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Melville Homer Cummings

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By M. HOME

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of Marble Collegiate Church New York city, tells of a certain man of his acquaintance.

Several years ago, when this man was young, he was night clerk in a fourth-rate hotel in a large American metropolis. Every night he was at his desk until the wee small hours.

A Prominent Guest

A well-known member of a socially prominent family of that city spent a lot of time in this hotel. He came there to get drunk, out of sight of respectable people. Despite his unfortunate practices, he was a pleasant fellow. He became interested in the young night clerk and stopped to chat with him now and then.

One night as he was coming out of the hotel, he was accosted by this dissolute prominent man, who said, "Hello, Bill, where are you going?"

"I'm going to church," Bill replied.

Somewhat surprised, the man said, "My car's out in front. I'll drive you to church." He drove Bill to church, let him out and drove off.



Regular Church Attendant

The following Sunday night, he again encountered Bill as he was leaving the hotel, and asked, "Where are you going tonight, Bill?"

"To church," Bill replied. "I go every Sunday evening." Again the man drove him to church.

This was repeated several Sunday nights, until one Sabbath evening, the man said, "I would like to go to church with you."

After the service, they drove down the street together; the man pulled his car up to the curb, turned off the motor and said:

"Son, you are a pretty decent fellow. You have clean habits, you attend to your business, you go to church, and as far as I can see, you live up to your religion. Everything I do, you don't do. I like you, son, you are a square shooter, and you have something I wish I had."

Makes A Proposition

"Now, I have a proposition. I own a hotel, expensive property, and it is losing money. The manager is not straight on moral matters and I am going to get rid of him."

The man looked at Bill searchingly and continued, "You are a little young but you have a wise head on your shoulders. You are a clean, decent Christian boy. I have a lot of money tied up in that hotel and I am not going to fool around with anybody I can't depend upon. How would you like to be manager of my hotel? The job is yours if you want it."

Took The Job

Bill took the job and now ten years later, it is one of the biggest income-earning properties in that part of the country—and Bill now owns 25 per cent of it. Bill has proved that character can still win in business as it does in everything else, even in post-war America.

We need honesty, uprightness, and Christianity in all walks of life. Let us fear God and keep His commandments.

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

It is best for us that we should never learn
What folks are saying when our backs we turn.

We have all heard the old adage that "eavesdroppers never hear anything good said about them." That statement contains more truth than poetry.



If it were possible for us to be listening to others when we were the topic of the conversation and they did not know that we were near, it is doubtful if we would hear them say anything complimentary about us. Most people in some communities speak evil of nearly every one about whom they talk.

They criticise men and women in all walks of life. They vilify the President, Congress, the Governor, the other federal and state officials, the rich and poor, the young and old, the high and low, and the moral and immoral. To them, there is "none that doeth good, no, not one."

The especially direct their venom and spleen against the church, its members, and the preacher. Yes, he always gets his full share of it. He is the one person who never escapes their unjust criticism. He gets it going and coming.

of the mob nor the victim and could not judge of his guilt or innocence. So they murdered the man and gave his flesh to be eaten by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

The minister was a witness to the crime, although an unwilling witness.

The Victim

The man, it seems, was not a member of an alien race, but had once been a brother beloved. He had grown cold in his religious experience, and a whispering campaign started.

The whispering increased to a murmur, and the murmuring was soon fanned into a frenzy, until some thought that they were doing the will of God when they slandered this brother, and they quickly branded all who refused to listen and agree as compromisers with evil and the friends and partners of the man whose good name they were bent on besmirching. By such means they hushed the protests which threatened to arise against their cruelty.

Like Cannibals

So, like a company of heathen cannibals, this gathering of professing Christians cut off the poor man's ears, gouged out his eyes, plucked his nails, and finally crushed his skull and cut out his

Glass Houses

Those who censure others most are usually persons who live in glass houses and consequently should be the last to throw stones. They expect absolute perfection in everybody except themselves. They behold the mote in their brother's eye but do not consider the beam that is in their own eye. (Saint Matthew 7:3).

They are always directing attention to the minor faults of others in order that their own glaring vices will not be noticed. Like the Pharisees whom Jesus denounced, "they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." (Saint Matthew 23:4).

The Average Conversation

Evil speaking is usually one of the ingredients of nearly every conversation. John Wesley said that you rarely ever hear anybody talk more than ten minutes before something of a harmful nature is said of a neighbor.

Take the average conversation, for instance. After a few remarks about the weather and some references to physical ailments and aches and pains, what do we hear? Too often it is a lengthy discussion about the weaknesses and frailties of our fellow human beings. Everybody whose name is mentioned comes in for his share of abuse. Instead of calling attention to the good traits in others, only the bad are chronicled.

Saw a Man Murdered

A minister said recently that he saw a man murdered. They killed him and picked him to pieces in the presence of this clergyman. It was gruesome and horrible, but the preacher was powerless to prevent it.

He did not know the members

heart. Oh, it was terrible!

But such is the cruelty of envy, such are the ravages of slander, and such are the burnings of tongues touched by unholy fire. No it was not the wounding and mutilation of the transient thing we call the body. The man was not literally murdered.

He still lives physically but these infamous tongues that were sharper than a two edged sword completely marred and dismembered his good name. In that sense they killed him, for

"When fame is lost and honor fled,
That man is dead."

The Tongue

The Bible says: "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." (James 3:5,6).

"Five things observe with care; of whom you speak; to whom you speak; and how; and when; and where."

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To start the week right on Monday
You should attend church on Sunday.

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By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

ONE TONGUE BUT TWO EARS
Man has one tongue but he has two ears,
He should not tell more than half he hears.

JOSH HAYSEED
By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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

Corner Couplet
Copyright 1946
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NEGLECT
Oh, how many lives are wrecked
By a moment's small neglect!

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STRONG DRINK
It seems to me if folks would think
They would not tamper with strong drink.

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By M. HOMER CUMMINGS
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THE "NYLON LINE"
If we could get the "Nylon Line"
To go to church, it would be fine.

JOSH HAYSEED
By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"Go ter church Sunday. Some people never call upon th' good Lord except when they're in trouble."

