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EDITOR

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NO. 3

"Gold Tried in the Fire"

By A. J. TOMLINSON

IT is not the gold that is washed out of the mountains or mined out of the earth that is of special interest tonight, but rather another kind of gold. In common talk, gold is gold like silver is silver and iron is iron, but this message does not concern the precious metals like gold and silver. It is not my purpose to discount the value of gold as a medium of exchange or as merchandise, for truly gold is a commodity of great value. But I wish to apply this to an experience wrought by the power of God in His faithful children. From a scriptural viewpoint the Lord's children may be promoted to a position of honor and purity that they may be referred to as gold.

If we had no more knowledge of gold than is contained in the Bible we would understand that there is a process by which gold is assembled and then purified. Gold may be gold and still contain much or little dross. The gold we usually see contains alloy so that it is scarcely ever absolutely pure gold and nothing else. From information we get from Proverbs 17:3, gold is melted and purified by fire. "The fining pot is for silver

and the furnace for gold," says the wise man. Evidently the fire that melts the gold will not burn it. Fire will burn out the dross and all impurities but it will not burn pure gold. Gold will not burn. It will get hot and melt but it is still gold. It will not consume away into smoke and ashes like coal. It is gold in the mountains, it is gold in the earth and streams, and it is still gold in the fire. It is gold in the fire or out of the fire.

Strange as it may seem the members of the church at Laodicea were counseled to buy gold that was tried in the fire. And the counselor, whoever it was, had it to sell. "I counsel thee (the pastor of the church) to buy of me gold tried in the fire." (Rev. 6:18.) Here was a pastor slipping along in a kind of an easy-go-lucky way. He was a pastor but not much interested in his people. He was not spiritually dead, neither was he enthusiastic about his work. Probably he preached on Sunday morning, and again Sunday evening, but during the week he showed no interest in his flock nor any one else. He possessed some life, but no life

that showed real moving life. In the language of the messenger, "Thou art neither cold nor hot." Fire will burn and ice will freeze, but that pastor being lukewarm would have no effect on anybody.

The messenger wanted this minister to buy some gold. But gold did not seem to interest him. He would rather go along in his everyday rounds—eat, sleep, read, preach without effect, and not be on the positive side of any question. He does not care if the country is full of bootleggers, and does not object to the country being dry. He does not join issue with any one—does not express himself much any way. Listen, this man needs to be waked up. The messenger has set in to get him stirred up if there is any chance to do it. "Here, come along now, get out of that state of lethargy, you must take sides in this great issue." He would rather he was on one side or the other. Better be cold or hot one. You are nothing to remain neutral. "I will spue thee out of my mouth," would not have him at all if he were going to remain lukewarm—neutral. "Come on, stir yourself and buy some

gold. Get a move on you and do something, or if you don't do anything more than remain in that lukewarm state, I'll do something—you are not fit to stay in my mouth."

That was strong, but something must be done. This pastor had to move some way. But he was urged to buy gold. But how was he to buy gold? He was doing nothing to cause the devil to worry about him, and God was about to throw him overboard. He was no good for God nor the devil either. How could he buy gold when he did not have enough energy and life to draw the fire of Satan nor enough life and fire for the Lord to care anything about His service? There he was, on the fence, hanging up there to dry. According to the statement in the Book it would be better for him to serve the devil than to hang up there astride the fence and dangle his feet like an idiot that did not know enough to get down on one side or the other and go to doing something.

But how can a person buy this gold, tried in the fire? How did Job get it? Job was a man. He was a flaming fire for God. He gave the devil much concern. Satan wanted to get to him, but he was so fiery and so far over on God's side of every question that Satan could not touch him. God was also pleased with Job. He called him a perfect and upright man. God had confidence in Job. He was God's man. He was full of life and all the time serving God. He was always on the right side of every question, and he was full of fire. Satan wanted to get to Him, and God was so sure that he was gold that He decided to let Satan put him into his fire.

The first test was severe and yet quite mild in a way. God would not let Satan put him into the hottest fire at first. The first dross that was burned out of Job was his substance—oxen, asses, sheep, camels, servants, sons and daughters. All swept away—all gone. But what did Job do? He rent his robe, shaved his head,

and watch him now in his grief—what does he do? "Fell down upon the ground, and worshipped." And listen, what did he say? "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." O, how the devil howled at this! Job paid no attention to Satan. Never honored Satan with a thing. He acknowledged God in it all, and worshipped God as if Satan were dead and in hell.

Doubtless, Satan was trumped. He could not get Job to say a thing about him. Did not even give him any credit for what he did. Job was buying gold tried in the fire. He was a piece of human flesh on fire for God and he had no time to play with Satan or give him any place in his thoughts. Here was the price paid for the gold. He was perfect and upright and eschewed evil. He was not neutral, he was all for God. He was not on the fence, he was all off and on God's side working with all his might to keep Satan out. He rose up early, offered burnt offerings, and kept this up continually. (Job 1:5) O, he was a fire for God. He kept the devil disturbed all the time. He was buying gold, but the gold must be tried. And the first trial was successful, for in it all he worshipped God and blessed His name.

