The Faithful Standard, vol. 2, no. 1 (September 1923)

Holy Spirit Research Center ORU Library
hsrc@oru.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalshowcase.oru.edu/faithful_standard

Part of the Christian Denominations and Sects Commons, Missions and World Christianity Commons, and the New Religious Movements Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalshowcase.oru.edu/faithful_standard/4

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by the HSRC Digitized Periodical Collection at Digital Showcase. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Faithful Standard (New York, NY) by an authorized administrator of Digital Showcase. For more information, please contact digitalshowcase@oru.edu.
"If It Be Possible, Let This Cup Pass From Me"

By A. J. Tomlinson

ONE lonely night in the early spring hundreds of years ago, probably between the hours of nine and twelve, could have been seen the forms of twelve men as they left the spacious hall in the city of Jerusalem and walked slowly down the street. The little company probably left the city by the Fish Gate, now called St. Stephen's Gate, in the eastern wall. The walk was in the light of the full moon amid the deep hush that falls over an Oriental city by night. They soon reached the lower slope of the Mount of Olives, about half a mile from Jerusalem. For a cause unknown to us, eight of these strong, sturdy men were bidden to stop while four of them went on deeper into the shades.

This little group of men was very sad. Perhaps three of them did not feel the sting so deeply, but the fourth was exceeding sorrowful and very heavy. After trudging along a little distance with not a word spoken, the silence was broken by the Master, who said, "Tarry ye here and watch." After these words were spoken He walked further into the garden under the denser shades of the olive trees. The silent moon pierced its silvery rays down through the branches and image of those historical old trees and lit upon His form, making His seamless coat appear speckled with light and dark.

Watch the bowed form of the world's greatest hero. Now it is bent as if about to fall under some terrible load, now it braces up again and straightens up erect and moves further on up the slope. Presently, as if He cannot hold up under the great weight any longer, He falls on His face and cries in the deepest agony, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

There is no record given which shows the length of time this great hero lay upon the ground, but the suffering was so intense that it is recorded that the sweat dropped from His body like drops of blood, and it is believed that blood was mingled with the sweat, or that the sweat was actually blood drops. There He was alone with His agony. His disciples were a few yards away, but they could give Him no comfort. In fact, they slept while He suffered. They did not feel it, although they loved Him. They were without a full knowledge of what was upon Him. They could not even sympathize with Him because everything seemed to be so foreign to them.

Gethsemané is the scene of the world's greatest battle, though it is an inward battle. Two ways of life, as different as light and darkness, are here in conflict. If Christ shall decide to save Himself from His hour, shall choose to escape from the agony which attaches to redeeming love and shall emerge from His struggles with His decision made to be the kind of Messiah the people want, then divine purpose, eternal love, and spiritual hopes for man will have been defeated. He feels that He

(Continued on page 26)
Don't be afraid of the snake above—his poison is being taken out.

When you come to think about it, it is a wonderful thing to be able to take the poison out of the tongue of a copperhead, as Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars is shown doing in this picture. It isn't the size of the copperhead, or the spots, or the tail, that kills—it is the venom right at the base of the tongue.

This picture above enables us to draw a good many lessons.

First of all, wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if we could pick up people who have poisoned tongues and hold their heads while we took out the venom. Some people's tongues have a poison in them that hurts worse than the bite of a snake. The venom of the snake may send a person to the grave—but the venom from the poisoned tongue of an enemy may SEND A SOUL TO HELL. It has many a time.

This poison is not profanity, or swearing, or cursing, alone. Some who are Christians, either intentionally or unintentionally, emit a poison from their tongues that hurts until it kills.

This writer knows a young man, splendid, sacrificing, progressive Christian—WHO WAS DRIVEN FROM GOD TO DRINK by the constant pursuance of men and women who called him "Brother."

It were better, says Jesus, that a millstone be hung around their neck than to offend one of these little ones.

We also learn something else from this picture. Supposing Dr. Ditmars did not know exactly how to extract the venom—what would happen? He would be bitten and probably die. Supposing some of us attempt to take the venom out of our brother's tongue—and we don't know how? We will ourselves die spiritually.

Dr. Ditmars is the Curator of Reptiles in the New York Zoological Park. He knows reptiles and how to handle them. He has spent his whole life with them. He is not afraid of them, because he knows how to handle them.

But we are not snakes, the lowest of creation, cursed to crawl upon our bellies all the days of our lives. We walk upright. We are created in God's image. The Serpent, The Old Devil, is constantly hanging down over us from the limb of a nearby tree trying to whisper "venom" in our ears—and put venom in our tongues—to bring sorrow and distress upon others.

The most unruly member is the tongue. Upon that we must put a bridle. Let us be men in God's image—not serpents with venom at the base of our tongues.

This is rather a startling parable—but it is certainly no exaggeration.

The best way to get the venom out of the enemy's throat is to "take it to the Lord in prayer." Moreover, we seldom hear of a man of prayer having a poisoned tongue.
OVER THE TOP AT LAST

We Imagine we Hear a Shout of Hallelujah!
From Maine to California, From the
Lakes to the Gulf, and Across
the Sea as Well

I WISH to say a few things to my friends, the subscribers and readers of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD, to let them know that they have not been forgotten, although it has been several months since the magazine has paid regular monthly visits as it used to do. The cause of the delay has been briefly explained through the mails, but with all this having been done, many have been very greatly disappointed.

I take this means of expressing my gratefulness to you for your patience in waiting for the return of the appreciated visitor to your homes. It has been one long string of disappointments one after another, but you have waited and we have worked, studied and prayed. Many almost sleepless nights have been spent in prayers and meditations as well as laboring in some manner in the interest of the good cause for which the magazine stands. Sometimes difficulties are hard to get out of the way and the opposing forces of the enemy of all good are hard to overcome, but when the victories over these monsters are won sometimes the skies of prosperity shine brighter. I trust it will be so with THE FAITHFUL STANDARD. It is our purpose to make it even better than it has ever been. It has already won the favor and admiration of thousands and we expect to do our best to make it worthy of the love and favor of its tens of thousands, and also worthy of its name, THE FAITHFUL STANDARD.

It has been said that things that were accomplished under the greatest difficulties have made the greatest heroes. If this be true in things pertaining to the world why can it not be just as true in things pertaining to the spiritual side of life? It is our purpose to make this magazine a shining light to help people over hard places, and in order for it to do its best service so it can lend its best sympathy and aid it will need to have an experience of going over hard places itself, and surely it is having its share. I believe its friends will appreciate it the more on account of the stormy experience it has had in its short career.

The friends of Jesus were disappointed in Him when He submitted to death. They thought He would redeem Israel, but when He was gone they gave it up for the time and even some of His closest followers went back to their fishing nets because they did not know anything else to do. But He came to them again, and when the victory was finally won, that cause that seemed lost a few short months before took on new life and He has had multitudes and millions of followers and subjects. The greatest cause that was ever launched in this world was started and continued under the most severe trials, difficulties and discouragements. It has been a success and will be a still greater success when the final victory has been won.

Looking backward, it seems almost incredible that such a mighty force as Christianity could have been launched by ONE person who had for His helpers a few untutored and untrained fishermen. At the start they knew but little about the world except in their limited sphere as Galilean fishermen. And this must have been very small since there were no daily newspapers, no extensive mode of transportation and no telegraphic conveniences. Very little known of any of them until they espoused the great cause for which they gave their lives. And one of these chosen men proved to be a traitor and sold his Master for a few pieces of silver, while another became fearful of what the enemies of the Lord might do to him and denied having any knowledge of Him.

But the work was started never to stop. The Galilean fishermen were transformed into mighty giants. The little band of twelve soon grew to one hundred and twenty, then it jumped up to thousands in one day, and then followed multitudes both of men and women. Churches were established in many places and the name of Jesus was honored around the world. God did not despise the day of small things. And even when it seemed that the cause was almost lost forever there was some God-chosen and God-fearing man to run under the swaying structure and steady it a moment, then fasten it solid again, and on, on the movement spread and grew until another tremendous conflict arose which threatened a final downfall.

After the year 325, when the first creed was introduced into the Christian religion, spirituality began to decline. Following the history of the centuries one is thrilled with interest as he gathers important information. The glory of the early Church gradually disappeared until it was lost to view entirely. The series of persecutions that followed makes one's blood run cold as he enters into careful study of history of those awful days when the combined hosts of the under-world seemed bent on the final destruction of the sacred institution started by our Lord. The blood of
the martyrs flowed exuberantly at intervals for many centuries. Then for centuries deep spirituality was covered over with legalism and forms. Real Christian experience was almost unknown.

But the time came for a change. The change came in an unexpected manner, but it was permanent. Ever since the days of the reformers the Christian religion, once so hated and despised, has been on the incline. Up, up, she has mounted by leaps and bounds until the present time, when it is known around the world and recognized more or less by every nation on the earth. And the very institution once so despised and hated has stemmed the time of oppositions, ran the gauntlet of every imaginable difficulty and danger and is at last topping the mountain of success and prosperity.

If all of this has come on Christianity itself, why should there be any wonder if similar oppositions should be thrown across the path of its advocates to impede their progress in standing out boldly for the sacred truths contained therein. In a sense THE FAITHFUL STANDARD would seem to be unfaithful because of its failure to issue regularly, but on looking up the history of many faithful men it is discovered that many of them would not accept deliverance from their opposers that they might obtain a better resurrection. Many anxious hours have been spent while awaiting deliverance for the magazine, but we have taken courage by thinking of the better resurrection when it would finally break forth from its long, long sleep beneath the sod of circumstances. Hours have been lost in weeks, and weeks in months, but at last the grave of silence breaks open and out pops this gem of religious truth with her spotless garment waving in the breeze to continue its faithful career unto a time indefinite—we hope until Jesus comes to call the faithful to meet Him in the sky. We imagine we hear a shout of Hallelujah! from Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf, and from across the sea as well, as this news is heralded abroad telling of the triumph over the difficulties and that THE FAITHFUL STANDARD has risen from the dead and is now full of life and beauty. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hallelujah! Surely it will rise above what it would have been had it not met the tremendous difficulties and overcome them.

This month only displays another beginning. I believe it will be hailed with joy. Not only do we want to gladden the hearts of the subscribers, but also the hearts of its former happy representatives. They will be glad to show it to their old customers and friends. This will surely call for a glad jubilee day. I wonder what I can say to my friends to make them feel the best. I am much interested in their present and future happiness. The past is gone and cannot be recalled, but the present is important and the future is yet to meet and we want it met with a fulness of joy. Look up, loved ones, and hope for better days. The shrubbery sleeps through the long winter months only to shoot forth its buds, foliage and fruit in the spring. We trust the winter sleep of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD is over and past forever. If you love it, now is the time to speak a good word for it. Who knows what heart you may lighten by introducing this specimen of joy to some troubled soul? Now is surely a good time to bring sunshine to drive away the shadows of some long night. Drive away darkness by shining light. Drive away cold by producing heat. Drive away hatred by supplying an abundance of love. Do all of this and even your little world will seem more cheerful and doubtless will be much happier for those who may chance to live in it with you.