JOSH HAYSEED



"Folks now a-days is keerless, and fergitful, and too onthankful."

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By M. HOMER CUMMINGS
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TOO MANY COOKS
Though many hands will lighten toil,
Too many cooks the broth will spoil.

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By M. HOMER CUMMINGS
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"THEY SAY"
Most gossip of today
Has for its source, "They say."

JOSH HAYSEED
By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"A feller kin run inter debt but he has ter crawl ter git out."

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OUR LITTLE SELVES
Our little selves we are revealing
When we "fly off" and "hit the ceiling."

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INDORSING A NOTE
You'll have occasion for remorse,
If you another's note indorse

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FREE SPEECH (?)
Some people claim that speech is free
But try Long Distance and you'll see.

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WOMEN KEEP SECRETS
"Can women keep secrets?" I once asked a sage;
He answered, "They can, when it comes to their age."

JOSH HAYSEED
By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"A purty good way ter git ahead an' ter stay a-head is ter use yer head."

Written By Local Man

**Hymn Commemorates
'Aldersgate Sunday'**

By DORIS MILLER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



REV. M. H. CUMMINGS

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

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

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

Has Your Heart Been Warmed?

"I felt my heart strangely warmed. An assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins."—John Wesley's Aldersgate experience, May 24, 1738. "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"—Luke 24:32.
M. H. C. Copyright, 1938, by M. Homer Cummings M. HOMER CUMMINGS

DUET

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

ALDERSGATE SUNDAY HYMN

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



A father purchased an air rifle for his son. The following day the boy led his father into the back yard and asked the father to watch him shoot. "How is that, father?" asked the boy, after he had delivered a shot.

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

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

A Big Bang!

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

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

Many Fail

Many fail in this respect and their lives become wrecks.

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

Converted

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

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

Hanged

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

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

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

A Warning

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

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

IF TO US THEY COULD SPEAK

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

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

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

Our Week

By M. HOME

Although volumes have been written on the subject of pastoral visiting, no one has ever been able to find a satisfactory solution to the problem. The time, manner, and frequency of ministerial



calls have not been determined with unerring accuracy. When Jesus commissioned the seventy disciples for a particular mission. He sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come, and instructed them among other things to "go not from house to house." However, Paul in referring to his own ministry stated that he had taught his parishioners "publicly, and from house to house."

Sam Jones

Sam Jones, the noted evangelist, often said that much of pastoral visiting was a waste of time and that the people should meet the preacher twice every Sunday at the church and hear him proclaim the gospel.

Other eminent clergymen claim that the minister should make no social calls but look only after the sick and shut-ins and give himself to prayer and the preaching of the Word.

Other authorities maintain that the pastor should go from door to door, making calls and inviting the people to church.

Coalwood and Caretta

In Coalwood and Caretta your pastors visit you once each week through the columns of this paper. We enter your home every Friday with a message which we trust you take time to read and heed. We are deeply interested in your spiritual welfare and we are anxious to do everything that we can to help you.

Attend Church

Why not attend the services of the church? There are very few things more discouraging to the minister than empty pews. It has a tendency to cool his fervor and make it difficult to preach. On the other hand, a house of worship filled with people eager to hear the Word of God thrills the heart of the minister and gives him freedom of utterance.

**There is no reason, though you search,
Why you should stay away from church.**

In Everything Give Thanks

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 Thes. 5:18.

"In everything give thanks!"
For all that God doth send,
For joys of home, for love of friend,
For blessings without end,
For this great world of ours,
For beaming sun, for fragrant flowers
And for refreshing showers.

"In everything give thanks!"
For seasons as they go,
For autumn's leaf and winter's snow,
For summer's heat and glow,
For glad approach of spring,
For happy song birds as they sing
And for the cheer they bring.

"In everything give thanks!"
For bitter with the sweet,
For trials that we often meet,
For storms that o'er us beat,
For happiness or pain,
For sunshine bright or falling rain,
For cruel loss or gain.

"In everything give thanks!"
For Christ, our Lord, who came
To earth from heaven to reclaim
Lost souls from sin and shame.
O let us work each day
For Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way;
"Thy kingdom come," we pray.

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

The Story Of A Boy

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



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

Frames His Dog

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

His Mother Punishes Fido

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

The Boy Returns Home

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

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

Conscience Troubles Him

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

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

The Boy Prays

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

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

What Is Conscience?

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

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

The Church

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

A Busy Time

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

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

The Right Idea

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

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

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

No Room In the Inn

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

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

Is He Crowded Out?

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

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

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

OF DE

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

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

His Presence

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

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

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

Greetings —

*We'd like to visit you today
But since we can not, we now say,
"May Christmas bring you hope and cheer
And joy be yours the coming year."*

Rev. & Mrs. M. Homer Cummings

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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

A Busy Time

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

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

The Right Idea

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

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

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

His Presence

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

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



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

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

No Room In the Inn

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

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

Is He Crowded Out?

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

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

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

Our Week

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

February 2 is commonly called "Ground-Hog Day," in allusion to the tradition that this animal comes out of his hole on that day and, if he casts a shadow, runs back, in which case a return of wintry weather is to be expected. Although it is inconceivable that the woodchuck could have the power of prognosticating the meteorological condition of the atmosphere, there are many who apparently think that he has this ability, and they are alarmed if the sun happens to shine on the second day of February. Their thoughts are described in the couplet:

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

Bad Luck

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



Other Superstitions

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

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

Warning of Death

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

Unlucky Days to Marry

My mother used to quote to me

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

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

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

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

WEEKLY MESSAGE

(Continued from page 4)

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

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

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



ing."

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

No Substitute

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

Excuses

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

Morbus Sabbaticus

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

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

Peculiar Features

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

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

Several in McDowell

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

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

A Good Habit

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

AT CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY

(Author Unknown)

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

Each one intends to do what's fair
And treat his neighbor on the square;

But he may not quite understand
Why you don't take him by the hand

At church next Sunday.

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

At church next Sunday.

We have an interest in our town,
The dear old place must not go down;

We want to push good things along
And we can help some if we're strong

At church next Sunday.

Don't knock and kick and slam
and slap

At every body on the map.

