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## Series III. Folder 3. Articles, n.d.

Melville Homer Cummings

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## Gyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## A GEM FROM THE POETS

### O SHAME ON WEST VIRGINIA!

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

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

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

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

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



DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

M. Homer Cummings

We owe a debt that we must pay  
To ministers of yesterday.  
These men of God are now retired  
But oh, the lives they have inspired.  
They paved the way, they blazed the trail,  
O'er hosts of sin they did prevail;  
They stood up bravely for the right,  
Against the wrong they waged the fight.

They faithfully performed their work,  
From duty's paths they did not shirk;  
They walked the valleys, crossed the hills,  
They climbed the mountains and the hills.  
In rain and sunshine, heat and cold,  
They preached the Word to young and old.  
They cheered the lonely and distressed,  
They helped the fallen and oppressed.

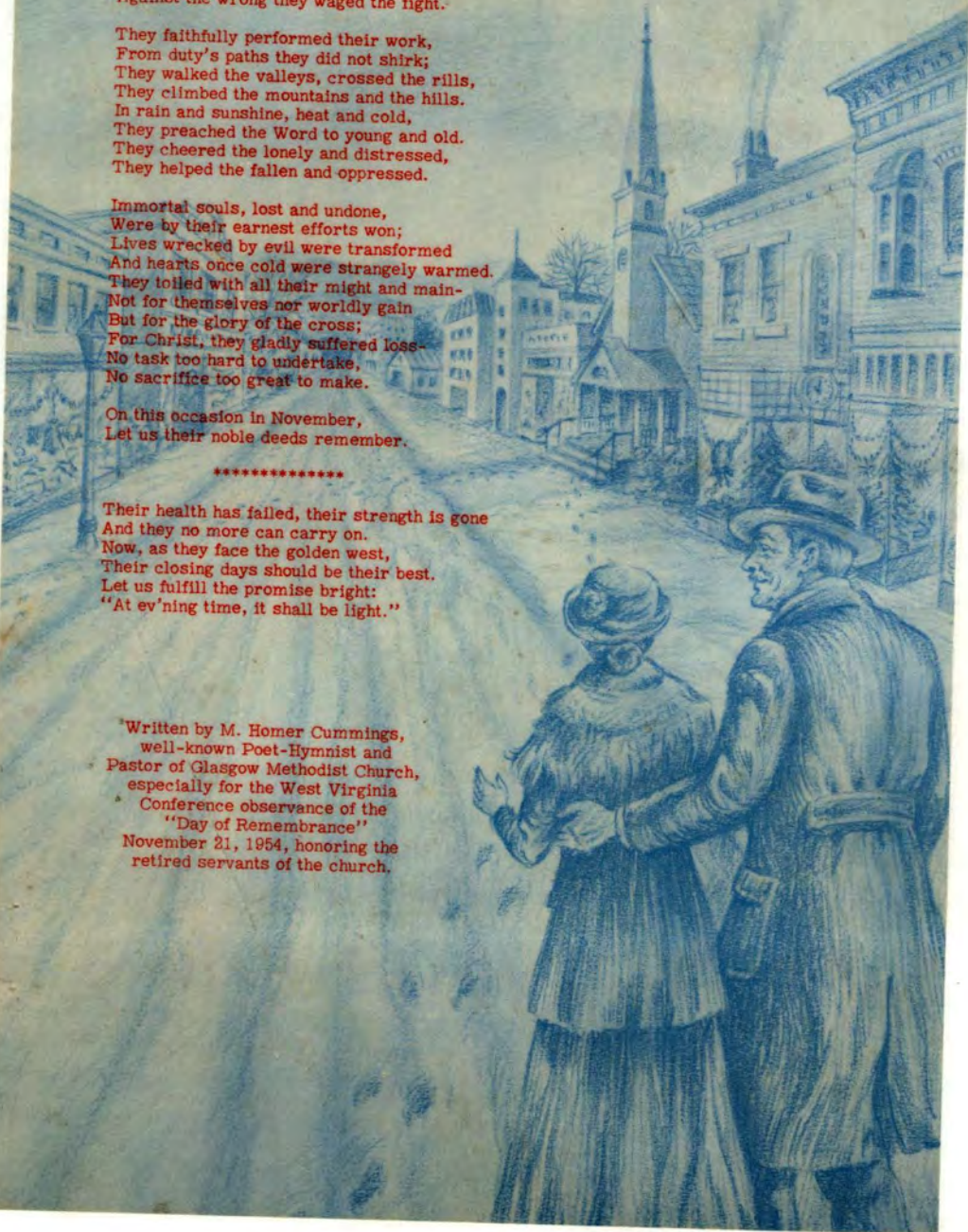
Immortal souls, lost and undone,  
Were by their earnest efforts won;  
Lives wrecked by evil were transformed  
And hearts once cold were strangely warmed.  
They toiled with all their might and main-  
Not for themselves nor worldly gain  
But for the glory of the cross;  
For Christ, they gladly suffered loss-  
No task too hard to undertake,  
No sacrifice too great to make.

On this occasion in November,  
Let us their noble deeds remember.

\*\*\*\*\*

Their health has failed, their strength is gone  
And they no more can carry on.  
Now, as they face the golden west,  
Their closing days should be their best.  
Let us fulfill the promise bright:  
"At ev'ning time, it shall be light."

