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Series III. Folder 1. Articles, 1931-1965

Melville Homer Cummings

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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
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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.

January 25, 1946

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 know 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.
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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.'

February 1, 1946

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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February 22, 1946

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
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WEEKLY MESSAGE

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eleven days after he left the Presidency, George Washington breathed his last and went out into eternity. 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.)

April 12, 1946

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 thousand 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".

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 aver-
ted 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, heroism, and love of those brave men who have given their lives for their country. It is fitting and proper that we should thus remember them for they gave the "last full measure of their devotion."

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."

July 12, 1946

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."

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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. * * *

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Overslept

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hunnicut and Joe, are spending their vacation in Kentucky, visiting Mrs. Hunnicut's mother, Mrs. Lewis.
Mack Jessie and Mr. and Mrs. Acle Guy Jessie spent July 4 in Coburn, Va.
Mrs. Iona Smith, of Martinsville, Va., spent last weekend with Mrs. Shade Creed.
Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shortridge were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Mullens, Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Cleatus Rutherford and children, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cole and Newland, spent last weekend visiting in Johnson City, Tenn.
Miss Molhe Wallace has returned to her work at Martinsville, Delina, are visiting relatives, in Hillsville, Va.
Boot: "What is the calibre of this gun?"
1st Classman: "Darned if I know—it's just a big bore to me."

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Sea, Mediterranean, and through the last with the Black Sea, on the east.

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(Continued on Page 8)

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.

OUR WEEKLY

(Continued from Page 4)

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August 9, 1946

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).

aturday, August 31, 1940.

Dorothy Dix Says —

What is age? When are we old? A wit has said that any one who is 10 years older than we are is old. And perhaps that is just as good a definition as any. Certainly we can't measure age by the number of candles on our birthday cakes, for many people are born old. They are virtually senile in their cradles. They never have a young thought, a young impulse, a young emotion during their entire lives, while other men and women never grow old, no matter how long they live. In their eighties and nineties they are still mere lads and lassies. Of course, time takes its toll of all of us. Our good looks go with the years. We acquire feather-bed or string-bean figures. Our eyes dim and our joints creak at the hinges. And if our hearts and souls have hardened along with our arteries we are old. But if we have still kept alive our interests in things, our curiosity about what's coming next, our hopes, our enthusiasms and our faith in life, we are still young, no matter how our outward appearances belie it.

So I think we are young just as long as we can change our minds and plant out new apple orchards, and we are old when we begin talking about the good old days and

back stage door when LaRue staged her final tantrum.

(To Be Continued)
(Copyright 1940, for The Gazette)

shut out from our minds every idea that isn't a veritable antique, and begin asking what's the use. But if age is a misfortune to a man, it is a tragedy to a woman. For the theory has always prevailed that it was the duty of the feminine sex to remain perpetually young, and this effort to look and act 16 after they were 60 has been the cause of great suffering to women and made them commit many follies.

So it is even more important for women to know when they are old than it is for men to know when they are, and it is an even more difficult question to settle because their age is one of the secrets they do not even tell themselves. However, one young woman answers the old question "how old is Ann" in this fashion.

One Girl's Query

She writes: "This morning I awoke to face a terrible situation. For it was my birthday and there I was 20 years old and an old maid. A shudder of horror crept down my spine as I realized my predicament. I could not get away from the cold, hard facts.

"My friends were all in college or married and I was not in college, not married, not even engaged and 20 years old. The irony of it all is that I don't feel old. Why, I enjoy life. I want to travel, go places and do things and meet people and have a good time be-

fore I settle down to marriage and children.

"But I'm getting along in age and I am afraid that if I don't grab my first chance at a husband it may be my last. Should I take Mr. Anybody, or wait for Mr. Right to come along?"

Life Goes On

Aged at 20; An old maid at 20! How many of us will smile at that naive point of view of age. Yet we have all held it. We can all remember when we thought any woman of 20 was so old that she should climb up on the self and make way for young people.

We wondered what any one of 30 could possibly find of pleasure and interest to do that made them still cling to life, while as for the old gaffers of 40 it seemed almost indecent for them to still cumber the world.

Yet when we reached these advanced periods in life we found we had just begun to live, and that life was far richer and had far more savor than it had in our adolescent days.

So I offer this comfort to my correspondent, and also the assurance that she need not because of her advanced age rush to the altar with the first man who pops the question to her. Her matrimonial chances for the next 10 years will not only be greater, but she will be more likely to make a happy marriage because she will bring to the selection of a husband the knowledge of life and men that only time can teach her.

Dorothy Dix.
(Copyright 1940, for The Gazette)

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.

October 4, 1946

Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

While attending Conference in 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 ratl snakes, the hyena, 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 Carretta, 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 or 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 pastor 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 Anello, 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

No Permanent Peace While Sin Rules, Says Chaplain

Sermon Contributed by
the Rev. M. Homer
Cummings

There will be no permanent peace as long as sin rules in the human heart, declared the Rev. Homer Cummings, chaplain of the house of delegates and pastor of the Fayetteville M. E. church, in an Armistice sermon prepared for The Gazette. The text and the sermon are respectively as follows:

Text—"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire."—Psalms 46:9.

