced by a waiter. Our menu was an appetizer, soup, steak, two vegetables, salad, rolls, butter, and pie ala mode. What a meal!

"Soon darkness came and no ships or lights were visible. The wind became stronger, and the waves were higher. Rain began to fall—it was cold. We even chilled with our overcoats on—but the inside of the ship was quite cozy.

"We have good quarters—nine officers sleep in one room which is located on C deck. All the officers seem to be regular fellows. There are four medical officers—the remaining are line officers, two are West Point boys.

"I am tired—another day awaits me."

Sea Rough

(June 15, 1946.) "The ship is rolling more as the sea is rougher. It is quite cold on the upper decks—cold enough to require the wearing of an overcoat. The wearing of the life jacket makes one much warmer although they are very bulky. We wear or carry them with us at all times.

"I was assigned today to take care of the Ber Rechid Square Dispensary. My hours are from 9:15 to 10:30 a. m. * * *

"The sea is somewhat calmer now than it was earlier this morning. The water is blue. I wish I had a color film. * * *

Overslept

(June 16, 1946.) "This sea journey certainly makes me sleepy. I overslept this morning and missed my breakfast. I rushed down to the dispensary to find the usual run of patients.

"It is somewhat warmer out on deck. I spent most of the afternoon watching the waves. The water is much cleaner, also, bluer. During mid-afternoon we saw a school of whales off the star-board of the ship. They followed the ship for approximately 15 or 20 miles. * * *

The Gulf Stream

(June 17, 1946.) "At last we have run into the Gulf Stream. The result is that it is very warm on the deck. In fact, it was so hot that we changed into our summer uniforms. Just a few minutes in the sun produce a severe sunburn."

The Sea Calm

(June 18, 1946.) "The sea is still calm but we were informed this morning that it would be rougher. While watching other ships at the port side this morning, we saw a school of flying fish which were flying above the waves, then they would dip, come out and fly 30 to 50 yards and then dip again.

"We were informed today by
(Continued on Page 8)

some of the members of the ship's personnel that this boat carried Woodrow Wilson to and from France in 1919. This, at least, adds to the history of this old ship."

Sleep

(June 19, 1946.) "It seems that I spend most of my time sleeping—morning, afternoon, and evening. I would give a fortune to be back home. * * *

(June 20, 1946.) "Another day has passed—nothing accomplished except sleep, sleep, and more sleep. Although the sea is exceptionally calm, the weather has changed. It is very cold on deck, therefore, my sleep is justified. * * *

to see land (terra firma). * * *
Sees Land
(June 22, 1946.) "Today I saw land, the lower part of the English coast. . . It was wonderful to see land, buildings, etc., again. It made me realize how much I appreciate home. * * *"

First Day of Summer
(June 21, 1946.) "This is the first day of summer. It is certainly a cold, damp day to welcome the lovely summer. The fog continues, although there is little headwind. Tomorrow we shall see the English coast. I anxiously await the hour

Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

There was once a young lady who read a book, and, having completed it, remarked that

it was the dull-est book that she had read in many a day. Not long after this experience she met a young man, and in the course of time their friendship ripened into love and they became engaged. During a visit in the home of this fiancee one evening, she said to him, "I have a book in my library which was written by a man whose name and even initials are precisely the same as yours. Is not that a singular coincidence?"

"I do not think so," he replied.

"Why not, I pray?"

"For the simple reason that I wrote the book."

When the young lady heard this, she was very much surprised and when the young man left her home that evening, she went into her library and got the book and sat up until the early morning hours and re-read it. As she did so, she declared that it was the most interesting volume she had ever read. It was not dull at all now! She found it fascinating. Why had her attitude changed? Why did she like the book so well? The reason was that she knew and loved the author.

Dull Reading

Many people before they embrace Christianity find that the Bible is dull reading. They seldom ever glance at its pages. But after they accept Christ as their Savior and become acquainted with Him, whom to know is life eternal, the Word of God becomes the most fascinatingly interesting book that they have ever read. Their delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law they meditate day and night. (Psa. 1:2). Like David, they exclaim, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Psa. 119:103).

Spurgeon

Some one asked the late Charles Hadley Spurgeon, that great Baptist minister, why he believed the Bible, and he instantly replied, "I



ever present but often is unrecognized.

Seeing God

A boy was taken by his father on a camping trip in the Adirondacks. They hired a guide, left the beaten trails, and spent a week in the heart of the woods. The boy was greatly impressed by the ability of the guide to see all sorts of things that were apparently invisible to the natural eye. One day, after the guide had been pointing out some of the hidden secrets of nature, the lad asked with an awed voice, "Mister, can you see God?" The old man replied: "My boy, it's getting so I can hardly see anything else when I am out in the woods."

This should be the experience of everybody. The birds of the air, the flowers and the grass, the sky above us, and the beauties of nature remind us of our heavenly Father's interest in all his creation.

Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." (Saint Matthew 5:8).

Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



When the evening shadows fall and darkness spreads its mantle over the land, many people are filled with awe and fear. This is especially true of some women and most children. Eugene Field very fittingly describes a boy who is afraid and sees things at night:

"I ain't afeared of snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice, And things that girls are skeered of I think are awful nice! I'm pretty brave, I guess; and yet I hate to go to bed, For, when I'm tucked up warm and when my prayers are said, Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light, And leaves me lyin' all alone and sein' things at night.

"Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door, Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor; Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round So softly and so creepy-like they never make a sound! Sometimes they are as black as ink, and other times they're white— But the color ain't no difference when you're seein' things at night!

"Once, when I licked a feller that had just moved on our street, And father sent me up ot bed without a bite to eat, I woke up in the dark and saw things standin' in a row, A-lookin' at me cross-eyed and pointin' at me—so! Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slept a mite— It's almost always when I'm bad I see things at night!

"Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death! Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head and hold my breath: And I am, ah! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, and then I promise to be better and say my prayers again! Grandpa tells me that's the only way to make it right When a feller has been wicked and sees things at night!"

The Dark Day

We can all appreciate the feelings of this boy of whom Eugene Field writes. Most of us have had similar experiences when we were youngsters.

I wonder what would have been our sensations had we been living in New England, May 19, 1780. That date is known in history as the "Dark Day." It was a time of extraordinary darkness. As to the manner of its approach, it seemed to appear first of all in the southwest. The wind came from that quarter, and the darkness appeared to come on with the clouds that came in that direction.

The degree to which the darkness across varied in different places. In most parts of the country it was so great that people were unable to read common print, determine the time of the day by their clocks or watches, dine or manage their domestic business, without the light of candles. At some places, a man could not see his hand held up in front of him.

Extent of Darkness

The extent of this darkness was very remarkable. It seems to have extended all over the New England States and a part of Canada and a portion of New York as far as Albany. To the southward it was observed all along the seacoasts, and to the north as far as our settlements extended. It probably went much farther than this in some directions.

With regard of its duration, it continued at least fourteen hours. In this period of darkness, the birds having sung their evening songs disappeared and became silent, the fowls went to roost, the roosters crowed all around and called to each other, objects could not be distinguished but at a very little distance, and everything bore the appearance and gloom of night.

Not An Eclipse

That this darkness was not caused by an eclipse, is manifest by the various positions of the planetary bodies at that time; for the moon was more than one hundred and fifty degrees from the sun all that day, and, according to the accurate calculations made by the most celebrated astronomers, there

could not, in order of nature, be any transit of the planet Venus or Mercury upon the disc of the sun that year; nor could it be a blazing star—much less a mountain—that darkened the atmosphere, for this would still leave unexplained the deep darkness of the following night. Nor would an excessive nocturnal darkness follow an eclipse of the sun; and as to the moon, she was at that time more than forty hours' motion past her opposition.

Fear Upon The People

Lights were seen in every window, and out of doors, men and women carried torches to light their steps. Hosts of people believed the end of the world had begun to come; men dropped to their knees in the field; many ran to their neighbors to confess wrongs and ask forgiveness; multitudes rushed into the meeting houses in towns where they had such, where pious and aged ministers, pleading repentance, interceded with God in their behalf; and everywhere throughout this day of wonder and alarm, the once-careless thought of their sins and their Maker.

No Moon That Night

The darkness somewhat increased all day, and before time of sunset, was so intense that no object whatever could be distinguished. Anxiously and tremblingly, people waited for the full moon to rise at nine o'clock, and even little children with strained eyes, sat silently watching for its beautiful beams to appear. But they were disappointed, the moon could not be seen. Earnest prayers were offered.

(Continued on Page 20)

WEEKLY MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

ferred at the family altars that night. The most of the grown folks sat up all night to wait and see if the glorious sun would rise again. Never dawned a lovelier morning than the 20th of May, 1780! Never were hearts more thankful on earth! Even thoughtless people praised God!

Connecticut Legislature

The Connecticut Legislature was in session on that Dark Day, May 19, 1780. Believing that the end of time had come, one member of this body arose and moved that they adjourn but Abraham Davenport objected. He said, "This may be our last day upon earth. If so, let us all be found at our posts of duty. Bring in the candles and let us continue our work, for our Lord has bidden us to occupy until He comes."

Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

While attending Conference in the Wheeling last week, the pastor of the First Baptist Church of that city handed me the bulletin of the Christian Friends. On the back page, there was a picture of a soldier with a baby in his lap. As he was holding its bottle, he was talking to the little one.

SOME PEOPLE WILL HATE YOU

He was depicted as saying: "It's too bad, Baby—some people are going to hate you!

"You are cute now, darling . . . loveable, kissable, sweet. Not a soul in the world has a thing against you now.

"But just wait till you grow up! You'll be amazed to discover that you are shunned by some, disliked by others . . . actually hated by a few!

"Some people won't like you because of the nationality or the religious views of your parents or even their political affiliations.

"And the strangest thing, Baby is that YOU TOO may become one of the haters. You may grow to hate some other babies who are just as cute—just as sweet and lovable and kissable as you are today!

"But right now, you don't hate anybody—not a soul in the whole world.

"And Baby, remember this: Don't ever hate anyone, ever. That's the surest way to keep anyone from hating you. A person's religious belief is his own private property—even more than the color of his hair and eyes and skin. So Baby, learn to respect the other fellow's faith. Learn to judge people by what they say and do instead of by their color or creed, or by the place they came from.

"If you and lots of other babies abide by those basic principles as you grow up, we'll never have to worry about the haters any more."

TRUE OF EVERYBODY

This is true of everybody. When we come into the world, no one dislikes us. We are little, innocent, and helpless babes. Those who visit us, are usually complimentary in their remarks. "Oh, how cute he is!"

"Isn't he a darling?" "What a baby!" These and other statements are made concerning us. But as we get older and our arms longer, it seems that our wings become shorter, and we cease to be angels, gradually there are those who turn against us. Some even hate us.

NEW COMERS

When a person first moves into a town, he is very much like a baby in that he has no enemies. Nobody knows him and consequently no one is his foe. But after he has been there a while and gets acquainted with others, some will like him and others will dislike him—he will have his friends and his enemies. This has been the case since the beginning of mankind and will continue until the millennium.

DON'T BE A HATER

Although this is one of the unfortunate traits of depraved humanity, a real Christian hates no one. Jesus told his followers in His last interview with them in the upper room, "By this shall all men

know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." (St. John 13:35.) John says: "He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness has blinded his eyes." (1 John 2:11.)

Life is too short for us to hold grudges or entertain grievances.

A KNOCKER

Some one has said that when the Creator made all good things, it seemed that there was still some dirty work to do, so He made the beasts and the reptiles and the poisonous insects; and when He had finished, He still had some old scraps left over that were too bad to put into the rattlesnakes, the lizards, the scorpion and the skunk; so He put all these together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow streak, and called it a KNOCKER.

A BOOSTER

This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam, put it into the heart of a child, the brain of a man, wrapped it in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love, made it a believer in equality and justice, a worker for and supporter of every good thing in the community, and called it a BOOSTER; and thenceforth mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his associates.

BACK AGAIN

At the recent session of the West Virginia Conference, I was returned to the Coalwood Charge. Let us all strive to do our very best for the cause of Christ the coming year. Try not to miss a single service.