But push and pull and boost and boom

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

Or Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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



Old Books

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

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

"Whisperers"

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

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

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

Reasons for Whispering

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

Paul a Victim

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

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

Found Everywhere

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

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

Fight Against Odds

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

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Our Weekly Mess

BY REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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



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

"I've shut the door on Yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches;
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles

And every spring-time bloom.
No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And every malice and distrust
Shall never therein reign;
I've shut the door on Yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me
Since I have found Today."

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

One Day at a Time

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

Living in the Past

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

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

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

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

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

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

Disgruntled

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

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

THE Po

FATHER

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

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

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

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

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

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

—M. Homer Cummings.

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

PULLING RANK: Homer Cummings, the Glasgow Methodist preacher and poet, walked into Motor Vehicles Bureau the other day and calmly asked that license plate No. 1 be reserved for him. A startled clerk, going along with the gag, told him it had already been spoken for this year, suggested he try again in 1936. Who knows?

Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

Pearl Harbor

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

Our Nation Was Changed

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

Civilian Population

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

Reconversion

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

Moral and Spiritual

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

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

A Better World

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

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JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

A LIE

A lie is never white
But always black as night.

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Copyright 1946

WHY THE ROOF LEAKS

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

Corner Couplet

Copyright 1946

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

BURDEN AND BLESSING

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

The Churches

Our Weekly Message

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

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

Shy at First

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

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

Caretta 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.

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

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

Human Traits

Bob had certain traits that reminded one of human beings. He had strong likes and dislikes. There were some folks to whom he

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Shanes are the parents of an infant daughter, born Nov. 4 at Stevens Clinic. Mrs. Harmon is the former Miss Thelma Talley of Reedsville, N. C. who weighed 10 pounds at birth, born Oct. 30. The baby,

He would then close his eyes and appear to be asleep.

Glad to See Me

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

Liked the Church

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

Became Angry One Day

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

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

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

Mischievous

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

was deeply devoted and there were others whose presence he resented. It was hard for him to forgive an injury done to him. Yet he was grateful for any kindness shown him.

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

A Pet Crow

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

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

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

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

And you have to get along with
meager fare;

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

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

Bob is Dead

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

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

Our Weekly Message

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

The Sunny Side

Miss Ada Blen-
horn, the noted
author, began
writing gospel
songs in 1892.
One day as she
was wheeling an
invalid nephew



who always
wanted to ride
on the sunny side
of the street, she
got the inspiration for the hymn,
"Keep On the Sunny Side of Life."
The first verse is as follows:

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

There's a bright and sunny side,
too;

Though we meet with darkness
and strife,

The sunny side we also may
view."

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

The Dark Side

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

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

Not So Bad Off

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

Mental Attitude

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

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

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

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

THE OPTIMISTIC FROG

"Two frogs fell into a deep cream
bowl,

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

'We shall drown,' he cried, with-
out more ado.

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

Quoth the other frog with a merry
grin,

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

I'll just round till my strength is
spent,

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

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

Our Weekly Message (Continued from Page 4)

cream.

On the top of the butter at last he
stopped,

And out of the bowl he gaily hop-
ped.

What of the moral? 'T is easily
found;

If you can't hop out, keep swim-
ming round."

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Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



Vice-President Marshall

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

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

The Minister

No man in public life can please everybody.

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

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

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

John and Jesus

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

I Expect of My Pastor

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

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

A Follower of Christ

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

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

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

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

Preach the Gospel

A third person wrote: "If it were my privilege to select a minister for my church, I would submit the following specifications: (1) That he preach the gospel as written in the Bible, not in a manner that might please me but as God directs him to deliver it. (2) That he endeavor to make the Scripture plain and simple in order that I might apply its teaching to my daily life. (3) That he fear nothing but God."

Not Blame My Pastor

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

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

No Puppet Pastor

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

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By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

Paul's Charge to Timothy

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

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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



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

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

A Friend of Mine

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

A Recent Editorial

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

Cards and Letters

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

Then there was a long-time Fay-

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

Intellect Not Enough

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

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

My Prayer

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

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

Let Us All Pray

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

Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

A. H. Ackley

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

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

* * *

"When the clouds are raining,
Don't begin-complaining,
What the world is gaining should
not make you sad;

Do not be a fretter,
Smiling is much better,
And a smile will help to make
the whole world glad.

"You can smile when you can't say
a word,
You can smile when you cannot be
heard,
You can smile when it's cloudy or
fair,
You can smile any time, any-
where."

Not Mentioned in Bible

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

Meaning of a Smile

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

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

Different Kinks of Smiles

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

"There are smiles of courtesy

and diplomacy.

"There are smiles of anger and hate.

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

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

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

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

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How often do you attend the services of the church? When was the last time you entered the House of God? Do you ever go to prayer meeting? How would you feel if you had no place of worship in your community?



Recently one of our parishioners handed us a newspaper clipping and it gave us a peculiar sensation as we read the headlines:

Mrs. Prayer Meeting Succumbs; Death Due to Coldness of Heart

The article is as follows:

"Mrs. Prayer Meeting died recently at the First Neglected Church, on Worldly Avenue. Born many years ago in the midst of great revivals, she was a strong and healthy child, fed largely on testimonies and Scriptural holiness, soon growing into world-wide prominence, and was one of the most influential members of the famous church family.

In Failing Health

"For the past several years, Sister Prayer Meeting has been in failing health, gradually wasting away until rendered helpless by stiffness of knees, coldness of heart, inactivity, and weakness of purpose and will power. Her strength wasted away until she was but a shadow of her former self. Her last whispered words were inquiries concerning the strange absence of her loved ones who had forsaken her but who were busy in the marts of trade and in places of worldly amusements. Her older brother, Brother Class Meeting, has been dead for many years.

Cause of Her Death

"Experts, including Dr. Works, Dr. Reform and Dr. Joiner disagreed as to the cause of her fatal illness, administering large doses of organization, socials, contests and drives, but to no avail. A post mortem showed that a deficiency of spiritual food, coupled with lack of fasting, faith, heart-felt religion, shameless desertion, and non-support were contributing causes.