Here was a challenge for a second trial. Much dross was taken out, but not enough yet, so he must go through a second fire. Alright, how is it? This time Satan afflicted him with sore boils. He is in the furnace now sure enough. He was gold but not the fine gold that God wanted. It was not enough for the dear man to have the boils and suffer such torture that there was no rest for him, but his wife seemed to get tired of waiting on him and turned him out of the house, and the poor fellow sat out on a pile of ashes and scraped himself with a piece of an old broken pot. All this was the fuel for the fire while he was in the furnace.

But this was not hot enough to get the best out of him. There must be

more heat. He was buying gold tried in the fire so the fire must be hotter and hotter. Three of his friends came and tried to convince him that he had sinned, but no, he held on to his integrity—held on to God and the right. They accused him and accused him and did their utmost to make him say he had sinned, but he would not. He knew he was not guilty so he would not confess to doing wrong. They flattered, they scolded, they did their best to force him to acknowledge he had sinned. They said he could get forgiveness if he would confess his guile, but, no sir, he was not guilty and he would suffer on rather than confess to a lie. He was pure and upright and perfect in God's sight and he would not give down under their strong argument.

The conflict was on. The battle was getting hotter and hotter. "If only you will acknowledge that you have sinned," said his friends (?), "then God will forgive you and you can be healed of your affliction." But no, Job knew he had been honest and upright, and lived true to his convictions and still he fought on. It was while in the very hottest of the conflict, while his enemies' weapons fell heavy upon him that he rallied all his forces and advanced in regular battle line and shouted as he ran toward the enemy, "He (God) knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Still Satan got no honor. He gave God all the glory. Even if Satan were the furnace and the fire and his three so-called friends the fuel, Job acknowledged that it was God trying him and he knew he would be better than ever by going through the furnace. Satan was beaten every time. Job acknowledged God in it, and in a sense thanked God for it if Satan did bring it.

A story is told of a poor widow woman who was hungry and praying for food. One night some mischievous boys heard her praying for some meat, and they thought to have

some fun by getting some meat for the old lady. Accordingly, they slipped into a neighbor's smoke house and stole two or three hams and carried them up on the old lady's house, and dropped them down the chimney while she was still praying. When they dropped, the old lady began to shout and praise God for the meat. The boys could hold no longer, so they shouted out to her that the Lord did not bring the meat, they did it themselves, but she shouted back and said, "I'll thank the Lord for it, if the devil did bring it."

This was like Job. Job was buying the very best of gold and he was going to honor God with supplying it even if Satan did bring it by way of the furnace of afflictions, his wife turning against him, and his three friends who turned out to be enemies. Just so he got the gold he did not seem to care who brought it to him.

There is a last day's prophecy to be fulfilled. The Shepherd is to be smitten, which probably refers to Christ, and the sheep are to be scattered. This may apply to the disciples of the early Church, or it may apply later on and probably now. In the scattering, and it may be now, the people are to be divided into three parts. Two parts shall be cut off and die, but the third shall be left. And listen, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." (Zech. 13:9) I wonder if some of this is going on now. These are the last days. I wonder if there are three parts. I wonder if the third part is going through the fire. They are handling fire. There are three parts, and who can now discern the face of the sky? Who is going through the fire? Who is being refined? Where is the gold that is now being tried in the fire? Who is the furnace? Who is the fuel? What will the final result be? "They shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God." He will fight our battles for us.

I would rather be one among the number to go through the fire. I would rather be one of the third part, even if the fire is hot—even if Satan is in it in some way as a furnace, and friends turned to enemies the fuel. I want the dross taken out, I want to be pure gold. I have said many times when the fiery trials were falling thick and fast that "when I am tried, I shall come forth as gold." I still say it! Can you say it, too? Some of you can say it, I'm sure.

Now listen, turn with me to the forty-fifth Psalm, and take a look at the Bridegroom (Jesus) and His bride at His side—"At thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir." She is on the right side of everything just like Job was, although accused and turned down and defamed, she is still on the right side. "Her clothing is of wrought gold." Not only tried in the fire till she is pure and the dross all gone, but hammered out into gold-leaf. She is clothed in gold-leaf, the very finest of gold. This is the bride.

Daniel tells of many in the last days who are to be purified, made white and tried, but here is one that is to be beaten after having been tried. Who knows but Satan can be a gold beater as well as a furnace? Who knows but Job's three friends (?) are gold beaters to beat and pound the gold after it is tried? Evidently it has to be done in the last days, for the bride has to be made ready. And if the Bridegroom was made perfect through suffering (Heb. 2:10), can anything less be expected of the bride?

Look out! If you are to be in the bride, look out for the furnace of fire to try you—look out for the beating to get the gold in shape? But in it all you "are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation to be revealed in the last time.

"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Peter, 1:5-7.)

Now, beloved, if you find yourself in the furnace and the fire getting hotter, nerve yourself up and hold steady and be as faithful as Job and you will come forth as gold tried in the fire. Will you do it? Say, yes, by the grace of God, I will!

And I will also by His grace! Hallelujah!