POUNDING

Soon after our return from Conference, a number of our parishioners very graciously surprised us with a liberal pounding. May God richly bless you all. We thank you.

Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Well, the election has come and gone and almost forgotten. Some liked the results, others didn't, and a third class was not much concerned one way or the other. Many of our citizens did not even take the trouble to vote. But whether we liked it or not, there is nothing that we can do about it. As loyal Americans, we must accept the verdict of the polls. Which ever side wins, the sun will continue to shine.



Too Partisan

It is our privilege to become affiliated with a political party or a religious denomination, but we should not be too partisan or sectarian. We should recognize the fact that this is a free country and we cannot dictate the thinking of the other person.

It never pays to argue politics or religion. No converts are made by this method. Often enemies are made instead.

In addressing our sub-district quarterly conference the other night at Caretta, Dr. R. H. Daugherty, our new District Superintendent said: "We are not here to Christianity but to exhibit it." This is most assuredly true. Jesus exhorts us in Matthew 5:16 "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Religion

Too many professing Christians are like the old lady who was asked by the minister if she had religion and she replied, "I have slight touches of it occasionally."

To be a real follower of the Master, we must be "instant in season and out of season," (2 Tim. 4:2), and always abounding in the work of the Lord." (1 Corinthians 15:58). We must "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service" and we must not be "conformed to this world." (Romans 12:1-2).

Charles Wesley

Charles Wesley, one of our greatest hymn writers once wrote:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;

Coalwood Community Church Activities

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, Pastor SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Morning services at 11 a. m.
Youth Fellowship, 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship at 7:30.
"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."—Fourth Commandment—Exodus 20.8.

DURING THE WEEK

Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Cottage Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7 p. m. and Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m.

O may it ALL MY POWERS engage,

To do my Master's will."

Full Time Employment

Yes, to be a Christian we must give Him our time, our talents, and our devotion. We must surrender our all to Him for He gave His life for us. No half-hearted service will be acceptable to Him.

Some one has very fittingly said that there are three kinds of church members—the rowboat church members, the sailboat church members, and the steamboat church members. The rowboat church members have to be pushed wherever they go; the sailboat church members always go with the wind, but the steamboat church members make up their minds the way that they should go, and go here regardless of wind of weather.

To what class do we belong?

Charles Lamb

Recently we read this appeal from Charles Lamb, one of the brightest minds of history to be destroyed by strong drink. He wrote mournfully as he looked back upon his childhood: "Could the youth, to whom the flavor of the first glass was delicious, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction and not to have the power of will to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget when it was otherwise—HOW HE WOULD AVOID THAT FIRST GLASS!"

Coalwood and Six

Miss Sparks Bride Of James Spears

Miss Marie P. Sparks, formerly of Austinville, Va., was married Nov. 2 to James Spears of Coalwood at a ceremony taking place in the Baptist church of Welch, the Rev. D. M. Dorsey officiating.

The bride, who chose for her wedding a street-length dress of white wool with brown accessories, had Miss Helen Roark, a niece of the bridegroom, for her only attendant.

Mr. Spears, who is formerly from Ivanhoe, Va., is employed at Olga No. 1 mine.

The couple will reside in Coalwood.

Dinner Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Witten Lindsey of Richlands, Va., were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Mahoney of Main Street section, recently.

Mrs. Okey Goings and daughter, Doris, of Beckley; Mrs. William Waddell of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. James Gilkerson and sons, Donald Jean and Jimmie, of Coalwood, were dinner guests of their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Haley Epps, of New Camp, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Farris of Welch, and Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Mills and son, Thomas Edward, of Capels, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lige Overbay of Sub Station section Sunday. Mr. Farris is Mrs. Overbay's brother and Mrs. Mills is her niece.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodge Puckett and children, Ted, Ray, Dodge, Jr., and Jimmie and Mr. and Mrs. Loren Woods were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kim Mills in Roderfield Sunday.

Mrs. Ida LaFon, of Welch, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dalton and son, A. W. of Twin Branch, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodman, Sunday. Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. LaFon are Mrs. Goodman's sisters.

Rev. and Mrs. Cummings Visit Son's Family Leaving for Germany

The Rev. and Mrs. M. H. Cummings visited last week with Mrs. Homer Cummings, Jr., and two children, Homer III and John, of Williamstown who are leaving Nov. 18 for New York to sail on Nov. 22 for Pheniman, Germany, to join Dr. Cumming who is chief surgeon at a hospital there where he has been stationed since June of this year. They visited on their return trip with another son, the Rev. Hugh Cummings who is assistant parlor of Johnson Memorial Church, in Huntington, and Mrs. Cummings.

Hospital Notes

Mrs. Mary Pierce, a nurse at Stevens Clinic Hospital, Welch is now a patient there.

Leonard Curto, is a patient in Bluefield Sanitarium.

Prayer Meeting

Prayer meeting was held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Neal Collins last Friday night, Mrs. Archie Ross of Welch conducting. Scripture was taken from John, Chapter 15 Testimonies were given after which Neal Collins led the closing prayer.

The services will be discontinued for the next two weeks because of the Evangelistic service being held at the West Welch Church of God.

At the services at the Collins' home were Mrs. Fred Goodman, Mrs. C. J. Anderson, Mrs. Albert Johnson, Mrs. T. W. Caldwell, Mrs. Archie Ross, Miss Edna Reese, Mrs. M. M. Blevins, Mrs. Joe Annello, Jr., Mrs. Walter Urps, Faye and Ann Tucker, D. M. Durham, Carl Bradley, Sam Edwards, Stacey Henkle, Jimmie Urps, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Collins.

MIDDLETOWN PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 2)

John Puckett of Bartley.

Mrs. Davis Mullins and daughter, Mary Elizabeth, of Iaeger, visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Waldron of Michigan and Orville Waldron of Bishop, Va., were guests in the Kerley home Saturday.

Mrs. Van Flaming and Mrs. John Culbertson were in Bluefield, W. Va.

Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Are you a pessimist or an optimist? Do you look on the dark side or the bright side of life? Do you see the clouds of the sunshine? Does your mind dwell on the gloomy and the bad or on the pleasant and the uplifting? Do you behold the thorn of the rose? Are you a joy killer or a dispenser of cheerfulness? Do you wear a sad countenance or a smiling face? Is this world a howling wilderness of woe and sorrow and disappointment or is it a place of beauty and wonder and delight?



Pessimistic

It is easy to be pessimistic. Life is full of failures. We are born but we have to die. We get up in the morning but have to lie down again at night. We wash our faces but they soon became dirty and we have to repeat the process. We comb our heads but the hair quickly becomes disheveled and we have to comb it again. We press our clothing but they become wrinkled. We shine our shoes but it does not last very long. We sweep our side walks and then the train passes by and the side walks look as bad as they did before we swept them. We eat a hearty breakfast and seem to be satisfied for awhile but by noon we are hungry and have to dine once more and also again about six hours later. We go to school and memorize our lessons but forget them after we leave the institution of learning. We want to stay young but we grow old instead. We plan to live but death ends our existence.

man said: "I do thank God I never had appendicitis."

Another said: "I thank God I have never had to have an operation."

A third said: "I have never had a serious illness."

A fourth said: "I have never been in an automobile wreck."

A fifth said: "I thank God I've never had a drunken husband."

Thereupon a sixth got up and cried: "I thank God I've never had a husband of any sort!"

Borrowing Trouble

Many people are always borrowing trouble. They cross the bridge before they get to it and climb the hill before they reach it. They live in constant dread of that which never happens. They have much but enjoy nothing. They are never satisfied. Nobody can please them. To hear them talk, you would think that they are the most abused and persecuted folk on earth. They are ever discussing their bad luck and hardships when about the only misfortune that they have ever had has been a toothache or a corn on the little toe.

Let us cultivate the habit of being happy. Happiness is largely a state of mind. One can be happy with a little or miserable with plenty.

Won't you just now become a Christian and let the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep you cheerful and minds in Christ Jesus, our Lord—

"What matters where on earth we dwell

On mountain top or in the dell;
In cottage or a mansion fair?

Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there."

Optimism

Yes, we blow our bubbles and they burst. But aren't they beautiful while they last? We are able to see the color of the rainbow in them. There are many failures in life but there are also numerous successes. There are disappointments but there are also pleasant surprises. There are sunsets but also sunrises. There is sin but there is also righteousness. There is death but there will be a resurrection.

Frank L. Stanton says:

"The world in which we live

Is mighty hard to beat,

We pluck a thorn with every rose

But aren't the roses sweet?"

Thanksgiving

There are so many things for which we should be thankful. As a nation, we have been blessed above all other countries. It is therefore fitting and proper that we should set aside a day of national Thanksgiving, for as the Psalmist has said, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." We should praise Him for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men. "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with His benefits." (Psa. 68:19).

A Unique Service

In a certain town at a WSCS meeting, the women were all talking about their aches and pains and the trouble they were having. Their pastor happened to be present and he finally interrupted them by saying:

"Look here, next Wednesday we will talk about the troubles we never had!"

So at the next meeting one wo-

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

"Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."—2 Kings 20-1.

We all have an absolute horror of death. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. We will do anything to keep the Grim Monster from our door. Not one of us wants to be cut off from land of the living. We instinctively cling to life.

What would you do if you knew that you only had a few more weeks to live? A friend of mine who is afflicted with an incurable malady asked me this question the other day.

Hezekiah

When Hezekiah was notified by the prophet, Isaiah, that he must set his house in order for he was going to die and not live, there were three things that he did.

(1) He turned his face to the wall. He was so distressed and troubled that he did not care to see any one. The beauties of the palace had no more attraction for him. His friends and loved-ones who were standing beside his bed could not help him. He had to bear his burden alone. In his desperation, he turned his face to the wall—away from everybody who might distract his thoughts. He was evidently not able to leave the room or he would have gone into a secluded place to think of what he should do to set his house in order and make preparation for death.

Gethsemane

The night before His crucifixion, Jesus went into the Garden of Gethsemane. There He said to His



(3) Hezekiah not only turned his face to the wall and prayed but he wept sore. He was not sorrowful because of a guilty conscience. He had tried to serve God faithfully. He had done that which was right in the sight of the Lord and had kept the commandments. As the king of Judah, he did all within his power to restore the true worship of Jehovah.

Why then did he weep? It was because he did not want to die. Life to him was sweet and he did not wish to go down to the grave. He felt that his work was not finished and that there was much good that he could do. It was no unmanly fear of death that he displayed, but one resting on sound and substantial reasons.

And then, too, he did not desire to leave his family and loyal friends. He was loath to break these earthly ties. There were those who were near and dear to him and he did not want to be separated from them. This is a feeling that we can all appreciate. We love those with whom we have been associated these many years and it would grieve us to have to be parted from them by death.

We Must Leave Them

But the time is coming when these earthly ties will all be broken and we shall have to leave our families, our friends, and our loved-ones. May God grant that we may meet them again "beyond the river where the surges cease to roll and where all the bright forever, sorrows ne'er shall press the soul."

"Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." And He took with Him Peter and James and John, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. He said to them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me."

Then he went a little farther, (about a stone's throw from them) and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Yes, when death comes, we shall want to be alone.

Hezekiah Prayed

(2) Hezekiah not only turned his face to the wall when he was informed that he must die but he prayed unto the Lord. He said, "O Lord, remember now how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which was good in Thy sight."

This was not the prayer of a self-righteous Pharisee. Hezekiah was conscious that he had honestly endeavored to walk before God and to do His will. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, his heart had been right toward his Maker. He could not understand why he should be cut off in the midst of days, at the age of thirty-nine, when such a wicked king as Uzziah had lived to be sixty-eight.

It should be remembered that under the old covenant length of life was promised to the righteous (Proverbs 3:2) and that a shortened life was the penalty of wicked-doing. (Proverbs 10:27).

Hezekiah's self-assertion was thus a sort of laying hold of the promises of God.

If we were to be brought face to face with death, we would pray.

Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

Much has been said and written on the subject of smiles. There is an old Chinese adage that a man without a smiling face should not open a shop. Homer Rodeheaver is often heard to quote:



"Smile a smile! While you smile, another smiles; and soon there are miles and miles of smiles and life is worth while—if you smile."

