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The cold winter winds had ceased to blow except an occasional breeze that came down from the higher mountains to quicken the step of the pedestrian and energize him as he hastened on with his duties. The summer sun was beating back the frost line in the early spring. The early spring flowers were serving to decorate the hillsides and make a fringe on the roadside. The Hero of our story had effected one marvelous cure which had made Him famous. Two blind men had received their sight under His mighty influence and the news of such things had made Him famous. There was talk of Him almost everywhere.

At a certain marriage feast in His early ministry when the wine was exhausted He relieved the master of the feast from further embarrassment by turning water into wine, which proved to be the very best wine of the feast. He had also fed the multitudes when they were hungry and satisfied them completely with only a few fishes and barley loaves of bread. Many miraculous healings had been wrought by His magic touch. He had calmed the waves and beat back the storm. He had been seen walking on the surface of the water of the Sea of Galilee as we walk on the hard floor or paved street.

It was His last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem. He came down the eastern trail through the country of Perea and crossed the Jordan near Jericho—perhaps at the very place where Joshua had led the Israelites across on dry land, as the waters divided to let them pass. Many people followed Him besides His twelve close followers. As they were departing out of Jericho still going toward Jerusalem, blind Bartimaeus was restored and given good eyesight again. It was probably late in the afternoon when Jesus and His disciples reached the village of Bethany. This was the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus. It was a little stone village on the southeastern slope of Olivet, north of the Jericho road, surrounded with fig-gardens and terrace-walls, less than two miles from Jerusalem.

It will be remembered that Bethany was the home of Jesus during the passion week. He went over to Jerusalem during the day, and back to Bethany for the night. It was on one of these early morning trips out of Bethany to Jerusalem that Jesus became very hungry and seeing a fig tree in the way He expected some ripe fruit on it, but when He came to it there was no fruit on it—nothing but leaves. He seemed very much disappointed, and told the tree that no fruit should ever grow upon it any more. As the disciples watched with astonishment, they presently saw the leaves wither away after He had spoken.

Jesus was again on His way to Jerusalem from Bethany. As they came near the little village of Bethphage, He sent two of His disciples into the village to get a colt. When they brought him they cast their garments on him and set Jesus thereon. Although the colt had never been ridden before, He behaved himself well with the Lord on his back. On they went toward Jerusalem. Many were shouting praises to God. The multitudes had gathered. A delegation from Jerusalem met the others on the way. They were rejoicing greatly in their King when suddenly He came in sight of the city, and as He beheld it He began weeping and in distinct tones He said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

"For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee..."
O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

"Thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

round, and keep thee in on every side.

"And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

Here was the Lord of the whole earth right there in the midst of honor and rejoicing by others as they shouted, “Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest,” astride that colt weeping over a doomed city. The inquiries rolled in from the inhabitants wanting to know this great man. No, they did not know the Lord of Hosts was visiting their city every day. The city did not awaken to the fact of that being its chance to do honor to their King. They slept over their time. There was no way to awaken them. Miracles would not do it; sound preaching could not do it; driving droves of cattle and sheep out of the temple court could not do it. They were covered over with unbelief and sin until they did not know their own king. They were sound asleep—bound by the chains of slumber so tight that nothing could awaken them.

Jesus had been there before and delivered powerful messages in their presence. He often attended their yearly feasts and was always ready to perform His part of the service. It was at one of these great feasts that this wonderful messenger, when only twelve years old, was left by His mother and Joseph who later found Him “about His Father’s business” sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. He commenced His warning messages early in life and then during the last years of His ministry He laid great emphasis on the importance of their giving heed to Him. A few instances may be given here.

The scene was the Temple, in the court of the women. The festival which was being celebrated for eight days was the annual Thanksgiving Feast of the Jews. In this court were not only the trumpet openings into which offerings of money were cast, but also the four gigantic candelabra, or branched candlesticks, seventy-five feet high, and with four golden bowls for oil, in the center of this court. At night these were lighted, and the light emanating from them was visible to the whole city. Around these lights pious men danced before the people with lighted candles in their hands, singing hymns and songs of praise, similar to the way our people dance and sing before the Lord in meetings, while the Levites, who were stationed on the fifteen steps which led into the women’s court, accompanied the songs with instruments of music.

Let us suppose ourselves among the number of worshippers who, on the last, the great day of the feast, are leaving their booths at daybreak to take part in the service. The pilgrims are all in festive array. They follow a priest who bears a golden pitcher to the fountain of Siloam, in the valley south of the Temple. Here the priest fills from this fountain the golden pitcher, and brings it back into the court of the Temple amid the shouts of the multitude and the sound of cymbals and trumpets.
The rejoicing was so great that the rabbis used to say that he who had never been present at the ceremony, and at the similar ceremonies by which this feast was distinguished, did not know what rejoicing meant. The return was so timed that they should arrive just as they were laying the pieces of the sacrifice on the great altar of burnt offerings, towards the close of the ordinary morning sacrifice service.

Just at this point, when the interest has been raised to the highest pitch, probably as the last words of the 118th Psalm were chanted, and the worshippers were saying, “Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord, . . . bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar. . . . O give thanks unto the Lord: for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever,” and its echoes were dying away into a hushed silence a voice resounded through the temple, so shrill and clear that all heaven and earth might hear, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink”.

Again toward evening of the same day, the great lamps were lighted, shedding their light over the whole scene. These lamps were probably in commemoration of the pillar of fire which guided the Israelites through the wilderness to Canaan.

In a pause in the evening ceremonies, when the multitudes were hushed for a few moments the voice of Jesus once more rang out clear and strong: “I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life”. As if He had said: Follow me, as your fathers followed the Shekinah light, go where I show you the way, and as surely as they were led to their promised land, I will lead you and your nation to the fulfillment of your hopes, and the realization of the promises of God and the visions of His prophets.

Warning after warning was given by this wonderful Prophet, but still the throng continued in unbelief. Finally the last message came. Doubtless it fell with a tremendous thud upon the ears of the impenitent. He had exhausted every means to call that favorite city to repentance, but on, on they went in their mad wild rush to their eternal doom. It was one of those days near the close of His ministry while He engaged in enthusiastic teaching and preaching that His compassion reached its climax and it seemed all He could do was to turn it over to its inevitable doom when He compassionately exclaimed, “Nevertheless I must walk today, and tomorrow, and the day following: for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem.

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!

“Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord”.

Jerusalem was doomed. That great city where the Lord had put His name was doomed. The city of David with its magnificent Temple was soon to be overthrown. The people had slept over their time. The final sentence was pronounced. Any efforts now to redeem the time would be in vain. History gives the sad picture of the happenings of the few short years that followed. It was only about forty years later that the desolation came. The inhabitants perished by the thousands. The powers of the underworld seemed to be let loose to reek their fury upon that once honored place. The temple was thrown down, fire broke out and the hot seething flames leaped and wrangled with tremendous heat and fury until it was one veritable mass of hell. The moans and groans and shrieks and wild ferocious efforts to escape were beyond description. Men, women and children frantically raced through the streets to reach a place of safety and often rushed into worse quarters where there was no way of escape and thus they sank down in despair and were gone. Multitudes were destroyed, all because the city authorities failed to accept the Messiah when He came and gave them the wonderful messages of warning.

What about our modern cities? If Christ should come to New York with its millions of souls, doubtless He would weep over it as He wept over Jerusalem. Although its spires and steeples mark the many places where His name is mentioned, how many of the people gathered there from time to time would really accept Him if He should walk in some Sunday morning? If He should suddenly make his appearance on the top of the Woolworth building and with the voice of thunder make every one hear while He called the roll—make all the rush of business cease and cause a hush to seize the entire population, what would the answer be? How many would hang their heads in shame? How many would wring their hands and scream with fear upon them? How many would rejoice at the sound of His melodic voice when there are probably less than a thousand in that great city who actually have the Holy Ghost? Let me repeat the question, What would the answer be?