A Personal Word from A. J. Tomlinson to his Friends

Greater things are opening up all the time. Can't be anything else but busy because there is so much to do. So many people need help. So many people must have help. A few lines to that one, a few words to this one, a pleasant look for the other one, besides all of the regular duties of life. This battle must be fought to a finish and where is the time to lose? Scarcely time to eat or sleep and yet we are forced to eat to live and sleep to keep up our strength. But God's work must go on. Thousands of friends and those who love me must have my attention. I do not want to slight any and do not neglect any purposely, but sometime I am forced to put them off a little while on account of pressing duties. Thousands who have loved me for years are proving their love by their actions, words, letters and prayers. God will reward them some day, and I would do it now if I could. Our love for each other is increasing while the devil howls and his imps rage, and nothing can prevent it. Don't be afraid to write if you feel you should. Open up your heart and be free. I'll do my best to help you if that is what you want.

Thanksgiving Message

THE United States of America is looked upon by other world powers as a Christian nation. This government was founded by a people that were seeking religious liberty. Many of them had suffered cruel treatment on account of their religious convictions, thus they determined to throw off the yoke of bondage, and in the formation of the government they made provisions for continued religious liberty.

It was the next spring after having passed through a hard winter that the pilgrims appointed a day of thanksgiving to God for His mercies and blessings. Some of the men went out and killed and brought in wild turkeys and ducks to prepare for the thanksgiving feast.

It was not until after several years had passed that the President issued a proclamation setting apart a certain day as a day of thanksgiving. This has become a custom so that now every year in the month of November there is a day set apart for a general thanksgiving to God for His blessings upon us as a nation.

It is a good thing to give thanks to God always, but it shows a degree of national honor to our God when a day comes that all business is laid aside and all people enter the doors of the places of worship where they spend an hour in meditation upon the goodness of God and for recounting His many blessings bestowed and rendering unto Him thanksgiving and praise.

While we look back over the past year and thank God in a general way for His favors and blessings, every person doubtless can think of some special favors for which to feel thankful. Some have had severe troubles and powerful temptations, but the Lord has delivered them out of them all. Some have had unusual prosperity in business for which to be thankful. Some have had reverses but with them came definite spiritual blessings that overtopped them all. The cruel hand of death has snatched away a companion, a father, a mother, a son or daughter, but with the bereavement came

an uplift in some other part of life to assist in evening up the whole of life. The loss of life by floods, automobile accidents, train wrecks, shipwrecks, murder, the ravages of disease, volcanic eruptions, fire, and earthquakes has been tremendous. The loss of property by fire, floods, earthquakes and otherwise has been very great. But with all of these worldwide forces breaking in upon our happiness there are many things coming into our lives almost daily for which to be thankful. For all these things that are provided for the happiness and comfort of the American people we should unite in giving thanks to God.

There is one thing that should always be recognized as an all-important blessing to all people—Jesus the Saviour of the World. He should be adored, His blessings appreciated, His power to save acknowledged. Men everywhere should lift up their hands and voice in thanks to God for giving His Son as a ransom from sin and everlasting torment. His worthy name should be kept in everlasting remembrance. His mercy endureth for ever. His power to save is unbounded. He always meets the truly penitent. His words, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," are always sacred and precious. Wonderful meaning and challenge! These words have counted for value untold for the past year. They still remain the same precious words they have ever been. This call alone should draw from every man and woman in America an expression of deep thanksgiving to God on the day set apart by our President as a Day of Thanksgiving.

Take an inventory of the blessings and also the reverses and make up a balance sheet and see if the balance is not in favor of the blessings. I believe in almost all cases and perhaps all, the blessings from God will far exceed the other side on the balance sheet. Then give God the thanks, give Him the glory due to His name. Give, O give thanks unto Him on this Thanksgiving Day. Let us unite in giving to God the thanks due Him for His bountiful blessings during the past year.

THE FANATIC

In Which There is Reason for Thanksgiving at the End

READ THIS FIRST

Calvin Turner, so-called fanatic, was rustled from preaching on the streets of New York City. He turned up in Brown's Gap, in the mountains of Western North Carolina a Colporteur, selling and giving away Bibles and good christian reading. But so burdened was he for the souls of men and women that he wished to remain at Brown's Gap. Mrs. Martha Waycross, sainted woman of Brown's Gap, wept with him one day—and gossiping eyes reported it. That night men found Turner asleep in his wagon in the edge of the woods near town. They burned his wagon, let his horse go, and left him with only his underwear.

At daybreak relief came—and a way was found for him to hold meetings. The Lord was with him from the first. But after a short time he felt that he must help the Lord. He posted some very drastic rules about what the people of the town had to do in order to inherit eternal life—A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS. He became very personal—and incensed the mob element in the town. John Ballew, enemy of the meanest man in town, Jim McCallister, befriended Calvin Turner, in fact anybody that would do something against Jim McCallister, chief bootlegger and outlaw of the whole mountain country—Jim McCallister started to take Calvin's life, but changed his mind and decided to let Calvin defend himself, if he could in a gun fight. Calvin refused to fight—and Jim McCallister turned away—declaring he wouldn't fight a man that would not defend himself. Just after this incident—the story is resumed.

WHAT is the matter with your hair, Brother Turner," said John Ballew as he noticed it needed trimming.

"Oh, Brother Ballew, you know if I am going to be Christlike, I must have long hair like him—I have decided to let my hair fall down upon my shoulders, like he did."