A. H. Ackley

Rev. A. H. Ackley, the noted song writer, has very fittingly said:

"There are many troubles—
That will burst like bubbles,

There are many shadows that
will disappear;
When you learn to meet them,
With a smile to greet them,
For a smile is better than a
frown or tear.

* * *

"When the clouds are raining,
Don't begin complaining,

What the world is gaining should
not make you sad;

Do not be a fretter,
Smiling is much better,

And a smile will help to make
the whole world glad.

"You can smile when you can't say
a word,

You can smile when you cannot be
heard,

You can smile when it's cloudy or
fair,

You can smile any time, any-
where."

Not Mentioned in Bible

Although the King James Version of the Bible contains 3,566,480 words, the word smile is not mentioned anywhere in its sacred pages. Neither can we find its antithesis, "frown," there. The reason for this omission is not clear. Evidently people in Bible times smiled. The Scriptures speak of the heart being merry, of laughter, and of rejoicing and being exceedingly glad. They also tell us of persons with sad countenances and of the countenance being lifted up. The lifting up of the countenance is a good definition of a smile for when we smile, there is an upward curving of the corners of the mouth and a brightening of the eyes.

Meaning of a Smile

A smile may express amusement, pleasure, tender affection, approval, restrained mirth, irony derision, or any of various other emotions.

The other night at Caretta, Rev. Frank A. Johnson, the pastor of the Community Church there, handed me an article that had been presented to him by Thurmond Stacy. It is entitled, "How Do You Smile?" and is as follows:

Different Kinks of Smiles

"Smiles do not always indicate a pleasurable emotion. There are smiles—and—smiles.

"There are smiles of courtesy

and diplomacy.

"There are smiles of anger and hate.

"There are smiles of pleasure and approbation. There are smiles of weariness and resignation. There is the smile of intrigue and cunning.

"There is the vicious and silly smile and the smile of betrayal. There is the professional and discriminating smile. There is the smile of love, friendship and affection. There is the cynical smile.

"There is the sweet trusting smile of a guiltless soul and the smile of contentment, peace and hope.

"But never forget that the best smile comes from a face lit up by the illumination of the grace of God."

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

"Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy Word. . . . It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes."—Psa. 119:67, 71.

"See, Father," said a small boy who was walking with his father by the river, "they are knocking the props away from under the bridge. What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"



"The are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

God often permits our earthly things to be taken away that we may rest more firmly upon Him, the Rock of Ages.

A Friend of Mine

This truth has been exemplified in the recent illness of a friend of mine. He is the editor of one of the daily papers of West Virginia, a gifted writer and a man of unusual ability. He is in a serious pysical condition and, unless a miracle is performed, will soon have to go the way of all the earth. I visited him a few days ago and he stated that as a result of his sickness, he had called upon God and that he had found peace in his soul. He said that in the time that will be allotted to him in the future, he wants to do all he can for his Lord and to make every moment count.

A Recent Editorial

In a recent editorial, he says: "I have said so many times in these past weeks, 'May God take care of my wife and boy; may He give me courage to see this thing through like a man.' I had come, because there was nowhere else now for me to surely go, to my knees.

Cards and Letters

"And the letters and cards come to me, so many of them continuing to reach me as I stay at a Charleston hotel while getting treatment. Virtually all of them contain a line, and some many lines, in which my friends tell me they are offering prayers for me. There has come word, too, that a church group in Fayetteville held a bit of such service for me.

Then there was a long-time Fay-

etteville friend, a business man who ate lunch with me the other day. As we parted, he clasped my hand in true friendship: "I shall pray for you, Jack", he said. I had never known that he ever prayed.

Intellect Not Enough

"The other day I told my old friend, Preacher Homer Cummings, that at last I had come to completely understand that intellect is not enough, that morality is not enough, when the burden really gets heavy. But that I find now that there must be something more upon which one can rest a hand.

"That, I told him, may be rank cowardice in me, the guy in the crack with permanent extrication therefrom a miracle if it happens, but of that I was not concerned. If it be cowardice, so be it—it has brought peace and courage to me. I face the next steps unafraid for either my family or me, confident that there will be a Guiding Hand somehow for all of us. And Homer told me of the man who had to be blinded in one eye before he could see out of the other. We laughed together at that, old friends knowing he was looking straight at me.

My Prayer

"I don't know how to end this, except to say that I only pray that during whatever days, or months, or years I may have ahead of me, I may remember those about me who need as I have needed, and I may do unto them as you kind people have done unto me and mine.

"And may you think of them as you have thought of us—may we together, you and I, make life a bit brighter, for all whom we know who need the touch of a helping hand, or the voice of an earnest prayer."

Let Us All Pray

Let all who read these lines pray for this brother who is seriously ill of a dreadful malady. Unless the Great Physician touches his body, there is no chance for his recovery. There is nothing too hard for the Lord and, if it is His will, He can restore our brother to health. "Nevertheless, not our will, but His, be done."

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.



"Why not rest from your labors?" said a friend.

"Because," replied the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayer, for now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

Here was a missionary, about eighty years of age, and bedridden, at the very gates of eternity, on the last day of his life, still at work for others! He was faithful to the end.

Here was a missionary, about eighty years of age, and bedridden, at the very gates of eternity, on the last day of his life, still at work for others! He was faithful to the end.

God and Eternity

A Christian, traveling in a steamboat, distributed tracts. A gentleman took one, and folding it up, cut it with his pen-knife into small pieces; then holding it up in derision, threw it away. One piece adhered to his coat; he picked it off and looking at it, saw only the word "od." He turned it over; on the other side was the word, "Eternity!" There were these two vital words before him—"God"—"Eternity!"

He went to the bar, called for brandy to drink, to dismiss these two words from his mind; but in vain. Then he proceeded to go to the gambling-table; but those solemn words haunted him wherever he went until he was brought a penitent to the feet of Jesus. He was led to Christ through the influence of this gospel tract. How important it was that the Christian, traveling on the steamboat, let his light shine for the Master!

No Time for Religion

An earnest minister called on a lady and found her too busy, as she said to talk to him. He repeated the visits with no better success.

At the last call she said, "Oh, be sure and not be long in coming to see me again, for I do wish to see you." In a few days he called.

"I'm sorry," she said, the moment she opened the door, "I have no time to receive you today; I've a friend come from London, and I've got to go out with him."

"Well, you will have time to die, whether you are prepared or not. So you've no time just now?"

"No, not today," she replied.

"Well, let me say this to you in case you and I never meet again, 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

She thanked him, and he went away. That night she and her brother went to the theater. She was taken ill while there, went home, grew worse, and was in eternity by five o'clock the next morning. The faithful minister did his duty even though he was unsuccessful in leading her to Christ.

Home in Eternity

The late evangelist, Dwight Lyman Moody, tells of a man who was dying. He was a person of

great wealth. When the doctor told him that he could not live, the lawyer was sent for to come and make out his will.

The dying man's little girl, only four years of age, did not understand what death meant, and when her mother told her that her father was going away, the little child went to the bedside and looked into her father's eyes and asked, "Daddy, have you got a home in that land you are going to?"

The question sank deep into his soul. He had spent all his time and energy in the accumulation of great wealth. He had a grand home but he had to leave it. He had overlooked the "one thing needful." He had failed to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Now he was going out into eternity with no hope of salvation.

IF WE MISS HEAVEN

There is a beautiful city above,
Where all is peace and love;
Let us be faithful and earnest each day,
Lest from the fold we stray.
Joys here so fleeting will soon pass away,
Brief is our earthly stay;
Naught in exchange for our souls we should give,
Let us for Jesus live.

If we miss heaven, we'll miss it all,
Sad would be our fate—
Never to enter the pearl gate;
If we miss heaven, we'll miss it all.

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



It is said that there are 31,173 verses in the Bible. How many of these can you give from memory? A dozen or more? I have met a few persons who could repeat a number of the Psalms, the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and many other passages of Scripture.

John 3:16

Nearly everybody who has any knowledge of the Bible can quote John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This verse has been sung in the hymn, chanted in the anthem, discussed in the home, proclaimed from the pulpit, whispered by feeble lips, and repeated to dying ears.

Although so familiar, it is nevertheless important. Martin Luther said that this verse was so significant that it should be written if possible across the face of the sky and be read by every believer each day of his life.

No. 5

God So Loved The World

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1946, by M. Homer Cummings M. Homer Cummings

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John 4:10

1. O what won-der - ful love! What a-maz - ing grace! Je - sus came from
 2. He is call - ing to - day Who - so - ev - er will; Tho' from Him we've
 3. Why not let Him come in? Life you will re - ceive; He will cleanse your

CHORUS St. John 3:16

heav'n a - bove To take our place.
 gone a - stray, He loves us still. For God so loved the world,
 heart from sin, If you be - lieve. sin - ful world,

that He gave His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be -

liev - eth in Him should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In the thinking of the lad,
There's no other like his dad.

Every boy is a hero-worshiper. He considers his father to be the greatest person in the world and his loftiest ambition is to be like his daddy when he becomes a man.



Kermit Roosevelt

There is an interesting story related of Kermit Roosevelt who died in World War II. His father was president when he started to the public school. The teacher asked certain routine questions, to which the lad answered about as follows:

"What is your name?"

"Kermit Roosevelt."

"Where do you live?"

"At the White House."

"What is your father's name?"

"Theodore Roosevelt."

"What is your father?"

"My father—why, my father is IT."

Every Boy's Estimate of Dad

That is practically every boy's estimate of his father. As Roland A. Nichols has said:

"Just the best thing, daddy is,
When he ain't got rheumatiz;
Gives me pennies an' good advice
'Bout keepin' clean and bein' nice,
An, sayin' please, an' don't deceive,
Handkerchief instead of sleeve.
Seems jest like daddy knew
He was once a small boy, too.
Second table for him, I 'spec',
When he only got the neck.
Any how, he always says,

"Give the kid the best there is."
"What am I goin' to be when I get big?"

Druther be like him, I jing,
Than President or anything;
He's like ma says angels is—
When he ain't got rheumatiz."

Should Be a Christian

In asmuch as the father mean so much to the boy, the father should set the proper example for that boy. In order to do this, he should be a Christian. Pauls says, "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." (Eph. 6:4.) In speaking of Abraham, God said, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." (Genesis 18:19.)

Father's Day

Sunday, June 16th, will be observed in many churches throughout the nation as Father's Day. All the fathers in Coalwood and vicinity are requested to worship with us in the Coalwood Community Church on this occasion. Come and bring your family with you. We shall be more than pleased to have you.

ONLY A DAD

"Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way of his children
small;
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for
him.
This is the line for him I pen;
Only a dad, but the best of men."

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Some folks are always going to
But yet it seems they never do.

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Do you have executive ability? Are you able to begin your work at once and keep at it until you finish it or are you always thinking about how much you have to do and never get started



to doing it? Do you waste your precious time in worrying over what you have to do—the washing the ironing, the mending, preparing the meals, house-cleaning, etc.—and fail to accomplish anything?

It is well and good that we should plan our work but we should also put our plans into practice. There is nothing wrong in dreaming but we must wake up and make our dreams come true.

Little Amy

In McGuffey's Third Reader, we read of the money that Amy didn't earn.

Amy was a dear little girl, but she was too apt to waste time in getting ready to do her tasks, instead of doing them at once as she ought.

In the village in which she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a store where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season. One day he said to Amy, whose parents were quite poor, "Would you like to earn some money?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "for I want some new shoes, and papa has no money to buy them with."

"Well, Amy," said Mr. Thorn-

ton, "I noticed some fine, ripe blackberries in Mr. Green's pasture today, and he said that anybody was welcome to them. I will pay you thirteen cents a quart for all you will pick for me." (Of course that was years and years ago when money was more valuable than it is today. The present market price would be far in excess of this amount.)

Amy Delighted

Amy was delighted at the thought of earning some money: so she ran home to get a basket, intending to go immediately to pick the berries.

Then she thought she would like to know how much money she would get if she picked five quarts. With the help of her slate and pencil, she found out that she would get sixty-five cents.