Many hearts have been gladdened in the past, and there are yet many to search out and bless in the future. We cannot afford to sit around and nurse our sorrows while there are millions in darkness and deep despair. They must be sought for and blest. THE FAITHFUL STANDARD is on the lookout for all classes and all conditions. One said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." This is the principle to be practised by this monthly visitor. The searchlight is shining its brilliant rays of love and (Continued on page 29)
HISTORICAL HOUSE
A Week in the old house of Augusta Ga.
By A. J. Tomlinson

It was on the fourth day of April, 1923, when our party of four arrived in Augusta, Ga. We were taken from the station in an automobile to the home of J. T. Nash, where we were given a cordial welcome by his good wife and mother, Mr. Nash being absent at the time. After the usual salutations and greetings, we were shown to our room that was to become our office during our stay in Augusta.

As General Overseer of the Church of God, I have much official business to attend to besides a heavy correspondence, thus it is necessary to have my typist and other helpers, including the overseer of the state in which I am engaged in convention work in the interest of the churches of the state.

As soon as our trunk arrived from the station we opened up our office work as usual and commenced business. The work was dispensed with in the usual rapid manner during the day and the religious services were attended to at night at the church. This continued until the regular convention work opened, which included the day as well as the night.

During a conversation that took place between some friends there was some mention made of the house we were occupying being one of revolutionary fame. I became interested at once and began to seek for information on the subject. Many things of interest were related to me concerning the "old house," among which were that it was thought to have been erected about two hundred years ago, and that a British officer used the house for his headquarters for a time during the Revolutionary war and that during that time this British officer had thirteen American patriots hanged in the house.

These stories aroused in me more curiosity which led me to make a more thorough investigation of the house itself as well as for further information. The winding stair leads up to the third story. The odd-shaped roof, the wide boards for flooring, and ceiling, the odd carving, the big chimneys, the old-fashioned hinges on the doors and the nails that show very plainly they were hammered out in a back-date blacksmith shop, all tell of colonial days. There is also a tradition to the effect that George Washington held some kind of court in the building during those early days of American history. And with all of this comes the fact that the General Overseer of the Church of God had his headquarters in this same old building for a week which makes it of double interest to many of our day.

While there I had a picture made of the building and obtained the bit of history contained in the following articles taken from the Augusta Herald published in 1916, and a book published by A. W. Dellquest Book Company in 1917. These short bits of history become quite interesting to our friends in connection with the fact of the General Overseer of the Church of God making his headquarters in this historical building for a week in April, 1923, as stated above.


GEORGIA'S MOST HISTORIC LANDMARK IS OLD HOUSE ON UPPER BROAD STREET

"WHITE HOUSE OF THE REVOLUTION" IN WHICH THIRTEEN AMERICANS WERE HANGED FROM WINDING STAIRCASE, IS STILL WELL PRESERVED.

(Continued on next page)

"ANYTHING TO TAKE US DEEPER" is the title next month of an extraordinary article
By A. J. Tomlinson

WATCH FOR IT!
On upper Broad Street, just above Crawford Avenue, stands the historic old "White House" of the Revolution. In recent years the residents of the western section of the city have known it as the old Welsh house. This is undoubtedly the most historic house in the state, although many Augustans are not aware of its existence. Of course every schoolboy and schoolgirl in Augusta has read in Georgia history of the old house, but its gruesome story is unknown to many Augustans, else it would be a greater object of interest than it is.

This old landmark of the Revolution is quite an imposing structure, and has valiantly defied the ravages of time. It is now painted gray, and but for its colonial appearance could pass for a structure not over fifty years old.

In May, 1780, Augusta was occupied by a British force under two Tory officers, Colonels Brown and Grierson. Brown had once been a resident of Augusta and when the people rebelled against the king he failed to side with them and gave such offense to the citizens that he was tarred and feathered and carted through the streets by a mob. He was then given twenty-four hours to leave the town, under penalty of death. He left Georgia, vowing vengeance.

Colonel Elijah Clarke, the distinguished Revolutionary patriot, declared that he would not rest until the British had been driven out of Augusta. He raised a force of three hundred and fifty men and to these were added eighty men from South Carolina. On September 14th, 1780, Clarke's army appeared before Augusta.

Clarke attacked an Indian camp which was located near the present site of Hawk's Gully bridge and captured about seventy prisoners. The British and Indians, under Brown, retired to the White House, which was then a trading post. At night Brown threw up earthworks around the house and prepared to defend it. Clarke laid siege to the house, the water supply of the British was cut off, and the wounded men suffered intensely. Brown himself was suffering greatly from a wound in the body, but retained his courage, having already sent to South Carolina for relief. After the siege had lasted four days, Clarke heard that a British force had appeared on the Carolina side of the Savannah River and abandoned the siege, leaving some badly wounded soldiers behind him. He had no means of moving them and it was necessary to leave them to the mercy of the British. Brown saw a chance to satisfy his vengeance and had thirteen of them hanged to the winding stair case of the house. Brown lay wounded in a room at the foot of the staircase and saw them hanged, enjoying their dying agonies. Their bodies were given to the Indians, who, after scalping and mutilating them, threw them into the river. The other prisoners were handed over to the Indians and met a horrible death by torture.

In the past, several weird ghost stories have been connected with the old house. Residents have told of strange knockings upon the walls in hours of night. Others have told of hearing groans and curses and the rattling of chains. Of course, those who scoff at ghost stories would attribute the weird noises to rats, the wind, etc., but the fact remains that many families have moved out of the building on account of them. But the realization that one is spending the night in a house in which thirteen men were hanged does not tend to quiet the fears of the superstitious.

"Although Georgia was not represented in the First Continental Congress, yet her children were not less alive to the teachings of liberty." The spirit of independence flourished in the vicinity of Augusta. The building known as the "White House," still standing on Upper Broad Street, was the scene of a fierce skirmish between the colonial patriots and the British.

In 1780 both forts at Augusta were in possession of the British. Colonel Elijah Clark and Major Samuel Taylor, with a force of about four hundred plucky Americans, made an attempt to drive the English troops from Augusta. Major Taylor surprised a party of Indians, who promptly retreated to the "White House" supported by a detachment of British troops.

Unaware of the presence of Clark, the English officers, Brown and Grierson, left the two forts and hastened to the "White House" to capture Taylor. In the meanwhile Colonel Clark took possession of the forts. Leaving a guard at those places,
CALVIN TURNER, I sentence you to thirty days in the workhouse at hard labor, for your disturbance of the peace."

Judge Croopsey looked down with stern countenance at the culprit before him—the man with the disheveled hair—the fiery look upon his face—the crusader.

"Your Honor, the labor shall not be hard—for I shall do it joyfully for my God!" The voice of Calvin Turner, fanatic and preacher, rang through the courtroom with deep, sonorous, ministerial rhythm, giving a courtroom a scene of interest quite unusual in Judge Croopsey's court.

Calvin Turner had asked for a license to preach on the streets of New York City. "God told me to preach, and I must preach," he declared to himself about eight o'clock on Sunday evening at the corner of 41st Street and Eighth Avenue. However, he had not yet received his license to preach on the street.

The policeman on the beat knew the different preachers who did have license to preach in his neighborhood—and he didn't recognize Calvin Turner. In his easy manner he had walked up to the bareheaded preacher, who was sounding out his message with a voice that the constant honking of horns on the avenue could not drown.

"Let me see your license, Brother," the policeman interrupted Calvin Turner.

"God Almighty gives me license to declare the Gospel of God and no blue-uniformed son of Ireland can take it away," retorted Turner, in the same tone of his preaching.

Those around who knew New York, knew that Turner had made a grave mistake in thus retorting to the regularly constituted officer of the Law.

"You whitened sepulchres, sons of the Devil, forever fighting against God, you shall be destroyed by His eternal wrath. You—"

The policeman seized him, and started with him to the police judge. The curious followed to see what would happen. All the way down the avenue, despite the efforts of the policeman, Calvin Turner preached on. In tones now of wrath, now of pity, again of gladness, he sounded out his message. The mob followed upon their heels right to the court room.

Thirty days in the workhouse did not cool the ardor of Calvin Turner. The inmates cursed him for his violent praying. The jail house to Calvin Turner was a Church House. Fellow prisoners were a forced congregation. Within a week he was taken to solitary confinement—but even from there emanated sermons—prayers, weeping, Calvin Turner, lived, slept, ate and breathed nothing but his religion.

The day of liberty came. The other prisoners were thankful he was gone. To them he had been a nuisance, at least they said so with curses. Calvin Turner stood upon the threshold, lifted both hands toward high heaven, and with a tear of determination welling from his eyes, he exclaimed:

"By all that is High and Holy I pledge my life again to God. Nor heights nor depth, nor friends nor enemies, nor storm, nor prison walls, nor anything shall move me—I shall preach of righteousness and of judgment to come as long as I live."

With sturdy and unaltering stride he took the path that led down to the ferry. Once again on Manhattan he breathed, not execrations against those that had placed him in prison—but against Satan and all his works.

He stopped for a moment on Second Avenue near 58th Street, for the sweet joy of repeating his pledge. Unmindful of the people passing, so settled was he upon his determination, that he exclaimed audibly, and smote his hands together in dogged emphasis, "I will Preach the Gospel—I will Preach the Gospel—I must Preach the Gospel."

A passerby, Mary Lockwood, looked at him—pityed him and passed on. A policeman, George Foley, big, stalwart, kindhearted, came up to him and asked if anything hurt him.

"No," replied Calvin, "nothing but the sins of the world." "You had better go talk to the priest—he will take your sins away," responded Foley.

"I am a Priest—Anointed of God—I shall tell the world of its sins—I shall take the lost sinners to Christ. God has appointed me to be a sharp, threshing instrument—with me He shall bring righteousness to the world—and judgment to sinners." By the end of this statement Calvin Turner was speaking loud enough to be heard a block away. The policeman was considerably embarrassed and told him to move on, and content himself.

But Calvin Turner could not be contented. In the hours of night he tossed upon his bed, agonizing for the souls of men. In his waking hours no thought but of the souls of men crossed his vision.

But he had no place to preach. The churches were afraid of him—he was too fiery, and flighty, as they thought.

And yet he must preach. It seemed to Calvin that he would die if he didn't preach. All the world seemed to him to be waiting for his message.

(Continued on page 32)
HATE!

THESE are Bolsheviki of Russia, practising up in the arts of gas attacks to make themselves powerful in the eyes of the world. All the world is in a War of Hate right today. France hates Germany, and Germany hates France and England. And they all hate Turkey. Japan hates China, and China hates Japan.

And in religion bigotted Catholics hate many Protestants, and many uncharitable Protestants hate Catholics. Neighbors hate neighbors, and talk about them, and slander them.

And what is worst of all, some professed Christian people oftentimes hate the ones who did the most for them.

Everywhere there is Hate, Hate, Hate—Hate your banker, hate your butcher, hate your beggarman, hate your thief—the only time something is worth telling is where it’s something bad.

If someone finds out something about a preacher—it’s usually fellow preachers that do the tattling, and cause the trouble.

If someone lends some money to someone, that someone begins to hate the lender. “Make a loan and lose a friend.”

Hate is abroad in the land. And what makes Hate worse is because many people will say in one breath, “I love him”—and in the next five minutes they’ll knife him.

When I was a boy I sat downstairs late one night talking with the Pastor of a certain church ABOUT ANOTHER PREACHER. And everything that was said was to the detriment of that other preacher. A sinner, who happened to be staying over-night, said the next morning, “You kept me awake until after midnight, ‘talking about that preacher—and you call yourselves Christians!’” There’s something to mull over. I am glad that happened when I was still in my teens, for it taught me a lot.

Men have gone to terrible extremes in their mad frenzies. One king who had been offended had one of his slaves come to him every hour of the day and remind him of vengeance—until the offender had been destroyed.