\*Written by M. Homer Cummings,  
well-known Poet-Hymnist and  
Pastor of Glasgow Methodist Church,  
especially for the West Virginia  
Conference observance of the  
"Day of Remembrance"  
November 21, 1954, honoring the  
retired servants of the church.





# 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."



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."

### 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



## Clergyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## LETTING OFF STEAM

Editor, The Herald-Advertiser:

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. HOMER CUMMINGS,  
130 Cedar Street.

## NEW PASTOR TAKING WELL.

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



## Clergyman Chatter

(By M. Homer Cummings)

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Clergyman Chatter

(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



**Clergyman Chatter**  
(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

Repeal the Twenty-first amendment!

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Parson Writes**

Dear Mr. Publisher:

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

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

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

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

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

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

So long,

Parson Jones

**JOSH HAYSEED**

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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

**JOSH HAYSEED**

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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

**JOSH HAYSEED**

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS



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



**Clergyman Chatter**  
(By M. HOMER CUMMINGS)

**An Appeal To Voters**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vote against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.



# Fate of Nation Depends On Mothers of America

The Rev. M. H. Cummings  
Discusses Duties,  
Responsibilities

If American mothers fail in their duties and responsibilities no legislation nor statesmanship can save our nation from destruction, according to the Rev. M. Homer Cummings, chaplain of the house of delegates and pastor of the Fayetteville M. E. church, in a Mother's day sermon contributed to The Gazette. The sermon follows:

The second Sunday of May in each year is observed as Mother's day. On this occasion, we are afforded the opportunity as a nation of paying tribute to the women who are rendering such noble and valiant service to our country by their suffering, privation and heroism. They have not only sacrificed their own lives for causes they believed to be right, but in many instances, they have loyally given to the nation lives more precious than their own—the lives of their husbands, their sons, their fathers and brothers. Every race and class of brave patriots are praised and their graves decorated on Memorial day, but they are not more worthy of being honored than the mothers of our land.

In developing this subject, I wish to mention:



THE REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS,  
Pastor Fayetteville M. E. Church.

1. The lofty position of a mother. Whatever may or may not be said of the woman who accomplishes extraordinary things in the literary world or

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## Mothers Decide Fate of Nations

(Continued From Page 1.)

the political field. It is certain that her position is far inferior to that of a mother. It has been said and that not without truth that there is no name on earth more euphonious to the ear or more pleasant to repeat than the charming name of 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 wayward. Whenever we consider her significance as related to society and humanity, we are lost in wonder and amazement. She is a queen that sits upon the throne of home where she is crowned and accepted as no one else can be. Her authority is complete, her reign unrivaled, and the moral issues of her empire are eternal. She rules with marvellous patience, winning tenderness and undying love. Her memory is revered while she lives and becomes a perpetual inspiration when the flowers are blooming above her sleeping dust. She is the incarnation of goodness to the child and the embodiment of power to her offspring. She gives birth to immortality, nurses and trains a being created in the image of God, develops a never-dying soul and prepares it for eternity. She does more toward determining the future of her children than any other influence that is brought to bear upon them.

"All that I am or hope to be," said Abraham Lincoln, after he had become president, "I owe to my angel mother." John Quincy Adams made practically the same statement when he declared, "All that I am, my mother made me."

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

Michael Angelo, in discussing this subject, once stated, "Whatever a man is, he usually owes to his mother."

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

The mothers who govern the millions of American homes are far more important than the administration at Washington. If they fail, there is no legislation nor statesmanship that can save us from destruction. Our nation will fall like Babylon, Greece, Egypt, and the other ancient empires, and in a few years, nothing will be left of us but the rotting ruins of our former glory.

"But a mightier power and stronger, Man from his throne has hurried,

For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world."

No Sacrifice Too Great

II. A Mother's love. From the time the child enters the world until it reaches the age of maturity, the mother manifests an abiding interest in its welfare. There is no sacrifice too great for her to make for its sake. So delights in denying herself if in so doing she can be of service to it. She never murmurs nor complains that the infant in her arms is in her way, but to her the sun shines brighter because of its existence and the whole earth is blessed by its presence.

And should there come a time when the little feet are weary, when the night brings no rest, when the cheek is scarlet, the eye changed and the smile no longer knows how to shine, that faithful mother patiently guards its bedside and should she fall asleep, it is but a veiled waking. How her heart rejoices when there is the least indication of its recovery! But all its darkness, gloom, and despair, when she is told that it can not live. She would give a thousand worlds if she could to drive the king of terrors from her home. But alas! she is helpless. She must stand by and see death snatch her precious one from her bosom. And then when the sharpness of her sorrow is over and the fullness of an overspent brain is past,

although she takes up the shuttle

again and weaves the web of daily life, she does so with a heavy heart. Like Rachel, she continues to weep for her children and will not be comforted because they are not. Oh, the loves of a mother!

"She never closed her eyes in sleep till we were all in bed;  
On party nights till we came home she often sat and read,  
We little thought about it then, when we were young and gay,  
How much our mother worried when we children were away.  
We only know she never slept when we were out at night,  
And that she waited just to know that we'd come home all right.