What if this Christ of the Bible should be seen walking around New York on the placid bosom of the great ocean, or was carried steadily on the topmost crest of one of the mad rushing waves as it rolled in from mid-ocean and suddenly leap to the top of the statue of Liberty which was presented to this country so long ago by France, and then in a moment bid the storm to cease and call for every man, every woman, every child, from every race and nation under heaven, and bid them listen while He cried, “O New York, New York, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen
doth gather her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left to you desolate!”
How sad! How sad! What a picture!

Now rush across the waters to Marseilles, France, where it is said half of her women are prostitutes. Rush into the city by the side of the Master who loves purity of life and the souls of men. Hear Him as He weeps and exclaims, “If thou hadst known, the things which belong to thy peace! But they are hid from thine eyes! Thou art left desolate and shalt be laid even with the ground and thy children with thee, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.”

And this illustrates how suddenly He will come some day. In a day and hour that people least expect Him He will appear. And whether it be New York, Marseilles or any other city Christ will call all to judgment. Not one can hide out. Not one can escape. When the roll is called there must be a response.

But Jesus showed Himself interested in the villages and smallest hamlet. He is the same way now. His weeping over small places might not be so intense, but the souls that are in the small places are just as valuable to Him as those in the larger cities. He is calling all. “Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely”. But if they don’t, O, if they don’t accept the invitation what will their answer be when the last eternal roll is called! One never knows just when or how this Christ will appear, but He is sure to appear to all in some moment at some time.

A story is told of Saint Francis who was “riding one day near Assisi when he was startled by a loathsome spectacle. A leper was seated at the roadside. For a moment he gave way to a natural horror, till he remembered that he wished to be Christ’s soldier. Then he returned and dismounted and went up to the poor sufferer and giving an alms kissed lovingly the hand which received it. Strong in his hard-won victory he rode on; but when he looked back there was no beggar to be seen; and therefore his heart was filled with unutterable joy, for he knew he had seen the Lord”.

The Master will be coming soon and many are heeding the exhortation to be ready, and to those who are fully prepared His presence will bring unbounded joy. Like the Bethany home they will give Him a glad welcome. If He should literally come to your town would you be pleased for Him to walk in at your door? Would you want Him to stop on the threshold and weep because of sin within? If He should come as a stranger would you invite Him in? If you should know Him as He comes near would your heart beat with fear or gratitude? Would it not be well to meditate upon these things and make sure of your final acceptance? Remember the doomed city which meant final destruction. There may be doomed cities in our day. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, fires, and many other destructive forces are sweeping through the world and no one knows where the next will fall. All these forces are calling men to repentance, but not all are repenting.

The solemn warnings were given first, then followed the weeping over the city and then the doom was pronounced. Jerusalem had thus passed the deadline and there was nothing left for it but destruction. The doomed city, Oh, the doomed city! And what about the doomed souls that are all around you, perhaps in your own town and even in your own home!

Over in Pennsylvania a young man was bossing his first job in digging the Foundation for a big structure. Orders were to dig down until he struck solid rock.

He dug down for a distance, then took some of the rocks that had been dug up, to the “Old Man”—who was a veteran builder. “Look” said the young man, “isn’t that solid rock?”

“No,” replied the veteran, and the young man started digging again. He brought another sample, which the old man again turned down.

“How will I know when I have struck solid rock?” asked the young man.

“You'll know it, young man, because when you do you will strike fire.”

The same is true in seeking the blessings of God—you will know when you have gone deep enough for you will strike fire.

“I'd rather know the Rock of Ages than the age of rocks,” said William Jennings Bryan to the modern critics.

How can one fail to admire the gameness of this old book, usually in the thick of controversy, flouted, denied, called out of date, burned at the stake, misquoted to the purposes of the Adversary, the inspiration of innovators, the refuge of cranks, but still somehow always holding its own between its venerable covers, and waiting, generation after generation, century after century, for the world to catch up with it?—By Edward S. Martin in Harper's Magazine.

A negro preacher was answering Ingersoll's lecture on the “Mistakes of Moses”. "I cast no aspersions", he said, "on the veracity of Mr. Ingersoll. I make no remarks about which character is more likely to tell the truth. I just point out this one fact: Mr. Ingersoll wasn't there, and Moses was".
THE PENALTY OF LEADERSHIP

(Author Unknown)

N every field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity. Whether the leadership be vested in a man or in a manufactured product, emulation and envy are ever at work.

In art, in literature, in music, in industry, the reward and the punishment are always the same.

The reward is widespread recognition; the punishment, fierce denial and detraction. When a man’s work becomes a standard for the whole world, it also becomes a target for the shafts of the envious few. If his work be merely mediocre, he will be left severely alone—if he achieve a masterpiece, it will set a million tongues a-wagging.

Jealousy does not protrude its forked tongue at the artist who produces a commonplace painting.

Whatever you write, or paint, or play, or sing, or build, no one will strive to surpass or to slander you, unless your work be stamped with the seal of genius.

Long, long, after a great work or a good work has been done, those who are disappointed or envious, continue to cry out that it cannot be done.

Spiteful little voices in the domain of art were raised against our own Whistler as a mountebank, long after the big world had acclaimed him its greatest artistic genius. Multitudes flocked to Bayreuth to worship at the musical shrine of Wagner, while the little group of those whom he had dethroned and displaced, argued angrily that he was no musician at all.

The little world continued to protest that Fulton could never build a steamboat, while the big world flocked to the river banks to see his boat steam by.

The leader is assailed because he is a leader, and the effort to equal him is merely added proof of that leadership.

Failing to equal or to excel, the follower seeks to depreciate and to destroy—but only confirms once more the superiority of that which he strives to supplant.

There is nothing new in this.

It is as old as the world and as old as the human passions—envy, fear, greed, ambition, and the desire to surpass.

And it all avails nothing.

If the leader truly leads, he remains—the leader.

Master-poet, master-painter, master workman, each in his turn is assailed, and each holds his laurels through the ages.

That which is good or great makes itself known, no matter how loud the clamor of denial.

That which deserves to live—lives.
An Idol In America

This idol was at one time far up in Thibet, in the hinterland of China. It is now located in a Museum in New York City.

The people of Thibet are said to have the lowest standards of living and morality of any people in the world. Yet they had time and money to erect this idol, almost of solid gold. The tapestries and the rug are priceless—more than six hundred years old.

Other Idols

Yet, if this Idol could talk just imagine what it would say of its fellow idols in New York City (and most other cities).

"I am what you all worship—for I am gold."

Look at the expression on the face, put there by the skillful goldsmith. That expression seems to say, "I know that no matter what happens, men and women will worship me!"

Within a short distance from this idol's new seat men (and women) rush at break-neck speed through the streets and the mart—at after GOLD.

Slaves of Gold—some by necessity and some for the love of it—they rush on day after day and night after night.

The Only Wealth

The only wealth that endures is that which comes from above. Better is little with CONTENTMENT than great riches with strife.

Yes, there's something more than Gold. We have found it in SALVATION, SANCTIFICATION and the Baptism with the Holy Ghost.

I have often thought of what would happen if we were to tell our friends that we had discovered a gold mine—and we really had. If we offered them an interest in it they would quickly take it.

Brethren, we have found Pure Gold, coming down from above—untainted, unalloyed—the kind of Gold that has been tried in the Fire.

In the next number of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD there will be a sermon of great worth on "Gold, Tried in the Fire." If you wish to be among the number "Purified, Made White and Tried" you will rejoice and perhaps weep, with the author of this article. Ask for it.
GEORGE ROGERS

By J. L. White (which is not his real name)

George Rogers, Pentecostal boy, son of holy parents, has been through many experiences since he left home: college, poverty, wealth, and war in France. Here we find him in a New York hospital, a wounded soldier.

But George Rogers was get well of his wounds—and thinking.