Hate will devour you—by pieces. If you hate, there is a law of compensation that sets up to destroy you in return. If you hate somebody today you will reap a harvest of hate as certainly as if you plant corn you will reap a harvest of corn. If you cultivate that hate by back-

(Continued on page 25)
LOVE!

If you have never been in love, don't read this.
If you have ever been thinking of the blessed Saviour and tears of love and gratitude roll down your cheeks, you know what it is to love.
Or if you have ever looked into the eyes of a sister, or a big brother, and felt that there is no one quite like him;
Or if you have, as a son, looked down into the eyes of your mother as this Hero at the right—
Or if you have ever looked into the eyes of the girl who was all the world to you, the one you asked to be your wife:
Or if you crooned down upon the babe in mother's arms, and felt the joy of it all—
If either of these experiences have been yours, then you know what it is to love.

No wonder love is the greatest. Without love life isn't worth living. The bonds of sympathy and love are what keeps the whole world moving.

Pity on the man or woman that doesn't get joy out of seeing people in love with somebody. Life's most precious moments are denied to such.

"I love you!" Be they the words of a Jonathan to a David, a Ruth to a Naomi, a father to a son, a mother to a daughter, a lover to the betrothed—they are the greatest words of all.

But if Jonathan says to David, "I love you," and then doesn't show it by shooting the arrow in the right place, then Jonathan's words are not only empty—BUT FALSE.

If we say we love Jesus, and then do not show it by our works, then "WE LIE AND DO NOT THE TRUTH," says St. John.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, love; these three; but the greatest of these is love.
AND when our fighting was worst Salvation lassies by the score were thrown into the service along with their food trucks which were turned into ambulances. For four days and four sleepless nights these ambulances, dripping with blood, rolled between the field dressing stations, while within the hospitals, medical men and Salvation lassies fought grimly to save the lives of the wounded men.

And, Irene, when I reached the dressing station there was a Salvation woman there—we all called her Nell—who had given me the last warm doughnut before I went into five days without food—and she washed my wounds, moistened my feverish lips, and cut away the bloody clothes and bandages tenderly as only a woman can. I shall always rise and call the Salvation Army blessed.

"And I mustn't forget to tell you that the President passed through our ward yesterday. A man beside me had on a Croix de Guerre and a D. S. C. Shaking the man's hand warmly, he said, simply, 'I envy you.' Turning to another, he said, 'I notice most are wounded below the chest.'

"The others"—replied a man with only the stump of his right leg remaining, 'The others have passed over the Great Divide.'"

"I shall be on my way home within a week. I'll wire you as soon as I arrive. I have a hundred things to say, but cannot say them now."

"This letter, after three months' silence, carries from me renewed expression of my eternal devotion."

HOME TRAIL ENDS FOR 411 NEW YORK HEROES

Gale-Tossed Boys, Yearning Even Death Amid Mountainous Seas, Find New York at End of Winding Path.

"There's a long, long trail a-winding To the land of my dreams—"

And for 411 wounded New York soldier boys, the long, long trail ended last night when the ships which brought them docked at the army piers at Hoboken.

After the hell of battle on the Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and Argonne fronts; after weeks of suffering in Paris hospitals; after two weeks on the sea in weather the like of which even hardened old mariners cannot remember, these 411 wounded were at last in the land of which they had been dreaming for months.

READ THIS FIRST

GEORGE ROGERS, a pentecostal boy, son of pentecostal parents, went away to school. His experiences were many and through them all he was true to God, on leaving college in the spring he goes to a camp meeting. There he meets an old friend—a girl. He becomes superintendent of a high school. For reasons of his own, George does not return as principal of the school another year. He lays other plans. He goes to New York. George had wonderful success in New York. The United States went into the World War, and George enlisted at once. He describes his experiences in a very interesting way in his letters to Irene Blair. In this installment you find the last part of a letter describing some of the experiences of a pentecostal young man in the World War.

They come with honor and distinction—and with appalling battle marks. Those who came yesterday were in the thick of the fight at Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne, the turning point when Foch's great counter movement was begun. Their wounded comrades from Indiana and Ohio explained, "These are a part of the men whom Foch used to make one jaw of the great pincers with which he squeezed the Germans on July 21." And, though all are either sick or wounded, and some are terribly maimed, there isn't a face that doesn't light up with a smile—especially when you mention home.

WILL NEVER FORGET

New York will never forget yesterday. It saw the return of the first American troops that had actually seen service on the firing line in France.

They came in three ships—the Sierra, that poked her nose through the Narrows at 6:30 a.m., six days overdue, the Chicago, which came up the harbor at 2 o'clock; and the Comfort, a hospital ship that touched her pier at twilight.

Every ship brought tales of harrowing experiences at sea. The Sierra, an old vessel, sprang a leak three times and while the ship pitched and rolled and threatened to go to pieces in a sea that washed over her pilot house, strong-hearted men and devoted Red Cross nurses prayed that Providence would bring the ship with her precious cargo safely into port.

The Chicago had a similar experience. The Comfort brought men who said they were so buffeted and tossed by the sea that there came a time when they prayed that the ship might founder, if only soon, to end their misery. The Sierra brought 1,566 wounded; the Chicago, 258 Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. workers, and a company of 200 civilians; the Comfort, 411 serious cases of maimed, wounded and shell-shocked troops.

The Sierra came gliding through the mist of the morning, seen only by the customs boat and the small harbor craft. Coming at noonday, the Chicago, seen by all, received a welcome from the waterfront that vied in tumult with the celebration of Victory Day. But it was the coming of the Comfort, gliding through the twilight, ship of mystery, six days overdue and, at times given up for lost, that thrilled, the heart of all New York to the core.

90-MILE GALE

Word had got about that when the
Comfort came New York would get its first glimpse of the hellish side of war—that she was laden with the maimed, the mentally deranged, the stumps of what had once been stalwart men. She reported last Thursday that she was delayed by a storm but hoping to make port Saturday.

Every craft that came in Saturday brought no word of the Comfort, but told only of the increased fury of the hurricane that swept the Atlantic with a 90-mile-an-hour gale. Sunday and Sunday night—and no word. Monday, Monday noon and the hours wearing away—and still no word. So it sent a thrill of gladness and good cheer into Wall Street, the commercial and business districts where such things are closely watched, and from there spread to the entire city when the flash came:

"Sandy Hook reports the Comfort."

Over at the army piers at Hoboken, a big crowd had gathered. The all-provident and ever-present women of the Red Cross were there working out some vast scheme of quick relief for the hungry—huge baskets of buns; great bags of cigarettes, gum, chocolate, candy; stacks of newspapers and magazines. And back of their array a line of army ambulances stretching along the pier to the street—possibly fifty of them.

**BANDS ON THE PIER**

Out on the end of the pier were two big bands—one from the Army, one from the Navy. And, as the ship came slowly up the Hudson, they alternated playing, keeping the crowd in good humor.

Twilight—and then darkness. The river and the waterfront took on their accustomed quiet of night. There was no uproar of welcome for this battered voyager, for the night hid her passage and only the tugs that kept her in the channel knew whence she came and what she carried.

Finally a shrill girlish voice on the pier cries:

"There she comes!"

And, sure enough, out of the night looms the big white hull. There is a stir, restless, anxious, questioning on the pier. Through the shadows the rails can be seen outlined with black tiers of humanity. But all is silent aboard the vessel—there is no cheering or shouting, inviting an answering shout.

**HOME, SWEET HOME**

The Naval band strikes up "Home, Sweet Home," and plays it through as the ship comes closer and closer. It plays it through again—and still no sound, no response. The ship is almost at the pier. Everyone is weighed down with an air of somber care. Then a shrill feminine voice from some place—in all probability a Red Cross voice—

"For Heaven's sake, play something they can sing."

And the leader of the Army band, in a moment of inspiration, started up:

"There's a long, long trail, a-winding,
To the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingale is singing
And the pale moon gleams—"

And the whole ship burst into song.

In an instant the vessel seemed to wake from a lethargy. The lights from the pier beat down on her and showed her decks, rails, upperworks lined by wounded soldiers. And when the song was over there went up a cheer from that shipload—a strong, whole-hearted, boisterous cheerful, full of warm goodfellowship and gladness.

**TENSION IS EASED**

"There's no gas victims on that boat!" someone shouted. Everybody laughed and the tension and solemnity of the occasion were gone.

One of the first men I met aboard ship was Corp. William C. L——. The corporal was badly wounded at Soissons, just after the big drive started, but his wounds are healed and he can walk some.

"There is no describing war," he said, as some of the other New York boys gathered around. "You can't understand—no words can give any idea of the hell of it. And yet I want to say to you that the American troops taught some of the Allied veterans over there how to go through the ordeal. It was their pep, their determination at Chateau-Thierry that turned the whole war to the Allies."

**PRAISES WOMEN**

"There's just one thing I want to say," spoke up Private William E—— of Flushing. "If it hadn't been for the Red Cross women—yes, and the Salvation Army women, too—we wouldn't have got anywhere. Say, boys, these women go right to the front line trenches under fire. You can't keep them back. Every one of them sort of gets the idea that you're her own boy and if you go over the top and 'get yours' and one of the Red Cross or Salvation Army women is around and sees you go down, it's only a minute until she had crawled out to your side. I've seen them do it many a time and the shells raining all around. Before the war I used to think the Salvation Army didn't amount to much. Say, as long as I live, no matter where I am, wherever I see a Salvation Army man or woman, off comes my hat."

**PAINFUL EDUCATION**

"Great education—but it comes hard sometimes," said a chap from Indiana. "Seems so, at least, after a long hike all day when you are expecting a rest and get orders to march all night."

"Ah, that isn't so bad," Private Carl R—— of 846 Seventh Avenue, came back. "How about starting a week in freezing water up to your thigh—or sleeping out all night in a pool of water?"

"That's bad, too," rejoined the Hoosier boy, "but you want me to tell you the hardest thing to go through—the thing that disgusts you and hurts most? It's when you've had a pal for months and he's a regular fellow and you've been thinking how when the war's over you'd look him up and kind of have him for a lifelong friend, and then, some day, you go out over the top together and bam—along comes a shell and mussels him all up right before your eyes and you go on clean and unhurt. That's what takes the pep out of you."

(Continued on page 28)
An Open Letter to
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

My Dear Brother Bryan:

I know you are surprised to have me call you Brother, but the way you have been acting lately, about the Bible, about the Evolution Theory, about Smoking, and Booze, I know "we be brethren."

I watched you close in your races for the Presidency, and I didn't vote for you, because I believed in the other fellow's ideas.

But Brother Bryan, you've won my heart. I never did see you but once—and I remember that as well as if it were yesterday. You came out on the platform at a certain little southern city, great big man that you are, and I saw you and I liked you.

Some years later I was in Indianapolis, Indiana, and saw quite intimately the desperate efforts that were being made by temperance people to put over the prohibition laws. The tremendous sums of money that they spent didn't appear to me to be anything to the amount of good you did when you did for the temperance cause when you declared for prohibition.

A lot of the newspapers and public people made light of you, Brother Bryan, but down in the hearts of us unknown citizens, we rejoiced and thanked God for you to put over Prohibition.

William Jennings Bryan, we owe a lot to you.

Then along came these strange theories of evolution, and criticism of the good old Bible. And up you stood, like the big Christian man that you are—against them all, thank God. And they are on the jump. And the way that you stand up for the Holy Bible it makes tears of gratitude come to my eyes every time I think about how you are standing up for it.