The Funeral

"Only a few were present at her death, sobbing over memories of her past beauty and power. Carefully selected pall-bearers were urged to tenderly bear her remains away, but failed to appear. There were no flowers. Her favorite hymns, "Amazing Grace" and "Rock of Ages" were not sung. Miss Ima Modern rendered a solo but her voice trembled so that nobody could understand what she was singing.

"The body rests in the beautiful cemetery of Bygone Glories awaiting the summons from above. In honor of her going, the church doors will be closed on Wednesday nights, save on the third Wednesday of each month, when the Ladies' Pink Lemonade Society meets."

In Your Community

Would you like this to happen in your community? **The prayer meeting, Sunday School, and the**

various religious services are kept alive by the attendance of the people.

What are you doing to help? **Come to church next Sunday.**

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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

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

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

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God and Eternity

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

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



No Time for Religion

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

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

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

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

"No, not today," she replied.

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

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

Home in Eternity

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

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

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

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

IF WE MISS HEAVEN

There is a beautiful city above,
Where all is peace and love;
Let us be faithful and earnest each
day,

Lest from the fold we stray.

Joys here so fleeting will soon
pass away,

Brief is our earthly stay;
Naught in exchange for our souls
we should give,

Let us for Jesus live.

If we miss heaven, we'll miss it all,
Sad would be our fate—

Never to enter the pearly gate;
If we miss heaven, we'll miss it all.

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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

John 3:16

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

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

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

No. 5 God So Loved The World

M. H. C. Copyright, 1946, by M. Homer Cummings M. Homer Cummings
"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John 4:10

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

CHORUS St. John 3:16

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

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

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

Or Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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



Old Books

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

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

"Whisperers"

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

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

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

Reasons for Whispering

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

Paul a Victim

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

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

Found Everywhere

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

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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



Kermit Roosevelt

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

"What is your name?"

"Kermit Roosevelt."

"Where do you live?"

"At the White House."

"What is your father's name?"

"Theodore Roosevelt."

"What is your father?"

"My father—why, my father is IT."

Every Boy's Estimate of Dad

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

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

"Give the kid the best there is."

"What am I goin' to be when I get big?

Druther be like him, I jing,
Than President or anything;

He's like ma says angels is—
When he ain't got rheumatiz."

Should Be a Christian

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

Father's Day

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

ONLY A DAD

"Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way of his children
small;

Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for
him.

This is the line for him I pen;
Only a dad, but the best of men."

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Do you have executive ability? Are you able to begin your work at once and keep at it until you finish it or are you always thinking about how much you have to do and never get started to doing it? Do you waste your precious time in worrying over what you have to do—the washing the ironing, the mending, preparing the meals, house-cleaning, etc.—and fail to accomplish anything?

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

Little Amy

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

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

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

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

"Well, Amy," said Mr. Thorn-



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

Amy Delighted

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

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

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

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

Too Late

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

As Amy went home, she thought

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

Do It Now

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

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

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

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Representative
Harold C. Hagen,
of Minnesota,
told a story in
Washington, D.

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

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

"What pay?" was his response.

"Little Slips of Paper"

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

Uncashed Spiritual Checks

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

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



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

RICHES OF GRACE

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

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

Won't You Come

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

"If you would join the glad songs
of the blest,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
If you would enter the mansions
of rest,
Let Jesus come into your heart."

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How many rivers can you name from memory? No doubt you can recall a number without having to consult your geography. Some of the rivers that we hear mentioned most frequently are Elk-horn River, Tug River, Bluestone River, Big Sandy River, New River, Kanawha River, Gauley River, Elk River, Ohio River, Mississippi River, Potomac River, Hudson River, Amazon River, and the Nile River. The river about which we read the most in the Bible is the river Jordan.



Salt River

But there is mystical stream that is not referred to in the Holy Scriptures or in our school textbooks. It is commonly called Salt River. It is an imaginary stream up which defeated political parties or candidates are sent to oblivion. At this season of the year, following our recent primary, it should be a famous resort. Many worthy men were unsuccessful in their attempts to become the nominees of their respective parties. At the polls, there is no second or third prize. It is a win or lose proposition. The voters do not always chose the best persons qualified for a public office. But our country is a democracy and the people are given the opportunity to elect their officials. Even though this is the case, mistakes are often made.

Defeats

Although there are many candidates for an office, only one can be chosen. The others must necessarily be defeated. There is no way whereby this can be avoided. But life is made up of constant defeats. After listing a number of Old Testament characters, the author of Hebrews says: "These all died in the faith, not having received the promise." (Hebrews 11:13).

Sacred and profane history ever corroborate the veracity of this statement. Think of the notables of the past who have apparently failed.

Leonidas and His Three Hundred

When Xerxes and his mighty army invaded Greece, they were met at the pass of Thermopylae by Leonidas, king of Sparta, with three hundred Spartan soldiers and about six thousand allies from different states. For two days they held the pass against overwhelming numbers. They hurled their enemies back like waves from a cliff. But finally through the treachery of Ephialtes, "the Judas of Greece," the Persians under Xerxes were enabled to overcome these brave men. Leonidas and his three hundred fought with desperate valor, but they were unsuccessful. They were slain to the last man. They failed! Yet their heroism has echoed through all the centuries of Grecian history.

The Alamo

In our own history we have the account of David Crockett and his daring companions who withstood the Mexicans for days at Fort Alamo. They were finally overcome and every one killed. They failed but they died fighting. The battle was lost but the slogan "Remember The Alamo" encouraged and inspired others to carry on

until the war was won and Texas obtained her independence.

Moses

Moses led the Children of Israel out of their Egyptian bondage, across the Red Sea, into the Wilderness, and to the borders of the Promised Land. But he died without entering Canaan. He did not get to complete his task. Another finished the work that he started out to do.

John The Baptist

John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ. He preached in the wilderness of Judea to the multitudes who flocked to hear him. He baptized Jesus in the Jordan—and then he was imprisoned and beheaded. His life seemed to end in a tragic failure.

Paul

Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, wrote his epistles, preached his sermons, lived an active Christian life—and then was brought before the Roman emperor and executed. A failure!