"But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts," thought she, "how much should I earn then?" "Dear me," she said, after figuring a while, "I should earn a dollar and fifty-six cents."

Amy then found out what Mr. Thornton would pay her for fifty, a hundred, and two hundred quarts. It took her some time to do this, and then it was so near dinner time that she had to stay at home until afternoon.

Too Late

As soon as dinner was over, she took her basket and hurried to the pasture. Some boys had been there before dinner, and all the ripe berries were picked. She could not find enough to fill a quart measure.

As Amy went home, she thought

of what her teacher had often told her—"Do your task at once; then think about it," for "one doer is worth a hundred dreamers."

Do It Now

Stephen Grellet has so fittingly said: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Solomon says: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." (Ecclsiastes 9:10.)

Until tomorrow, don't delay
To do what should be done
today.

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Representative



Harold C. Hagen, of Minnesota, told a story in Washington, D. C., about an Ok-

lahoma farmer, unable to read or write, who worked for nine months in a West Coast shipyard before discovering he was getting paid for the job. He loved his country so much that he thought he was donating his services to his country and he did not find out that his contribution to the war effort was being rewarded until he told his foreman one day that he could not afford to work any longer because his wife, a waitress, had lost her job.

The foreman, remembering the man had received two promotions since starting to work and had been earning \$1.00 an hour and more, was puzzled. He asked the Oklahoman what had become of his pay.

"What pay?" was his response.

"Little Slips of Paper"

Questioning brought out that the worker had been receiving "little slips of paper" all along but did not know that they were checks. He nevertheless had kept them all, and was delighted when the foreman told him they were convertible into money. He deposited most of his accumulated funds in a bank, but also bought some war bonds and fixed it so his wife could "rest and buy herself some good-looking clothes."

Uncashed Spiritual Checks

We are amazed that a man should be so ignorant that he regarded checks as mere "slips of paper." But being unable to read, he did not know the difference until somebody told him that they were valuable. How many people there are today who have spiritual checks which have not been cashed!

God has made provision for the salvation of all mankind. Jesus

once said, "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." (John 3:17.) Yet there are millions who do not come to him that they might have eternal life. They continue to live in sin. They drink, gamble, swear, and indulge in all forms of wickedness. Instead of coming to the church, they desecrate God's holy day. They do not read their Bibles or call upon the Lord. They are pauperized spiritually when they could have the riches of His grace. Paul says, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. 8:9.)

RICHES OF GRACE

"Riches of earth I may not see,
God may prevent;
Riches of grace are offered me,
I am content.
Wealth of the world must fade and fail,
Earthly delights grow tasteless,
stale;
I have the wealth that must avail
Riches of grace.

"I may not win fair honor's crown,
God may prevent;
Heavenly honors are my own,
I am content.
Children of God and heirs of
grace,
Walking in light before His face,
Resting in peace in His embrace—
Riches of grace."

Won't You Come

Why not accept Jesus now? You can become an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ. (Romans 8-17.) Won't you let him enter your soul this moment? "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Romans 10:13.)

"If you would join the glad songs
of the blest.

Let Jesus come into your heart;
If you would enter the mansions
of rest,

Let Jesus come into your heart."

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In this world, there is no other
Who can take the place of mother.

Sunday, May 12th, is Mother's Day. Upon this occasion, we are afforded the opportunity as a nation of paying tribute to these noble women who have rendered and are rendering such valiant service to our country by their suffering, privation, and heroism. They have not only sacrificed their own lives for causes they believed to be right, but in many instances, they have loyally given to our land lives more precious than their own—the lives of their sons and daughters. To them our nation is deeply indebted.

The Mother

While we should commend the woman who has made a success in the literary world or the political field, we should not overlook the fact that her position is far inferior to that of a mother. It has been said that there is no other name on earth more euphonious to the ear than that of the mother. At its mention, the heart is moved, the soul is stirred, and the sympathy is awakened. The thought of her is a shield to virtue and a warning to the wardward. Whenever we think of her significance as related to society and humanity, we are lost in wonder and amazement. She is the queen that sits upon the throne of home where she is crowned and sceptered as no other can ever be. Her authority is complete, her reign unrivalled, and the moral issues of her empire are eternal. She rules with marvelous patience, winning tenderness, and undying love. Her memory is revered while she lives, and becomes a perpetual inspiration, even when the bright flowers bloom above her sleeping dust. She is an incarnation of goodness to the child and the embodiment of power to her off-



spring.

Her Lofty Position

The mother has a position in life that even the angels in heaven might covet. She gives birth to immortality, nurses and trains a being created in the image of God, develops a never-dying soul, and prepares him for eternity. She does more toward determining the future of the child than any other influence that is brought to bear upon him.

What Great Men Say

Abraham Lincoln once said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

John Quincy Adams made practically the same statement when he said, "All that I am my mother made me."

Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of electricity and the marvel of the twentieth century, paid a splendid tribute to his mother when he said, "I did not have my mother long, but she cast over me an influence that has lasted all my life."

Michael Angelo, in speaking on this subject, said, "Whatever a man is, he usually owes to his mother."

The late Theodore Cuyler struck the key-note when he said, "Show me the mother and I will show you the man."

Her Influence

Next to the sovereign grace of God, the influence of a mother's teaching and example is the most effective in the molding of character and the shaping of destiny. She is the one who writes the book of fate. It has been wisely said by one of old, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

It is necessary for the mother to be a Christian before the home can become what it should be. The child needs that religious training that only a mother can give.

Mothers, are you faithful to the trust that has been committed to you?

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How often do you attend the services of the church? When was the last time you entered the House of God? Do you ever go to prayer meeting? How would you feel if you had no place of worship in your community?



Recently one of our parishioners handed us a newspaper clipping and it gave us a peculiar sensation as we read the headlines:

Mrs. Prayer Meeting Succumbs; Death Due to Coldness of Heart

The article is as follows:

"Mrs. Prayer Meeting died recently at the First Neglected Church, on Worldly Avenue. Born many years ago in the midst of great revivals, she was a strong and healthy child, fed largely on testimonies and Scriptural holiness, soon growing into world-wide prominence, and was one of the most influential members of the famous church family.

In Failing Health

"For the past several years, Sister Prayer Meeting has been in failing health, gradually wasting away until rendered helpless by stiffness of knees, coldness of heart, inactivity, and weakness of purpose and will power. Her strength wasted away until she was but a shadow of her former self. Her last whispered words were inquiries concerning the strange absence of her loved ones who had forsaken her but who were busy in the marts of trade and in places of worldly amusements. Her older brother, Brother Class Meeting, has been dead for many years.

Cause of Her Death

"Experts, including Dr. Works, Dr. Reform and Dr. Joiner disagreed as to the cause of her fatal illness, administering large doses of organization, socials, contests and drives, but to no avail. A post mortem showed that a deficiency of spiritual food, coupled with lack of fasting, faith, heart-felt religion, shameless desertion, and non-support were contributing causes.

The Funeral

"Only a few were present at her death, sobbing over memories of her past beauty and power. Carefully selected pall-bearers were urged to tenderly bear her remains away, but failed to appear. There were no flowers. Her favorite hymns, "Amazing Grace" and "Rock of Ages" were not sung. Miss Ima Modern rendered a solo but her voice trembled so that nobody could understand what she was singing.

"The body rests in the beautiful cemetery of Bygone Glories awaiting the summons from above. In honor of her going, the church doors will be closed on Wednesday nights, save on the third Wednesday of each month, when the Ladies' Pink Lemonade Society meets."

In Your Community

Would you like this to happen in your community? The prayer meeting, Sunday School, and the

various religious services are kept alive by the attendance of the people.

What are you doing to help? Come to church next Sunday.

Our Weekly Visit

I like to dwell upon the past;
Though it is gone, sweet mem'ries last.

It may be the sign of old age but I enjoy reminiscing.

Recently I visited the Coalwood school and it brought to my mind the time when I was a boy out in the county of Monroe. In the section of the country where I lived, there was a one-room school house. It was in that building that the children of our vicinity obtained their education.

They did not have grades in those days but our status was determined by readers. Instead of being in the first, second, third, fourth or fifth grade, it was referred to as the "first, second, third, fourth or fifth reader."

Our Curriculum

Of course, there were other subjects than readers in our curriculum. We studied Ray's Arithmetic, Hyde's English, Harvey's Grammar, Montgomery's History of the United States, Myers' General History, Lewis' History of West Virginia, Mitchell's and Frye's Geographies, McGuffey's Spelling Book, civil government, physiology (which included anatomy and hygiene), physical geography, and in some instances higher mathematics.

McGuffey's Readers

In those days, we used the famous McGuffey's Readers. These books were compiled by an American clergyman and educator, the Rev. William Holmes McGuffey. This eminent minister was born in Washington, Pa., in 1800 and died in Virginia in 1873. He was appointed professor of ancient languages, Miami University (1826), and became a Presbyterian clergyman (1829). He was profes-



sor of Woodard College, Cincinnati (1843-45), and professor of moral philosophy and political economy, Virginia University (1845-73).

Inasmuch as many of the selections in the McGuffey Readers contain moral lessons, it is my purpose to use a number of them in this column from time to time. Here is one that I am sure will be of interest to you. It is found in the "Third Reader" and is entitled:

"The Wolf"

A boy was once taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.

One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!"

The men came again, but not so many as the first time. Again they saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads, and went back.

The Wolf Comes

On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him.

The wolf broke into the flock, and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which belonged to John.

Then he felt sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How busy are you? Our grandparents worked from early morning until late at night, raised practically everything that they ate, made the garments they wore, cut the wood that they

used for fuel, built houses of logs, and had few comforts and no luxuries. Yet they found time to go to church. Often they would have to travel several miles on foot or horse-back to find a place of worship. In spite of the difficulties that confronted them, they did not "forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is." (Hebrews 10:25.)

The Pilgrim Fathers

The Pilgrim Fathers were men of such heroic fiber that they left their native land, braved the dangers of a long voyage, and faced the perils of a howling wilderness in order to come to America where they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.

Today

Today there are millions who never enter the doors of any church. Many live within the shadow of a place of worship but do not go. Others attend only when there are funerals or something special. Is it any wonder then that there is so much crime and wickedness in America? Boys and girls who attend Sunday School and church services are rarely ever juvenile delinquents.

The Bible

The Bible places a strong emphasis on the importance of going to the house of God. Here are some of the statements of the Psalmist: "I went with them to house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday." (Psalms 42:4.) "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name." (Psa. 100:4.) "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." (Psa. 73:16, 17.) "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." (Psa. 122:1.)



Christ, Our Example

Christ is our example. To be a Christian, we must strive to follow Him. Although He lived in a day of confirmed formalism and ritualism, He went to the place of worship just the same. In Luke 2:16, we read: "And, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day."

Jesus could have employed practically all the excuses that people use today for staying away from the house of God. He could have complained about the services being lifeless at Nazareth, his home town, and that they

could not be compared to the big meeting he attended where John the Baptist was preaching, and where multitudes were baptized. He could have maintained that the religious leaders were not what they should have been. He could have said, "I am done with the synagogue. Every time I go I see a man who will not pay his bills. We have done work for him in our carpenter shop, but the man refuses to meet his obligations." Yes, these conditions may have existed in that day, but none of these excuses kept Him away from the place of worship.