And I want to say a word to you about your stand out there at Indianapolis some months ago, when the Presbyterians had their big convention. I happened to take lunch with two estimable men high up in church circles of a different denomination. As they offered cigars around they said that your plan to have the Preachers refrain from smoking would never be considered. (You had just come out against it the day before.) I followed your progress all through that convention—and again I am constrained to thank God for you, William Jennings Bryan.

I am, of course, not personally acquainted with you, and while I do firmly believe that your Christian experience runs deep—at least it seems to me that way—but I have often wondered if you ever read the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and realized that all the things that took place on the day of Pentecost are taking place today? Men and women are receiving the Holy Ghost, and speaking with other tongues; thousands of people are being healed by the power of God.

The Blessed Book that you believe in with such great power is being fulfilled by amazing miracles in our very midst. It is marvelous beyond description. I have often wished that I could tell a great man like you about the remarkable blessings that some of us humble folks are enjoying right out of the Bible, that perhaps in your great position you have not heard the full details of.

You are up in years now—but they are all unblemished, and to see you crown your unblemished public life with such a stand for Christianity—William Jennings Bryan—we humble Christians are mighty proud of you.

Faithfully yours,

A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN BROTHER.
Here we see a section of the City of Smyrna burning. The city had 300,000 inhabitants. Thousands were massacred and burned when the Turks sacked the city. Thousands jumped into the water and were drowned. The black mass to be seen to the left of the large building in the foreground are refugees huddled at the wharf waiting for the ship to take them away—the ship never came, and they died.

We used to shudder and think it was terrible that over in India the great pythons, snakes of great strength and poisonous, would sweep in on the inhabitants and bite or crush them to death—or that tigers and hyenas would take their toll. More people are killed by automobiles alone in the United States every year than by all the snakes and tigers in the world.

Explorers tell us of the fatal black water fevers of the tropics that take their toll of life every year—but more people are taken by consumption and die in the United States than by blackwater fever in all the Tropics.

We shouted from the housetops of the amazing health regulations in the United States Army during the war—yet an epidemic of the unexplainable disease, influenza, struck the camps and visited more devastation on the strongest manhood of the nation than all the powder and steel and poisoned gas of twelve million Germans armed with Death. Down in Baltimore bodies of dead soldiers were stacked up like cordwood in front of the undertakers' rooms—dead with influenza. This undertaker was hurrying around trying to give each a decent burial, and he fell dead in his tracks.

There is a big cemetery which I pass quite frequently. At the entrance of that cemetery is a steeple, on the top of the caretaker's building. While a funeral procession passes into the cemetery the bell tolls. I don't believe I have ever passed there at any time between the hours of nine in the forenoon and four in the afternoon, but the
A mother and six children were killed when their car stalled on the railroad. Mrs. Harriet Margot, with her six children, just starting out on a new road to happiness, sat helpless in a stalled automobile and watched a screeching locomotive swoop down and obliterate their lives. This happened a few weeks ago at Valparaiso, Indiana.

bell is tolling. I have seen a half dozen funeral processions winding their way into this cemetery, most horse-drawn funerals. Moreover, I was told by one who lives in the vicinity that the tolling of the bell is almost constant, day in and day out.

Back of that cemetery is a more aristocratic cemetery. Many a time as I was going along the boulevard that leads near it, I have seen a funeral procession of high-powered Packard cars dash by with the speed of the wind—to the cemetery.

A little further on is a crematory, where the bodies of the dead are cremated. A little curl of smoke is constantly ascending.

This is a dreary and unpleasant thing to think about, but which we must stop and think about once in a while.

While I am writing this very article I pick up a copy of the Daily Newspaper, to find that 1,800 people, probably more, have been killed by an earthquake in Chile, and thousands upon thousands and more homeless and wandering. A tidal wave swept in upon the coast of Chile, as if the entire bed of the Pacific heaved up and down. This tidal wave reached Hawaii, two thousand miles in the other direction. The earth shook, while the inhabitants of thousands of miles of area fled in terror to the hills. For three hours and forty minutes the earth shook clear across the nation, and far up the Andes, while the water receded from the coast and then rolled up again pitching water craft of all kinds far up on the dry land.

And in between where I read of this terrific earthquake, and automobile accidents, I see that a million and a half non-Turkish population in Turkey are being driven from home. When the Turks forced the Armenians to leave their homes, they headed them for the desert. Practically all the two million of them died of starvation, the sword, and exposure—the bodies strewn by the wayside for a thousand miles into the desert. We do not know what will happen to these million and a half who are TODAY starting on a pilgrimage of death.

Last year ten million of Chinese were threatened with death by famine. Many millions did actually die, despite the frantic efforts of many relief agencies to save them.

In Russia last year, owing to famine, it was estimated that perhaps a million died of hunger—untimely, and while still in the bloom of health.

When we cry, Peace, Peace, then shall sudden destruction come upon us. This actually happened. I picked up a newspaper back in 1912, and found the words, "Peace, Peace," in bold headlines in the newspaper. I looked at them and pondered what I had read in the Bible—and see what befell the world.

But perhaps I am talking of the bigger things such as you feel are a long way from you. You are not going to war; you do not need to expect starvation; the territory where you live has never been visited by an earthquake of any serious consequence; you are not expecting to be forced to march into the desert.
But there are some things that are going to come home to the readers of this paper. Some of the readers of this magazine are miners. In the Coal Mine in Pennsylvania recently, more than a hundred men were entombed—of whom nearly half perished there. The frightful death of the miners in the Gold Mine of California a few weeks ago is still fresh in our memory. Comrades dug through the rock for four days and nights—they found the entombed miners, forty-eight of them, dead.

Fire takes its toll. Every few days, especially in the large cities, several die from fires. In New York in three weeks, three separate fires killed many each—perishing in the flames.

Danger lurks in every place. For example, not so long ago, I was out driving in an automobile with my two-year-old baby sitting beside me. Just as I came up alongside of a big truck standing against the curb, the driver of the truck stepped down directly in front of my car. Frantically I jerked the wheel, and missed him by a hair’s breadth—to find myself heading for a touring car, coming speeding down the other way. I swerved the car quickly around, the while applying the brakes, and the car went around on two wheels, and I got it stopped just as it broke the lens in the headlight against a telephone post. The little baby was thrown from the seat, but fortunately, was not hurt, except a slight scratch. As the baby cried the young man who had stepped out in front of the car, came up and exclaimed, as he thought the baby was hurt, “It would have been better to have killed me.” A crowd gathered round. Of those who were there at least half of them had been in an automobile accident, of more or less seriousness within the past few days.

One of the sisters in the church recently started to walk into the street, and one of the brethren chanced to be driving along at the time. His car struck the woman, and she was killed instantly.

The deaths in accidents as arrayed in the newspapers daily palls upon one.

A young man of my acquaintance died not long ago from burns. I had a chance last week to find out the details of his death. He worked in a power plant. As he was discharging his duty, a storm which had been brewing fell, and the lightning played around among the apparatus. This young man opened an oil valve, and the oil sprayed all over him. The spark from the electricity caught the oil on fire—and he died soon after.

Supposing you do not expect to have accidents, there is still another danger that lurks ever nearer. It is illness. Ever since mankind has come out of the garden, illness of one kind or another stands ever at the door. Sometimes it is large and sometimes it is a small thing—at least to begin with.

Our next-door neighbor, a woman with two children, had a slight spot, almost imperceivable, at the base of her thumb. It festered, and she went to a doctor and had it lanced. After the lancing it has grown even worse and she is now in the hospital in a serious condition.

A certain preacher, whom many of us knew as the very picture of health, robust, big and strong—and a good preacher. He comes home sick, and is laid up with appendicitis. Before he knows it, he is rushed to the hospital and operated upon. (And now he is broken hearted! Because he had been preaching and practising Divine Healing—and he feels that he himself lost faith.)

A young man of my acquaintance went into a certain restaurant where he and I had often eaten. He took a portion of something, it contained ptomaine poison—and after weeks of horrible suffering, he died. Fifteen people ate some pie in a New York restaurant a few weeks ago—they all died.

This article is not written in a pessimistic vein, but in the fear of God, and to impress upon the reader the importance of being ready, no matter what comes or goes.

These are not things to get us downhearted with living, for they may not come to any of us. But there is just the possibility of it. They are not lions to be afraid of. You probably recall that John Bunyan’s Pilgrim came up to a certain gate which he wished to enter. But he was afraid to go up through the gate, for there were lions at either side of the entrance that looked very forbidding. However, a closer inspection disclosed the fact that the lions were tied. Then the Pilgrim walked bravely through.

These are the storms of life. It is in these storms that the Christian finds comfort in Christ Jesus. If it were not for the storms many would never anchor in Jesus. It pays to anchor in Jesus while still you are able.
A Pentecostal Revival

How Ten Thousand Souls Could Be

Ten Thousand Souls to come to Christ between now and October 1st! What a shout that would bring forth throughout the world! And there is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine that need no repentance!

What a Glorious opportunity.

"I will Lead One Soul to Christ This Month."

Isn't there some one—just one, in your whole acquaintance that you can lead to Christ this month? A man, a woman, a boy or a girl.

It is blessed to go to church and hear a good sermon—but tell me, IS THERE ANY JOY SO GREAT AS TO SEE A SOUL COME TO THE SAVIOUR?

No, there isn't.

Who will join the chorus—"I will lead one Soul to Christ This Month."

Sometimes we must compel them to come in—out into the highway and the hedges we must go.

Perhaps you will say—"I will do my best to lead one soul to Christ this month." You are not sure that you can MAKE the soul accept salvation. BUT WILL YOU DO YOUR BEST?

What would you consider your best? Would it be to pray for thirty hours this month? Would it be to visit thirty people this month? WHAT CAN YOU DO THIS MONTH FOR CHRIST? Set your own mark.

And, if you don't have some definite leading of the Lord as to what you should do this month for lost souls—MAKE UP YOUR MIND THAT you will try to get ten people to come to the Lord—AT LEAST YOU WILL TRY. You will pray with them—you will weep with them—you will talk with them—or read the words of Christ to them.

Sit down now—put down their names—or make up your mind.

The days are making weeks, the weeks months, months are making years—AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR CHRIST this month? In return for the ten thousand blessings with which He is flooding your soul.

Into the Harvest Fields for a Month.

In October, when the farmer goes into his fields of corn to reap the ears full ripe on the stalk—when the trees in the orchard are bending under the load of luscious fruit—reaping for his labors—
That Will Sweep The

R L D

THE VOLUNTEERS?

Saved From Sin in The Next Thirty Days

In October, we want to hear of you returning, bringing the fruit of your Christian labors. Though you go forth in September weeping, we want you to return in October rejoicing, bringing the sheaves with you.

Let September be your month of weeping—and praying and laboring with lost souls. And with October we want to hear of the harvest.

"A BLACKSMITH SAVED BY GRACE."

We want to publish the pictures of some new-born souls—and when the readers of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD look into their faces—and see the pictures of those that God has saved—there’ll be a shout in ten thousand homes. For every reader of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD wants most of all to see the souls of men and women saved from sin.

THE REVIVAL THAT GOES AROUND THE WORLD.

Let every one of the ten thousand readers of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD try to lead some soul to Christ this month. It is the Lord's command: "GO YE." If you lead a soul to Christ you cannot estimate how many more will be led to Christ. If each of the ten thousand would lead just one soul to Christ this month—and the second ten thousand led another ten thousand—it would be a revival after God's own heart.