Jesus

Jesus came to this earth to seek and to save the lost. His entire life was spent in doing good. He performed all manner of miracles to relieve suffering humanity. He lifted up the fallen and relieved the oppressed—but at the last, He was crucified. He died at the age of thirty-three, forsaken by His disciples and betrayed by one of the apostles.

Yes, to the eye of man it appeared that Jesus had failed but not so in the sight of God. He finished the work which His Father had given Him to do and died for the sins of the whole world.

Defeat can often be transformed into victory.

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

Sunday, May

12th, is Mother's Day. Upon this occasion, we are afforded the opportunity as a nation of paying tribute to these noble women who have rendered and are rendering such

valliant service to our country by their suffering, privation, and heroism. They have not only sacrificed their own lives for causes they believed to be right, but in many instances, they have loyally given to our land lives more precious than their own—the lives of their sons and daughters. To them our nation is deeply indebted.

The Mother

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



spring.

Her Lofty Position

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

What Great Men Say

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

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

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

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

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

Her Influence

Next to the sovereign grace of God, the influence of a mother's teaching and example is the most effective in the molding of character and the shaping of destiny. She is the one who writes the book of fate. It has been wisely said by one of old, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

It is necessary for the mother to be a Christian before the home can become what it should be. The child needs that religious training that only a mother can give.

Mothers, are you faithful to the trust that has been committed to you?

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How busy are you? Our grandparents worked from early morning until late at night, raised practically everything that they ate, made the garments they wore, cut the wood that they used for fuel, built houses of logs, and had few comforts and no luxuries. Yet they found time to go to church. Often they would have to travel several miles on foot or horse-back to find a place of worship. In spite of the difficulties that confronted them, they did not "forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is." (Hebrews 10:25.)



The Pilgrim Fathers

The Pilgrim Fathers were men of such heroic fiber that they left their native land, braved the dangers of a long voyage, and faced the perils of a howling wilderness in order to come to America where they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.

Today

Today there are millions who never enter the doors of any church. Many live within the shadow of a place of worship but do not go. Others attend only when there are funerals or something special. Is it any wonder then that there is so much crime and wickedness in America? Boys and girls who attend Sunday School and church services are rarely ever juvenile delinquents.

The Bible

The Bible places a strong emphasis on the importance of going to the house of God. Here are some of the statements of the Psalmist: "I went with them to house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday." (Psalms 42:4.) "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name." (Psa. 100:4.) "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." (Psa. 73:16, 17.) "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." (Psa. 122:1.)

Christ, Our Example

Christ is our example. To be a Christian, we must strive to follow Him. Although He lived in a day of confirmed formalism and ritualism, He went to the place of worship just the same. In Luke 2:16, we read: "And, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day."

Jesus could have employed practically all the excuses that people use today for staying away from the house of God. He could have complained about the services being lifeless at Nazareth, his home town, and that they

could not be compared to the big meeting he attended where John the Baptist was preaching, and where multitudes were baptized. He could have maintained that the religious leaders were not what they should have been. He could have said, "I am done with the synagogue. Every time I go I see a man who will not pay his bills. We have done work for him in our carpenter shop, but the man refuses to meet his obligations." Yes, these conditions may have existed in that day, but none of these excuses kept Him away from the place of worship.

Go to Church

We should go to church regularly. It should be the habit of our lives. Church attendance will not save us, only simple faith in Christ can do that for us, but it will give the Holy Spirit an opportunity to speak to our souls. There will be a message for us in the songs that will be sung, the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and the sermon that will be delivered.

There are 168 hours in each week. How about using two or three of these 168 hours to go to church. We shall look for you. Won't you come?

The Churches

Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

It is best for us that we should never learn
What folks are saying when our backs we turn.

We have all heard the old adage that "eavesdroppers never hear anything good said about them." That statement contains more truth than poetry.



If it were possible for us to be listening to others when we were the topic of the conversation and they did not know that we were near, it is doubtful if we would hear them say anything complimentary about us. Most people in some communities speak evil of nearly every one about whom they talk.

They criticise men and women in all walks of life. They vilify the President, Congress, the Governor, the other federal and state officials, the rich and poor, the young and old, the high and low, and the moral and immoral. To them, there is "none that doeth good, no, not one."

They especially direct their venom and spleen against the church, its members, and the preacher. Yes, he always gets his full share of it. He is the one person who never escapes their unjust criticism. He gets it going

of the mob nor the victim and could not judge of his guilt or innocence. So they murdered the man and gave his flesh to be eaten by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

The minister was a witness to the crime, although an unwilling witness.

The Victim

The man, it seems, was not a member of an alien race, but had once been a brother beloved. He had grown cold in his religious experience, and a whispering campaign started.

The whispering increased to a murmur, and the murmuring was soon fanned into a frenzy, until some thought that they were doing the will of God when they slandered this brother, and they quickly branded all who refused to listen and agree as compromisers with evil and the friends and partners of the man whose good name they were bent on besmirching. By such means they hushed the protests which threatened to arise against their cruelty.

Like Cannibals

So, like a company of heathen cannibals, this gathering of professing Christians cut off the poor man's ears, gouged out his eyes, plucked his nails, and finally crushed his skull and cut out his

and coming.

Glass Houses

Those who censure others most are usually persons who live in glass houses and consequently should be the last to throw stones. They expect absolute perfection in everybody except themselves. They behold the mote in their brother's eye but do not consider the beam that is in their own eye. (Saint Matthew 7:3).

They are always directing attention to the minor faults of others in order that their own glaring vices will not be noticed. Like the Pharisees whom Jesus denounced, "they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." (Saint Matthew 23:4).

The Average Conversation

Evil speaking is usually one of the ingredients of nearly every conversation. John Wesley said that you rarely ever hear anybody talk more than ten minutes before something of a harmful nature is said of a neighbor.

Take the average conversation, for instance. After a few remarks about the weather and some references to physical ailments and aches and pains, what do we hear? Too often it is a lengthy discussion about the weaknesses and frailties of our fellow human beings. Everybody whose name is mentioned comes in for his share of abuse. Instead of calling attention to the good traits in others, only the bad are chronicled.

Saw a Man Murdered

A minister said recently that he saw a man murdered. They killed him and picked him to pieces in the presence of this clergyman. It was gruesome and horrible, but the preacher was powerless to prevent it.