"Why, sometimes when we'd stay away till one or two or three, it seemed to us that mother heard the turning of the key.  
For always when we stepped inside she'd call and we'd reply,  
But we were all too young back then to understand just why.  
Until the last one had returned she always kept a light.  
For mother couldn't sleep until she'd kissed us all good night.

"She had to know that we were safe before she went to rest;  
She seemed to fear the world might harm the ones she loved the best.  
And once she said: 'When you are grown to women and to men, Perhaps I'll sleep the whole night through; I may be different then.'  
And so it seemed that night and day we knew a mother's care—  
That always when we got back home we'd find her waiting there.

"Then came the night when we were called together round her bed:  
"The children all are with you now," the kindly doctor said,  
And in her eyes there gleamed again the old-time tender light  
That told she had been waiting just to know we were all right.  
She smiled the old-familiar smile, and prayed to God to keep  
Us safe from harm throughout the years, and then she went to sleep."

III. Child Has Duty to Mother. In this busy world of crowding cares and multiplied labor, there is danger amid the general din of our forgetting our precious mothers to whom the evening of life is fast approaching. They have borne the noontide toil and heat and now, as the shadows lengthen, with tired and folded hands, they are waiting for the summons which shall open unto them a morning of eternal day. Let us endeavor to make the close of their lives the happiest. "Honor thy father and mother . . . . . this is the first commandment with promise," says Paul. "Don't forget the old folks, love them more and more,  
As they turn their longing eyes toward the golden shore,  
Let your words be tender, loving, soft and low,  
Let their last days be the best they have known below.

"Don't forget poor father, with his falling sight,  
With his locks once thick and brown, scanty now and white;  
Tho' he may be childish, still do you be kind,  
Think of him as years ago with his master mind.

"Don't forget dear mother with her furrowed brow  
All the light of other years, time has faded now;  
Memory is waning, soon its light will fall,  
Guide her gently till she stands safe within the vale."



## IN REALMS OF REST

Hugh M. Cummings

Monroe county has suffered another great loss in the death of Mr. Hugh M. Cummings, which occurred at his home about three miles north of Union at 2:50 o'clock Tuesday morning, May 11, 1926. Mr. Cummings had not been in the best of health for the past two years but was not seriously ill until about six weeks ago when he was taken to the Alderson hospital for treatment. He seemingly recovered from this illness, however, had resumed his work on the farm and was going about some, having been in Union last Friday. On last Sunday he was stricken suddenly with pneumonia from which he never rallied and early Tuesday he passed quietly into the land of eternal peace. Mr. Cummings was in his 68th year. He was born at Rock Camp, this county, August 12, 1858, being a son of the late Austin and Sarah Cummings. He spent his entire life within this county and had for the past thirty years lived at the home where he died. About fifty years ago he married Miss Nancy Talbot of Zenith, who survives him. To them were born thirteen children, eight of whom survive and are—Messrs. E. E. of St. Albans, L. J. of Alderson, C. L. of Roanoke, Va., Beecher of Beckley, W. Va., Rev. M. Homer Cummings of Ceredo, W. Va., Mrs. G. N. Shirey of Vanetta, Va., Mrs. T. J. Carter of St. Albans, W. Va., and Mrs. W. S. Cavendish of Skelton, W. Va. Mr. Cummings was distinguished by integrity of character, industry and innate kindness. In his life were typified the fine elements which have made this family admired and respected. He was a life-long Democrat and for years had been a devout member of the Sinks Grove Baptist church. In a conversation with one of his sons during his illness about six weeks ago, Mr. Cummings said that he was ready to go whenever he should be called, that everything was made ready long ago. In his passing an honorable and well spent life is closed. May his rest be sweet! Funeral services will be held this morning at 11 o'clock from the Presbyterian Church in Union conducted by Rev. W. A. Benfield of Sinks Grove, assisted by Revs. Robt. R. Gray and E. A. Wilcher of Union, and interment will be made immediately following in Green Hill Cemetery. The pall bearers are—Messrs James Paek, A. H. Bostick, H. M. Dunbar, J. W. Stewart, B. C. Young and C. A. Keadle.

L. E. Wickline

## SACRED SONG WRITER HERE

### The Rev. M. Homer Cummings, Author of "Echoes From Beulah"

The Rev. M. Homer Cummings, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, of Ripley, West Va., was in Charleston yesterday on his way to the Sheltering Arms Hospital, near Handley, W. Va., where he will undergo a second operation for appendicitis.

The Rev. Mr. Cummings, besides a minister, is also a sacred song writer, being the author and compiler of a book of songs, which he calls "Echoes from Beulah."

One of the hymns in the book is entitled "There is Gladness in My Soul". It is dedicated to the Union Mission, Charleston, and has been copyrighted by Mr. Pat B. Withrow, of the Union Mission. The chorus from

this hymn will give one an idea of the meter and style of the writer, and is as follows:

"There is gladness in my soul today,  
Waves of Glory o'er me roll,  
Shouts of Joy I Can't Control,  
For My Sins have all been washed  
Away."

These lines are typical of the author's work. The following from two different hymns shows that the same meter is used in most of the songs:

"When I get home to Father's House,  
And Worship at His feet,  
I'll praise Him for each stormy gale,  
That on my soul did beat."