Go to Church

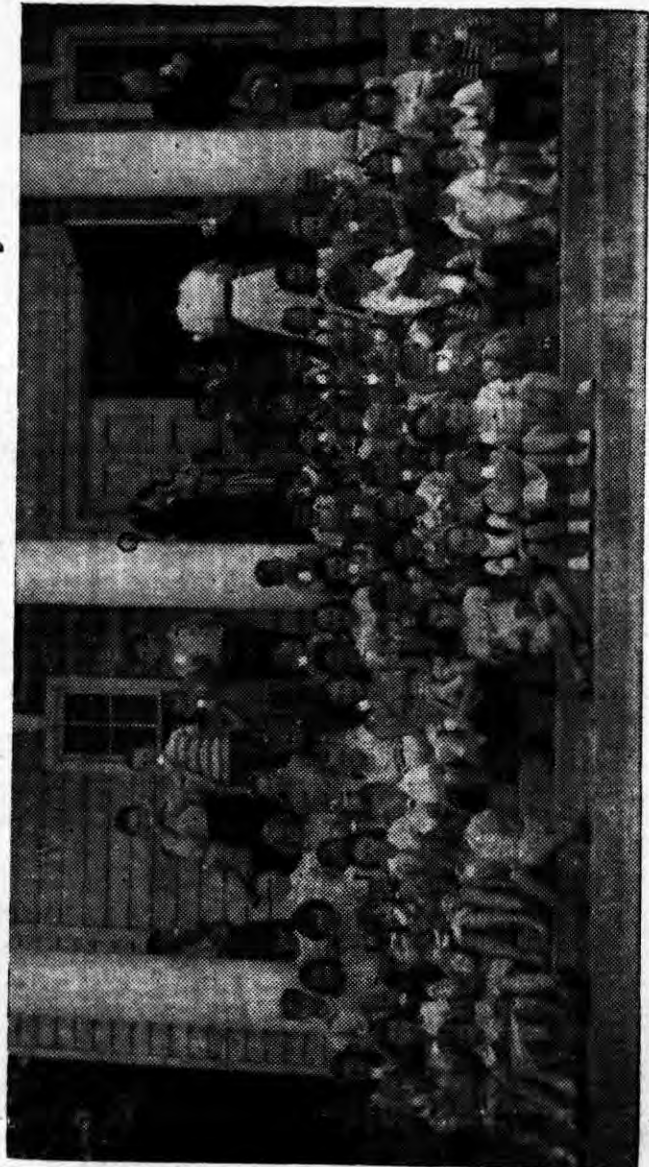
We should go to church regularly. It should be the habit of our lives. Church attendance will not save us, only simple faith in Christ can do that for us, but it will give the Holy Spirit an opportunity to speak to our souls. There will be a message for us in the songs that will be sung, the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and the sermon that will be delivered.

There are 168 hours in each week. How about using two or three of these 168 hours to go to church. We shall look for you. Won't you come?

June 21, 1946

COALWOOD-CARETTA NEWS

Coalwood Bible School Has Party



Pictured above are the members and teachers of the Coalwood Vacation Bible School at the party, which was held Saturday as closing exercise of the school which was held at the church last week.

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How many rivers can you name from memory? No doubt you can recall a number without having to consult your geography. Some of the rivers that we hear mentioned most frequently are Elk-horn River, Tug River, Bluestone River, Big Sandy River, New River, Kanawha River, Gauley River, Elk River, Ohio River, Mississippi River, Potomac River, Hudson River, Amazon River, and the Nile River. The river about which we read the most in the Bible is the river Jordan.



Salt River

But there is mystical stream that is not referred to in the Holy Scriptures or in our school textbooks. It is commonly called Salt River. It is an imaginary stream up which defeated political parties or candidates are sent to oblivion. At this season of the year, following our recent primary, it should be a famous resort. Many worthy men were unsuccessful in their attempts to become the nominees of their respective parties. At the polls, there is no second or third prize. It is a win or lose proposition. The voters do not always chose the best persons qualified for a public office. But our country is a democracy and the people are given the opportunity to elect their officials. Even though this is the case, mistakes are often made.

Defeats

Although there are many candidates for an office, only one can be chosen. The others must necessarily be defeated. There is no way whereby this can be avoided. But life is made up of constant defeats. After listing a number of Old Testament characters, the author of Hebrews says: "These all died in the faith, not having received the promise." (Hebrews 11:13).

Sacred and profane history ever corroborate the veracity of this statement. Think of the notables of the past who have apparently failed.

Leonidas and His Three Hundred

When Xerxes and his mighty army invaded Greece, they were met at the pass of Thermopylae by Leonidas, king of Sparta, with three hundred Spartan soldiers and about six thousand allies from different states. For two days they held the pass against overwhelming numbers. They hurled their enemies back like waves from a cliff. But finally through the treachery of Ephialtes, "the Judas of Greece," the Persians under Xerxes were enabled to overcome these brave men. Leonidas and his three hundred fought with desperate valor, but they were unsuccessful. They were slain to the last man. They failed! Yet their heroism has echoed through all the centuries of Grecian history.

The Alamo

In our own history we have the account of David Crockett and his daring companions who withstood the Mexicans for days at Fort Alamo. They were finally overcome and every one killed. They failed but they died fighting. The battle was lost but the slogan "Remember The Alamo" encouraged and inspired others to carry on

until the war was won and Texas obtained her independence.

Moses

Moses led the Children of Israel out of their Egyptian bondage, across the Red Sea, into the Wilderness, and to the borders of the Promised Land. But he died without entering Canaan. He did not get to complete his task. Another finished the work that he started out to do.

John The Baptist

John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ. He preached in the wilderness of Judea to the multitudes who flocked to hear him. He baptized Jesus in the Jordan—and then he was imprisoned and beheaded. His life seemed to end in a tragic failure.

Paul

Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, wrote his epistles, preached his sermons, lived an active Christian life—and then was brought before the Roman emperor and executed. A failure!

Jesus

Jesus came to this earth to seek and to save the lost. His entire life was spent in doing good. He performed all manner of miracles to relieve suffering humanity. He lifted up the fallen and relieved the oppressed—but at the last, He was crucified. He died at the age of thirty-three, forsaken by His disciples and betrayed by one of the apostles.

Yes, to the eye of man it appeared that Jesus had failed but not so in the sight of God. He finished the work which His Father had given Him to do and died for the sins of the whole world.

Defeat can often be transformed into victory.

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

Mr. Neal Collins recently handed me a clipping from a paper published in Wythe County, Virginia. In this article, it was stated that there was a new disease quite prevalent in that part of the Old Dominion. It is known as Morbus Sabbaticus.



Sunday Sickness

It is a Sunday illness peculiar to church goers; the symptoms vary, but never interfere with the appetite; the attack never lasts more than 24 hours; physician never needed; intermittent attacks at first, then chronic, malignant, and fatal—in order named. The attack comes early Sunday morning; no symptoms felt on Saturday night, patient sleeps well until late Sunday; eats hearty breakfast, but about church time complains and feels the disease coming on. Difficulty passes just in time for the patient to eat a hearty dinner and go for an afternoon walk or auto ride.

Similar occurrence comes at time of the evening church service. Patient sleeps well on Sunday night and has no further symptoms until the following Sunday morning.

The Remedy

Although this pernicious disease has resulted in the spiritual death of countless millions, fortunately there is a remedy for it. It is as follows:

- (1) Patient should retire not later than 10 p. m. on Saturday.
- (2) Set the alarm to ring at 7:30 Sunday morning.

(3) Arise promptly when alarm sounds, drink one or two glasses of cold water.

(4) Wash face and hands thoroughly, put on clean garments.

(5) Eat moderate breakfast, without unnecessary loss of time.

(6) Leave the morning paper unopened on the living room table.

(7) Start promptly from home in time for the Sunday School.

(8) Greet all with a friendly smile; listen to the teacher and take part in the discussion of the Sunday School lesson.

(9) Be sure to stay for the preaching service.

(10) At the close of the morning service, the patient should feel better.

(11) To assure full recovery and make possible a happy week ahead, the patient should have his neighbor or close friend accompany him to the evening service. If this remedy fails after four consecutive doses, patient should immediately go for examination to the New Testament Clinic.

Many Excuses

Yes, many are the excuses that people offer for not attending Sunday School and Divine worship but they can assign no real reason for staying away from the house of God. Only Providential hindrances will stand the test of the Judgment Day.

The Great Supper

Jesus tells us of a certain man that made a great supper, and bade many; and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, "Come; for all things

are now ready."

And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused."

And another said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused."

And another said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."

And the servant said, "Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

"That My House May Be Filled"

And the lord said unto the servants, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, 'That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.'"

Let all who read these lines help to fill the house of God each Sunday.

GOING TO CHURCH

"Some go to church to take a walk;
Some go there just to laugh and talk,

While others go to doze and nod;
But wise men go to be with God.

"Some go to church old friends to greet,

And some to speak to all they meet,

While others go their girls to bring;
But wise men go the hymns to sing.

"Some go to church a fault to hide;
Some go there just to see inside,
While others go their time to spend;

But wise men go a prayer to send.

"Some go to church to hear the chimes;

Some go there just to have good times,

While others go their clothes to show;

But wise men go the Lord to know."



EULA HICKS

Marks Birthday

Peggy Sargent recently celebrated her seventh birthday anniversary with a big birthday cake at her home. Peggy is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Okey Sargent of Sub Station section. Her father is a section boss at Olga no. 1 mine.

AT GRAND LODGE

Mrs. M. C. McMillan is in Huntington attending the Grand Lodge. She is a representative for Welch Rebekah Lodge 46.

A man was in court and had just been found guilty of beating his wife.

"For beating your wife, I will fine you \$1.10," said the Judge.

"I don't object to the dollar," said the prisoner, "but what is the ten cents for?"

"That," said the Judge, "is the Federal tax on amusements."

THE POCKETBOOK OF KN



News

At Birthday Party

AT FUNERAL

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Reynolds attended the funeral services of Mrs. Reynold's uncle, D. G. Harmon of Davy, held last Tuesday in Tazewell, Va.

KNOWLEDGE

By PILGRIM



Daughters Honor G. E. Goodman

Mrs. Ernest Carroll and Mrs. Lonnie Goodman were hostesses to friends of their father, G. E. Goodman, last Sunday on his seventy-third birthday anniversary. The celebration was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Goodman. Refreshments, including a birthday cake, were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Vint Carroll gave Autumn flowers which were used as decorations.

Guests included the Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Woodward, the Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Overbay, the Rev. M. H. Cummings, Mrs. Walter Jones, Mrs. L. C. Banks, Paris Mitchem, John Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. Oda Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Erps, Neal Collins, Mrs. Howard Baker, Daisy and Francis Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Goodman, Miss Lola Anderson.

The family extends its thanks to those who made their father's celebration a success.

COALWOOD PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 2)

Springs, Va.

Mrs. Cleo Lytton and Mr. Lytton spent Sunday in Colburn, Va., where they attended the seventy-third birthday anniversary celebration of her grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd Shrader spent the weekend with relatives in Bramwell.

Mrs. K. K. Warden and son, Pat of Fayetteville were the guests Sunday of the Rev. and Mrs. M. H. Cummings.

The Rev. and Mrs. M. H. Cummings were in Berwind Saturday.

Mrs. E. L. Stilwell attended the Harman-Ricci wedding held at the Welch Methodist church last Saturday evening.

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Once upon a time there was a boy named Robert. One day as he was rambling about, he happened to cry out, "Ho ho!" He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words, "Ho, ho."



In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, "Who are you?" Upon this, the same words came back, "Who are you?"

Robert now cried out harshly, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" came back from the hill.

Robert became angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy who, as he thought was mocking him; but he could find nobody anywhere.

Tells His Mother

When he went home, he told his mother that some boy had hid himself in the wood for the purpose of mocking him.

"Robert," said his mother, "you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

"Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert. "Did you ever hear an echo?" asked his mother. "An echo, dear mother? No, ma'am. What is it?"

"I will tell you," said his mother. "You know when you play ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you." "Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it again."

Sound Reflected

"Well," said his mother, "if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke."

"That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back your own voice.

"The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply.

"Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet and gentle as your own.

"The Bible says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Remember this when you are at play with your schoolmates.

"If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

"When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet.

"Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember,

The good and the kind,
By kindness their love ever proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving."

Speak Gently

David Bates has well said:
"Speak gently; it better far

To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar

The good we might do here.

"Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

"Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the careworn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart

"Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;

Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

"Speak gently to the ering; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;

Oh, win them back again."