Go, and God go with you—reap the grain ripe unto harvest. Weep, bear the burdens of the lost—agonize in prayer. And September will be the richest month in your life—riches in Christ Jesus.

And come again in October—and lay your trophies at the feet of Jesus. Glory, Honor, and Majesty, to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
MARY MAGDALENE
Church Government in China

Who knows what God will do through the Church in China!

By Ina. L. Yingst.

BROTHER C., Field Secretary for the Church of God in China, turned around in his chair and quickly rose to his feet, with a “Praise the Lord” and hand outstretched toward Brothers A and B, who had just entered his office.

“How are you both, and how goes the work at Hsuei-pei,” this latter addressed to Brother A. Brother A is overseer of that district and the three brethren altogether compose the Board of Leaders for China.

“The church house is all completed, ready for seats and other furnishings. They want us to make an appropriation for that purpose as soon as possible. The Christians are so enthusiastic about their new building and are very anxious to dedicate it the first Sunday in June. Even the children of heathen parents are anxious to hear the first peal of the new bell, that they may come to Sunday school in the new Sunday School rooms. I tell you, Brother C, you must be there for the dedication. Brother B will preach, and all the missionaries who are near enough are coming. Many of the Christians are planning to walk as far as sixty miles to be there. Oh, it will be a shouting time. Don’t you remember when we dedicated the Assembly building up at Cleveland?”

“Yes,” said Brother B. “And many times when I first came to China I found myself homesick to be back in the dear old home church. Then, when I thought of how our Sister Rushin struggled through those first seven years to establish the Church of God in China, when it seemed all but God had forsaken her, it surely made me ashamed of myself; to say nothing of the sacrifices she made in coming home to America, leaving her husband behind holding the fort. And then to come back to China and wait for months, with no funds from home, no, not even a letter of encouragement; till it almost seemed they must give up in despair. The debt at Hsuei-pei had to be paid up in full or given up entirely and the Christians scattered to other fields. How they prayed and held on to God until deliverance came. Their holding on then has brought about these conditions which we now ourselves enjoy.”

“How stands the treasury now, Brother C?”

“Everything square for the month, with four thousand dollars just received yesterday. That, with the one thousand, three hundred, forty-two dollars and fifty-one cents balance in the treasury, will enable us to lay aside two thousand dollars for Brother S to go to Honan to open up the work and prepare a place for those four new missionaries coming out in September. You know how he has been praying about the work there. How they do need government in that Province. There are some mighty fine Christians there, but they are so divided. I believe there are many independent missionaries who will want to come into the Church when they see the light.”

“Oh, this is a big thing we are in. There is no backing down or turning back, now, as Brother Tomlinson would say.”

“How are things going at Tsinan, Brother B?”

“Fine as ever. Sister M has gone to Ching-dao to help Brother and Sister T. She has made splendid progress in the study of the language and now goes to study with a teacher at that place. Things are humming around the big grey house on the hill. Miss X was in a few days last week. She remarked that it was not much like it was when she was left there alone to stay by the stuff with hardly enough of the language to be understood. And then, too, to understand the Chinese was another problem. How lonesome the big house was with no one else in it but Chinese. But these were indeed days of importance. She trained two Bible women, and only God knows how many souls they have won to Christ. She herself made rapid strides in the language, owing to the fact that she had to use it continually. She spoke of her first trip to Hsuei-pei, how she made the twenty miles from Taian in a day on one side of a wheel barrow with Joel in her lap, and Sister Rushin and Deborah on the other. And coming back they left early on a frosty morning. It was nine o’clock before they reached home. This time she came in the Mission’s Ford, made the fast train and got to the home by ten o’clock in the morning. Sister L went back with her. Sister X is planning an itinerating trip with her Bible woman and preacher. Sister L takes her place in the home out there for the present.”

“Praise the Lord! To Him be all the Glory! We are marching on to victory,” said Brother C. “They have already begun work on our Summer camp on Taian mountain with the appropriation we made at our last meeting. We’ll be ready for (Continued on page 25)
EDITORIALS

In many instances the old paths are better.—Jer. 6:16.

You can fool some of the people some of the time, but
you can’t fool all the people all of the time.—Abraham
Lincoln.

Seek God earnestly and become more spiritual. God
draws nigh to those who draw nigh to Him. Try it.

Sanctification straight up, heart purity down right, and
heroic faith and divine power makes a life of usefulness
that will bless humanity.

If you know of miraculous cases of healing, write them
up, giving full particulars and how God answered prayer
and send them to us so we can publish them abroad to
encourage others to trust God for healing.

Just as well prepare for big things, for they are coming.
As this dispensation closes her weary years and just be-
fore she pillows her head for her eternal sleep she will dis-
pense her mightiest deeds as signs of her going out. The
every-day tick-tock of time tells of the nearer approach
of the inevitable. Watch for the signs.

Who would want to be slothful or laid on the shelf
now at such an important time as this? It might do for
the lazy and unthankful, but it will not do for those
who are full of life and the Holy Ghost. This class is
constantly engaged in the noble work of blessing human-
ity. Cripple Tom said, “Knowin’ is lovin’ and lovin’ is
doin’.” Get the best out of life by keeping busy.

We invite the Holy Spirit amongst us by offering Him
a free hand to guide and direct all our affairs in life. He
not only wants to impart spiritual blessings to us, but is
interested in our avocations of life. To have the fellow-
ship of the Spirit is a great honor. This means a joint
interest in everything. Do we not rejoice because of the
interest He takes in us right here in this present world?

Every decade in the past has furnished its man, and
men to uphold and assist him, in some special heroic
deed. Where is the man of the hour now? Who are the
men that will cluster around him and stay by him to the
last ditch? David’s men were few, but they were val-
iant. They never forsook David, although to remain
with him meant privations, hardships, tremendous bat-
tles, long hikes to escape the enemy, hiding in the woods
and in mountains and caves, and almost all kinds of sac-
rifices and hardships. Men can be true and brave now
as well as then. There may be no occasion for the same
kind of bravery, or the same kind of battles, but there is
need of the same kind of fidelity to the cause they espouse.
To make a promise of fidelity and break it is either cow-
ardice or gross deception. Such men would surely rank
with Paul’s traitors and truce-breakers. Speaking for
himself Paul said, “But none of these things move me.”
To be settled, fixed and unmovable in the right is a great
thing now.

I take this method of asking our friends to give us
names and addresses of those you think might be inter-
ested to subscribe to whom we may send sample copies or
write letters that may brighten up their lives and induce
them to subscribe for this great magazine. I say great
magazine because it is the only one of its kind in the
world and we expect to make it attractive as well as fill
it brim-full of good, wholesome soul food and other good
information and helpful articles as well as advertising
for the help and benefit of our people and the general
public.
The Road House
A Good Story

T
HE clique of men standing near Peck's corner on Fordham Road fairly gasped as a powerful gray car flashed past about nine-thirty in the evening. Behind it was a traffic cop on a motorcycle gradually gaining on the speeder. Ben Farman, the cop, had a good idea who was in the car, for he had chased it before, and even arrested the driver of it before.

In the car was none other than Gloria Malone. Gloria Malone was rich—which wasn't good for her. Her father had just suddenly dropped out of existence, and her mother had married a parasite of the father's fortune. That made it still worse for Gloria.

For the second time the cop knew her as the blond flash in the big gray car. He drew up, and persuaded her to slow down. They stopped directly under a street light and Gloria began to inflict her will. First, she flirted nonchalantly with big Ben Farman, and though he was genial he didn't accept her advances, for he was a young man of definite principle. However, his eyes fell upon something bright lying on the ground between his motorcycle and the big car.

He stooped to pick it up—a diamond-studded bracelet. Cunningly Gloria had dropped it from her own wrist quite unnoticed for that very purpose. Ben asked her if it were hers, which she, of course, denied. While Ben was examining the bracelet she suddenly dashed away, leaving Ben quite bewildered with the big bracelet of diamonds in his hand, the bracelet was worth not a cent less than a thousand dollars, and probably much more.

Gloria dared anything. On this particular night, for example, she was headed for Hannan's famous and infamous roadhouse beyond City Island. What cared she for convention—she would meet her escort there? She would go alone and she would leave alone. And it was quite well that she did, for the man she would meet was a very rich widower, a probate at least thirty-five years older than she was.

Moreover, it was a New Year's night celebration. Of course they have prohibition laws in the part of New York suburbs where Hannan's was located, but apparently Hannan had not heard about it, for the barholes of all beer kgs were wide open, and the most famous Scotch brews, and tantalizing champagnes were on draught—at fabulous prices.

But the price didn't make any difference to the crowd at Hannan's that night. They were all rich—or their fathers were. It made no difference how many they had cheated, or whether it was made by gambling—it was made, and if each gay table wanted to pay fifty dollars a round for a little sip from a mite of a glass—that was their business. Prohibition laws, or the wails of the poor or the dying gases of a billion heathen without God or hope, didn't enter into their cosmos that night.

Such frivolity as to make one gasp! Wits against wits and half wits, jesting, jesting, imbibing, dancing; young women supposedly respectable getting looser in their talk and their manner as the evening went on and more drink dazzled their minds.

Gloria Malone stood over a doctor punch bowl drinking more and more. She could hardly stand, for the spiked punch had gone to her head. She was assisted over to the stairs leading to the upper level, and began to throw dice with the Old Widower—at many dollars a throw.

Real Bible Scholarship

Brains and belief often go together—though some would have us believe they do not. Some of the world's greatest Bible scholars are to-day making masterly contributions in defense of "the faith once for all delivered." The Sunday School Times brings you the most illuminating findings of:


Professor Robert Dick Wilson, Ph.D., D.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, master of twenty-six languages, who will continue his amazing exposure of the weaknesses of unscholarily methods of the Higher Critics.

Professor A. T. Robertson, Ph.M., D.D., LL.D., of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, the recognized authority on New Testament Greek, who will write, on the lessons in Luke, on "Some Elements of Greatness in Christ's Teachings."

The Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., formerly of Oxford, Eng., who can "deal with the most subtle difficulties of scientific and theological thought, and at the same time present a message fitted to the understanding and heart of a little child."

Few men have done or could do what Professor Melvin Grove Kyle, B.D., LL.D., does in bringing the choicest results of Bible research in every field of the world promptly before Christian men and women, in his Archaeological Department in

The Sunday School Times

One does not have to be scholarly to understand and enjoy these contributions from the world's Bible scholars. They are written for all of us.

Think what it will mean for your children to have in your possession the light of this great Mr. Griffith Thomas, in this journal, and are in addition to the thirteen brilliant every-week lessons which helps on the International Improved Uniformed Lessons.

The simplest way to gain all this richness is to use at once the "Get-Acquainted" offer by which many, thousands have come to know The Sunday School Times. This coupon is for your convenience.

Our get-acquainted offer—10 cents for 25 cents
For the 25 cents enclosed please send The Sunday School Times for 10 weeks.
Name
Address
Ask for our Illustrated Bible Scholarship folder. It's free.
BIBLE PRESENTED AS A GIFT

Perhaps you can win it—and at the same time do a real service.

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD knows that some of its readers have been broken-hearted because of a friendship, preferably in the Gospel, who proved untrue.

To the reader of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD who tells us the most interesting experience of this kind a Teacher's Bible will be given—one that you will be proud to own.