John Ballew was a little nonplussed at this—and few words were passed between them at the supper table, after that. Calvin looked solemn, and his movements were with

extreme sanctimoniousness. At last with reverential awe, Calvin broke the silence.

"Brother Ballew," he began, "I have just had a vision today that I must tell you of. As near as I can describe it was this: It seemed that it was night, a very dark night. I was traveling along a road which I had never been on before. I could scarcely see anything.

"There had been a heavy rain, and the old road was filled with mudholes. I fell in those mudholes, one after the other. I looked a terrible sight when I got to the place where I was going—but I arrived there eventually—splashed with mud from head to foot—I needed a bath, and a new suit of clothes, new shoes—everything I had on was a mass of mud. I wasn't presentable—and I felt that everybody thought I had been on a spree—or certainly I wasn't in my right mind, to get into such a condition.

"I had to get an entire new outfit. It cost money, it took time. Then I came back along the very same road, but in daylight. And there alongside of the old road, not very far away was a newly macadamized road—on which I could have traveled without getting into any mud at all. And I hadn't seen it—I had started for the place so late at night, and so hurriedly that I didn't properly inform myself by asking someone who had been over the road."

"Have you gotten the interpretation of the vision yet?" asked Ballew.

"Yes, I have. These people here in Brown's Gap were represented by me. They are traveling through life and they don't know the way. They are falling into all kinds of mud, sin,

of all kinds. I have been over the road. I know that there is a better road to travel—and I am determined to show it to them. Their guns and threats will not stop me.

"I've posted my new ten commandments—and if they will follow those new ten commandments they will be on the right road. And you know you yourself had on a necktie, when I put right into my new ten Commandments that you must NOT wear neckties."

John Ballew was plainly annoyed—and showed it for the first time. Little more was said, and a little later Calvin, the Preacher, went upstairs to his room.

V.

Alone in his room Calvin Turner began to pace the floor. Outside the wind began to blow—and soon peals of thunder shook the whole house. The rain poured against the pane in torrents. Yet the raging tempest on the outside was not to be compared with the tempest in Calvin's room. He walked the floor like a caged lion. Not his the reverential awe! The fire of the crusader burst out in his eyes. His reverential step gave place to fitful steps of violence. He called out in prayer to God to give him strength to be the "Threshing Instrument having teeth," with which he might convert the sinners of Brown's Gap.

And well he might pray for strength, for the tempest outside the window—and in Calvin Turner, was only a mild breeze to the storm that was raging in the mob in Jim McCallister's store. They had been intending to mete out some fitting vengeance upon the Fanatic—and religious crank. The mob would do it. The

sudden rainfall only gave more time to add to their rage by drinking a little more of Jim McCallister's whiskey.

There was a knock at Calvin's door. John Ballew and his wife, and the saintly Mrs. Waycross sought admittance. Mrs. Waycross was weeping. She asked that they all pray, which they did. After about an hour's prayer, Mrs. Waycross ventured to suggest some ways that the hearts of the people of Brown's Gap could be won for Christ. The minute that subject was broached Calvin was interested. He had made up his mind that salvation should be brought to Brown's Gap—and that he was the missionary appointed by God to do it. The burden was there. There was no shaking it off. It was there to stay.

"Brother Turner," said Mrs. Waycross, in motherly love and saintliness, "Can you tell how anxious you are for the souls of Brown's Gap? Give me some idea."

"Sister Waycross, I am so anxious for it that I feel like doing exactly like those men who planned to waylay Paul who swore themselves **THAT THEY WOULD NEITHER EAT NOR DRINK UNTIL THEY HAD TAKEN PAUL.** I have this very hour made the promise to God that I will neither eat nor drink until he shows me the way to win Brown's Gap for God—at least have a real revival.

"There is a way," continued Calvin, "and I know God is going to give me the power to do it. If it means that I go down there in front of Jim McCallister's store and begin preaching tonight and continue for days—I **WILL DO IT.** If it means that I must do like Jesus to some of these sinners—you know how he did when he came into the Temple and found the money changers there. He took a blacksnake whip and drove them out. I may have to do that here—**BUT I WILL NOT EAT NOR SLEEP UNTIL I HAVE FOUND**

THE WAY TO DO IT. God be with me."

"Have you really promised God that?" asked John Ballew, "Not even to drink water?"

"That I have. I told God that if he doesn't send a revival to Brown's Gap that I want him to take me out of the way. **I WANT TO LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR BROWN'S GAP.** I'll go down telling the old town of her sins. I'll stand in the market place like Stephen and let them stone me to death—**BUT I'LL TELL THEM OF THEIR SINS AND PROPHECY GOD'S JUDGMENT UPON THE TOWN IF IT DOESN'T REPENT.**" Calvin Turner's eyes spoke determination to do as he had said. They softened just a little as he added, after a little hesitation, "No sacrifice is too great for me to make for the souls of men and women in Brown's Gap."

Mrs. Martha Waycross spoke to him ever so softly, so Christlike—for Calvin was only a young man after all—

"Brother Turner, is your determination to save Brown's Gap so deep, that **YOU WOULD BE WILLING FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO BE THE INSTRUMENT IN GOD'S HAND TO DO IT?**"

"That won't do," he snapped, "**GOD HAS GIVEN ME THAT JOB.**"

"O don't misunderstand me," quickly broke in Mrs. Waycross, "I mean rather, would you be willing for someone else to have the honor?"