And the following from another hymn entitled "Some Day":  
"Some day my labor shall cease  
And Earthly cares be past,  
My Soul shall dwell in perfect peace  
When I am home at last."

Rev. M. Homer Cummings, the new pastor of the M. E. church, was in town yesterday looking over his new charge and incidentally becoming acquainted with his parishioners. Mr. Cummings has the appearance of being an intelligent minister and we venture to predict he will be well liked by the people of Ceredo and vicinity. We acknowledge a pleasant call from him. He will occupy the pulpit at the local church on next Sunday week, October 14.

## JOSH HAYSEED

SEZ:



" 'T aint no use  
ter brag on yer-  
self. Nobody  
won't believe  
you no way."

CORNER COUPLET  
By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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AN "IDLE" RUMOR

An "idle" rumor is always busy,  
It works so fast that it makes one  
dizzy.

## JOSH HAYSEED



"Be allus busy. A  
bicycle has ter  
keep a-goin' er it  
will fall."



## Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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

### The Seven Day Period

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

### The Year 1945

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

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

Other happenings of the year



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

### They Never Come Back

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

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

### Failures

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

### The Year 1946

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

There is nothing new about taxes on playing cards. Tariffs were levied on them in England during the reign of James I, and papers on file at Westminster list the rates as of July, 1615.

If you buy a pound of peanuts in the shell, you'll get about two cups of nutmeats.



# The Churches

## Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

How busy are you? Our grand-  
parents worked from early morn-  
ing until late at night, raised  
practically every-  
thing 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 lux-  
uries. 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 wor-  
ship. In spite of the difficulties  
that confronted them, they did not  
"forsake the assembling of them-  
selves 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 dan-  
gers 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 some-  
thing 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 em-  
phasis 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 thank-  
sgiving, 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 fol-  
low 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 cus-  
tom was, He went into the syna-  
gogue 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 ser-  
vices 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 regular-  
ly. It should be the habit of our  
lives. Church attendance will not  
save us, only simple faith in Christ  
can do that for us, but it will give  
the Holy Spirit an opportunity to  
speak to our souls. There will be  
a message for us in the songs that  
will be sung, the reading of the  
Holy Scriptures, and the sermon  
that will be delivered.

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

June 21, 1946

COALWOOD-CARETTA NEWS

## Coalwood Bible School Has Party



Pictured above are the members and teachers of the Coalwood Vacation Bible School at the party, which was held Saturday as closing exercise of the school which was held at the church last week.



# 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 doing."

## No Substitute

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

## Excuses

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

## Morbus Sabbaticus

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

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

## Peculiar Features

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

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

## Several in McDowell

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

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

## A Good Habit

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

## AT CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY

(Author Unknown)

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

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

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

At church next Sunday.

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

At church next Sunday.

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

We want to push good things along

And we can help some if we're strong

At church next Sunday.

Don't knock and kick and slam  
and slap

At every body on the map.

But push and pull and boost and boom

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

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

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

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

The public is cordilly invited to attend.

## Coalwood Community Church Activities

### M. HOMER CUMMINGS, Pastor SUNDAY SCHEDULE

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

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

### DURING THE WEEK

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

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



## Or Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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



### Old Books

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

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

### "Whisperers"

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

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

### 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

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."

IT happens to the best of them, and Rev. M. Homer Cummings, former Glasgow minister now living in Huntington, certainly qualifies.

Visiting his son, Rev. J. Hugh Cummings, pastor of Central Methodist Church in Charleston recently, the elder Mr. Cummings celebrated his 70th birthday.

His granddaughter, Margaret Ann, 11, asked, "How old are you, Grandpa?"

"I'm a septuagenarian," Mr. Cummings stated with a smile.

"What's that?" the granddaughter queried.

"Well," Mr. Cummings cagily replied. "That's three score and 10 . . . which, according to the Psalms, is the allotted time of man on earth."

"Oh, no, Grandpa," gasped Margaret Ann. "That couldn't be right. Why, Abraham Lincoln was four score and seven years old!"



## Our Week

By REV. M. HO

Recently some of the newspapers carried the account of the death of C. Austin Miles, the noted gospel song writer. He died Sunday, Mar. 10, 1946, at the age of 78, after an illness of a year.



### A Native of New Jersey

Mr. Miles was a native of Lakehurst, N. J., and got his first musical job there when he was only 12 years old. Substituting at the organ for a funeral service, he played the "Bridal March from Lohengrin," thinking it appropriate. Five years later he read a book explaining it was a wedding march.

### A Pharmacist

At the instigation of an aunt, he entered the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and was graduated in 1889. He was a druggist for 10 years in Camden, N. J., then he gave up this profession for a full-time musical career.

### Author of 3,000 Hymns

He became a prolific writer of gospel music. It is estimated that he wrote 3,000 hymns and spirited songs. Among the more popular were: "Dwelling in Beulah Land," "Win Them One By One," "Look For Me," "If Jesus Goes With Me," "A New Name In Glory," "Our Heavenly Home," "Nothing Really Matters If The Lord Loves Me," "I'm Going There," "When The Day Breaks," "The Cloud And Fire," "In The Upper Garden," "Still Sweeter Every Day," and "In The Garden."