He did not know the members

heart. Oh, it was terrible!

But such is the cruelty of envy, such are the ravages of slander, and such are the burnings of tongues touched by unholy fire. No it was not the wounding and mutilation of the transient thing we call the body. The man was not literally murdered.

He still lives physically but these infamous tongues that were sharper than a two edged sword completely marred and dismembered his good name. In that sense they killed him, for

"When fame is lost and honor fled,
That man is dead."

The Tongue

The Bible says: "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." (James 3:5,6).

"Five things observe with care; of whom you speak; to whom you speak; and how; and when; and where."

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 Week

By REV. M. HO

Two men met on the street. One remarked, "Have you heard that old man So-and-so is dead?" Exclaimed the other, "Dead! What was the complaint?" The first answered, "Oh, there was no complaint; everybody was satisfied!"



Unbelievable, But True

It seems almost unbelievable that such a condition could exist in any community but that is just what happened with a king of Judah who died when he was only forty years of age. Here is the epitaph that was written concerning him in 2 Chronicles 21:20: "And he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and departed without being desired." He died as did many of the international gangsters of the recent World War, "unwept and unsung."

Jehoram

Jehoram was the name of this king of Judah. He ruled over his people eight years, and every year was a year of misrule. He was given the position of monarch of his country because he was the firstborn.

But no sooner had he become king than he sought to strengthen himself by slaying all his brothers and many of the princes with the sword. He did this because he wanted no rivals. He oppressed his subjects by imposing heavy taxes upon them and compelling them to work for him. He forced them to worship idols. He ever wrought evil in the sight of the Lord and walked in wicked ways of the kings of Israel. He brought death and destruction and misery to many of his people.

The abuse of his body by sin and dissipation was punished with a loathsome disease and he died in awful agony. And no one wanted him back. "He departed without being desired."

Bad Ancestors

The Bible indicates four reasons for his vicious career and unlamented death. They are as follows: bad ancestry, bad marriage, bad politics, and a bad religion.

(1.) Bad ancestry. He had a noble and wonderful father, Jehoshaphat. This father was one of the greatest and best kings of Judah. But unfortunately there was badness in his ancestral line for four generations. There was bloodshed in the three previous generations, and he murdered his six brothers. His own sons, with one exception, were slain in what we term a commando raid. It would have been better for Judah if that one had been slain, too, for when he came to the throne he exceeded even his father in wickedness.

The "Juke Family"

Certain families have cost civilization and the world very heavily.

Some years ago, Professor Dougdale catalogued the descendants of a family he called "The Jukes." There were 1,200 persons studied: 310 died in infancy, 310 were professional paupers; 50 were debauched women; 400 men and women contracted venereal diseases; 130 were convicted criminals;

seven were murderers; and that family cost the state of New York \$1,200,000.

The Edwards Family

Contrast that with the story of the Edwards family.

Jonathan Edwards was a New England clergyman. He was called to the presidency of Princeton, but died before assuming the office. From his descendants we have 285 college graduates; 13 became college presidents; and 65 others were college professors. There were 30 judges; 100 clergymen, 126 lawyers; 80 elected to public offices, other than judges, and three governors. About 135 books of merit were to the credit of this group.

Clean blood is indeed a fine heritage of children. It is better than silver or gold. However, no one needs to follow the examples of his wicked ancestors.

His Bad Marriage

Jehoram married Athaliah. She was the daughter of Jezebel and Ahab. Her mother, Jezebel, left a name as dishonored among women as that of Judas is among men. Athaliah was what might be expected. She corrupted Jehoram,

her husband, and she led astray her son, Ahaziah, and when he died, she murdered all her grandchildren, save one who was hidden from her. She then became queen and so the wheel swung its circle.

In view of this unholy marriage, it is no wonder that his career ended in tragedy.

Bad Politics

Jehoram engaged in bad politics. He was at the head of an
(Continued on page 11)

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-- The Parson Writes --

Dear Mr. Publisher:

In these days of great trouble I bring you good news — our Sunday School attendance has picked up. Things got so bad there for a while that I thought we was gonna have to boil our Sunday School down to one class. That would be a class for the teachers, cause they were about the only ones that showed up. It appears the more the government talks about education the less the church seems to have. Finally, one of our new members, Ben Worldly, suggested that we study all the pagan religions in our class. He said that most folks were more interested in other people's religion than they was their own.

Well sir, we tried it, and it shore turned out just like he said. We got people coming to learn about Buddhism that don't know the first thing about Christianity. Bill Longsnoot has been teaching this course with fine results. The members are going out during the week and talking

about Buddha, Confucius and the like. Its a fine witness, and we've had some folks applying for membership to our church. In fact one lady wanted to be baptized in the name of Buddha.

I learned a lot from the course too. One thing was that long time ago people thought everything had souls — trees, rocks, and even water. That's the reason they knocked on wood to keep from having bad luck — that was just like praying to the wood spirit. And whenever they bumped their head on a door they would turn around and talk to it for the same reason. I shore am glad we don't live back in them days.

Another thing I learned from this class was that the Hindus don't believe in killing animals cause they think people's souls jump into these varments after death. Lots of 'em don't wear clothes cause they're afraid a bug might get mashed in the process. And to think all these years that I been criticizing the

nudists.

Studying about the Buddhists was real interesting. These folks are natural born pacifist. They don't believe in violence of no kind. Thats why they killed some of our soldiers in Viet Nam—they don't want no murderers over there. The Buddhist believe in this reincarnation business too. Mr. Publisher, if our souls really go into bugs and tree, it appears to me that our over-population problem is worse than I thought. In our little town it would be awful hard to list the true population. It would take us a hundred years just to count all the bugs. And just think they're getting by without paying any tax.

Most of our men really like the Mohammedan's religion! Ole Mohammed knew how to get the fellas on his side. He allowed every man to have four wives, and promised 'em that in Heaven they'd have more women than they could shake a stick at. Us Christians believe that we ain't supposed to have but one wife.

Gotta close now. In the meantime leave the screens off your window — your relatives might come calling.