Tell us the story fully, mail it to us soon, and say that we may publish it in THE FAITHFUL STANDARD.

Even if you are not much of a writer—tell us the story—and we will if necessary rewrite it for you.

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD
Cleveland, Tennessee

The old man suggested that they throw the dice—if she lost she would marry him; if he lost he would marry her—trivial, ridiculous, laughable, and damnable. The carousers surged to and fro about them—they threw the dice.

"We will throw the dice," gulped the old man, between hiccoughs, "if it's a natural we dash over to Greenwich and marry tonight.

"Agreed," shouted the intoxicated Gloria, her eyes glaring under the effects of the drinks. All gathered in closer. The old man took up the dice and threw—a twenty-three year old girl risking the balance of her life, her happiness, her money, her friends, everything, upon one throw of the dice.

Wade through the orgies of old Nero, the stinking excesses of Pompeii, Sodom and Gomorrah—morality and standards of life forgotten, drinking and gambling men and women, weaving the thread of life through the abominations of Isis and Osiris, praying to gods of immorality—and you scarcely find a picture worse than that being depicted in roadhouses around New York City, Paris, Havana, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Naples, Rome, Vienna and Constantinople today.

And Hannan's was the worst of all because the habitues had, in addition to all bad inclinations, the worst curse of all—TOO MUCH MONEY!

The dice were thrown—and it was seven—and that meant marriage to the old reprobate. Pandemonium set in. Gloria was hoisted to a big table on which had been placed a huge basin all of glass, larger than a bath tub. The crowning event of the evening had been planned, that the most popular girl should wade barefooted and knee-deep in the clear, sparkling wine. Gloria had elected herself by her amazing dare. She had made even the most sophisticated shudder.

At the expectant moment, as she stepped into the crystal wine, the bells and chimes from distant steeples, and the blasts from the steamers plying up the Sound announced that the old year was dead. The lights in the spacious but crowded room, were suddenly turned out—all was dark and for a moment deathly still.

Out of the stillness there came a sound from the Dead—Gloria Malone heard what seemed to be the voice of her father. Clear, ghostlike and penetrating it struck fear to the heart of the most heartless:

"Death! DEATH! Lurks at the door,
To snatch you from your folly."

A piercing scream rent the room—and Gloria sank unconscious into the big basin of cold wine. Women fainted; drunken men reeled and staggered under the weight of the darkness and their bulging and unthinking brains, sinking into chairs and onto the floor. A policeman rushed in who had come along with the strange speaker at the hour of midnight, and with his flashlight searched out the crowd, and quickly lifted the unconscious Gloria from the cold bath—and rushed her from the smoke-reeking air of the room out into the open.

The girl was hurried away by the man who had begun the speech, and taken to a friendly home, yet drenched with wine—her form limp and still unconscious—in the arms of her father.

And that is where God had a hand in it.

Robert C. Malone had made his money gambling—he had never known anything else, for his own father had taught him the tricks, with cards, dice, on the races, the elections—every day his business was to play the game of chance. He had fleeced the lambs around the world. He crossed the Atlantic on a floating palace three times, taking in each time, by his cleverness with cards, a fortune to retire on.

He got more gold in the Yukon with his cards than miners did with their picks and shovels. He sat in many a night at a friendly game in a Park Avenue apartment house and pulled down twenty to thirty thousand dollars.

(Continued on page 27)
FOR HERE AND THERE

THE DAY OF AFFLICTION

"In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves."

Eccl. 12:3.

It is told of the saintly Joseph Alleine, that in his last illness he suddenly lost the use of all his limbs. Looking at his dead hands, he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Some of his old friends having gathered round him, he said to them, "I have lived a sweet life by the promises, and I hope, through grace, can die by the promise, and I hope, through grace, can die by the promise of God, which are in a day of affliction."

PREACHING AND PRAYING

"He heareth the prayer of the righteous."—Prov. 15:29.

There is a legend to this effect: A certain preacher, whose sermons converted men by the scores, received a revelation from heaven that not one of the conversions was owing to his talents or eloquence, but all to the prayers of an illiterate brother, who sat on the pulpit steps, pleading all the time for the success of the sermon. It may, in the all-revealing day, be so with us. We may discover, after having labored long and wearily in preaching, that all the honor belongs to another builder, whose prayers were gold, silver and precious stones, while our sermonizings being apart from prayers, were but hay and stubble.

MINISTER NEEDED

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Turner, R. 2, Deckerville, Mich., are very desirous of some good full gospel evangelist to come to their part of the state and hold evangelistic meetings. Brother and Sister Turner are interested in the doctrine of The Faithful Standard, and any minister who has at heart the desire to win souls for Christ will do well to assist Brother and Sister Turner in this much-needed field.

MAN-KILLERS

The Chicago Tribune reports that more than 150 persons have been killed by automobile drivers in Chicago thus far this year. At this rate there will be more than 200 people killed by automobile drivers in Chicago alone this year. Most of the persons killed were in the cars. Some of them were not.

Seventeen killers are free in Chicago today. They know that their cars hit human beings. They have read in the newspapers that the persons hit were dead when picked up, or died on the way to the hospital.

To say the least of it, it pays to be ready to meet death at any time.—DEATH, are you ready to meet it?

HUNGRY SHEEP NOT FED

In such a day as this, the minister is solemnly called to consider his duty and desire to feed the dying multitudes of today on the full gospel of Jesus our Lord. Men and women are as hungry today for the Bread of Life as dispensed by Jesus Christ as they have ever been.

PERSECUTION

"They persecute me wrongfully; help Thou me." Ps. cxix, 86.

The pious Romaine, the well-known author of the "Triumph of Faith," suffered much for the truth's sake. What a picture is presented of the solitary witness of the truth, when we are told that, in his own Church of St. Dunstan's at Aberford, he had often to preach by the light of a single candle, which he held in his hand, as the church-wardens would neither light the church nor suffer it to be lighted!

(Continued on page 30)
"Be Ready Always to Give an Answer to Every Man That Asketh You a Reason of The Hope That is in You"

Did you ever start to tell a friend you loved about your definite experiences in the Lord, and find it a little difficult to explain it SO THAT HE COULD understand them?

If you could only explain them so you could make him understand, surely you would win his heart.

A book has been prepared, giving the Doctrines of the Church of God. It gives chapter and verse—and a great deal more to help.

Just the right illustration, just the right way to talk—everything written in such a way that not only will you enjoy reading the book, but you will wish to place it in the hands of your friends to show them "on whom you have believed."

This book can hardly be said to be the product of one man. It was written by one of the brethren, who has heard the many ministers in their very best God-inspired sermons. And he has put this into book form—for your blessing.

THE ONLY BOOK OF DOCTRINES IN PRINT

This is the only complete book on doctrines. You will be confirmed in the word by it.

We are so sure you will enjoy this book that we will mail it to you post paid, on a fully returnable basis. If, after receiving it, and reading it through, you do not feel satisfied that you received far more than a dollar's worth of blessing from it—just return the book, and we will return the dollar.

It is a splendid book, bound in cloth, and ought to be in every home. Mail the convenient coupon below with a dollar bill—at our risk, and we will send you the book for your approval by return mail.

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD
Cleveland, Tennessee

Brethren: Please send me the Book of Doctrines on approval. If after reading it through, I feel that I haven't received far more than a dollar's worth of blessing, I will return the book and you will return the enclosed dollar.

NAME
ADDRESS


**Church Government in China**

*Continued from page 19*

our annual China Assembly for the Church of God in August. That leaves plenty of time for us to get up our annual reports to send into head-quarters and hear from them again before General Assembly time. In another year or two we shall be ready to have some of our big brothers who care to come to China for our camp meeting.

"Yes, I remember," put in Brother A, "that Brother M did say he was expecting to attend General Assembly in Peking, China, some day." He missed the place, but got the idea. I can see him now, as he preaches on the Church of God. That's his great theme. And to listen to others preach it strong, and to add his "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" was his chief delight.

At just this point the postman came with foreign mail; and what missionary, from elder to the least one, does not anxiously look for foreign mail. Brother C hurriedly went over the envelopes and opened one postmarked Cleveland, Tenn. "Dear Brother C and all the workers in China,

Greetings in Jesus' Name!

Just a few lines of encouragement. You are surely doing a great work in China. God be with you and cause the Church of God to rise and shine!

Foreign Missionary day went over the top with much more than we could ever have hoped for, and the reports already received makes it safe for me to say we can send anyway three thousand dollars, which will only be a portion of the whole amount. We are now opening up work in South America, and by fall hope to send workers to India and Ceylon. I have never seen such a missionary spirit among any people, as I have seen manifest in the Church of God during the past two years.

I heartily endorse the plan of Brother S pushing into Honan. I hope it may be possible for you to lay aside one thousand dollars for that purpose and begin as soon as possible.

Yours for service,

A. J. Tomlinson."

"So you got the money before you did the letter; and more than he expected at that."

"It surely is true that the saints are manifesting a missionary spirit."

"Praise the Lord! Let's have a word of prayer before we open our business meeting."

When the shouts and prayers went up from that little office room, the workers in the next room stopped their work, typesetting and the rest for they were preparing to print the Church paper in Chinese, and joined in the prayer all of one mind and one accord, Chinese and American.

Now, dear friends and readers of The Faithful Standard, in the above sketch it was my purpose to show you what can be done if we all stay in our places and each do his part. I am sure you would all rejoice over such conditions as these. I have somewhat promiscuously thrown in little hopes and desires along with the possible and the real plans for the future, to interest you in the work over here. The past conditions mentioned are what exist at this time. And as they are spoken of as in the past are looked upon in that light. Our trials are not near as hard after they are past and the sun shines. It is now we suffer and endure for Jesus' sake. It is now we need assistance. Right now you can relieve the pressure and by the time this little sketch reaches you, you can make all these things possible.

I could have mentioned boys' schools, of which we now have two, girls' schools, and high schools, and even hopes of a Bible Training School for the Chinese here in Tsinan. It is all, of course, in the future for God to work out. Are you

*(Continued on page 30)*
If It Be Possible, Let This Cup Pass From Me

(Continued from page 1)

could call down twelve legions of angels to deliver Him from the cross, but that way of escape would not be victory—it would be a new triumph for the forces of evil. And yet the bloody sweat, the groans and cries of a soul in deepest agony show how real the temptation was, how unspeakably hard was the lonely testing.

On the other side of the issue the case stands clear. There was no way to save men from sin and selfishness without the appeal of the uttermost self-sacrifice, without the boundless cost of uncalculating love. The only way to win men, to redeem them, to create in their souls a passion for God and for holiness and purity of life. And only one thing will do that for a man—the discovery that some one feels his defeat and still believes in him; in fact, to beget love in the soul of a person is to begin by loving the person and suffering with him and for him.

We can almost hear Christ saying in the dark of that garden that lonely night, as He did say in the light of Pilate’s palace, “For this cause was I born, and to this end came I into the world.” To turn away from that divine mission for any other goal was to accomplish defeat both for Himself and for the race forever. Most like us He seems when the torn heart cries: “Let this cup pass, if possible.” “Save me from this hour.” Most divine He seems when He calmly says, “For this very cause came I unto this hour”; “Thy will be done.”

Jesus entered Gethsemane, and there He found the Father, and the clue of life became clear. He found the clue of life when He said: “Not my will, but thine be done.” And so we find that from this moment Jesus moves to His end in majestic calm. The agony is passed, and it is passed forever. He knows the darkness is but the shadow of God’s wing. He speaks henceforth as one who sees the dawn, and has the light of dawn upon His brow.