### "In The Garden"

"In The Garden" was probably his best known hymn. Although he received only \$4.00 for writing this number, it was printed more than three million times and the recordings topped the million mark.

Let Mr. Miles tell us in his own words how this famous song was written. He said: "One day in March, 1912, I was seated in the dark room, where I kept my photographic equipment and organ. I drew my Bible toward me: it opened at my favorite chapter, John XX—whether by chance or inspiration let each reader decide. That meeting of Jesus and Mary had lost none of its power to charm.

"As I read it that day, I seemed to be part of the scene. I became a silent witness to that dramatic moment in Mary's life, when she knelt before her Lord, and cried, 'Rabboni!'"

"My hands were resting on the Bible while I stared at the light blue wall. As the light faded I seemed to be standing at the entrance of a garden, looking down a gently winding path, shaded by olive branches. A woman in white, with head bowed, hand clasping her throat, as if to choke back her sobs, walked slowly into the shadows. It was Mary. As she came to the tomb, upon which she placed her hand, she bent over to look in, and hurried away.

"John, in flowing robe, appeared, looking at the tomb; then came Peter, who entered the tomb, followed slowly by John.

"As they departed, Mary reappeared, leaning her head upon her arm at the tomb, and wept. Turning herself, she saw Jesus standing, so did I. I know it was He. She knelt before Him, with

arms outstretched and looking into His face cried, 'Rabboni!'

"I awakened in full light, gripping the Bible, with muscles tense and nerves vibrating. Under the inspiration of this vision I wrote as quickly as the words could be formed the poem exactly as it has since appeared. That same evening I wrote the music."

### Met Him Only Once

Although I have been singing the songs of Mr. Miles since childhood, it was not my privilege to be well acquainted with him as I was with E. O. Excell, Charles H. Gabriel, Adam Geibel, J. Lincoln Hall and other gospel hymn writers. However, I did have the opportunity in the summer of 1930 of spending a part of the afternoon with him in his office in Philadelphia.

He was very cordial and interesting. Among other things, we discussed the fact that his compositions were so unique and that he frequently used syncopation. He explained that the music to certain words should be written as spoken, even if they had to be syncopated. For that reason some critics complained that many of his numbers were too jerky and lacked the solemnity that should characterize sacred songs.

But millions sang his hymns and were greatly benefitted spiritually by so doing. On the Judgment Day, myriads of souls who have been helped by his songs will rise to call him blessed.

As Mr. Miles once wrote:

"Past the pearly gate  
Where our loved-ones wait,  
Some one will be there to bid  
me welcome home."



WS

## Our Weekl

By REV. M. HOA

Recently some of the newspapers carried the account of the death of C. Austin Miles, the noted gospel song writer. He died Sunday, Mar. 10, 1946, at the age of 78, after an illness of a year.



### A Native of New Jersey

Mr. Miles was a native of Lakehurst, N. J., and got his first musical job there when he was only 12 years old. Substituting at the organ for a funeral service, he played the "Bridal March from Lohengrin," thinking it appropriate. Five years later he read a book explaining it was a wedding march.

### A Pharmacist

At the instigation of an aunt, he entered the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and was graduated in 1889. He was a druggist for 10 years in Camden, N. J., then he gave up this profession for a full-time musical career.

### Author of 3,000 Hymns

He became a prolific writer of gospel music. It is estimated that he wrote 3,000 hymns and spirited songs. Among the more popular were: "Dwelling in Beulah Land," "Win Them One By One," Look

For Me," "If Jesus Goes With Me," "A New Name In Glory," "Our Heavenly Home," "Nothing Really Matters If The Lord Loves Me," "I'm Going There," "When The Day Breaks," "The Cloud And Fire," "In The Upper Garden," "Still Sweeter Every Day," and "In The Garden."

### "In The Garden"

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Let Mr. Miles tell us in his own words how this famous song was written. He said: "One day in March, 1912, I was seated in the dark room, where I kept my photographic equipment and organ. I drew my Bible toward me: it opened at my favorite chapter, John XX—whether by chance or inspiration let each reader decide. That meeting of Jesus and Mary had lost none of its power to charm.

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## 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,

They rejected His mercy and grace;  
As they sink in despair,  
They would bid us beware,  
Lest we also go down to that place.



# Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

### Thank You

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

Let us cultivate the habit of  
praise.

### The Bishop Was Cheerful

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

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

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

like best, Nancy?" he said, laugh-  
ingly. "You," said the little girl,  
slowly, "Well you like 'most any-  
thing we haven't got."

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

### Not To Return Thanks

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

The farmer answered that with  
him it was customary, but that  
some of his household never pray-  
ed over their food. "Ah, then,"  
said the gentleman, "they are sen-  
sible and enlighthened. Who are  
they?" The farmer answered  
"They are my pigs."

### Always More to Follow

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

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

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

## Barrett Returning

### MID'N W. P. NORRIS

"On Nov. 2, 1945, I shall be  
transferred from New York to an-  
other station, the address of which  
I do not now know," writes  
Mid'n W. P. Norris, son of Mr. and  
Mrs. W. P. Norris.





## Our Weekly Message

BY REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Through the courtesy of the editor of this paper, the pastors of the Coalwood and Caretta Community Churches are requested to write an article each week for this interesting periodical. This is a privilege and an opportunity 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 off after the chipmunk but was easily out-distanced. Coming to a hole in the wall, the chipmunk dashed through, and made his escape in the field beyond. But the little dog stood at the hole, where his prey had disappeared, barking furiously.