"Here I am," said George to himself half aloud, "sick, can't help myself, and I need money. I wish Columbus would hurry up, I want to know how much I had left when I went to war—and how much I have now."

"There is one thing sure," said George, continuing his soliloquy, "I am going to give a tithe of all I possess to the Lord. Ten percent ought to be His for bringing me out of that hell hole of war as safe as I am. I'll give Him ten percent outright. And I might give Him a little more than that. I get to thinking about those fellows that didn't come back—Father above, I believe I owe you twenty percent instead of a tithe. Why, to think, perhaps there won't be anything the matter with me but a crippled leg, that will make me walk awkward, but still I can walk. The doctor says the old leg will be crippled, that I can walk. I won't have to hobble wherever I want to go."

"Still, I'm young, not quite thirty; 'Dear Father, if you will cure this by your power so that I don't hobble too bad, I will give one-half of all I possess to Thy work upon the earth—howsoever Thou dost direct.' Let me see, I'll give ten percent today, just as soon as Columbus comes and lets me know how much I have—that'll go to various kinds of Christian work. I'll give another ten percent with a cane—and I'll give the rest I promise when I feel like the Lord has cured me enough. Half to the Lord—Half to the Lord!"

"What do you mean, half to the Lord," inquired the nurse. "I mean if Almighty God up above looks down on humble me and cures me better than the Doctor says I can be cured, I'll give the work of the Lord one half of all I possess."

"How much do you think you are worth, have you any idea?"

"Oh, I don't know," continued George, "but when I went away I left all my money with Columbus Hooper to invest in those big war boomers, and I know that I ought to be worth three or four times what I was worth when I went away—well, I ought to be worth at least half a million! Half to the Lord—I'm going to give twenty percent anyway—whether I get all right or not—just to show my gratitude for bringing me back. Thank God, over there I got it all fixed up with God before I got into trouble—and lost consciousness. I don't know who would have gotten my half million if I had kicked off—or if that bullet had struck about two feet higher up. Would God have gotten it? Well, may be so. I don't know what the law is, but disappearing as I would have without a will, I believe that it would have gone to my father and mother and sisters—and if they had gotten their hands on it—all of it would have gone to the work of the Lord or else I don't know them. Besides that, they would have been so glad that I was safe at home in heaven, that they would have given it to God in gratitude for saving my soul."

"It must be wonderful to be in position to give so much to the Work of the Lord—how does it feel?" queried the nurse.

when I get up and hobble around "Wonderful, Glory to God, it is more than wonderful! The more I think about it I am not sure but I would be stingy to keep even half. Wonder what God would say if I gave Him seventy-five percent—and I just kept—Oh, I know a better way! I believe I'll change ends with God. After all, I believe God has a better right to that money than I have. He fixed the plan that I should keep ninety per cent, and give Him the tithe, ten percent. If God could get along on ten percent, why can't I reverse it and give Him the ninety percent, and I'll keep the ten percent? That makes me feel good right now. That would be a new one, wouldn't it? Of course I guess everybody couldn't do that, and that is why He put it the other way in His Book."

"The Bible says, 'Give as you purpose in your own heart,'" interrupted the nurse.

"Then by the Grace of God I'll give ninety percent to the Lord, and just keep ten percent to start into business with again. And if God will prosper a Christian so much when you give Him ten percent, just imagine how He might bless if I give Him nine times that. But I don't mean it that way—I want to give it to Him outright—He doesn't owe me anything—He paid me over and over again when he curved the line that bullet took when it started toward me. He gave me LIFE RIGHT HERE ON THE EARTH! It was God that did it—the sharpshooter that leveled his gun at me didn't realize that I had a body-guard. Oh, more than a body-guard. Man has made bullets that pierce the thickest armour—they had them over there. But praise to the Most High—they haven't invented a gun that can penetrate the promises of God! The promises of God are sure and everlasting—I was protected with the promises of God!"
"Oh Lord, my God," he exclaimed closing his eyes in prayer, as the nurse wiped her eyes now gleaming with joy at the exulting soldier, yet moist with tears of understanding and praise. "Oh, Heavenly Father, I owe Thee all. I will give Thee all—everything is yours—I owe more than I can pay—not only for saving my life on the battlefield, but for the everlasting life, which Thou hast preserved for me—even in the days of my wanderings Thou wast near me. I will give all—for all to Thee I owe—as for myself, I will start all over at the very beginning—all my money is yours."

How beautiful to see the young man whose years had been spent vigorously, powerfully working—whose fortune had exceeded a hundred thousand dollars before he went to war—and with war over, and investments, sure to have increased several fold—lay it all down at the Master's Feet. Like the rich young man of old, to whom Jesus said, "One thing thou lackest, sell that thou hast and give it to the poor."

Don't let anybody fool you, God is picking out some good men in these days, perhaps you don't meet them all, but He is. He works in various ways. The prayers of George's father way down in Georgia, and his mother and his sisters—they went to the throne of God, morning and night—tears that could not be denied. And if a good Christian girl loves a good Christian man she will pray for him too. And friends too remembered him. And 'tis said that if all the prayers that were spoken for boys who went to France were gathered into books, it would take all the books that have ever appeared in America to contain them! There are still some praying people in America, even though when you go down the boulevard you may not think so!

* * *

There was a knock at the door—an orderly came in to ask if Columbus Hooper might see the patient, George Rogers.

As Columbus came in, a smile had to be forced from his lips—his face was haggard, his hair uncombed, his hat was crushed in his hand. With great effort he greeted George, hiding from him his old self, for some unexplainable reason.

Without even completing the greeting, Columbus fell on the floor beside the bed, and wept like a broken-hearted child. The nurse and George were completely dumbfounded.

"What's the matter, Columbus, don't worry, I'm not hurt much, and I'm going to be all right," insisted George.

At last, lifting his head as if shyly, he asked George, "How much time will you give me to make good what I have lost for you?"

"But what have you lost?"

"I have lost everything you left with me—everything! You recall that you sold all your shares in the company which you had organized, and that when you went away you told me to invest the money in some war boomers, and make some real profits on it. That far was all right. I sold the shares and got more than $100,000 for them. I took the money and invested it in two concerns with enormous war orders for powder and cotton. I saw the orders with my own eyes. I invested just as much of my own money as I invested of your money—and we lost it, but by my fault solely."

"How did it happen that you picked the wrong horse?" interrupted George.

"George, you may find it hard to believe, but I investigated the proposition more minutely than for any investment I have ever made for any person in the world, and in my six years I have been at the head of my company I have invested more than a hundred million dollars. But I was fooled, completely."

"I saw the orders that the Powder Mill had—they had to have more machinery in order to turn it out. They had to deliver the powder on board ship at Baltimore—and would get their money C. O. D., a check on the Haywood Bank in New York. I went to the Haywood Bank, Agents for the Allies, and the money was there—everything was rosy. They took our money—manufactured the powder—and truck load after truck load was standing on the wharf waiting for the boat to arrive. The president of the Powder Company rushed around like a man possessed—where was the ship—it had been waiting there the day before—after four days the dreadful truth was discovered—the manufacturer had been duped by German agents—the Secret Service Department had found that the boat was running the gauntlet to get powder into Germany—and had failed.

"The powder plant was confiscated as having been implicated in the exposed plot—not until after the war was over was the powder company exonerated—and the powder plant then wasn't worth its weight in smoke—our money is gone!

"The cotton part of the money disappeared in much the same way. I didn't know that cotton was used in making gun-cotton, or used in any way in making explosives. I thought cotton was to make cloth from. I financed a shipment of cotton—every boat was to be convoyed—and our boat was—but it was submersed. You and I would both have been millionaires if these two deals had gone through. But here I am—broke. All this happened within a few weeks after you went away—since that time I have tried my best to make it back—but everything has gone wrong—and I am a broken man today."