That was a different question. Calvin wilted a little from the austerity of his former speech. He hadn't really thought of it in that light.

"After all it could be you who would get the honor—but perhaps that might come later." Mrs. Waycross was gently feeling him out before breaking the thought that had come to her.

"Yes," declared Calvin after some thought, "I believe that is included in my promise to God, although I didn't think of it at the time. I thought it would be me who would go through the fire of it—and that it would be me who would stand victor right here in Brown's Gap. But after all, maybe God has a better way. I'm willing."

"Hallelujah, Hallelujah," murmured Mrs. Waycross, tears of serene assurance breaking from her eyes.

"It has seemed to me, Brother Turner, that we can win these souls to God through love, just pure undelfiled love. There is the Widow Purcell, and her small children, poor, needy, uneducated. There are a dozen other families like her in this neighborhood. Let's begin to minister to the hearts of the people by ministering to their wants. Up in the mountains, further, in the coves we can find others who need food and clothing—and education. When we have won the love of the people——"

"That's it! That's it!" shouted Turner. He leaped about the room, praising God at every breath. Mrs. Waycross shouted. John Ballew and his wife were weeping—and half way shouting. "I'll go right back north immediately—I'll see that we get money and clothing and teachers. We will start that way——"

Crack! Crack!—Calvin was interrupted by two gun shots, very near, probably in the road in front of the house. Mrs. Ballew was about to faint, so frightened was she, but was being encouraged by Calvin Turner and her husband, urging there was no danger—meanwhile Mrs. Waycross slipped out of the room and downstairs to the front porch.

In the vilest manner, a voice from the darkness spoke to Mrs. Waycross, silhouetted on the porch by the light from the open door, demanding that "the crazy fanatic" come out. Mrs. Waycross, no longer the demure saint, but strong in faith, stood up to her full stature, and replied:

"Mr. Turner is not coming out."

Threats of vengeance belched from a score of men out of the pitch darkness. Every utterance was profane.

"But we have come to take him," demanded the leader, stepping nearer, "and you can't stop us. He's in that house and we'll settle him tonight."

"Jim McCallister," replied Mrs. Waycross in all the glory of unwavering faith in God, "You shall not pass. You and your men, go on away; God is taking care of everything."

There was a disappointed muttering among the mob, interspersed with renewed oaths of vengeance. Three of them stepped forward a few paces, perhaps fifteen feet from where Mrs. Waycross stood at the edge of the low porch. Three guns flashed, tearing up the earth not three feet in front of her. She did not move a hair's breadth, nor did she get disturbed. She did not pray. She stood there as if she was prayed up, and saw no necessity for further prayer.

The mob, still muttering, skulked back into the darkness and was soon out of hearing. Three or more desultory shots were heard within the next half hour—and Brown's Gap lapsed into its accustomed silence after nine o'clock.

* * * *

All was quiet at ten o'clock that night as Calvin Turner bade John Ballew and his gracious wife, and Mrs. Waycross a farewell that was more meaningful than anyone can realize who has not heard the menacing shots in the darkness, AND AT THE SAME TIME WAS LABORING FOR THE SOULS OF THOSE WHO WERE SEEKING HIS LIFE.

Calvin slipped cautiously through the gate leading into the garden at the back of the house. He clambered noiselessly as possible over the split-picket fence into the cowlot. Perhaps he was not afraid, in one sense of the word, and yet the heavy breathing of the cattle made him hesitate for a moment.

Barney, his faithful horse, wander-

ing about the cowlot, walked over to him, as if to say goodbye.

"Barney," said Calvin, half aloud, "I am going, but by the Grace of God I will return." Calvin may have wished to say something else, but he didn't. He made his way across to the same wood where his Colporteur's wagon had been burned—with his bibles and other good reading. Under the same fateful tree, he dedicated himself to fulfill his conviction that God would save Brown's Gap through him. While he stood there a drizzling rain set in—as if to make the hour of his departure as dreary as possible. At the dead of night he left the tree, and walked through the village—for he feared it would not be safe to board the train in Brown's Gap, where all would see him.

Through the dreary night he walked on—his bible and an extra garment or two, all that he possessed. What a month it had been, he pondered, as he trudged the tedious crossties—many a time stepping in between.

But there were several on their knees that night praying for Calvin—even back in Brown's Gap. John Ballew had become a different man. Mrs. Waycross, her heart bleeding for Brown's Gap, and for the young man, who was such a possibility to become a great worker for God, spent a wakeful night in prayer.

* * * *

There was no glory in going about to wealthy homes, and writing letters, begging for old clothes, and money, to help the destitute of the mountain country. But God's preparation process had changed Calvin Turner's idea somewhat. He found that after all, perhaps, he was not designed to be a "sharp threshing instrument having teeth"; that there was no real necessity for him to write a new set of commandments; that after all—he was serving God—helping the poor.

He found there was sacrifice in any work for God. For example, he went up to a certain house to ask for clothing and money to send to the destitute of his Southern mountains, but

was rebuffed, by people telling him to go to work, and make his own money to send down.