For more than four years, in countless homes throughout Europe were heard lamentation and bitter weeping. Millions, yea, hundreds of millions refused to be comforted because their loved ones went down into the valley of the shadow of death from which many never returned. Husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts said good-bye to their friends for the last time.

On a thousand battlefields the Grim
(Please Turn to Page 5, Col. 3.)



THE REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS,
Pastor of Fayetteville M. E. Church
and Chaplain of the House of
Delegates.

The Charleston Gazette, Monday, November 16, 1931.

No Peace While Sin Rules

(Continued From Page 1.)

Reaper took his heavy toll. Young men, with the bloom of youth on their cheeks, died in awful suffering without a gentle hand to soothe the pangs of torture or ease the sting of pain. Others with eyesight gone, limbs shot away, and bodies mutilated, were doomed to agony as long as life lasted.

That terrible war, so unspeakably horrible in its nature and so amazingly tremendous in its magnitude, reached its bloody hands across the Atlantic and our own country was drawn into the colossal struggle. How our hearts ached as we bade farewell to the boys as they departed from our midst! We realized that on a number of faces we would never be permitted to look again. And oh! the days, and weeks, and months of suspense. How anxiously we awaited the arrival of the mail, hoping in vain that it would bring us a message from over the seas! How eagerly we scanned the columns of the daily paper and how fervently we prayed for the success and safety of our soldiers, our sailors, and our brave allies!

How gladly we purchased Liberty bonds, bought War Savings stamps and donated to the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., K. of C., Salvation Army, and the various welfare movements! In fact, we were willing to make almost

any possible sacrifice to win the victory. To defeat the Kaiser and his confederates, was the theme of sermons, the purpose of editorials, the object of prayers, the inspiration of poems and the subject of conversations.

But on the eleventh of November, in the autumn of 1918, the news was flashed throughout the entire world. "The Armistice was signed this morning at eleven o'clock and hostilities have ceased," and thus it came to pass that on the eleventh month of the year and the eleventh day of the month and the eleventh hour of the day, the greatest war of all history was brought to a close. Once more there was "peace on earth; good will toward men." Whistles blew, bells rang, men threw their hats into the air, women screamed for joy, and everywhere there was rejoicing and thanksgiving. With the Psalmist we could exclaim, "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in fire."

Saved From Despotism

Thirteen years have elapsed since then and we have maintained friendly relations with the countries of the world. There has not been a disturbing cloud in our national sky.

The militarism against which we fought and over which we triumphed was completely crushed and never again will it threaten the foundations of civilization. The autocratic rule of the Kaiser is forever past. Our noble soldiers and the allies saved us from this despotism. Of the 4,500,000 who enlisted in the service of the United States, the vast majority returned. But there were some who did not come back. There are many thousand brave American lads sleeping on foreign soil.

It has been said that if the bodies of all of those who were slain in the World war could be placed in caskets, side by side, allowing only two feet for each, they would make a line that would extend from New York to San Francisco. Should a person start out to take a last look upon the face of each of these dead soldiers, allowing only one minute for each, it would require nearly two whole years to do so, with never a halt in the sad mission.

It is fitting and proper that at this time we should pause to pay our tribute of respect to those who gave their lives for their countries. The Saviour said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." They made

the supreme sacrifice and we should honor their memories. As we do so, we earnestly pray that the day may speedily arrive when "swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks and nations shall learn war no more."

However, there can be no permanent peace as long as sin rules the human heart. It is foolish for us to insist on disarmament when a wave of crime is sweeping over our own land and many

of our large cities are clamoring for more police protection. A nation is no better than its citizens. Therefore, in order to abolish war, each individual should accept Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

The Church

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

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)

The News does
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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;

The Caretta Board of Christian Education met November 12, with

**Caretta Board
Christian Educ.
Plans "Home Dept"**

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... Mrs. Hugh Cox, M...
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My Baby Now

and Buchanan News

November 16, 1945

NEWS

REV. CUMMINGS

(Continued from Page 1)

occasion the signing of the Armistice which took place 27 years ago. For more than nineteen months our nation had been at war with the Central Powers of Europe. Our brave young men had crossed the Atlantic to join our brave allies in the colossal struggle. They were dying for their country in these foreign lands. And then one day the news was flashed throughout the world, "The Armistice was signed this morning at eleven o'clock and hostilities have ceased!" And thus on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year the greatest war that the world had known up until that time was brought to a close and there was rejoicing and gladness everywhere.

"We vainly thought that there would never be another war for this was the "war to end all wars." But 23 years later we were treacherously attacked by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor and were drawn into World War II and lost more than 200,000 of our brave men on the battle-field. Now, that war has likewise ended and our hearts are glad.

"We won the war, let us pray that we may win the peace and that never again our fair land may be cursed by the awful blight of war. To this end let us dedicate our lives, our fortunes, and everything that we are and have.

"May God grant that these dead may not have died in vain for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Many servicemen of this and the last World War attended the services which were enhanced by a special musical program.

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 become 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.

Friday, November 30, 1946

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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 preach-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 messing.

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

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-

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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 8:36.)

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.

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OUR WEEKLY MESSAGE

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'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 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 sein' 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, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, and then I promise to be better and say my prayers again! Grandma 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 south-west. 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 arose 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 of-

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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."