"All right, Columbus, you—"

"No, it isn't all right—I come to you just as honest as when I took your money—the same Columbus, the same orphan boy that your father picked up in a good home, and prayed over and whipped—and as God lives and gives me health and strength I will repay you every cent—the only
question is, will you trust me until I do.”

* * *

A strange smile crept across George's face—a calmness seemed to be there—not disturbed—George took the news almost as if he had not been surprised. This baffled Columbus completely. At first he thought perhaps George did not realize the extent of his ruin—that when he did then the worst could be expected.

But the smiling countenance remained—he was almost beaming. The nurse looked at him knowingly, and the two seemed to feel a resignation to it all, all of which greatly distressed Columbus, making him think that someone else had told George before him. To Columbus it seemed that the expression was, "I knew it, why try to explain it—it's too late now—you are some dub with money."

The nurse opened her lips as if to say something, but George quietly nodded his head with a meaning that she should say nothing. The quietness was overwhelming. Columbus, whose nerves had been all but shattered in the months he had tried to recuperate this money for George, was on the verge of collapse. Anything would relieve the situation—a word, a tear, someone coming in the door.

Suddenly the expression on George's face underwent a tremendous transformation—the smile disappeared, the eyes stared vacantly at the ceiling, his mouth was more than half opened, he lifted a clenched fist from beneath the covers, and raising it above, exclaimed in a half-guttering voice, "I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll do it!" Columbus gazed in amazement upon the figure before him, not realizing all that was taking place, but sure that it was an oath of eternal vengeance upon him for his terrible losses. It staggered Columbus, pitiful and broken already and not ready to take up the defense in a fight of vengeance.

The upraised fist unclenched, the hard lines about George's face slackened, the eyes opened, not with fierce anger gleaming out, but the calmness that was there as he closed them. And in a quiet voice, a tear of confirmation in either eye, Columbus heard him say as he looked upwards toward heaven, "Yes, My Lord, I will."

It is out of the valley of the shadow that God picks up his best men. Away out on the mountain, forlorn and alone, caught in the bramble, torn and bleeding, God finds the lamb that becomes the leader of the flock. Those who go to the depths of sorrow seem to be able to appreciate more than the others just how great is God's love and how much they owe to Him.

It is difficult for some materialists to realize it, but the distress that had changed the expression on George's face on being apprised that all his money was gone was not because he had lost the money—BUT GOD HAD LOST IT. He had already given it to God—all of it. Then as the realization dawned upon him that he had nothing to give—he was completely undone. He had realized what it meant to have God give him life! "Thou hast done much for me—but what have I done for Thee."

But the answer had come! When God gets His loving eye on his man, He is ever near. Hovering over that hospital bed was the voice of Jesus, and with two witnesses, the nurse and Columbus, George had made a great consecration. The spirit seemed to say to George, "Really, what I wanted was not your money—it was YOU." "I'll do it," meant that "I can't give you what I promised, but I am so grateful to have my life spared, and for everlasting life, that I GIVE MYSELF FOR THY SERVICE." All this recalled his dedication in France.

George was like many others, who forget just how they dedicated themselves to God—and do it over and over again.

George explained all these things to Columbus who was so weak in consternation at it all, that he had not even risen from his kneeling position at the side of the bed. As George finished his story, he placed his hand on the bowed head beside him, and said:

"Columbus, I don't want your money; I gave it all to God; you don't owe it to me, you owe it to Him above. But He wants your heart!"

If you have ever seen a big-size man bow down before God, and his whole frame shake in contrition and repentance, big sobs breaking out—and no matter who is listening—pouring out their sorrow to God—that was the scene then and there.

Columbus was the orphan, George the heir; not brothers in the flesh, but brothers in righteousness. The nurse poured out her prayers along with the two brothers—the first ministrations of that kind she had taken part in in the hospital—but she witnessed the welding of two brothers in the Lord.

Out of the Glory of the Lord that filled the room that day there went a message to father and mother Rogers down in Georgia—a letter burning with love, and an announcement, such as may God grant may come from many another son whom God may put His hand upon—a long letter saying that George Rogers and Columbus Hooper, long team-mates in working for themselves, will become team-mates in working for God.

There was rejoicing down in Georgia when that letter came. The old father and brother called in their friends, saying, "Rejoice with me," and there was a shout in the camp of the saints.

The story would have ended here, but for a sad development which came in the full fruit of their victory in the work of the Lord, and out of which it was hard to see how the Lord God could bring Glory unto himself. Of that be sure to read, for the story is completed in the next issue of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD.
Edward W. Bok deposited with the Girard Trust Company, as his financial representative, securities to cover the $100,000 American Peace Award and its subsidiary awards.

"This should be a convincing argument," said Mr. Bok to a correspondent standing beside him, "that the Award Committee means business. The money is beyond my control, and is now at the call of the Committee whenever it is needed."

"You fully expect, then, to get a plan for the $100,000 Award?" Mr. Bok was asked.

"I certainly do," was the quick reply. "The American people have been doing far more thinking along the lines of our foreign relations than some people imagine. A research which I conducted from New York to San Francisco before I made the Award showed that where, three years ago, there were three in every ten in favor of some sort of a League of Nations, the percentage is now seven in every ten. Public opinion is swinging completely around in this matter. There is, therefore, a wide-spread public opinion on the question of what the United States Government should do, and this is the psychological time to crystallize it and offer it an avenue for expression."

"Do you believe that the people can do what the legislators at Washington have failed to do?" the correspondent asked.

"Most assuredly," was the positive answer. "I believe firmly in the creative adaptability of the American people. They have a natural gift for the creative. But you must provide them an avenue for expression. This is all I am doing. The people have never had a direct chance to accept this problem of a foreign policy of their own. They have never been asked to solve it. I believe they have distinct ideas on this subject. Theodore Roosevelt once said to me: 'It's a big job to awaken the American public, but when it awakes you want to get from under.' This matter has reached this point. It has taken three years. But the people have, I am sure, now reached certain conclusions on what should be done by their Government to help Europe. This Award offers them a chance to express those conclusions."

"And a fortune?" interjected the correspondent.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Bok smilingly. "But the offer is not so remarkable as some think. It has novelty about it, of course, and it is a generous amount. But men of means have thought little of giving $100,000 to hospitals. Why shouldn't I offer $100,000 to try and help a sick world? Besides, I do not look upon this money as giving it or spending it: I consider it as a patriotic investment to try and solve a question that has been hanging all too long in the air and which involves the integrity of the people of the United States."

"You believe, then, that it is a question of integrity?" Mr. Bok was asked.

"Emphatically," was the answer. "It is distinctly up to us as a people to do our part to prevent another war. We don't want another experience such as the last one, and we have said, through President Harding, that such a thing shall not happen again. But we have done nothing in a concrete sense to make our word good. This Award is the search for an idea to show that we mean what we say. Naturally, we do not want to get mixed up in the political questions of Europe: they are different from ours, and we have no business in or with them. Nor do we want to be compelled to send our boys across the Atlantic every time a war cloud appears on the European horizon. Those ideas are repellant to all of us, and they were not in my mind when I offered the Award. My idea, singly and solely, is to search the American mind for an idea whereby the American people can do their part with the other nations to avert another war: an idea born not of politics or of partisanship, but of the straight-thinking, ideal-loving and fair-minded American. The idea may be something entirely new, or it may take the form of modifications of the covenant of the League of Nations. We have got to live in a friendly world, and we are too important a nation and too direct a part of the world to insist upon our former policy of 'splendid isolation.' We can no longer stand aloof while the rest of the world is suffering from present problems or in danger of future wars. We must decidedly do our share. That duty we cannot shirk. And I believe, in my heart, that some one, somewhere in America, has that idea and will point the way. That idea will be cheap at $100,000."

"THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD", A certain man heard of him — and went to find out if it was true — it wasn't, but you will want to read it —

Coming in The Faithful Standard

$100,000 PEACE PRIZE
OUR ANSWER

It certainly would be worth $100,000.00 to get a plan to keep peace in the world. The cost of the recent world war ran into figures that most of us couldn’t count. It cost all of us something and we are still paying for it. We believe that there are some plans that will be helpful. And any plan that will keep war from knocking at the door of our homes we will welcome.