After Wedding Ceremony



Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Todd
Church following their marriage last

Miss Dorothy Peery
Of Leonard "Bob"

a son of the Rev. and Mrs. M. Homer Cummings of Coalwood.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sayers of Wellsville, Va., are the parents of twin daughters, born Aug. 26 at the Richmond Hospital, Richmond, Va. The little girls, who weighed five pounds and two ounces and four pounds and four ounces at birth, have been named Alice Faye and Norma Raye. Mrs. Sayers is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boyles of Six.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Crowder of Six are the parents of a son, born Sept. 2. The infant, who weighed seven pounds at birth, has been named Daniel Kay. He is the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Crowder, their first infant son being deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pitesa are the parents of an infant daughter, born Monday, Sept. 16, at the home of Mrs. C. W. Todd. The baby, who weighed eight and one-half pounds, has been named Sandra Lynne. This is the first child of Mr. and Mrs. Pitesa.

Mrs. Pitesa will be remembered as the former Miss Jean Todd. Mr. Pitesa is employed as trackman in the mines at McComas.

Hospital Notes

Shelby Nichols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Nichols, of New Camp, was admitted to Grace Hospital, Welch, Sunday, for a broken arm, received while playing.

Mrs. John Basso of New Camp, has returned from Stevens Clinic,
(Continued on Page 11)



...d leaving the Coalwood Community
Sunday.

... Becomes Bride ... Todd of Clwd.

Bluefield; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Todd, Mary Jean and Betty, of McComas; Mr. and Mrs. Elek Stevens of Bishop; Frances Walker of War; and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Todd, Mrs. Chris Todd, Ray Todd, Janice and Carol Todd, all of Coalwood; Mrs. Charles Hidou, New Orleans, La.

CONGRATULATIONS

The Rev. J. H. Cummings, associate pastor of the Memorial Church of Huntington and Mrs. Cummings are the parents of a son, born Friday September 13. The Rev. J. H. Cummings is

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In this column last week, I referred to Salt River as being an "imaginary stream up which defeated political parties or candidates are sent to oblivion." This was a quotation from Webster's New International Dictionary.

However, I learned this week that there is a real river in Kentucky by that name. It was so designated because of the salt that was once made on its banks.



Because of the difficulty of navigation on its waters, the river has also given rise to the phrase for a political or other defeat when the person or persons are supposed to be rowed up Salt River. After Kentucky Summer elections, it was formerly customary for the candidates to go up Salt River for a rest as far as Harrodsburg Springs.

When Henry Clay was a candidate for President in 1832, he engaged a Jackson Democrat to row him up the Ohio to Louisville where he was to speak. The boatman rowed him up Salt River instead, and he did not reach his destination until after the election, when he learned of his own defeat.

Unanswered Prayer

Many defeats have been stepping stones to victories. Often disappointments are blessings in disguise.

A man once prayed for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey. He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things. He desired riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

He sought power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God. He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given life that he might enjoy all things.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson has so wisely said:

"I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm in pain,
A beautiful tomorrow
Of sunshine after rain.

"I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
'er every broken string."

Always Something Wrong

It would be impossible for us to find any town or community exactly to our liking. There is always something wrong. Conditions are never ideal. The world can be no better than the people who live in it—we make it what it is. In order to have a better world, we must have better people in it.

Many young ministers, upon leaving theological seminaries have the vision of becoming pastors of perfect churches. But they are soon doomed to disappointment, for they find that their parishioners are not angels but human beings and as such they possess all the frailties of the flesh. On the other hand, many congregations are constantly searching for a perfect pastor. As yet, he has not been found.

George Washington once said, "We have to take people as they

are since we cannot make them what we want them to be."

Milligan

I recently read of a young man who did not like his boss, a Mr. Milligan.

Mr. Milligan, so it was said, was a cross, cranky old Irishman with a temper tied up in bow-knots, who prodded his men six days a week and schemed to get them salary raises on the seventh, when he ought to have been listening to the sermon. He would put the black-snake on the clerk's hide when he sent a letter to Oshkosh which should have gone to Kalamazoo but would not permit him to be fired for his mistake.

Altogether he was a hard, fractious, generous, soft-hearted, loyal old fellow, who had been with the firm since it first took down the shutters and would stay with it till they were put up for the last time.

The father of the young man who did not like his boss wrote to his son as follows:

"... You want to get it firmly fixed in your mind that you're going to have a boss over you all your life, and if it isn't a Milligan it will be a Jones or a Smith, and the chances are that you will find them harder to get along with than this old fellow. And if it isn't Milligan or Jones or Smith, and you are not a butcher, but a parson or a doctor, or even the President of the United States, it'll be a way-back deacon, or the undertaker, or the machine.

"There isn't any such things as being your own boss in the world unless you're a tramp, and then there's the constable. Like the old man if you can, but give him no cause to dislike you."

Making Best of Everything

What ever may be our lot in life, we must strive to make the best of everything. As Joseph H. Gilmore has said:

"Lord, I would clasp Thy hand
in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth
me."

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

It is best for us that we should never learn
What folks are saying when our backs we turn.

We have all heard the old adage that "eavesdroppers never hear anything good said about them." That statement contains more truth than poetry.



If it were possible for us to be listening to others when we were the topic of the conversation and they did not know that we were near, it is doubtful if we would hear them say anything complimentary about us. Most people in some communities speak evil of nearly every one about whom they talk.

They criticise men and women in all walks of life. They vilify the President, Congress, the Governor, the other federal and state officials, the rich and poor, the young and old, the high and low, and the moral and immoral. To them, there is "none that doeth good, no, not one."

The especially direct their venom and spleen against the church, its members, and the preacher. Yes, he always gets his full share of it. He is the one person who never escapes their unjust criticism. He gets it going and coming.

of the mob nor the victim and could not judge of his guilt or innocence. So they murdered the man and gave his flesh to be eaten by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

The minister was a witness to the crime, although an unwilling witness.

The Victim

The man, it seems, was not a member of an alien race, but had once been a brother beloved. He had grown cold in his religious experience, and a whispering campaign started.

The whispering increased to a murmur, and the murmuring was soon fanned into a frenzy, until some thought that they were doing the will of God when they slandered this brother, and they quickly branded all who refused to listen and agree as compromisers with evil and the friends and partners of the man whose good name they were bent on besmirching. By such means they hushed the protests which threatened to arise against their cruelty.

Like Cannibals

So, like a company of heathen cannibals, this gathering of professing Christians cut off the poor man's ears, gouged out his eyes, plucked his nails, and finally crushed his skull and cut out his

Glass Houses

Those who censure others most are usually persons who live in glass houses and consequently should be the last to throw stones. They expect absolute perfection in everybody except themselves. They behold the mote in their brother's eye but do not consider the beam that is in their own eye. (Saint Matthew 7:3).

They are always directing attention to the minor faults of others in order that their own glaring vices will not be noticed. Like the Pharisees whom Jesus denounced, "they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." (Saint Matthew 23:4).

The Average Conversation

Evil speaking is usually one of the ingredients of nearly every conversation. John Wesley said that you rarely ever hear anybody talk more than ten minutes before something of a harmful nature is said of a neighbor.

Take the average conversation, for instance. After a few remarks about the weather and some references to physical ailments and aches and pains, what do we hear? Too often it is a lengthy discussion about the weaknesses and frailties of our fellow human beings. Everybody whose name is mentioned comes in for his share of abuse. Instead of calling attention to the good traits in others, only the bad are chronicled.

Saw a Man Murdered

A minister said recently that he saw a man murdered. They killed him and picked him to pieces in the presence of this clergyman. It was gruesome and horrible, but the preacher was powerless to prevent it.

He did not know the members

heart. Oh, it was terrible!

But such is the cruelty of envy, such are the ravages of slander, and such are the burnings of tongues touched by unholy fire. No it was not the wounding and mutilation of the transient thing we call the body. The man was not literally murdered.

He still lives physically but these infamous tongues that were sharper than a two edged sword completely marred and dismembered his good name. In that sense they killed him, for

"When fame is lost and honor fled,
That man is dead."

The Tongue

The Bible says: "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." (James 3:5,6).

"Five things observe with care;
of whom you speak; to whom you speak; and how; and when; and where."

By M. HOME

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of Marble Collegiate Church New York city, tells of a certain man of his acquaintance.

Several years ago, when this man was young, he was night clerk in a fourth-rate hotel in a large American metropolis. Every night he was at his desk until the wee small hours.

A Prominent Guest

A well-known member of a socially prominent family of that city spent a lot of time in this hotel. He came there to get drunk, out of sight of respectable people. Despite his unfortunate practices, he was a pleasant fellow. He became interested in the young night clerk and stopped to chat with him now and then.

One night as he was coming out of the hotel, he was accosted by this dissolute prominent man, who said, "Hello, Bill, where are you going?"

"I'm going to church," Bill replied.

Somewhat surprised, the man said, "My car's out in front. I'll drive you to church." He drove Bill to church, let him out and drove off.



Regular Church Attendant

The following Sunday night, he again encountered Bill as he was leaving the hotel, and asked, "Where are you going tonight, Bill?"

"To church," Bill replied. "I go every Sunday evening." Again the man drove him to church.

This was repeated several Sunday nights, until one Sabbath evening, the man said, "I would like to go to church with you."

After the service, they drove down the street together; the man pulled his car up to the curb, turned off the motor and said:

"Son, you are a pretty decent fellow. You have clean habits, you attend to your business, you go to church, and as far as I can see, you live up to your religion. Everything I do, you don't do. I like you, son, you are a square shooter, and you have something I wish I had."

Makes A Proposition

"Now, I have a proposition. I own a hotel, expensive property, and it is losing money. The manager is not straight on moral matters and I am going to get rid of him."

The man looked at Bill searchingly and continued, "You are a little young but you have a wise head on your shoulders. You are a clean, decent Christian boy. I have a lot of money tied up in that hotel and I am not going to fool around with anybody I can't depend upon. How would you like to be manager of my hotel? The job is yours if you want it."

Took The Job

Bill took the job and now ten years later, it is one of the biggest income-earning properties in that part of the country—and Bill now owns 25 per cent of it. Bill has proved that character can still win in business as it does in everything else, even in post-war America.

We need honesty, uprightness, and Christianity in all walks of life. Let us fear God and keep His commandments.

Our Week

By REV. M. HO

Did you ever attend a oneroom school? Do you remember how the teacher used to call out each class? When she would say "Third Reader," we would stand up before her and read as best we could. How interesting and instructive were many of these lessons! On page 111 of McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader, there was one which left an indelible impression on our minds. It was entitled:

"BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK"

"Uncle Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

"Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

"Know him! Why. Uncle Philip everyone knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly."

"Well, I have known him ever since we were boys together. There was not a more decent, well-behaved boy among us. After he left school, his father died and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company.

Learned to Drink

"Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theatre and to balls. He soon learned to play cards, and of course to play for money. He lost more than he could pay.

"He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home.

"He did not come home. After all, he might still have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past. For a time things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well.



"But one thing, boys, ruined him forever. In the city, he had learned to take strong drink, and he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'"

"It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist his desire to drink. His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave.

From Bad to Worse

"He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot. Last night, I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith had been found guilty of stealing, and sent to the state prison for ten years.

"There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think, as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'"

"Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is gone, remember that he told you the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink!' The man who does this will never be

a drunkard."

The Seven Sticks

In this same reader, McGuffey tells us of a man who had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat them out of their property by making them quarrel about it.

The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before him seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle."

Each one strained every nerve to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

Easily Broken

"And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.

"Ah, said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; anybody could do it in that way."

Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together and aid each other, you will prosper, and none can injure you.

"But if the bond of union be broken, it will happen to you just as it has to these sticks, which lie here broken on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,
When by the powerful link of union bound.

Our Week

By REV. M. HO

Recently some of the newspapers carried the account of the death of C. Austin Miles, the noted gospel song writer. He died Sunday, Mar. 10, 1946, at the age of 78, after an illness of a year.



A Native of New Jersey

Mr. Miles was a native of Lakehurst, N. J., and got his first musical job there when he was only 12 years old. Substituting at the organ for a funeral service, he played the "Bridal March from Lohengrin," thinking it appropriate. Five years later he read a book explaining it was a wedding march.

A Pharmacist

At the instigation of an aunt, he entered the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and was graduated in 1889. He was a druggist for 10 years in Camden, N. J., then he gave up this profession for a full-time musical career.