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

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

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

### Disgruntled

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

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



# The Churches

## Our Weekly Visit

By H. HOMER CUMMINGS

Mr. Neal Collins recently handed me a clipping from a paper published in Wythe County, Virginia. In this article, it was stated that there was a new disease quite prevalent in that part of the Old Dominion. It is known as Morbus Sabbaticus.



### Sunday Sickness

It is a Sunday illness peculiar to church goers; the symptoms vary, but never interfere with the appetite; the attack never lasts more than 24 hours; physician never needed; intermittent attacks at first, then chronic, malignant, and fatal—in order named. The attack comes early Sunday morning; no symptoms felt on Saturday night, patient sleeps well until late Sunday; eats hearty breakfast, but about church time complains and feels the disease coming on. Difficulty passes just in time for the patient to eat a hearty dinner and go for an afternoon walk or auto ride.

Similar occurrence comes at time of the evening church service. Patient sleeps well on Sunday night and has no further symptoms until the following Sunday morning.

### The Remedy

Although this pernicious disease has resulted in the spiritual death of countless millions, fortunately there is a remedy for it. It is as follows:

- (1) Patient should retire not later than 10 p. m. on Saturday.
- (2) Set the alarm to ring at 7:30 Sunday morning.

(3) Arise promptly when alarm sounds, drink one or two glasses of cold water.

(4) Wash face and hands thoroughly, put on clean garments.

(5) Eat moderate breakfast, without unnecessary loss of time.

(6) Leave the morning paper unopened on the living room table.

(7) Start promptly from home in time for the Sunday School.

(8) Greet all with a friendly smile; listen to the teacher and take part in the discussion of the Sunday School lesson.

(9) Be sure to stay for the preaching service.

(10) At the close of the morning service, the patient should feel better.

(11) To assure full recovery and make possible a happy week ahead, the patient should have his neighbor or close friend accompany him to the evening service. If this remedy fails after four consecutive doses, patient should immediately go for examination to the New Testament Clinic.

### Many Excuses

Yes, many are the excuses that people offer for not attending Sunday School and Divine worship but they can assign no real reason for staying away from the house of God. Only Providential hindrances will stand the test of the Judgment Day.

### The Great Supper

Jesus tells us of a certain man that made a great supper, and bade many; and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, "Come; for all things

are now ready."

And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused."

And another said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused."

And another said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."

And the servant said, "Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

### "That My House May Be Filled"

And the lord said unto the servants, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."

Let all who read these lines help to fill the house of God each Sunday.

### GOING TO CHURCH

"Some go to church to take a walk; Some go there just to laugh and talk,

While others go to doze and nod; But wise men go to be with God.

"Some go to church old friends to greet,

And some to speak to all they meet,

While others go their girls to bring; But wise men go the hymns to sing.

"Some go to church a fault to hide; Some go there just to see inside, While others go their time to spend;

But wise men go a prayer to send.

"Some go to church to hear the chimes;

Some go there just to have good times,

While others go their clothes to show;

But wise men go the Lord to know."



## The Churches

### Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

Once upon a time there was a boy named Robert. One day as he was rambling about, he happened to cry out, "Ho ho!" He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words, "Ho, ho."



In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, "Who are you?" Upon this, the same words came back, "Who are you?"

Robert now cried out harshly, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" came back from the hill.

Robert became angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy who, as he thought was mocking him; but he could find nobody anywhere.

#### Tells His Mother

When he went home, he told his mother that some boy had hid himself in the wood for the purpose of mocking him.

"Robert," said his mother, "you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

"Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert. "Did you ever hear an echo?" asked his mother. "An echo, dear mother? No, ma'am. What is it?"

"I will tell you," said his mother. "You know when you play ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you." "Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it again."

#### Sound Reflected

"Well," said his mother, "if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke."

"That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back your own voice.

"The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply.

"Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet and gentle as your own.

"The Bible says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Remember this when you are at play with your schoolmates.

"If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

"When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet.

"Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember,

The good and the kind,  
By kindness their love ever prov-  
ing,

Will dwell with the pure and  
the loving."

#### Speak Gently

David Bates has well said:  
"Speak gently; it better far

To rule by love than fear:  
Speak gently; let no harsh words  
mar  
The good we might do here.

"Speak gently to the little child;  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.

"Speak gently to the aged one;  
Grieve not the careworn heart:  
The sands of life are nearly run;  
Let such in peace depart

"Speak gently, kindly, to the  
poor;

Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must  
endure,

Without an unkind word.

"Speak gently to the ering; know  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perhaps unkindness made them  
so;

Oh, win them back again."



## Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

### Mr. Greely Was Right

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

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

"When we asunder part  
It gives us inward pain,

But we shall still be joined in heart  
And hope to meet again."

### Some Amusing Things

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

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

### Robbing God

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

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

### Give Of Your Best

"Give of your best to the Master;

Give of the strength of your youth;

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor

Into the battle for truth.

Jesus has set the example;

Dauntless was He, young and brave;

Give Him your loyal devotion,

Give Him the best that you have.