Parson Jones

We acknowledge a breif but pleasant visit from former Fayetteville minister and Mrs. M. Homer Cummings, who now make their home in Huntington. They were en route home after a visit to his sister, in Monroe County, we believe.

Rev. Cummings, now retired, was pastor of Fayetteville Methodist Church for many years. He is a man of many talents, and written more songs than probably any other person in West Virginia and perhaps the United States

In addition to his song writing, he writes many poems and was recently named Methodist Conference Poet Laureate and was requested to write a poem for the Conference, which he did, entitled "The Church."

Rev. and Mrs. Cummings live at 130 Cedar Street, Huntington 5, W. Va.

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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DON'T FIND FAULT

If there is one who has no fault,
He's buried in some grave or vault.

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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A LIE

A lie is never white
But always black as night.

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By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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PUT THE SHOE ON

Don't blame the preacher if he hits
you
But put the shoe on if it fits you.

Trials Produce Stronger Characters

(Continued from Page 1)

he is certain that such steel has undergone a process in its making, which is widely different from that of making ordinary tarnishable steel. Something has entered its make-up, which enables it to throw off the tarnishing effects of use.

Stainless Character

"In reviewing the history of Israel, the author of the 105th Psalm picks out the stainless character of Joseph, as an illustration of what God can do with lives yielded entirely to Him. The Bible places Joseph in the midst of its story of one of the crises of God's Chosen People. Jacob's family has grown too large to live unnoticed among the clans of Palestine, and it is not strong enough, morally and spiritually, to keep itself from strange family ties. Something has to be done. God's promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are in the balance. These are promises made to the descendants of Abraham. Speaking humanly, God looks about. He finds Egypt is the best country in which to develop His Chosen People. But how will He get Jacob's family to move to Egypt? This the Psalmist explains: 'He sent a man before them, even Joseph, who was sold for a servant.' Don't you remember how the story thrilled you when a child? Mother, or perhaps father, told it. And it's a good story for parents to tell their children today.

"In this story, Joseph's stainless morality stands out, as a gem of purest ray. But his purity is no more marvelous than his integrity. Though he becomes the dictator of Egypt, he never seems to be accused of graft. And doesn't he handle the family's affairs with remarkable delicacy and efficiency? It's no easy matter to settle them comfortably in Egypt.

Due to Love

"And this man stirs one's imagination. He had something that his brothers do not seem to have, yet he was raised with them. Whence those dreams that cause the jealousy of his brothers to run high? Besides the dreams there was a

sterling worth, that differentiated Joseph from his family and his times. The difference was his love for and trust in God. Didn't God love Joseph's brothers? Yes, He did but they didn't love God. So when he is sold into Egypt and put in prison, he doesn't lose his faith and he partakes of the elements that make him a strong man. The text brings out the point: 'He was laid in iron.' This clause has excited the curiosity of students of the Bible. The American revised version translates it, 'He was laid in chains of iron', and puts in a note at the bottom of the page, 'His soul entered into the iron.' Others translate it, 'iron came into his soul.' Whatever may be the true translation, something, during his imprisonment, entered into the soul of Joseph that made him one of the greatest characters of all history. Joseph's faith in God transformed the irony of his God-chosen fate into strength of character. Thus God makes strong men.

"Besides sending Joseph into Egypt God sent a famine into all those lands. And hasn't God sent a depression upon the world? May not He want to produce stainless characters? Without the trials of Egypt, Joseph would probably have died an honest but unknown sheep raiser. Is it too far-fetched to suggest, that the dire times through which our country is passing is a part of the plan that God has devised to produce strong leaders. We love to think of Washington, of Lee, of Stonewall Jackson, of Lincoln. They are not the products of easy times? May not America be the Joseph of these times, appointed by God, to save His Chosen People from destruction, and the world from war and famine and chaos?

"It is common to say, that politicians are crooked. And it cannot be denied, that there is some truth in the statement. But does anyone want to assert that no official can be a Christian? If such were the case our country would be doomed. Who would want to say, that if Jesus was on earth He could not afford to be the president of the United States? Does anything in our constitution forbid, or make it impossible for a Christian to fill any position? Then if a Christian can, Jesus could, and if Jesus could not, let's revise our constitution. Just think, under God what better setting could any elective officer have for showing his honesty and integrity.

Value of Difficulties

"Yes, just as Joseph came out of the difficulties of his life, with a stainless character, so may other officials. The blood of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, will cleanse the sins of politicians as well as the sins of other people.

"Why look fearfully into the future, and bemoan the fate of the coming generations, and do nothing about it? Was there ever a better time for producing, through God's grace, stainless characters than now? In God we trust is still engaged upon our coin, who not engrave it upon our lives? Through God, this writer believes, that from out of the chaos of these times will come a nation whose character will grow more and more like Christ. Tribulation and distress are no hindrances to the progress of Christ's kingdom. That multitude of stainless characters seen by John in Revelation, were declared to have come out of great tribulation, and to have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. God is saying to America and to the world: 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, my grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply; the flame shall not hurt thee: I only design thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.'"

CONGRATULATIONS to one of Huntington's well known fathers, the Rev. M. Homer Cummings, 130 Cedar Street, poet laureate of the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church, who recently delivered his fourth consecutive annual sermon in verse to the 118th annual conference meeting in Buckhannon.

On August 12, Christian readers around the world will read a meditation written by Papa Cummings in "The Upper Room," devotional guide published by The Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn., and distributed interdenominationally to more than 70,000 churches, members of the armed forces, veterans and other hospitals and to prisons and other institutions.

Unique Minutes

As secretary of the Ceredo-Keno-va Ministerial Association, Rev. M. Homer Cummings, pastor of the Ceredo M. E. church, recently wrote the minutes in the following unique way:

If you will pardon me this time
I'll read the minutes now in rhyme;
And by this penal act alone
For all my negligence atone.

On April 25th we met—
The date that previously we set.
One minister was somewhat late—
Just who it was I need not state.

But when at last he struggled in
Each one inquired, 'Where have you
been?'

All talked as tho' he might get fired,
A thing that he himself desired.

The meeting opened; Billups prayed
And asked the Lord to give us aid,
To help us in the coming fight
That we might always stand for
right.