Author of 3,000 Hymns

He became a prolific writer of gospel music. It is estimated that he wrote 3,000 hymns and spirited songs. Among the more popular were: "Dwelling in Beulah Land," "Win Them One By One," "Look For Me," "If Jesus Goes With Me," "A New Name In Glory," "Our Heavenly Home," "Nothing Really Matters If The Lord Loves Me," "I'm Going There," "When The Day Breaks," "The Cloud And Fire," "In The Upper Garden," "Still Sweeter Every Day," and "In The Garden."

"In The Garden"

"In The Garden" was probably his best known hymn. Although he received only \$4.00 for writing this number, it was printed more than three million times and the recordings topped the million mark.

Let Mr. Miles tell us in his own words how this famous song was written. He said: "One day in March, 1912, I was seated in the dark room, where I kept my photographic equipment and organ. I drew my Bible toward me: it opened at my favorite chapter, John XX—whether by chance or inspiration let each reader decide. That meeting of Jesus and Mary had lost none of its power to charm.

"As I read it that day, I seemed to be part of the scene. I became a silent witness to that dramatic moment in Mary's life, when she knelt before her Lord, and cried, 'Rabonni!'"

"My hands were resting on the Bible while I stared at the light blue wall. As the light faded I seemed to be standing at the entrance of a garden, looking down a gently winding path, shaded by olive branches. A woman in white, with head bowed, hand clasping her throat, as if to choke back her sobs, walked slowly into the shadows. It was Mary. As she came to the tomb, upon which she placed her hand, she bent over to look in, and hurried away.

"John, in flowing robe, appeared, looking at the tomb; then came Peter, who entered the tomb, followed slowly by John.

"As they departed, Mary reappeared, leaning her head upon her arm at the tomb, and wept. Turning herself, she saw Jesus standing, so did I. I know it was He. She knelt before Him, with

arms outstretched and looking into His face cried, 'Rabonni!'"

"I awakened in full light, gripping the Bible, with muscles tense and nerves vibrating. Under the inspiration of this vision I wrote as quickly as the words could be formed the poem exactly as it has since appeared. That same evening I wrote the music."

Met Him Only Once

Although I have been singing the songs of Mr. Miles since childhood, it was not my privilege to be well acquainted with him as I was with E. O. Excell, Charles H. Gabriel, Adam Geibel, J. Lincoln Hall and other gospel hymn writers. However, I did have the opportunity in the summer of 1930 of spending a part of the afternoon with him in his office in Philadelphia.

He was very cordial and interesting. Among other things, we discussed the fact that his compositions were so unique and that he frequently used syncopation. He explained that the music to certain words should be written as spoken, even if they had to be syncopated. For that reason some critics complained that many of his numbers were too jerky and lacked the solemnity that should characterize sacred songs.

But millions sang his hymns and were greatly benefitted spiritually by so doing. On the Judgment Day, myriads of souls who have been helped by his songs will rise to call him blessed.

As Mr. Miles once wrote:

"Past the pearly gate
Where our loved-ones wait,
Some one will be there to bid
me welcome home."

Our Week

By M. HOME

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of Marble Collegiate Church New York city, tells of a certain man of his acquaintance.



Several years ago, when this man was young, he was night clerk in a fourth-rate hotel in a large American metropolis. Every night he was at his desk until the wee small hours.

A Prominent Guest

A well-known member of a socially prominent family of that city spent a lot of time in this hotel. He came there to get drunk, out of sight of respectable people. Despite his unfortunate practices, he was a pleasant fellow. He became interested in the young night clerk and stopped to chat with him now and then.

One night as he was coming out of the hotel, he was accosted by this dissolute prominent man, who said, "Hello, Bill, where are you going?"

"I'm going to church," Bill replied.

Somewhat surprised, the man said, "My car's out in front. I'll drive you to church." He drove Bill to church, let him out and drove off.

Regular Church Attendant

The following Sunday night, he again encountered Bill as he was leaving the hotel, and asked, "Where are you going tonight, Bill?"

"To church," Bill replied. "I go every Sunday evening." Again the man drove him to church.

This was repeated several Sunday nights, until one Sabbath evening, the man said, "I would like to go to church with you."

After the service, they drove down the street together; the man pulled his car up to the curb, turned off the motor and said:

"Son, you are a pretty decent fellow. You have clean habits, you attend to your business, you go to church, and as far as I can see, you live up to your religion. Everything I do, you don't do. I like you, son, you are a square shooter, and you have something I wish I had."

Makes A Proposition

"Now, I have a proposition. I own a hotel, expensive property, and it is losing money. The manager is not straight on moral matters and I am going to get rid of him."

The man looked at Bill searchingly and continued, "You are a little young but you have a wise head on your shoulders. You are a clean, decent Christian boy. I have a lot of money tied up in that hotel and I am not going to fool around with anybody I can't depend upon. How would you like to be manager of my hotel? The job is yours if you want it."

Took The Job

Bill took the job and now ten years later, it is one of the biggest income-earning properties in that part of the country—and Bill now owns 25 per cent of it. Bill has proved that character can still win in business as it does in everything else, even in post-war America.

We need honesty, uprightness, and Christianity in all walks of life. Let us fear God and keep His commandments.

Our Week

By M. HOMER



Although volumes have been written on the subject of pastoral visiting, no one has ever been able to find a satisfactory solution to the problem. The time, manner, and frequency of ministerial calls have not been determined with unerring accuracy. When Jesus commissioned the seventy disciples for a particular mission. He sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come, and instructed them among other things to "go not from house to house." However, Paul in referring to his own ministry stated that he had taught his parishioners "publicly, and from house to house."

Sam Jones

Sam Jones, the noted evangelist, often said that much of pastoral visiting was a waste of time and that the people should meet the preacher twice every Sunday at the church and hear him proclaim the gospel.

Other eminent clergymen claim that the minister should make no social calls but look only after the sick and shut-ins and give himself to prayer and the preaching of the Word.

Other authorities maintain that the pastor should go from door to door, making calls and inviting the people to church.

Coalwood and Caretta

In Coalwood and Caretta your pastors visit you once each week through the columns of this paper. We enter your home every Friday with a message which we trust you take time to read and heed. We are deeply interested in your spiritual welfare and we are anxious to do everything that we can to help you.

Attend Church

Why not attend the services of the church? There are very few things more discouraging to the minister than empty pews. It has a tendency to cool his fervor and make it difficult to preach. On the other hand, a house of worship filled with people eager to hear the Word of God thrills the heart of the minister and gives him freedom of utterance.

There is no reason, though you search,

Why you should stay away from church.

In Everything Give Thanks

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 Thes. 5:18.

"In everything give thanks!"
For all that God doth send,
For joys of home, for love of friend,
For blessings without end,
For this great world of ours,
For beaming sun, for fragrant flowers
And for refreshing showers.

"In everything give thanks!"
For seasons as they go,
For autumn's leaf and winter's snow,
For summer's heat and glow,
For glad approach of spring,
For happy song birds as they sing
And for the cheer they bring.

"In everything give thanks!"
For bitter with the sweet,
For trials that we often meet,
For storms that o'er us beat,
For happiness or pain,
For sunshine bright or falling rain,
For cruel loss or gain.

"In everything give thanks!"
For Christ, our Lord, who came
To earth from heaven to reclaim
Lost souls from sin and shame.
O let us work each day
For Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way;
"Thy kingdom come," we pray.

Trials Produce Stronger Characters

(Continued from Page 1)

he is certain that such steel has undergone a process in its making, which is widely different from that of making ordinary tarnishable steel. Something has entered its make-up, which enables it to throw off the tarnishing effects of use.

Stainless Character

"In reviewing the history of Israel, the author of the 105th Psalm picks out the stainless character of Joseph, as an illustration of what God can do with lives yielded entirely to Him. The Bible places Joseph in the midst of its story of one of the crises of God's Chosen People. Jacob's family has grown too large to live unnoticed among the clans of Palestine, and it is not strong enough, morally and spiritually, to keep itself from strange family ties. Something has to be done. God's promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are in the balance. These are promises made to the descendants of Abraham. Speaking humanly, God looks about. He finds Egypt is the best country in which to develop His Chosen People. But how will He get Jacob's family to move to Egypt? This the Psalmist explains: 'He sent a man before them, even Joseph, who was sold for a servant.' Don't you remember how the story thrilled you when a child? Mother, or perhaps father, told it. And it's a good story for parents to tell their children today.

"In this story, Joseph's stainless morality stands out, as a gem of purest ray. But his purity is no more marvelous than his integrity. Though he becomes the dictator of Egypt, he never seems to be accused of graft. And doesn't he handle the family's affairs with remarkable delicacy and efficiency? It's no easy matter to settle them comfortably in Egypt.

Due to Love

"And this man stirs one's imagination. He had something that his brothers do not seem to have, yet he was raised with them. Whence those dreams that cause the jealousy of his brothers to run high? Besides the dreams there was a

sterling worth, that differentiated Joseph from his family and his times. The difference was his love for and trust in God. Didn't God love Joseph's brothers? Yes, He did but they didn't love God. So when he is sold into Egypt and put in prison, he doesn't lose his faith and he partakes of the elements that make him a strong man. The text brings out the point: 'He was laid in iron.' This clause has excited the curiosity of students of the Bible. The American revised version translates it, 'He was laid in chains of iron', and puts in a note at the bottom of the page, 'His soul entered into the iron.' Others translate it, 'iron came into his soul.' Whatever may be the true translation, something, during his imprisonment, entered into the soul of Joseph that made him one of the greatest characters of all history. Joseph's faith in God transformed the irony of his God-chosen fate into strength of character. Thus God makes strong men.

"Besides sending Joseph into Egypt God sent a famine into all those lands. And hasn't God sent a depression upon the world? May not He want to produce stainless characters? Without the trials of Egypt, Joseph would probably have died an honest but unknown sheep raiser. Is it too far-fetched to suggest, that the dire times through which our country is passing is a part of the plan that God has devised to produce strong leaders. We love to think of Washington, of Lee, of Stonewall Jackson, of Lincoln. They are not the products of easy times? May not America be the Joseph of these times, appointed by God, to save His Chosen People from destruction, and the world from war and famine and chaos?

"It is common to say, that politicians are crooked. And it cannot be denied, that there is some truth in the statement. But does anyone want to assert that no official can be a Christian? If such were the case our country would be doomed. Who would want to say, that if Jesus was on earth He could not afford to be the president of the United States? Does anything in our constitution forbid, or make it impossible for a Christian to fill any position? Then if a Christian can, Jesus could, and if Jesus could not, let's revise our constitution. Just think, under God what better setting could any elective officer have for showing his honesty and integrity.

Value of Difficulties

"Yes, just as Joseph came out of the difficulties of his life, with a stainless character, so may other officials. The blood of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, will cleanse the sins of politicians as well as the sins of other people.

"Why look fearfully into the future, and bemoan the fate of the coming generations, and do nothing about it? Was there ever a better time for producing, through God's grace, stainless characters than now? In God we trust is still engaged upon our coin, who not engrave it upon our lives? Through God, this writer believes, that from out of the chaos of these times will come a nation whose character will grow more and more like Christ. Tribulation and distress are no hindrances to the progress of Christ's kingdom. That multitude of stainless characters seen by John in Revelation, were declared to have come out of great tribulation, and to have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. God is saying to America and to the world: 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, my grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply; the flame shall not hurt thee: I only design thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.'"

CONGRATULATIONS to one of Huntington's well known fathers, the Rev. M. Homer Cummings, 130 Cedar Street, poet laureate of the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church, who recently delivered his fourth consecutive annual sermon in verse to the 118th annual conference meeting in Buckhannon.

On August 12, Christian readers around the world will read a meditation written by Papa Cummings in "The Upper Room," devotional guide published by The Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn., and distributed interdenominationally to more than 70,000 churches, members of the armed forces, veterans and other hospitals and to prisons and other institutions.

Our Week

By REV. M. HO

Two men met on the street. One remarked, "Have you heard that old man So-and-so is dead?" Exclaimed the other, "Dead! What was the complaint?" The first answered, "Oh, there was no complaint; everybody was satisfied!"