At another time one said, "I don't know you; I wouldn't trust you." There was a daily sacrifice.

But despite it all, by working about fourteen hours every day—instead of complaining—he soon had a constant flow of gifts for the poor of those mountains. John Ballew found time that winter to hitch Calvin's Barney up to a covered wagon, and visit the poor far up in the coves, and most neglected parts of the mountains.

The mountaineers coming into McCallister's store to bargain an exchange of crossties for groceries, brought stories of the good man that was supplying deserving poor—but left no name. It was rumored that it was John Ballew from Brown's Gap. But John Ballew said he was only the delivery wagon—and that the one that was sending it had asked that his name should not be given—HE WAS doing it in the name of the Lord.

McCallister kept studying about this, and wondered who it was. For one thing, it had grown so in the past few months that it was about all he could hear about. Another thing happened that was really serious. With every package of gifts left in any home, there were gospel messages, tracts, leaflets, and single books of the Testament, like "The Gospel of St. John." And in every package was a tract, entitled, "The Making of a Happy Home." This tract was the most effective story ever told—against drink. One after another of McCallister's most prolific customers of drink QUIT HIM COLD. He had very little call for his moonshine liquor. Something had to be done about it. He had large quantities on hand.

In the meantime another Thanksgiving Day was rolling around. On Thanksgiving the year before, through Mrs. Waycross, a great table had been spread upon the hill between the two churches, hitherto so hostile. The table reached from

one to the other. All the poor from the mountains far and wide had been invited down to partake of the bounty of a great free Thanksgiving dinner—AT THE LORD'S TABLE. The money for it had come from somewhere—and the good housewives of Brown's Gap had prepared it. Another Thanksgiving day was approaching—another day to feast. All the poor were to be invited down to partake of the greatest Thanksgiving dinner ever arranged in that part of the country.

This was connected directly with the gifts of food and clothing that had been distributed so generously through the mountain fastnesses the winter before—and there would probably be hundreds who would come to this Thanksgiving dinner for the purpose of getting needed clothing to keep them warm in the rigors of winter.

About a week before the great Thanksgiving Day, McCallister the bootlegger and sharp tradesman, went over to the station to take the train for Atlanta. He had a good customer in Atlanta who had helped him plan a way to dispose of his moonshine whiskey—a plan that looked very attractive. While waiting for the train he sauntered into the freight room, looking to see if there was any freight for himself. He noticed the freight room had a number of boxes, piled high in one corner. On examining he found that they were all marked "From C. T., 13 Essex Street, Tonanda N. Y." They were addressed to John Ballew. At first he thought perhaps John Ballew was planning to start a store in opposition to his own. But later, on the train, he decided those boxes might have something to do with John Ballew's mysterious charity among the mountain poor.

He changed trains at Ridge Junction, taking a train that went into Atlanta.

Now this plan for disposing of his moonshine liquor was through Dick Benson, a railroader living in Atlanta. This railroader had been buying regularly from him, and in considerably more quantities than he

would consume himself. McCallister found that he was selling it to fellow railroaders. They had planned to enlarge the sale to the men working on the railroad in a confidential way.

"Now let me see," said McCallister, talking to himself, under his breath, "if I can sell them a hundred gallons a week, I can put another still into action next week—I know where there is a——" C-R-A-S-H!—and the sudden application of the brakes, the yells—his own outcry—all was over in a moment.

Two men sat at the side of the bed when McCallister was revived to consciousness in the hospital. His face was bandaged until he couldn't see, but after considerable effort he realized that he knew the voice of one of them, as he said:

"Well, Jim, that was a close call. How are you feeling?"

There was no answer from the injured man. He couldn't understand how John Ballew happened to be there. He probably thought he was still dreaming.

"I am mighty glad we were there, Jim. I've been hoping for a time when I could do you a favor, but didn't know it would come this way."

McCallister thrust out his hand to John Ballew, so glad to hear the voice of someone he knew.

"I know you wonder why we were there, and I can't explain it unless it's just God's holy providence. Calvin and I just happened to be near the crossing, here outside Atlanta, with our covered wagon filled with provisions for that big Thanksgiving dinner. A switch engine suddenly ran right out in front of the passenger train, without rhyme or reason—the passenger train didn't have a chance in the world. The fireman, who is still alive, says the engineer, Dick Benson, they call him, was as drunk as a fiddle——"

"Benson," exclaimed McCallister, even though weakened by so much loss of blood.

"Yes; Benson. Do you know him?"

But there was no answer.

"Cal and I pulled out as many as we could from the wreckage, and of course some of the passengers who were uninjured helped, and we were dumbfounded to find you. But we're glad—and you are going to get all right."

Besides one bad gash in the thigh, McCallister's wounds were only abrasions. Next day he was able to get up, and plan to go home. He was especially friendly—but didn't say very much. However, he was fully grateful, and even went so far as to apologize a little, not very much, for the way he had harassed Calvin when he was the preacher there in Brown's Gap.

"So you are on your way back to Brown's Gap, Calvin?" asked McCallister.

"Well, I really don't know. We have just bought all these fine supplies for that Thanksgiving dinner, and I was going part way there—I want to go there so bad—but I am not sure the time is ripe—I am awaiting only the will of God. I——"

"Well, I can speak for God, this time, Calvin—you are going back NOW—right with this wagon. What's in this wagon?"