"Give of your best to the Master;

Give Him first place in your heart;

Give Him first place in your service,

Consecrate every part.

Give, and to you it shall be given;

God His beloved Son gave;

Gratefully seeking to serve Him,

Give Him the best that you have.

"Give of your best to the Master;

Naught else is worthy His love;

He gave Himself for your ransom,

Gave up His glory above;

Laid down His life without murmur,

You from sin's ruin to save;

Give Him your heart's adoration,

Give Him the best that you have."

### Try Religion

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

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

(Continued on Page 14)

### Editor The Gazette:

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

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

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

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

(Rev.) M. Homer Cummings—  
130 Cedar St.  
Huntington



## Our Weekly Visit

I like to dwell upon the past;  
Though it is gone, sweet mem'ries last.

It may be the sign of old age but I enjoy reminiscing.

Recently I visited the Coalwood school and it brought to my mind the time when I was a boy out in the county of Monroe. In the section of the country where I lived, there was a one-room school house. It was in that building that the children of our vicinity obtained their education.

They did not have grades in those days but our status was determined by readers. Instead of being in the first, second, third, fourth or fifth grade, it was referred to as the "first, second, third, fourth or fifth reader."

### Our Curriculum

Of course, there were other subjects than readers in our curriculum. We studied Ray's Arithmetic, Hyde's English, Harvey's Grammar, Montgomery's History of the United States, Myers' General History, Lewis' History of West Virginia, Mitchell's and Frye's Geographies, McGuffey's Spelling Book, civil government, physiology (which included anatomy and hygiene), physical geography, and in some instances higher mathematics.

### McGuffey's Readers

In those days, we used the famous McGuffey's Readers. These books were compiled by an American clergyman and educator, the Rev. William Holmes McGuffey. This eminent minister was born in Washington, Pa., in 1800 and died in Virginia in 1873. He was appointed professor of ancient languages, Miami University (1826), and became a Presbyterian clergyman (1829). He was profes-



sor of Woodard College, Cincinnati (1843-45), and professor of moral philosophy and political economy, Virginia University (1845-73).

Inasmuch as many of the selections in the McGuffey Readers contain moral lessons, it is my purpose to use a number of them in this column from time to time. Here is one that I am sure will be of interest to you. It is found in the "Third Reader" and is entitled:

### "The Wolf"

A boy was once taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.

One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!"

The men came again, but not so many as the first time. Again they saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads, and went back.

### The Wolf Comes

On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him.

The wolf broke into the flock, and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which belonged to John.

Then he felt sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

The truth itself is not believed,  
From one who often has deceived.



## The Churches

### Our Weekly Visit

By M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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

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

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

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

#### God and Eternity

A Christian, traveling in a steamboat, distributed tracts. A gentleman took one, and folding it up, cut it with his pen-knife into small pieces; then holding it up in derision, threw it away. One piece adhered to his coat; he picked it off and looking at it, saw only the word "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 Week

By REV. M. HO

Did you ever attend a oneroom school? Do you remember how the teacher used to call out each class? When she would say "Third Reader," we would stand up before her and read as best we could. How interesting and instructive were many of these lessons! On page 111 of McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader, there was one which left an indellible impression on our minds. It was entitled:



### "BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK"

"Uncle Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

"Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

"Know him! Why. Uncle Philip everyone knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly."

"Well, I have known him ever since we were boys together. There was not a more decent, well-behaved boy among us. After he left school, his father died and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company.

#### Learned to Drink

"Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theatre and to balls. He soon learned to play cards, and of course, to play for money. He lost more than he could pay.

"He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home.

"He did not come home. After all, he might still have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past. For a time things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well.

"But one thing, boys, ruined him forever. In the city, he had learned to take strong drink, and he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'

"It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist his desire to drink. His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave.

#### From Bad to Worse

"He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot. Last night, I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith had been found guilty of stealing, and sent to the state prison for ten years.

"There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think, as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'

"Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is gone, remember that he told you the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink!' The man who does this will never be

a drunkard."

#### The Seven Sticks

In this same reader, McGuffey tells us of a man who had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat them out of their property by making them quarrel about it.

The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before him seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle."

Each one strained every nerve to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

#### Easily Broken

"And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.

"Ah, said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; anybody could do it in that way."

Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together and aid each other, you will prosper, and none can injure you.

"But if the bond of union be broken, it will happen to you just as it has to these sticks, which lie here broken on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,  
When by the powerful link of union bound.



## Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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



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

### Habits

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

### A Rooster

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

### A Parrot

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

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

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

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

### Isaac Watts

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

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

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

### Good Habits

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

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

"This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long."

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

### Bad Habits

There are others who are enslaved by vice and addicted to strong drink and kindred sins. "I would give a world, if I had it," said an unfortunate wretch, "to be a true man; yet in twenty-

(Continued on Page 13)

## OUR WEEKLY MESSAGE

(Continued from page 6)

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

"How shall I a habit break?  
As you did that habit make.  
As you gathered you must lose;  
As you yielded, now refuse.  
Thread by thread the strands we twist,

Till they bind us, neck and wrist;

Thread by thread the patient hand

Must entwine, ere free we stand;  
As we builded, stone by stone,  
We must toil unhelped, alone  
Till the wall is overthrown."