Long before, in the history of His race, a man had entered into the same awful gloom and had wrestled with an angel in the dark, and had come forth from the conflict with a new name and nature. Jesus repeats the experience of Jacob, and the lesson is the same in each history. The lesson is that our truest and deepest experience of God is often won out of our darkest hours.

A story is told of a dear and brilliant friend, whose name would be honored by many if it were given. He told the darkest chapter of his life. His whole life lay suddenly broken off in disaster; his work ended, his heart broken, himself in a hospital suffering cruel pain. And then he said: “Oh,—, what visions of God I had as I lay in the hospital! What a sense of eternity and the reality of things spiritual! I tell you, if I knew today I could only gain such visions of God and truth by repeating my sufferings I would crawl upon my hands and knees across this continent to get that disease!” Ah! there lies the justification of our Gethsemanes. We need the utter loneliness, we need the separation from friend and lover, to make us sure of God. “And Jacob was left alone,” says the old record; “and there wrestled a man with him till the breaking of the day.” Even so—till the breaking of the day, for the divinest of all dawns shines in the Gethsemane of sacrifice.

Some people doubt the goodness and existence of God because they see so many sad things in the world. If they would go a little nearer to the heart of things, they might find that “Everything inferior is a higher in the making.

Everything hateful is a coming beautiful.

And everything evil is a coming good.”

March boldly into the dark Gethsemane, and you will find, not only the sweat of blood, but the angel that strengthens you, the angel of peace in the house of sorrow, and the angel of patience in the house of poverty, and the angel of the resurrection in the house of death.

Sorrow is a part of God’s scheme of life. Our real problem is not, Why are there sin and suffering in the world? but, What can we do to cure the sin and alleviate the sorrow? Greed, ambition and cowardice may mix the cup and bring it to us, and yet it may be the cup which our heavenly Father gives to us. Every one in his deepest being is alone. Every one must bear his burden, endure his own pain, die by himself, and alone face the deep problem of his relations to the universe and the Master of life.

Hate

(Continued from page 8)

Hate

bending, and throwing down those who have been your best friends, you will reap the greater harvest of hate.

It never fails. Be it nation, people or individual—you will reap your reward.

Don’t try to excuse yourself saying, “It is for the good of all, that he should suffer.” You will be the one that suffers most.

If you claim that you hate nobody, then prove it. You cannot love your friends and lie about them at the same time. YOU HATE THEM WITH A DIABOLICAL HATRED. If you are jealous of your friends, YOU HATE THEM. Don’t say you don’t and fool yourself.

HATE—AND THE ROAD YOU TRAVEL WILL LEAD TO HELL.
The Road House

(Continued from page 22)

His home was a gambler's home. His wife was flashy, daring, and a gambler too. They lived in rich hotels, and traveled luxuriously.

But as a gambler, Malone met his Waterloo. He found God. Even though as bad as Malone, God can find them. When that happened, there was a riot in the Malone household—the wife was furious and "disgraced." She was sure their friends, Gloria, sided with her mother. would throw them down. The family was broken.

One day Malone didn't return from a trip on the day he was expected. A week passed, a month, a year. At the end of six months, Mrs. Malone nonchalantly packed her grip and went to Texas, and took up her legal residence, and applied for a divorce on the grounds of desertion—and got it, so she could marry another gambler.

People thought that Bob Malone was a derelict, stranded somewhere, and perhaps forgotten. But they didn't know the Bob Malone that God had made out of him. Bob was ashamed of his past—he told no one. And instead of the old nickname, "Gambler Bob," they called him "Praying Bob." Every time he was seen he was murmuring a prayer—"For Mabel and Gloria."

One, two, three, four, five, six years passed—dragging heavily, but he prayed on and on—asking that if even by death "Mabel and Gloria" would be brought to Christ. Far in the west among gamblers that he didn't know he wrought—not for their money, but for their souls. Many of them he had won—and after seven years, with mustache and beard which he wore for disguise he came back to his old haunts around New York.

On this particular night he was one the clique of men standing at Peck's corner on Fordham Road. He saw the flying gray car and the motor cop. As the cop came back he asked him who was driving the car—and it was his own daughter. Hailing a taxi immediately, he started out through the night to find her. On and on he went, stopping at every roadhouse and looking within for his daughter, for he knew her habits now.

He met disappointment after disappointment, but still kept on. At the stroke of midnight, he found Hannan's, and not knowing that his daughter was there, he gave vent to the Spirit of God which was within him—and in the nick of time he rescued his own daughter.

There she lay before him, still unconscious. He kneeled beside her and prayed his prayer over again for "Mabel and Gloria."

The bitter cold of the New Year's night on a body just dipped in cold wine set up double pneumonia. Gloria hovered between life and death for days. The mother was frantic, seeking her, but could not find her. She drove her car everywhere there was a clue, day after day, always with her husband along. She was nerve-wracked and unstrung and could scarcely keep her car in the road. As she approached the railroad crossing she did not see that the bars were down, and crashed right into them. Her husband was killed outright, and she herself was taken to the hospital horribly bruised and ready to die.

Bob Malone saw the news of the accident in the paper, and rushed frantically to the hospital, to pray at the bedside of Mabel. And God heard the prayers of a man like Bob Malone. The doctors said that Gloria couldn't live and they said that Mabel would be a cripple for life. But Bob Malone got a different doctor.

This story wouldn't be complete without you knew how Bob Malone and his wife and Gloria atoned for their gambling years. It takes really

(Continued on page 31)
DO BETTER TOMORROW

It may be that you have done your best today, but you may have some advantages tomorrow that you do not have today. It is always best and more inspiring to think you can do better tomorrow. I do not know the feeling of having reached such stage in life that there is no hope of improvement, or making some advancements. I am always hopeful for better things. I always try to look on the brighter side of everything. I think there is a chance for all things to work together for good and thus I have braved many tremendous storms in life. While the storm is raging I try to think of the beautiful sunshine that follows and the cheerfulness of the birds and the enlivened vegetation after the storm is over.

A story is told of an artist who was once found standing before one of his beautiful paintings weeping. He thought it was the master work of his life. It was “Christ before Pilate” and it was fine. On being questioned if he was ill he replied, “No. That is my very best, and I can never surpass it.” This great painter felt that he had passed his zenith in painting and he was weeping because he felt that he could never produce another piece of work that was any better.

Our very best is that which is always called for. We are in competition, not so much with other people as with our own best. Possibly we have done well in some particular service for the Master, and we may have won the applause and admiration of those we were serving as well as Him who is always watching, but lurking within our breast is often a feeling that we had made a mistake or blunder which no one else knew of. We have more keenly felt our imperfections than those who saw or heard. But to reach the place of absolute perfection so never again can be any improvement or advancement made is a stranger to me. In delivering messages either by pen or vocally I always want to do better the next time.

We do not know the feelings of the bondservant who had made his pound gain ten pounds, so that when his lord returned he could hear him say, “Well, thou good servant.” Neither can we imagine the increased thrill of satisfaction as he added, “Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.” It is not known how that servant toiled early and late and sacrificed and saved to make the gain he did. Doubtless his noble wife and faithful children did their part in their effort to make the gain. The table might have been scantily supplied. The children were not given all their hearts wished for, neither were they supplied with beautiful clothes like their playmates, and probably the wife did not have a new dress the whole time, but they were successful in making the pound gain ten pounds. This was their goal. They knew nothing about getting ten cities as a reward. That was not even thought of, but it was added because of faithfulness and success.

I wonder how that family felt as they were moving from their little cabin home down by the creek over into the largest of the ten cities and into the mansion on the principle avenue known as the “Governor’s Palace.” Such a family as this would not stop there and simply revel in luxury the balance of their days, but they would still work on trying to do better tomorrow. They would know how to sympathize with the lowly and try to make their lives happier and more prosperous. This kind of a ruler could make many suggestions to his subjects to make their pathway more pleasant and their homes happier. He had been faithful himself and he could encourage his subjects to be faithful. Having come
Over The Top
At Last
(Continued from page 4)

mercy into the nooks and corners of earth with a hope of bringing encouragement to the discouraged, light to the darkened, joy to those who are sad, blessing to the gloomy and power to the faint. By the help and grace of God it shall speak new life and vigor into the lives of its supporters and those it may find by its faithful service.

The bones of Ezekiel's vision were very dry. They had no life, no breath, no power. They were dead and very dry, but when the prophet began to prophesy upon them there was a mighty shaking, a great noise, and hasty movements, and soon by the blowing of the winds upon them, breath was given them and they became a great army of living men standing upright upon their feet. No matter how dry people may become, how discouraged they are, there is always a certain move to make, a word to speak, or influence to throw over them that will touch them up to new aspirations and determinations. Only touch the right chords with the proper forces and the right effect will be produced. The great Apostle Paul of the Bible said, "Let all things be done unto edifying." Get under people and give them a lift instead of trying to crush them down deeper into the mire. Help and bless instead of crushing and abusing. Give buoyancy and courage instead of criticism and torture. This is to be the spirit of the magazine that knows what it is to be sorely pressed and crushed almost to despair.

Finally, God bless you all. This is like a renewed acquaintance with friends who have been separated for years. But this time let us hope there will be no stoppage, no interval of lost acquaintance, but rather a continuation of fellowship, love and association until the brighter and more glorious day when all storms will have been past and the eternal glories will never cease.

Would You Like to be a Partner With us?

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
is owned by a number of Faithful Christians in various states of the Union. By each one investing a little, a real new publishing house, for the dissemination of the Glad Tidings has been created.

Any Christian who believes in the full Gospel and believes THE FAITHFUL STANDARD, with its other publishing interests, has a great work to fulfill, are invited to become partners with us. This may be in the form of an investment, bearing Eight Per Cent Interest, or full partnership.

Any who wish further details of the Eight Per Cent Investment plan, or full partnership, are invited to write to us.

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
424 WEST 33D STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Editorial Office, Cleveland, Tenn.

Historical House
(Continued from page 6)

Clark hurried to the "White House" to assist Taylor. The American troops began to storm this building in an attempt to dislodge the enemy.

SIEGE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

For nearly three days a steady fire was trained upon the stronghold. At length the Indians assisting Colonel Brown were repulsed, and it appeared that the British would be compelled to surrender due to lack of water. Just when a victory for Clark seemed imminent, a force of 500 British regulars arrived at the scene. The besiegers were soon forced to retreat to the mountains, Brown taking over twenty-five American prisoners.

MASSACRE OF THE PRISONERS

He and the Indians then proceeded to gratify their desire for revenge upon the unfortunates. Captain Ashby and twelve wounded Americans were mercilessly hanged upon a stairway of the "White House," while Brown and the Indians looked on. Other prisoners were turned over to the Indians to torture. Terrible were the demoniac acts at Augusta on that beautiful autumnal day when the white and the red savage contended for the meed of cruelty.
Church Government in China

(Continued from page 25)

going to obey Him when He speaks and strain your every resource for this cause?

I might present the other side. However, it is very painful to think about, much less experience. Shall these workers who are over here give up all claim to the work, let the property and Christians go and come home? Or with “Go ye” burning in them in spite of the conditions, work and struggle earning their own support while endeavoring to gain a working knowledge of the language; then set up and support their own work? Some other missionaries have done this thing. Some are now deep in debt with no hope, and others have had to compromise in order to keep alive.