"Why, this is the trimmings," spoke up Ballew. "The nuts, the candy, bananas—and some song books and several hundred Gospels According to St. John"—the finishing touches that all will appreciate, won't they, Jim?"

"Let's go," said Jim, "I want to ride back in that old covered wagon myself."

"There's room all right, but you may have to walk up some of the hills——"

"I'll walk all the way if necessary—just let me go along."

Calvin Turner thought perhaps he would go only as far as Ridge Junction, and then take the train back from there—but Jim McCallister and God changed his mind. And they

went on—a three days' ride—and they would have to hurry to get there by Wednesday night before the dinner was spread, on Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Waycross and Mrs. John Ballew had seen that all things were made ready. Tables were planked up to hold food for more than six hundred people. All the space between the two churches would be occupied with the Thanksgiving dinner. The people from both churches were going to come up the same side of the hill. All were going to worship God that day. The circuit riders for both churches were to be present. John Ballew would be in charge, with Mrs. Waycross—there might be preaching and there might not.

As noon approached the tables groaned under the weight of the great feast. Winding up the hill came fathers and mothers, the poor people of the mountains, to partake of the bounty, without money and without price. All was propitious. The sun never shone on a more welcome scene. The leaves of the trees in all their fall coloring fluttered the praises of God. Brown's Gap was all there that day—none were away.

Tongues were all agog about the mysterious person who was supplying all the clothing and other gifts for the mountain poor. And the secret had come out—it was Calvin Turner, the man who had been driven from Brown's Gap.

"I always knew that boy had something in him," said Samantha Owenby, the woman who had started his troubles by gossiping about him. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for letting an outsider come in and feed our poor—we could have done it—we simply haven't got the blessing we ought to have."

All was well—except for Mrs. Waycross—she lifted her hand over her eyes and gazed in the distance—hoping every moment to see John Ballew coming in the covered wagon with the finishing touches for the day. He was now two days overdue. Would he be too late? And while she gazed toward the long lane of

the big road—a covered wagon was lumbering along a little too far back of the hills to be seen.

It was already twelve-thirty; the children were getting restless; all were anxious to start. The people present could see no reason for delay. Mrs. Waycross waited until one o'clock—the blessing was asked—and there at that table a thousand expressions of appreciation could be heard from more than six hundred who partook unstintingly of the food that was excellent in a thousand ways.

As the meal was nearing the end a covered wagon creaking under its load, John Ballew driving, and two men helping to push, was coming within a short distance of the tables. All eyes turned that way.

Brown's Gap citizens were dumbfounded to see that one of the men was Jim McCallister and the other John Ballew—hitherto mortal enemies. The third was not at first recognized by so many.

The wagon was backed around, the rear curtain raised, and fruit and nuts to the heart's content were distributed about the tables. There were fruits and nuts that most of the mountaineers had never seen. There were almonds from Spain, dates from Arabia, butternuts from South America—bananas, oranges, apricots. From all the ends of the earth they had been gathered.

After all had eaten their fill, Jim McCallister climbed upon one of the tables near the wagon. When he said he wished to make a few remarks all eyes were immediately centered—for the whole country knew him to be out of place at an occasion of this kind.

"My friends and neighbors: I am ashamed to rise up before you here and call myself a man. I am afraid there isn't a man here but I have wronged in some way. But I have been brought to a stop with a shock. I don't deserve it, but God looked upon me in mercy.

"As you know, I couldn't sell all my booze up here. I went to Atlanta last week to make a deal with Dick Benson, a railroad engineer, to dis-

pose of it for me. AND DICK BENSON, while drunk, operating a switch engine drove it in front of the train I was on and wrecked it. Who should be there with the old covered wagon but John Ballew and Calvin Turner!

"This old covered wagon would have been here on time—but these two men prayed with me for half a day until I got to God. The Lord has forgiven me, but I don't know how some of you are going to forgive me. But I'll make it right with every one of you."

With that Jim broke down and wept, most of the people weeping with him. John Ballew stood up and said that Jim McCallister and God had insisted that Calvin Turner come back with the covered wagon.

"After all, it is fitting for him to be here, for he it is that has been working for over a year, nearly two years, in gathering the clothing and food and money and good reading for the mountain people. No doubt he has a message for this gathering, and if God leads him I would be glad if he would say a few words."

He had tears in his eyes. After a little effort he was able to say a few words, scarcely lifting his eyes:

"Friends: I have only one little message that I want to leave with you. In the covered wagon here there are nearly six hundred Gospels According to St. John. I want every one here to take one home with them. And in remembrance of this occasion, when you are alone turn to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter:

'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.'

"The message is a message of love—to love one another. A new commandment give I unto you—**THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER.**"

There was only one church on that hill after that day. The other remained in use for overflow meetings only; the Sunday School flourished; Brown's Gap was brought to Christ by LOVE.

Work! Work! Work!

By A. J. TOMLINSON

IT is not enough now just merely to show you are on the Lord's side by your testimony, manner of life and the beautiful Christian expression on your face, but there is need of more than this. It is a great thing to step out bravely and let the world know you are on the Lord's side. Such boldness will be rewarded, but that is only a good beginning.