But there is one thing that we do know—and that is the way to stop war is to take the war out of people.

Before the kingdom of Christ was set upon the earth it was a common place to kill and make war. The Christian influence has made wars less frequent.

And yet the gainsayer asserts that there have been more religious wars than any other kind. There have been wars in which the one side was of one religion and the other side of another. But careful inquiry shows that just like in Israel of old, WHEN SOMEBODY BACKSLID then there was war.

Even Civil wars in Isreal came about through backsliding. Absolom stood at the gate, and greeted those who came to see his father, King David, and kissed them, and won their hearts away from their king, the Lord’s anointed Bloodshed and death followed.

THE WAY TO WORLD PEACE

There is a way to world peace, thanks be to God. You and THE FAITHFUL STANDARD knows what it is. IT IS BY A WORLDWIDE REVIVAL. Let men and women lay aside their sinful pride and selfishness; let them learn to love their neighbors—AND THERE WILL BE NO MORE WARS.

But if I can read prophecy correctly, no legislation, no decrees of man can change the sure word of the Prophet. And according to those prophets there is going to be more war.

A few days ago I talked with a man, who I sincerely believe knows more about international affairs than any other man in the United States. And without resorting to the Scriptures, taking his cue only from what he knew direct from a trip to Europe, he declared that within a very few years there would be a mightier war than the recent ones—RIGHT OVER THERE IN THE MESOPOTAMIAN VALLEY, where the Battle of Armageddon is to be fought.

Sometime soon right here in the pages of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD we are going to relate the amazing fulfillments of prophecy—from the beginning of time until now.

We are also going to show the prophecies which have not yet been fulfilled. These things are amazing to us. We become as dust, as we contemplate how the all-seeing eye of our mighty God sees all—knows all.

GOD HAS PROMISED PEACE ON EARTH

The wise men of the earth fail to read the Scriptures. If they would only read the Scriptures they could see how God Himself was preparing for a reign of peace on earth—when the lion and the lamb would lie down together. When there shall be no more war—AND RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL REIGN IN THE EARTH.

May God hasten the day! Let us labor and look for that day when Christ Himself shall bring peace to the earth. When wars shall be no more.
DEDICATION

To India, with three hundred million that have never heard of the Lord Jesus Christ; to China, reaching out after something they know not what, for rest for their souls. To Japan, sorrowing upon the greatest calamity in history; to all nations that know not God the UNITED BIBLE INSTITUTE is dedicated this day.

And to those of the homeland, blinded by sin and forgetting the Lord of hosts, where the shepherds are not leading the flocks nor warning them of the dangers of sinful life—to every sinner The UNITED BIBLE INSTITUTE IS DEDICATED.

And first of all it is dedicated to those sincere Christians, who know God, and love Him, and serve Him daily, who weep before him, saying:

"Thou hast done so much for me, What can I do for Thee?"

Those Christians who would be real workers in the vineyard if only they could attend a Bible School for a period of Christian Training—and "Study to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed". To those who wish to become life-long workers for the Lord the UNITED BIBLE INSTITUTE is dedicated.
The Fields are White Unto Harvest
But the Laborers are Few!

Laborers are needed in Sunday Schools. Preachers are needed, home missionaries are needed, and there is ever a call for missionaries in the foreign fields.

There are not enough schools to supply the demand, even if all were filled to capacity.

We must begin work on a large scale to evangelize the world.

Thousands of the very best Christian workers will not be able to leave home and attend a seminary or Bible school. Home cares are too pressing, or the expense of it is prohibitive.

It is not necessary to leave home to become a Christian worker. You can study right in your own home, at your own fireside.

ANNOUNCEMENT

On January 1st, 1924, a new class of devoted Christians will begin preparing at home for greater service for the Master. We want you to join them. Why put the matter off for a single day? You can consider the matter, and pray over it between now and January 1st, but we want to tell you something about the work of this new class without any obligation.

The United Bible Institute is under the superintendence of A. J. Tomlinson himself. And those who know him realize that there are few men today upon whom heaven has poured greater blessing, as a soul winner and a teacher.

Send for free booklet "How to Win Souls for Christ".

This booklet is presented free by the United Bible Institute to every sincere Christian. D. L. Moody, Charles G. Finney, John Wesley, and others of the greatest soul winners helped write this book. Even if you are not sure you will wish to take up the course, you ought to send for this free book.

And if you know of any friend who really ought to become a Christian worker—include his name also—and we will send a booklet to both.

Mail the coupon to-day

The United Bible Institute
A home study school of Christian training

A. J. Tomlinson, Superintendent

A. J. Tomlinson, Supt.,
United Bible Institute,
Cleveland, Tennessee.

Please send me the free booklet, "How to Win Souls".

Name ...........................................
Address ........................................

Also, will you please send one of the booklets to the following address. (A person that ought to be a Christian Worker).

Name ...........................................
Address ........................................
Let us unite our prayers to God for more and greater outpourings of the Holy Ghost. Don't be satisfied with only little showers, let us pray for floods.—Isaiah 44:3.

We are told that President Harding had some premonitions about not getting back to the White House alive before starting on his trip to Alaska. Singularly enough I called to see a friend who was lying at the point of death and was told of his neighbor who was very much grieved over the situation. An hour later I met this neighbor who very excitedly told me of his neighbor's illness and asked if I had been to see him. I told him I had and found him unconscious. He was much agitated and was afraid our friend would not recover. It was only a few hours until news came of his departure. This neighbor seemed hale and hearty at the funeral, but only a few days later he dropped dead while working in his garden. How suddenly changes come! Warning after warning is given, but as often they are thrown aside and disregarded. All should take heed and be ready for the joyful sound—not the solemn sound.

Our nature often needs to be softened and subdued; and reverses and grief over the loss of relatives have a tendency to bring about a mellow submissive experience. The blessings of the Lord poured out also have a good soothing effect and should be invited and appreciated. Season your daily life with prayer and praise and this will help to keep you tender hearted and full of sympathy for a lost world.

One may be looked upon as being foolish to continue in a course amidst continuous opposition and persecution, but this is the way the Master went before us and tens of thousands have followed the same course. There seems to be an impelling power behind people who are right, pushing them along against tremendous opposition. Why did not the early Christians give up their work and service of their Master when the fires of persecutions arose against them? Why were they so persevering in their course, when to draw back and fall in with the world would have given them a much smoother life? But to draw back and give up the service would have invited the displeasure of God, and they could better afford to bear the sufferings of persecutions than to endure the frowns of an angry God. So we today are actuated by the same Spirit that moved upon them. There is no place to stop the service of the Master even though the way is rough. God is calling for heroes now who will not flinch or give over even in the severest tests. God, O God, raise up a large regiment of soldiers of the cross who have undaunted courage and will never know defeat. Place upon them a touch of power and zeal that no fires of persecutions can ever quench, and send them forth in this world with that all-conquering tread that has never been equalled since the days of Peter when he was the giant for healing and raising from the dead those who had passed over to the other side. If you want to join in this crusade, get the flame and come on.

How could John Bunyan write a book while behind the bars in Bedford jail that carries a touch of inspiration with it and has been styled as the next book to the Bible for good? It was because he was not a criminal, but was in jail because of the sins of others. God is with His innocent sons and daughters no matter where their lot is cast. He does not forsake His own even if their close friends adjudge them guilty and are honest in their opinion and turn away from them. He sticketh closer than a brother. Why not stick to Him? Who is better to trust?
Anything to Take Us Deeper

By A. J. Tomlinson

ANY have been praying for God's best. The burden of the prayer has been, "Lord, take me deeper." And many have gone so far as to say, "Lord take me deeper, at any cost." When this kind of a prayer is prayed, one never knows the extent nor do they know how much it will mean for God to give the real answer.