### Christ Can Set You Free

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



# The Churches

## Our Weekly Message

By 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 oscine specie I ever knew.

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

### Shy at First

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

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

### Glad to See Me

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

### Liked the Church

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

### Became Angry One Day

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

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

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

### Mischievous

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

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

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

### Human Traits

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

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

### A Pet Crow

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

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

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

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

And you have to get along with  
meager fare;

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

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

### Bob is Dead

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

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



## Our Week

By M. HOME

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

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



### A Prominent Guest

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

One night as he was coming out of the hotel, he was accosted by his 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 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. He 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 Churches

### Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

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

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

"What pay?" was his response.

#### "Little Slips of Paper"

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

#### Uncashed Spiritual Checks

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

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



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

#### RICHES OF GRACE

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

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

#### Won't You Come

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

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



# The Churches

## Our Weekly Visit

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

In this column last week, I referred to Salt River as being an "imaginary stream up which defeated political parties or candidates are sent to oblivion." This was a quotation from Webster's New International Dictionary.

However, I learned this week that there is a real river in Kentucky by that name. It was so designated because of the salt that was once made on its banks.

Because of the difficulty of navigation on its waters, the river has also given rise to the phrase for a political or other defeat when the person or persons are supposed to be rowed up Salt River. After Kentucky Summer elections, it was formerly customary for the candidates to go up Salt River for a rest as far as Harrodsburg Springs.

When Henry Clay was a candidate for President in 1832, he engaged a Jackson Democrat to row him up the Ohio to Louisville where he was to speak. The boatman rowed him up Salt River instead, and he did not reach his destination until after the election, when he learned of his own defeat.

### Unanswered Prayer

Many defeats have been stepping stones to victories. Often disappointments are blessings in disguise.



A man once prayed for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey. He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things. He desired riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

He sought power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God. He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given life that he might enjoy all things.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson has so wisely said:

"I've found a joy in sorrow,  
A secret balm in pain,  
A beautiful tomorrow  
Of sunshine after rain.

"I've found a branch of healing  
Near every bitter spring,  
A whispered promise stealing  
'er every broken string."

### Always Something Wrong

It would be impossible for us to find any town or community exactly to our liking. There is always something wrong. Conditions are never ideal. The world can be no better than the people who live in it—we make it what it is. In order to have a better world, we must have better people in it.

Many young ministers, upon leaving theological seminaries have the vision of becoming pastors of perfect churches. But they are soon doomed to disappointment, for they find that their parishioners are not angels but human beings and as such they possess all the frailties of the flesh. On the other hand, many congregations are constantly searching for a perfect pastor. As yet, he has not been found.

George Washington once said, "We have to take people as they

are since we cannot make them what we want them to be."

### Milligan

I recently read of a young man who did not like his boss, a Mr. Milligan.

Mr. Milligan, so it was said, was a cross, cranky old Irishman with a temper tied up in bow-knots, who prodded his men six days a week and schemed to get them salary raises on the seventh, when he ought to have been listening to the sermon. He would put the black-snake on the clerk's hide when he sent a letter to Oshkosh which should have gone to Kalamazoo but would not permit him to be fired for his mistake.

Altogether he was a hard, fractious, generous, soft-hearted, loyal old fellow, who had been with the firm since it first took down the shutters and would stay with it till they were put up for the last time.

The father of the young man who did not like his boss wrote to his son as follows:

"... You want to get it firmly fixed in your mind that you're going to have a boss over you all your life, and if it isn't a Milligan it will be a Jones or a Smith, and the chances are that you will find them harder to get along with than this old fellow. And if it isn't Milligan or Jones or Smith, and you are not a butcher, but a parson or a doctor, or even the President of the United States, it'll be a way-back deacon, or the undertaker, or the machine.

"There isn't any such things as being your own boss in the world unless you're a tramp, and then there's the constable. Like the old man if you can, but give him no cause to dislike you."

### Making Best of Everything

What ever may be our lot in life, we must strive to make the best of everything. As Joseph H. Gilmore has said:

"Lord, I would clasp Thy hand  
in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth  
me."



## Our Weekly Message

By REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS

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

### A Compromise

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

### Lorenzo Dow

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

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

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

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

### A Rooster

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

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



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

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

### A Unique Preacher

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

Rev. Lorenzo Dow was one of the most unique ministers that America has produced. He was born in Connecticut, Oct. 16, 1780. His parents were descended from English ancestors. They taught the children well both in religion and common learning.

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

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

### His Death

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

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

### The Bible

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



## Our Weekly Message

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



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

### Seven Billion

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

### Evangeline Booth

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

### Strong Drink Is Raging

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

## 19 Attend Chvd. Prayer Meeting

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

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

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



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

### Father's Day

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

### ONLY A DAD

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

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



## Our Weekly Message

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

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

### The Seven Day Period

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

### The Year 1945

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

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

Other happenings of the year



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

### They Never Come Back

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

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

### Failures

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

### The Year 1946

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



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### PRAYER SERVICE SUNDAY

A prayer service will take place at the home of G. E. Goodman of the Frog Level section of Coalwood at 2:30 p. m. next Sunday. Monday night at 7 there will be an old-fashioned prayer meeting which will be continued all week, if desired. Both meetings are open to the public.