Do you want your own missionaries, your own brothers and sisters, members of the same body to have to do any of these things? No, a thousand times no! Condemnation rests on your heads if you do let them go unsupported.

If you do now rally to the call with all your being, God alone can estimate the results.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

“Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.” Ps. cxxii, 2.

One night on the banks of the Potomac, as the Confederate and Union armies lay opposite each other, the Union bands played “The Star-Spangled Banner,” “Hail, Columbia!” and other Union songs; and the Confederates in contest played “Dixie,” and other pieces of their side. It seemed that each would play the other down. By-and-by a band struck up “Home, Sweet Home!” The conflict ceased. The bands on the other side struck up “Home, Sweet Home!” and voices from opposite sides of the river joined the chorus, “There is no place like home.”

For Here and There

A BESIEGED TOWN

“O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever.” Ps. cvii, 1.

In the year 1642 Taunton was besieged by the Royalist forces. It was defended by heroic steadfastness by Robert Blake. When food had risen to twenty times its market value, when many of the inhabitants had died of starvation, when half the streets had been burnt down by a storm of rockets and mortars, the defenders still held their ground, and Blake announced to the besiegers his grim resolve not to surrender “until he had eaten his boots.” At last, in July, 1645, the besiegers were obliged to withdraw. Many sermons were preached on the occasion of the anniversary of the town’s deliverance. In one preached before Parliament, the preacher said:

“I give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth for ever:
Who remembered us at Naseby, for His mercy endureth for ever;
Who remembered us in Pembroke-shire, for His mercy endureth for ever:
Who remembered us at Taunton, for His mercy endureth for ever.”

GIVING A TENTH TO THE LORD

“Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.” Prov. iii, 9

Mrs. Isabella Graham had received £1,000 unexpectedly, and, true to the godly habit which she had maintained through days of affluence and days of straitness, she put £100 at once into the bag, which had never received so large a sum before. The circumstance was never mentioned by her; but after her death this entry was found in her diary: “Quick, quick, before my heart gets hard.”

A MARTYR FOR CHRIST

“Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.” Ps. ciii, 1.

During the persecution in the reign of Queen Mary, one of the martyrs was fastened with a chain to a post in the Smithfield Market of London, and when the wood piled about him was lighted, and the fire burning his clothes and frizzling his flesh, he cried, “Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.”

THE LITTLE SHIPS AND THE GREAT SEA

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.” Ps. cvii, 23.

The following is the prayer of the Breton fishers: “Mon Dieu, protégez-moi—mon navire est si petit, et votre mer est si grande!” (My God, protect me—my ship is so little, and Your sea is so great.)

O God! my ship is small, Thy sea so wide, How shall I sail across in bark so frail?

What may my oars against its waves avail, Or can I ever reach the farther side, If any shore bound that unmeasured tide?

O endless waves! O feeble quivering sail!

O great Eternity! I faint and fail, And dare not go, and may not here abide:

My bark drives on, whither I do not know.

My God! remember me, that I am dust—

The way is too far for me, when I go; Yet will I leave the land and trembling trust.

Thou who didst walk on stormy Galilee, Let me not sink in Thine unfathomed sea!
CLASSIFIED DEPT.
Where to Get What You Want
Reach 15,000 religious people by advertising under this heading at a cost of only 3 cts. per word.
Minimum charge 75 cts.

TYPOWRITER BARGAINS

SINGLE COMB BLACK MINORCAS
If you want the largest pure white eggs in the greatest quantity in the winter months, try Lawson's strain, big fine breeding cockerels, $2.00.

LAWSON POULTRY FARM,
Cleveland, Tenn.

PRECIOUS PROMISES
Good for every Christian to have. When sad or in trouble, draw a promise. When rejoicing, draw a promise. Good to use in Sunday School classes. Each box contains more than a hundred promises taken from the Bible. Price 25c a box.

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD
Cleveland, Tenn.

PRINTED PENCILS

LIFE STORY
Have you read the "Life of Samuel Morse"—marvelous story. Thousands are reading it. Order a copy; ten cents. Golden Rule Book Shop, Albion, Mich.

SONGS
"His Sheep Know His Voice" and two other sacred songs with music, for 15c. $1.50 per dozen.
H. G. DESHA, JR., Box 333, Depew, Okla.

MUSIC
I will compose beautiful, singable music to your sacred poems. Send poem for estimate. Price reasonable.
Dr. Alfred Wooler, Composer, 171 Cleveland, Buffalo, N. Y.

5,000 CHRISTIAN WORKERS WANTED
to sell Bibles, Testaments, good books and handsome velvet Scripture Mottoes. Good commission. Send for free catalogue and price list.
GEORGE W. NOBLE, Publisher Dept. X, 101 W. Monroe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PATCHWORK
For making Quilts and Spreads of Fancy Ribbed Rippleette in Colors. Size about 16 inches, cut uniform, 59 cents a pound. Two pound packages only. Also regular PATCHWORK of Gingham and Percales at 49 and 39 cents a pound, two pound packages only, prepaid.
HUB PATCHWORK CO.
West Bedford, Mass.

The Road House
(Continued from page 27)

wicked people sometimes to appreciate how happy it is to be a Christian.

In the moments when Gloria looked into the deep and reverent eyes of a godly father, instead of a gambler father, she saw a new father there. When he told her how he came in time to rescue her from her own folly—of the long years that he had prayed for them—the light beamed into her soul. And when his wife found that earthly doctors could not save her from being a cripple for life, but that the prayers of a husband could—she was soon a sinner saved by grace.

The story might have ended here if it had not been for that diamond bracelet of Gloria's which Ben Farman picked up on the Fordham Road. Ben Farman was promoted sometime after that, to be a sergeant. He gave his mother the chevrions to be sewed on his clothes and while she had the clothes she chanced to find the bracelet in his pocket.

His mother was a godly woman, and principle to her was everything. She asked Ben how he happened to have the bracelet, which he promptly explained. The mother felt that her son had taken a bribe to keep him from performing his duty, and told him that she would not sew on the chevrons until he gave back the diamond bracelet. At first he demurred, but she was persistent.

When he found Gloria's address, he found a different Gloria from the one he had arrested, and the one he had helped lift out of the wine bath at the Hannan New Year's Revelry. It was a confession party. Gloria told the whole story, of herself, her Father, and best of all, her new-found of gold—and that was Ben Farman's. The story of finding Jesus, as Gloria could tell it, went all the way to the bottom of that heart. The diamond bracelet was mutually agreed upon Saviour.

Down under the steel blue coats of policemen there often beats a heart as a good thing to sell and give the proceeds to the missionaries. That started common ties between them—and it came out just the way you can expect. Gloria did not become a policeman's wife, but that was because Ben Farman soon resigned from the police force. You see, Gloria and Ben talked it all over and decided after all that instead of sending the money from the bracelet to missionaries, they would go themselves. Which is a good idea for many a young couple that haven't even thought about it.

Do Better Tomorrow
(Continued from page 28)

from the lowly walks of life himself, he could better understand his subjects and give them kinder and better treatment.

The five-pound man was likewise commended, but he only received five cities. Probably his family did not make so many sacrifices. They probably lived higher and spent more for food and clothing. He might have been less active or he probably possessed less business ability, but he was rewarded according to his faithfulness. Probably he lived in a better house than the other and it took more to keep his home going to keep apace with his neighbors. At any rate, he only made five pounds while the other made ten. Each one had the same amount, and both were faithful alike and their lord never offered a word of criticism to the five-pound man, but he simply gave him five cities instead of ten. Five cities were all he could manage well. If he got any more he would have to make good with the five and deserve more by doing better tomorrow all the time.

Discouragements may come, but try to do better tomorrow. Misfortunes may overtake you, but try to do better tomorrow. Though you should fail today, take courage, my brother, and try to do better tomorrow. And even if you do well today you should try to do better tomorrow. Your masterpiece of service in this world may yet be in the future if you will only strive to do better tomorrow.
"I must Preach—I must preach—I must Preach—But to whom shall I preach?"

II

Into Brown’s Gap, North Carolina, shortly after that came an old-fashioned hack, with covered top. Inside that hack was a collection of Bibles, tracts, and old religious periodicals. Calvin Turner had turned Colporteur for the American Tract Society, and was on a missionary trip through the mountains of western North Carolina.

Into every town you go God usually has somebody that is a little closer to Him than any one else. In Brown’s Gap, God’s particular woman was Mrs. Martha Waycross. One evening at milking time she was at the back of her barn. She heard someone weeping, as if someone were in great distress.

Following the sound she came to a corner of the rail fence near the by-road that went back of the place, where Calvin Turner lay upon the ground, still weeping and not noticing that someone was near.

"Can I help you?" said the mellow and sympathetic Mrs. Waycross. "Are you ill?"

Calvin lifted his eyes, which were bulging from so much weeping to respond in fervent and sobbing tones:

"Madame, I am distressed, but not for myself, it is for the sins of your village." Sobs hindered him, but he continued:

"Into every town I come such a burden for sins falls upon me that I can hardly bear up under the load. I have just about made up my mind that I will stay right here in Brown’s Gap until God saves the town. If somebody doesn’t bear the burden this town will go down like every town that forgets God."

Mrs. Waycross listened, with a thumping heart. She turned her eyes toward the hill, on the top of which stood two little churches, almost side by side. What ought to have been a picture of unity in the Christian religion was exactly not that. That hill was a battleground of churches. So bitter had been the conflict between them that scarcely would the members of one church walk up the same side of the hill as the members of the other for fear they might walk in their tracks!

And while the church members fought—the people perished. The sons of the Church members became moonshiners—one had turned murderer, and had killed sixteen people before he was thirty years old.

All this rushed through Mrs. Waycross’ mind as Calvin Turner, prostrate upon his knees, revealed his burden to her.

Nor did she tell Turner of the long vigils in prayer she had kept that God would bring salvation to Brown’s Gap.

"God will hear my prayer," continued Turner, "and I will preach the Gospel in this town until every man shall cry out ‘What shall I do to be saved?’"

They talked for a half hour or so—of the needs of Salvation for the town—of the prayers they must pray—of the burdens they must bear—to bring souls to Christ.

Though he knew not a soul in the town—surely God had led him aright in finding God’s Saint in Brown’s Gap—dear Sister Waycross, faithful wife and mother of several children.

Just as they shook hands there by the roadside, two women chanced to come that way, and peering around the corner saw them in interested conversation—and weeping.

That night, as Calvin Turner was asleep in the hack—his usual sleeping place—masked men came and finding it parked near that spot, jerked him out of the hack, turned his horse loose and ran it away—set fire to his hack, and watched it burn to a cinder—Bibles, tracts, clothes, everything. The backbiting tongue had done its work.

It is in the midnight hour when great things are born. Dark, very dark—everything was gone. Not even clothes for his back—The morning would come, and The Sun would rise—and there would be Calvin Turner with—Nothing. No money, no clothes, no horse, his precious Bibles, even his very own Bible, burned. Not a sword left to draw.

He pleaded with them to spare him a Bible—but no, nothing should be spared.

Satan besides being many other things, is a Prophet. He foresees the possibilities more than we think. If something is going to take place that will glorify God and bring happiness to the world, Satan knows it. He concentrates every effort to destroy those that he knows are going to do wonders for Him. Brown’s Gap had been Satan’s stronghold in the valleys and fastnesses of Cherokee County.

So there he stood out in the woods, no clothes but his underclothes, no money—nothing, but His God.

(To be continued in next number)