We often think, and most generally is it true, that we expect the blessings of God to bring good feelings, great joy, and ecstatic happiness. But how often has it taken the reverse to answer the one special prayer, "Take me deeper, at any cost."

The fond father desires his child to grow up to be manly, good and great. The child is happy at home but how often is this happiness changed into sorrow, sadness and grief by the stripes received from a loving father's hand in times of disobedience and stubbornness. It has been stated by a great and wise man that, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Now this same thing is true with God, for we are told by the writer of Hebrews that, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and spareth every son whom he receiveth." The times of chastening are not pleasant or delightful but it is said that they yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness later on, and the Lord allows us to get into close places for our profit that we may be partakers of His Holiness, thus our prayers are often answered in a different way from what we expect.

Years ago I heard a story of a man and his wife who started out in life with high ambition to make it a success in whatever might mean success to them. They went to work with a will, gained much property, one by one came on increase in the family, and after years of toil amidst slight disappointments and difficulties, they rose to almost the height of their ambition in obtaining wealth. Their children about them were happy and glad when by and by they prayed a special prayer that God would give them Spiritual blessings as He had prospered them in temporal blessings. They loved the Lord with pure hearts fervently. The children were adding happiness to them by their intelligence and activities. Still they were not prospering spiritually as they liked.

They asked God for a deeper touch of His grace and power and by and by their prayer touched the throne and God began to lead them by His providences and unseen hand in many ways. They were sincere and anxious for God's best. They prayed even more fervently, and soon their property began to slip away from them.

At first they took it courageously and thought it was only the natural misfortunes of life but as time went on more of the same kind of misfortunes came upon them. Their hearts began to be broken, but with all the efforts that they made the fortune that had accumulated gradually disappeared. At last they threw up their hands in despair and cried out to God as did Job of old, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." They still held on to God, their love for Him grew stronger. They seemed to realize that it was only the chastening of the Lord for their profit that they might be partakers of His Holiness. They were troubled and yet they believed God was in it all. As clouds grew thicker and denser and misfortunes broke in upon them with greater force they nestled closer to His bosom. At length with a superhuman power and faith they cried out to God in their desperation and still asked Him to take them deeper at any cost, and almost in the same breath they exclaimed, "Though thou slayest me, yet will I trust thee." At last, the climax came, they yielded themselves wholly and unreservedly to God and His will. A calmness stole over their souls, they continued their labors and toiled early and late to keep the wolf from the door, but their minds were stayed upon God. Then came a turn when the loving hand of God began to remove the clouds and cleared the skies of their vision until the sun began to shine brighter again. It was not long until they were again prospering and in only a few short years they had gained almost as much wealth as they had before, but as they came up this time they still held on to God. But the lessons they had learned as misfortunes came upon them were ever the means of keeping them humble and low at the feet of Jesus. To be in their presence was like the atmosphere of heaven. Their words were smooth and they always had a good and kind word of expression for all with whom they mingled. Their children grew to manhood and womanhood and were an honor to their parents, and every one of them became workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

How much is this story like the one recorded in the Bible in the Book of Job? Job lost everything. God allowed it for his own good. Three worlds were watching him as misfortune after misfortune came upon him. His oxen, asses, servants, sheep, camels, and his children were all taken from him almost in a day and with
all the misfortunes that rained down upon this dear old saint of God it is said that he never sinned or charged God foolishly. Then came the awful affliction upon his body which grew worse and worse until even his wife became tired of him and insisted that he curse God and die. I see the dear old man looking up to his once happy and fond wife as he said, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive evil?" In all this Job did not sin with his lips, he still held on to his integrity. Evidently God was only trying him so that three worlds might witness an experience never to be erased from memory. Even during the time of the most severe part of this experience Job was heard to say, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." This dear man's faith did not waver and it is clearly stated that in the end Job came out victorious. And it is said that the latter end of Job was blessed of the Lord more than his beginning, both with sheep, camels, oxen, asses, and sons and daughters.

 Doubtless this record is given by the hand of God for the encouragement and help of His faithful children today. Many are now in deep despair. Fortune has turned against them. They are wandering from place to place in this world waiting for the tide to turn. Their hearts are set upon God, they are pilgrims and strangers here, but are seeking a city to come. They believe in God with all their hearts, they are laboring and toiling and sacrificing in every way possible for the advancement of His cause. Their prayers of years ago are being answered. They have nothing of this world's goods to depend upon, so they depend upon God and this is really what the Lord wants them to do. The time will come when the sunshine of God's love will once more dance in their faces if they only remain faithful to Him who watches over them every step of the way.

Many of these pilgrims have been imposed upon by men who did not care, and were misunderstood and misrepresented, but they took it patiently and loved God more and more as time went on. They are gaining in spirituality and getting deeper and deeper into God. Ere long many will look back over the years of toil and trouble with satisfaction and say, "After all, God knew best."

It has been said that it is not all of life to live, neither is it all of death to die. This is a place of preparation for future glory or future despair. God is looking for heroes who can say with Him who prayed in the garden and said, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Who has gone through this world that has been any more misunderstood, misrepresented and abused than this Hero of the garden? Who has suffered more than He? Where is one life that can measure up to His? Judging from the expressions from His precious lips God, His Father, finally turned away from Him and refused to look upon Him in time of His sore distress. How many have cried out with Him from the depths of their souls, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If you have done this you are surely treading in the path of Him whom we are exhorted to follow. You probably can't see a ray of light anywhere. This is the way Jesus trod. It is said that He was made perfect by the things He suffered and not by the things He enjoyed. If you are to be made perfect, and your prayers answered, then it will come through things you suffer rather than through things that are pleasant. It is the suffering that breaks your heart and subdues your spirit. The extreme rejoicing and delights that come to the Christian are good, but doubtless the greatest strides toward the goal, which is being like Jesus, are made while under the strain, and while being tossed by the storms and temptations, misfortunes and troubles. God is looking after the interest of every child of His, He will not allow one thing to come upon His sainted child that is not for his good.

Through a vision of long ago it was clearly stated that in the last days, "Many shall be purified, and made white," but following this purification and whitening the hour of trial shall come. Purified, made white and tried. God's holy people have been going through a purifying process and whitening up for years and now the time for trial has come. Only those who do not know the Scriptures are so much surprised. Those who know the Scriptures and think of them as being fulfilled in these days will surely not be surprised when they fall into the most severe trials of their lives. Doubtless multitudes of God's saints of today will soon be plunged into caldrons of boiling and seething trials more severe than they ever thought. Multitudes of Jobs will be living in this world. We are surely in the time of the end when these things shall be realized and prophecy fulfilled in this respect as well as other respects.

I have often wondered if the Twenty-third Psalm has been taken wrong. It is usually read with glee and gladness because the Lord is our Shepherd and He offers us so many good things and finally the writer declares that his cup runneth over. This cup and the running over has usually been taken to express gladness, joy and glory. This is usually believed to mean that the Lord, as being our Shepherd, and Him leading us beside the still waters and in the green pastures would be filling us so full of glory and happiness that we would not be able to contain the blessings so that they would run over.

Sometime ago in meditating upon this Psalm my attention was called to
the fact that often in Scripture the cup is used to express an over-supply of trouble and distress. Isaiah refers to it as being a cup of dregs and trembling from the hand of the Lord. Jeremiah uses a similar illustration. Zechariah declares God will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling. Then when the mother of James and John came to Jesus and requested that her two sons might sit on His right and left sides in His kingdom Jesus told her that she did not know what she asked, and further asked the men if they were able to drink of the cup that He should drink of. To this question they answered, “We are able.” Not long after this we find Jesus crying out from soul agony while lying upon His face in the garden of Gethsemane, “O, my Father, if it is possible let this cup pass from me.” Only a few minutes later this same voice cried out again apparently in the very deepest groans of despair, “O my father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it thy will be done.” The cup may sometimes represent an over-supply of joy and gladness but the cup in the garden evidently meant an over-supply of suffering, and when Jesus went that way how can we expect to go any other way, if we follow Him every step of the way?