Unbelievable, But True

It seems almost unbelievable that such a condition could exist in any community but that is just what happened with a king of Judah who died when he was only forty years of age. Here is the epitaph that was written concerning him in 2 Chronicles 21:20: "And he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and departed without being desired." He died as did many of the international gangsters of the recent World War, "unwept and unsung."

Jehoram

Jehoram was the name of this king of Judah. He ruled over his people eight years, and every year was a year of misrule. He was given the position of monarch of his country because he was the firstborn.

But no sooner had he become king than he sought to strengthen himself by slaying all his brothers and many of the princes with the sword. He did this because he wanted no rivals. He oppressed his subjects by imposing heavy taxes upon them and compelling them to work for him. He forced them to worship idols. He ever wrought evil in the sight of the Lord and walked in wicked ways of the kings of Israel. He brought death and destruction and misery to many of his people.

The abuse of his body by sin and dissipation was punished with a loathsome disease and he died in awful agony. And no one wanted him back. "He departed without being desired."

Bad Ancestors

The Bible indicates four reasons for his vicious career and unlamented death. They are as follows: bad ancestry, bad marriage, bad politics, and a bad religion.

(1.) Bad ancestry. He had a noble and wonderful father, Jehoshaphat. This father was one of the greatest and best kings of Judah. But unfortunately there was badness in his ancestral line for four generations. There was bloodshed in the three previous generations, and he murdered his six brothers. His own sons, with one exception, were slain in what we term a commando raid. It would have been better for Judah if that one had been slain, too, for when he came to the throne he exceeded even his father in wickedness.

The "Juke Family"

Certain families have cost civilization and the world very heavily.

Some years ago, Professor Dougdale catalogued the descendants of a family he called "The Jukes." There were 1,200 persons studied: 310 died in infancy, 310 were professional paupers; 50 were debauched women; 400 men and women contracted venereal diseases; 130 were convicted criminals;

seven were murderers; and that family cost the state of New York \$1,200,000.

The Edwards Family

Contrast that with the story of the Edwards family.

Jonathan Edwards was a New England clergyman. He was called to the presidency of Princeton, but died before assuming the office. From his descendants we have 285 college graduates; 13 became college presidents; and 65 others were college professors. There were 30 judges; 100 clergymen, 126 lawyers; 80 elected to public offices, other than judges, and three governors. About 135 books of merit were to the credit of this group.

Clean blood is indeed a fine heritage of children. It is better than silver or gold. However, no one needs to follow the examples of his wicked ancestors.

His Bad Marriage

Jehoram married Athaliah. She was the daughter of Jezebel and Ahab. Her mother, Jezebel, left a name as dishonored among women as that of Judas is among men. Athaliah was what might be expected. She corrupted Jehoram,

her husband, and she led astray her son, Ahaziah, and when he died, she murdered all her grandchildren, save one who was hidden from her. She then became queen and so the wheel swung its circle.

In view of this unholy marriage, it is no wonder that his career ended in tragedy.

Bad Politics

Jehoram engaged in bad politics. He was at the head of an

(Continued on page 11)

The Grantsville News

Phone 354-6021

P. O. Box L

Grantsville, West Virginia

PUBLISHER M. K. Nichols

PUBLICATION DATE — THURSDAY

Second-Class Postage Paid At Grantsville, West Virginia

SUBSCRIPTIONS \$2.06 PER YEAR

-- The Parson Writes --

Dear Mr. Publisher:

In these days of great trouble I bring you good news — our Sunday School attendance has picked up. Things got so bad there for a while that I thought we was gonna have to boil our Sunday School down to one class. That would be a class for the teachers, cause they were about the only ones that showed up. It appears the more the government talks about education the less the church seems to have. Finally, one of our new members, Ben Worldly, suggested that we study all the pagan religions in our class. He said that most folks were more interested in other people's religion than they was their own.

Well sir, we tried it, and it shore turned out just like he said. We got people coming to learn about Buddhism that don't know the first thing about Christianity. Bill Longnoot has been teaching this course with fine results. The members are going out during the week and talking

about Buddha, Confucius and the like. Its a fine witness, and we've had some folks applying for membership to our church. In fact one lady wanted to be baptized in the name of Buddha.

I learned a lot from the course too. One thing was that long time ago people thought everything had souls — trees, rocks, and even water. That's the reason they knocked on wood to keep from having bad luck — that was just like praying to the wood spirit. And whenever they bumped their head on a door they would turn around and talk to it for the same reason. I shore am glad we don't live back in them days.

Another thing I learned from this class was that the Hindus don't believe in killing animals cause they think people's souls jump into these varments after death. Lots of 'em don't wear clothes cause they're afraid a bug might get mashed in the process. And to think all these years that I been criticizing the

nudists.

Studying about the Buddhists was real interesting. These folks are natural born pacifist. They don't believe in violence of no kind. Thats why they killed some of our soldiers in Viet Nam—they don't want no murderers over there. The Buddhist believe in this reincarnation business too. Mr. Publisher, if our souls really go into bugs and tree, it appears to me that our over-population problem is worse than I thought. In our little town it would be awful hard to list the true population. It would take us a hundred years just to count all the bugs. And just think they're getting by without paying any tax.

Most of our men really like the Mohammedan's religion! Ole Mohammed knew how to get the fellas on his side. He allowed every man to have four wives, and promised 'em that in Heaven they'd have more women than they could shake a stick at. Us Christians believe that we ain't supposed to have but one wife. (2)

Gotta close now. In the meantime leave the screens off your window — your relatives might come calling.

Parson Jones

We acknowledge a brief but pleasant visit from former Fayetteville minister and Mrs. M. Homer Cummings, who now make their home in Huntington. They were en route home after a visit to his sister, in Monroe County, we believe.

Rev. Cummings, now retired, was pastor of Fayetteville Methodist Church for many years. He is a man of many talents, and written more songs than probably any other person in West Virginia and perhaps the United States

In addition to his song writing, he writes many poems and was recently named Methodist Conference Poet Laureate and was requested to write a poem for the Conference, which he did, entitled "The Church."

Rev. and Mrs. Cummings live at 130 Cedar Street, Huntington

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

DON'T FIND FAULT

If there is one who has no fault,
He's buried in some grave or
vault.

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

A LIE

A lie is never white
But always black as night.

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

PUT THE SHOE ON

Don't blame the preacher if he hits
you
But put the shoe on if it fits you.

The Grantsville News

Phone 354-6021

M. K. Nichols --- Publisher

Publication Date—Thursday

Second-Class postage paid
At Grantsville, W. Va.

The Parson
Writes

Dear Mr. Publisher:

I wish you coulda been with me tonight over at the Absolute Truth Church. Me and the madam went over there to hear a special Christmas message. This fella preached on "Christ is the Answer". It's the

same thing" you see on a lot of signs along the highway. Every time I see "Christ is the answer", I want to ask the question, "The answer to what?" Well sir, I thought maybe this minister would answer my question in his talk. He spent 45 minutes telling us the same thing that his topic said, but he never told us what Christ was the answer to.

I got a little idea that it was sin, but then he never told us what sin was. Oh, he talked about the sins of Noah's day and the sins of Jesus' day, but I got the feeling he wasn't quite sure what our sins are, or else he was afraid to say. He sounded like that scientist who invented a cure for which there was no disease.

Back in the old days when Amos and Isaiah was preaching, sermons

didn't beat around the bush. Ole Amos pointed his finger at the overweight, over-dressed women walking down the streets and called 'em big fat cows. He claimed they were wallowing in money while so many folks were going hungry. Jesus told a rich man that his money was gonna keep him outa heaven. And he made the religious leaders mad by pointing out that their prayers wasn't worth two cents as long as they bragged about being good.

Now-a-days, it seems like preacher-like preachers ain't got strong enough backbones to poke their nose into real life and call a spade a spade. After all, these ole time preachers got killed for telling the truth. Jesus didn't last long when He started talking about race, money, and religious hypocrisy. He told his disciples if they followed in His footsteps they wouldn't last long either. Most of us don't mind talking for the Cause, but we ain't so eager to die for it. So, instead of wading out into the main stream of life where the waters deep and dangerous we just puddle around in the mud hole of surface issues like drinking, smoking, card playing and drinking.

Don't get me wrong Sir, I believe Jesus is the answer too. But, folks like we oughta have a few

questions before we'll see the answer. Well, I 'gotta close for now. I'm gonna preach this Sunday on "What does God say about War?" I may not give a perfect answer but you'll have to admit its a awful good question. Until next time, don't burn your draft card.

Yours truly,
Parson Jones

The Parson Writes

Dear Mr. Publisher:

The last letter I got from you, you asked how I was getting along at my new church in the city. Well, as you know, Sir, I've always had a church in the country until I got this call to the city. I can honestly say I don't see much difference — folks are usually bad in the country and the city. Just like changing a snake's roosting place ain't gonna help his personality much, so is the humans I've met. I used to think that maybe country churches were a little more set in there ways, but if any congregation ever got more set than the one I got now, they would probably hatch.

Back years ago churches use to fight tooth and nail to make sure nobody changed their doctrines. They had the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the doctrine of the Virgin Birth and such like. Well, there shore ain't nothing wrong with that, but now we done come up with all sorts of new doctrines.

First off, there's the doctrine of the holy hour. Church has got to be held at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. I tried to change it to 9 o'clock at our church and it almost tore the congregation apart. They don't care much about the doctrine of the virgin birth one way or the other, but they don't want you fooling with the doctrine of the Holy hour. To hear them talk the Good Book has a commandment "Thou shalt worship at 11 o'clock." One woman swore I was trying to change the Bible by switching the time. I reckon if our folks had a been the shepherds when Jesus was born they would'a told the angels to go away and come back at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. Then, there's the doctrine of the Holy seat. We got some folks that won't set in but one seat. If somebody else gets it they'll stop coming. They don't mind what you preach. You can talk about Jesus setting on the throne as long as he or nobody else don't try to get their seat. I reckon holding on to that one seat is like a baby holding on to his blanket — it gives him a sense of security. So we been kinda cautious about taking folks sitting places away cause we don't want to make neurotics out of 'em.

I know you've heard of the doctrine of the holy comfort. Some folks believe that the Holy Comforter is the one who makes everything comfortable in church. Lotsa my folks won't come unless the heat is just right and the seats ain't too hard. They're more interested in heat than they are holiness. As a matter of fact, Mr. Publisher, we've got one group known as the cushion committee to make sure some of our soft reared friends don't become calloused.

Well I reckon you can see how the church has come along way. We've still got "holy" things in the church but they've changed a mite.

I've gotta go now. By the way, would you be interested in a pocket watch that chimes at 11 o'clock. Holy smoke, it's later than I thought.

Yours truly,

Parson Jones

POETRY TODAY

By DORIS MILLER

ANOTHER POET LAUREATE: During its recent busy session, the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church took time in its later hours to name itself a poet laureate, the Rev. M. Homer Cummings of Huntington, pastor of the Cox's Landing Church.

Papa Cummings, who is another of the gentlest and best men imaginable, has been recognized by this writer as the Edgar A. Guest of West Virginia for a good many years. He can spin rhymes on a moment's notice, verses which delight with their kindly humor and homeliness.

Now retired, though still serving a church here, Mr. Cummings sang his "swan song" at the 1959 Conference in verse, some of which was reprinted in this column. He is the author of many hymns, among them the following one to the Father of all mankind, which was sung at the conference meeting this year.

HOW GREAT THOU ART

*How wondrous are the works of Thy creation!
In wisdom Thou has planned and made them all;
I stand amazed in awe and adoration
When I Thy greatness and Thy deeds recall.*

*The universe—the worlds and constellations,
The sun and moon which beautify the sky;
The tribes of earth and people of all nations
Are guarded ever by Thy watchful eye.*

*Thy love divine surpasses comprehension!
'Tis marvelous, it reaches even me;
I cannot grasp such gracious condescension —
Christ took my place and died on Calvary.*

*When by Thy grace I see Thy face in glory
And humbly kneeling at Thy feet I bow;
I'll worship Thee, I'll bless Thee and alone adore
Thee
And cry, O Lord, my God, how great art
Thou."*

—M. Homer Cummings, 1959