Then I was called upon to read
The Minutes, but I did not heed;
This soon was passed by as a joke,
Then ev'ry preacher present spoke—

'Twas not of flowers, birds, nor trees,
Nor insects, bugs, nor bumble-bees;
'Twas not of babbling brooks nor
streams,
Nor landscapes where the sunlight
gleams;

'Twas not of women nor of girls—
Their boyish pobs, their waving
curls;

'Twas not of rain, nor sleet nor
snow,
Nor seasons as they come and go;

'Twas not of faith nor doubt nor
fears,
Nor pleasant smiles nor bitter tears;
'Twas not of forms, nor modes nor
creeds,

Nor what this sinful world most
needs;

'Twas not of rocks nor gentle rills,
Nor mountains high nor templed
hills;

'Twas not of cloudless skies above,
Nor virtues such as peace and love;

'Twas not of fakes nor demagogues,
Nor wooden shoes nor clumsy clogs;
'Twas not of suits nor riding togs,
Nor healthful sleep nor drowsy sog;

'Twas not of fish, nor whales, nor
pogs,
Nor faces, nor of mugs nor mogs;

'Twas not of blocks, nor pegs, nor
dogs;
Nor sudden jolfs nor jarring jogs;

'Twas not of cattle nor of hogs,
Nor forests with their giant logs;
'Twas not of lowlands nor of bogs,
Nor great machines with many cogs;

'Twas not of moisture nor of fogs,
Nor hopping toads nor leaping frogs;
'Twas not of books nor catalogues—
But how to rid our town of dogs.

And as I read this, I can say,
'Twas all we tried to do that day.

M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

"Keep Cool With Coolidge"

"Keep cool with Coolidge!"
Is the cry
We hear resounding
To the sky;
And business pauses and obeys
And men are idle thro' the days,
While politicians' voices raise,
"Keep cool with Coolidge!"

"Keep cool with Coolidge!"
Once again
Ye stalwart, sturdy
Working men;
Forget low wages you receive,
Come join the "good-times-make-believe,"
Help us all others to deceive—
"Keep cool with Coolidge!"

"Keep cool with Coolidge!"
Cover up
The four years' record
So corrupt.
Let Fall and Daugherty go free!
Let Forbes and Denby ever be
Brave heroes for posterity!
"Keep cool with Coolidge!"

JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"A feller who is
allus a-talkin'
'bout what he
has did, aint like-
ly ter do much
more."

CORNER COUPLET

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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PRAY

O soul in darkness and despair
Take ev'rything to God in prayer!

JOSH HAYSEED

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



"Ef you try to
please every-
body, you won't
please nobody."

Wise, Unwise and Otherwise.

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS,
O Hut, Y. M. C. A.

Will some one kindly sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains?" At this writing it is 100 degrees above zero in a refrigerator.

If your head doesn't rattle, the reason is simple. It has nothing in it.

Many of the boys in this section are very literary. They write (home) for money.

Two colored soldiers from the same village met in camp for the first time last week. The following conversation ensued:

"Hello, Sambo, w'ar you now?"
"I'se in de infant department; w'ar is you, Rastus?"
"I'se in de cemetery (sanitary) corps."

Corporal—I never could understand why they call a boat "she."
Sergeant—Evidently you never tried to steer one.

Private Carter says that the most pathetic music that he has heard since leaving Indiana has been the song of the mosquito around his cot at night.

"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said Private Bones Pinkly, to the street car conductor in Baltimore the other day.

"You want to be what?"
"Don't lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary myse'f befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate' means 'put off.'"

Y. M. C. A. Secretary—Well, is there something we can do for you?

Soldier—W-e-l-l, er, yes. My wife writes me that our baby six months old can't talk yet and we are very much alarmed about it.

Y. Secretary—I see no occasion for

worry. A child of that age is not expected to talk.

Soldier—I didn't know, but I read in the Bible that you gave me of where Job cursed the day he was born.

Having been deluged with questions as to when the war will end, we have at last been successful in finding a reply. Here it is:

"Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer in the street
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town,
Who got it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews
Of somebody in Borneo,
Who heard a man who claims to know
Of a swell society female rake,
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows just when the war will end."

THE COUNTRY IS BEHIND YOU, CAL.

The country is behind you, Cal,
The people now have spoken;
Keep Andrew Mellon for your pal
In fellowship unbroken:
*Let this distiller with his flaws
Enforce the prohibition laws.

The voters have expressed their choice
And you are re-elected;
John Davis with his charm and voice
Is evermore rejected.
In all that you have failed to do,
The citizens are backing you.

Tho' Forbes may steal with genius
rare
More than a hundred million,
The public does not seem to care
If it had been a billion;
Your cabinet is justified,
And you can point to Slempp with
pride.

No more may honest spirits boil
And burn with indignation,
The nation has approved the oil
Of your administration;—
Bid Fall and Daugherty return,
And all who for more pillage yearn.

Go veto all the bills you please,—
You need not fear the masses;
They're nothing but a lump of cheese
These silly, stupid asses!
They will not blame nor censure you,
No matter what you say or do.

—A West Virginia Contributor.
*Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, was one of the greatest distillers in the United States and many millions of his vast fortune was acquired from the operation of his distilleries.

A Recitation.

(The week before the meeting ask three Juniors each to memorize one stanza of the following poem and recite his stanza in the meeting.)

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
That wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with a bit of a grin
On his face; if he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least, no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his
hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of the chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be
done,

There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you, one
by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin;
Take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

SONG ON MOTHER

Rev. M. Homer Cummings Composes
Song That is Very Appropriate.

Rev. J. Homer Cummings, well-known local Methodist minister of the gospel, pastor of the Steenrod and Greggs M. E. churches, is being complimented on a splendid new song that he has composed and which was rendered for the first time on last Sunday at the First M. E. church of this city in connection with the appearance of Miss Elinor Stafford Millar of Australia, who is delivering a number of addresses in the city.

The words are very catchy and pay a glowing tribute to "Mother," while the song is one that will appeal to all and one that has been endorsed by music critics throughout the local district. It promises to be one of the big hits of the season and the young artist is to be complimented on his able work, it being one of a number of very fine songs composed by him.