Now drop back to the Twenty-third Psalm. We are always glad to recognize the Lord as our Shepherd. We believe He will care for us and guide us through life like a shepherd cares for and guides his sheep. There are the green pastures, there are the still waters, there is the restoration of the soul, there is also the leading in the paths of righteousness, but there is also the walking through the valley and shadow of death. But in all this God is with the pilgrim and comforts him. So God was with Jesus in the garden and comforted Him by sending an angel to strengthen Him but it was while He was in the midst of the drinking of the cup of suffering. The Psalmist tells us that God prepares a table for His faithful children right in the presence of His enemies but he does not say what that table contains. His head is also anointed with oil. This might indicate the divine smoothness that comes into the life of a saint during extreme suffering. He further declares that his cup runs over, and if this means the cup of suffering it would be no more than that experienced by Job and that experienced by Jesus when they were both plunged into the very deepest suffering. And when the Psalmist declares that goodness and mercy shall follow him it is no more than Job declared when he said, “When I am tried I will come forth as gold,” and Jesus, when the angel came and strengthened Him while He was drinking the dregs of the cup of suffering. In other words it is expressive of faith in the saint of God when a declaration of this kind falls from his lips when he is bowed in severe trial after he has been purified and made white.

After having been given a glimpse of what it means to be taken deeper into God are you still willing to pray the one prayer, “Lord, take me deeper at any cost?” I believe many of the sainted pilgrims of earth today will continue to pray this kind of a prayer in the open face of what it will mean. They have gone too far in the Christian experience to turn back. They have suffered the loss of too many things now to think of giving up. They are too far over on the other side to think of retracing their steps. They are bent on perfection even though to be made perfect means more suffering. But they want to follow their Lord and they remember that He was made perfect through the things He suffered rather than through the things He enjoyed, and with trembling lips and tear-stained eyes they lift their quivering hands toward heaven and say, “Take me deeper, Lord, at any cost. I will go with thee at any cost. I will go with thee through the garden and finish up at Mt. Calvary.” Anything to take us deeper.

The last days are upon us. This is beyond question. The suffering time has come. It is my desire to encourage the precious pilgrims of earth while they are now being tried. And what can be more effective in bringing His saints together into unity and love than for them all to be plunged together into this tremendous press? I used to think that the persecutions and troubles of the last days would be a whip to drive the Christian people together in answer to the prayer of Jesus Christ that they all might be one. At that time I did not think of the words of Daniel concerning the purifying and making white and then being tried. But I do not know that I was so far off after all. Surely God’s people will be made one and there will be some kind of pressure brought to bear to perform this thing, because we can’t think of God making any failure. It seems now that Satan is doing everything in his power to separate the children of God into different classes, bands, and institutions, or whether it is Satan doing this or not it is being done. The reason I placed the responsibility upon Satan is because it is right the opposite of the prayer of Jesus and I think Jesus was right. And I am looking for a great change to take place in the very near future when something will be done to get people disgusted with these divisions and institutions until they will exclaim, “Anything Lord, to take us deeper.” And this deepening
Have You Backslid?

No matter if it has been twenty years or more since you were saved from sin it is good for you to reflect back over the past long enough to think of the spot, the circumstances, the preacher, the prayers, the songs, and especially the agony of conviction and sweet peace that followed when you threw up your hands and surrendered all to Jesus and fell under the blood. It will help to make you appreciate the power of the blood, subdue your spirit now, and make you love your Savior better. If you have wandered away and lost your first love, a little time of thinking over the past will do you good. If He saved you then He is good enough to take you back again. Remember the prodigal son and come back home.

This world to you is what you make it. You can give way to despair, become despondent and fail in reaching the aspirations of your early life, or even go further into discouragement so that death would be preferable, or you can brace up and be a real human to encourage your race. It takes courage to meet the frowns of life, but if you are determined you can rise above and put your opposers to shame, not by opposing them, but by rendering loving service to others that will draw the heavenly light and glory into your heart and life and thus it will shine from your happy hilarious expression in a way to cause your enemies to wonder and shudder. Be something for God and He will be for you all you need to make your life useful and happy. Remember the Lord is only good to you when He lets you go through hard places. It pleases Him for you to be able to bear it and you will rejoice the more after you have reached the other side.

COUNT it all joy when you fall into divers temptations whether it is joy or not. Count your paper dollars even if some of them are worn and torn. The dull, torn and worn dollar bill will purchase just as much as a beautiful bright new dollar. Get the lesson and put it into practice and you will feel like raising up your head, throwing back your shoulders and being somebody yet. Remember now is the time you need to show yourself a real hero for the Master.
I have thus been attacked? Oh, Lord, am I out of Thy will?" Dismal and alone, Calvin was having another trial of his faith, just as he was setting about converting the village of Brown's Gap. Mouths too quick to gossip had ruined him to start with.

He knelt upon the ground by an old oak tree that some spoiler of the forest had felled, and left there unused. Now the oak trunk was beginning to decay.

Calvin Turner wept!

In that dark hour before dawn, there was no sleep for him—tears of despondency had swollen his eyes. The night was a little chill, but he had nothing to gather about him and give him warmth. Even in that hour he repeated reverently to himself, and with his eyes lifted toward the stars shining eternally from heaven: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his—" He stopped short—footsteps were approaching—and in the suddenness of it he didn’t know whether it were friend or foe—slowly, stealthily it was coming nearer—but Calvin feared for the moment to turn his head—but trusted in God.

He heard a big breath over him—and knew—it was his horse—friend, staunch and true for nearly five months already. Calvin turned towards Big Barney, and a new flood of tears filled his eyes, as he thought —"Everything was gone, but here is my horse. God has not entirely forsaken me."

Evidently the horse had been tramping about in the forest, feeling that something was wrong. Tramp, tramp, tramp, perhaps an unseen hand had guided his way—but he had found his master. The beautiful bay...
Calvin Turner was reassured, by the genuine interest of this man, and told him of the previous night’s episode. “Jim McCallister,—he’s the one that did it—I know it. The biggest bootlegger and lady killer in this part of the country—with a wife who is a stormy petrel in her own home and everybody else’s.” That is what Ballew thought of the episode. A man of action, Ballew immediately went to the village and bought a new, though rather cheap, outfit of clothes for Calvin.

But when Ballew heard of it all—saw the mighty enthusiasm of Calvin, and recalled how he hated Jim McCallister and his ilk, he urged Calvin to hold a meeting right in his house. Surely here was a wonderful opportunity which was being prepared for him. How else could a door for services have been opened? An unusual way to have a door for meeting opened, but if the Lord wills it to come that way—so be it!

John Ballew invited Calvin Turner to have church in his house, not because he was especially interested in the message of the gospel, as because he hated Jim McCallister. He would not even pass in front of Jim McCallister’s store, except out in the road—or speak to any of his friends who might be sitting on the empty boxes in front of McCallister’s store. So much did he detest McCallister.

During the entire time of the first three weeks in John Ballew’s house all Calvin could seem to do was to read some from the Scriptures, and then cry in burdens for the souls of men and women in Brown’s Gap. But Calvin Turner didn’t call for prayer. He stiffly announced that his text for the afternoon was the fifteenth verse of the forty-first chapter of Isaiah:

“Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountain, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff.”

“Brethren,” continued Turner, in an affected, sonorous, ministerial monotone, “it has been revealed to me that I AM THAT SHARP NEW THRESHING INSTRUMENT HAVING TEETH.” He paused to see the effect upon his hearers. A single amen was uttered, and that from one who had not yet brought himself from the reverence and worship of the last hymn.

“I am going to begin my threshing here in Brown’s Gap. I am going to pull down those two churches standing there on the hill—two churches that are dead in trespasses and in sin—a Methodist Church and a Baptist Church—fighting and tearing at each other instead of winning souls to God.” I am going to see that the Backslidden Baptist Preacher either gets religion or gets out. I am going to see that Slagle, pastor of the Meth-
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Is all this sad world needs.
down the rules of living, as they have been revealed to me, to make a Christian town out of Brown's Gap.

"In addition to the Ten Commandments I have had revealed to me ten more commandments that are absolutely essential for Christian living in Brown's Gap—and unless you live up to those ten new commandments you cannot expect God to bless your town—or you either, for when one suffers all must suffer.

"The Ten Commandments you know—you find them in the twelfth Chapter of Exodus. The ten new commandments that I give to you, as they have been revealed to me, are named on this form which I hold in my hand. Tomorrow I am going to tack this in a frame on the big tree in front of Jim McCallister's store—and let them that read learn.

"These are the ten new commandments:
1. Do not eat any more hog meat. (Unclean.)
2. Do not play any violins. (The devil's instrument.)
3. Do not wear neckties. (It is only pride.)
4. Women must dress very plain.
5. Do not chew tobacco (or sell it).
6. Do not smoke or drink.
7. Do not do any work on Sunday—not even cook.
8. Pay the tithe of all you earn to the ministry.
9. Do not chew chewing gum.
10. Do not go riding on Sunday, neither on the train, nor in your own vehicles.

"Except Ye do these things Ye shall all likewise perish."

John Ballew said Amen—just as long as it took a fling at Jim McCallister.

Mrs. Martha Waycross had bowed her head in silent thought and prayer. She had a foreboding of what would happen after this sermon. She could scarce refrain from crying out in anguish—if only the sermon could be unsaid!

If only this service, the most largely

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attended yet, could have been the same prayerful, sweet fellowship meetings that they had before. Had Calvin Turner become so zealous for the salvation of Brown’s Gap that he had stepped in to try to help God do the work? Had he opened the shell trying to aid the baby chick, seeking the light of day, and would the work be crippled, as the baby chick, and probably die?

The burden was too heavy, and Mrs. Waycross, unable to bear up longer in the service, quietly arose, and with head still bowed, went out the gate, and started home.

Calvin Turner continued his tirade on Brown’s Mule, Wrigley’s gum, ostrich feathers, Cheney’s neckties, violins (and banjos); his voice was ever more bitter, and out in the open it became husky and guttural. You could see the crusader in his face—but the mellowness of him had vanished, at least during that discourse.

At the conclusion of it he was completely exhausted. He sat down in a chair, and John Ballew, who had sensed some feelings that were not altogether pleasant, saved the situation by beginning a familiar hymn in which all joined with relief.

The gathering dispersed almost immediately, without the usual feeling of wishing to commune together upon the goodness of the Lord at the meeting. And Calvin Turner still sat on the porch—the fire still there—and the determination.

About nightfall John Ballew and Calvin Turner tacked up the new ten commandments on the big tree across from McCallister’s store. Above them they crudely lettered a commandment that alone meant much. The new words were:

COME TO JESUS

They tacked this last sign higher up than they could reach, but the new ten commandments could be reached from the ground.

Within an hour after Turner had delivered his sermon the village was in arms. Jim McCallister boiled with fury but still possessed himself, cunningly devising means to get the sweetest vengeance of all—in the code of those mountaineers. The crowd gravitated toward McCallister, and little clusters could be seen after dark, by matches being frequently struck. Gradually they found their way down toward McCallister’s store. They did not expect the new Ten Commandments to be erected so soon, but some curious person had investigated and sure enough it was there.

Twenty-five or thirty men gathered under that tree—talking of vengeance. In Brown’s Gap many of the men carried pistols—and there were several pistols in the crowd that night.

The ten commandments were torn down and cut into a thousand shreds. There were threats of immediate action. Jim McCallister persuaded all present to “leave Turner to me,” and “I’ll fix him early tomorrow.”

The morrow dawned propitiously, the sun coming up in glorious majesty, ruler of the day. Jim McCallister arose early and went out on the back porch of the old house which had been his father’s before him. He was in a sense, though quite young, the leader of the village—respected, especially because he could be a bad man on occasion. In all his mix-ups no sheriff had attempted to arrest him, for he was feared. He felt that he must now protect his village from this fanatic, Calvin Turner.

He had in his hand a weapon that he expected to discharge into Calvin Turner before the sun was two hours high. On that back porch, high up under the eaves, hung a musket, with powder horn and ramrod, treasured possessions of his father. His father had been a bad man on occasion, but had boasted on his deathbed that he had never taken advantage of an enemy—it was always a fair fight.

McCallister thought of that, as he chanced to glance at the rusty old muzzle loader. Instead of taking one weapon McCallister took two weapons.

He went down to John Ballew’s a half hour later, and asked for Calvin Turner. Turner came out and greeted him fearlessly, and without flinching. McCallister brought up the matter of the sermon and the sign in a pleasant
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voice, inquiring if the things he had heard had actually been said. Turner replied that while he had not used the words, in effect what he had heard was true.

McCallister then told him, as calmly and businesslike as if he was trading two sacks of flour for a load of cross-ties, "I have come to kill you."

Turner was just as calm, as if he were speaking to a small boy urging him to give his heart to God. It did not seem to phase him in any sense. As they had talked and argued, the one in the language of the saint, the other profane and merciless, each recognized that the other was a man—every inch. And when McCallister said to Turner "I have come to kill you," he added, "But I will not strike a defenseless man. You take this pistol and will take this one, and we'll have it out here, man to man."

"McCallister," said Turner, firmly and unmoved, "I cannot fight. God above fight my battles. I will not take the gun." And so saying he pushed back the outstretched hand, not deigning to touch the gun. But he added:

"If you will not be satisfied without such vengeance as you now contemplate upon me—you may shoot—but I shall not reply."

Jim McCallister's trigger finger moved out of position. The expression of fight on his face subsided, he returned both weapons to their holsters. He looked Turner full in the face and said:

"I am still man enough not to fight a man who won't defend himself." He turned and went away.

The two pistol incident just related is almost the exact words of an incident that happened to the writer's knowledge. And how from out of all this was God to get Glory in Brown's Gap? You will find out in the next number of THE FAITHFUL STANDARD, in which the story is completed.

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Professor E. L. Hollingshead, of Pasadena, California, the inventor, claims that he can. It is an electrical apparatus introducing a new electric ray, like the X-Ray, only infinitely more powerful.

He says that by attaching this instrument to ordinary city electricity, passing the electricity through a transformer, and then through this gun, there is sufficient force to virtually destroy the world.

It is generally reported that the U. S. Government has in its possession certain gasses recently discovered, with which entire cities could be destroyed almost in a twinkling—every living thing would be destroyed.

A big house of Steel was built up in Massachusetts for making experiments in creating thunder and lightning. A few spectators were present to observe thunder and lightning brought under control right in the house. Of course they were carefully insulated for protection.

This writer is not in very close touch with scientific developments, but when I saw the picture of such a small instrument as Professor Hollingshead's designed to destroy the world, I thought of a little instrument that you and I have seen, about two-and-a-half inches long, that destroys worlds of happiness every day.

—That unruly member!

Just let somebody hear something—pass it through their tongue—and it becomes a destroyer.

And yet, just as the instrument which the great Scientist has invented can be made useful—very useful indeed—so can the tongue be made useful. The poison gas above referred to has great commercial value—but if turned loose—for example if it were in the hands of someone that couldn't control his tongue—it would be a menace. Thunder and Lightning striking hither and thither usually destroys more than it helps. But harnessed, and guided by wise men it is the mightiest force for work in the world today.

As James says, Bridle Your Tongue. Make it accomplish something—not try to destroy something that some one else has built!

You don't have to think to criticize—that doesn't take a thimble full of brains. But try to open your mouth now and say something good about somebody—and see how good you feel.