When Aaron and the people of Israel made the calf of gold and Moses overtook them in their folly, that brave God—called leader, stepped out boldly and stood in the gate of the camp and said, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me," and behold, "All the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him." Immediately after they had taken a stand on the Lord's side Moses called upon them for service. It was not enough for them to step over and take their noble stand, but their service was wanted at once. There was a fight on hand and they must take up their swords and go into it with all their strength and might. They were commanded to slay their own people who had turned to idolatry, and thus fell three thousand men in one day.

This was God's way of bursting up idolatry among His chosen people at that time. He does not work in that way now, but He that was raised up to be like unto Moses is sitting at the right hand of God, waiting for His enemies to be subdued and made His footstool. It was He that said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." And this is the way I feel about it. I am not only to take my stand on the Lord's side, but I have been called to take up the sword and go into the

war against sin. I can say with my Superior, my Example whose footsteps I must follow, I must work the works of Him that sent me. The false things have to be put down. The right must prevail. The work of the Master must continue. He has given us certain work to do. He expects us to do it while He is waiting. Remember He is waiting now while we work. He worked before we did, but now it is our time to work.

False things and misrepresentations run rampant for awhile with nothing to check them, but they will have an end. God is laughing at some people now while they are running their race unhindered. But when He says Stop! they will have to stop. Some people seem to be grabbing at straws now, but the straws will not hold them up when the trumpet sounds. They may think they are doing very well while they are floating along smoothly when there is no storm on, but when the winds break the calm and the sea begins to roll and toss with its wild fury their straws will be nothing. Wood, hay and stubble on the foundation will soon be burned off. It is only the material that will stand the fire that will remain. Loose, combustible material is only like straw—will burn readily. And this is about all some people can handle. They can't build with real solid material—gold, silver and precious stones—it is too heavy, they say. When Jesus began to be very heavy in the garden He was building with material that would stand the test. He was putting in the foundation. And we must use good solid material in building thereon. Almost anybody can build up a little pile of wood, or a haystack, or rake up stubble. Children can do that. But it takes back-

bone and nerve to handle solid, heavy material like gold, silver and precious stones. (I Cor. 3:12.)

It took backbone and nerve for the sons of Levi to go into the killing business right among their own people. But God gave orders through Moses and it had to be done. We have to do a good many unpleasant things in order to keep our favor with God, but it pays. I would rather have the favor of God than all the riches of this world. And I must keep His favor now at any cost for the time is too short to trifle my time away. He has called me to work and work I must. The enemy would stop me if he could, but God sustains me and on I go amid shot and shell. Let the bombs burst with their fury spent all around me, but my courage is undaunted. God is with me and what do I care. Every bomb that explodes only makes one less to come. What do I care what the newspapers say. The newspapermen are not to blame. They must tell the news that is going. Let the enemy roar. He knows his time is short. He is after you. He is after me. If we were idle and not at work he would curl up and go to sleep, but since we are at work it keeps him busy to rake up things to crush us down. Doubtless his servants get tired sometimes and would like to draw off the battlefield, but this he will not let them do. He is working them day and night. He gives them no rest. He makes them think they must not stop. But our God fights our battles for us while we work. He throws His staff of guardian angels around us while we work. He protects us while we build on the foundation with heavy weight material—not wood, hay and stubble.

We may be hindered and checked

sometimes and have to wait on material, but like brave Nehemiah we go at it again in spite of all the Tobiahs and Sanballats, and all whom they have hired against us. (Neh. 6:12, 13.) We must keep our experience of salvation whether we keep things of this world or not. The material with which we build may not be seen with the natural eye, but we take courage and go on when we read that "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." (II Cor. 4:18.)

Our work may not show much in this world. We may not be applauded or appreciated, but what do we care if we are laying up treasures in heaven? This is what we are instructed to do. People may make a showing of their work in this world and lay up treasures in heaven, too, but the real count for service is what is laid up in heaven. It is natural for us to want to see some results of our labors and sacrifices here, but if we don't the rewards in eternity may seem all the brighter then.

It was service that counted with the sons of Levi that day. It was unpleasant service but it was service. Our service is much more pleasant under the gospel dispensation. We do not have to take the lives of men, but we are to rescue them—we are to save them instead of destroying them. It may mean hardships and sacrifices on our part to do this, but it must be done. Many have made themselves heroes by saving men or children from physical death at the risk of losing their own lives, but how much greater heroes can we become by serving God in the rescue of souls from sin, which if left to themselves would perish forever in the underworld. This is the great service for which the valuable rewards will be given.

But we are not serving for rewards. We are only doing what duty demands. Jesus came to this world to establish a religion to take the place of the old Jewish law. In order to do this He must serve. When people were sick they wanted His service so they could be healed. Many were

healed by His touch, presence or word. He was the servant of all, but the greatest of all. The demand for Him was so great at times that there was no time for rest. When He sometimes withdrew from the crowds and sailed across the lake to be alone with His disciples how often would He find that the crowd had hurried around the shore and was waiting for Him when He landed, or when He arrived on the other side there were legions of demons to cast out to relieve those who lived among the tombs mad with everybody so it was dangerous for people to go in that particular locality.

Talk about work, Jesus worked! He worked all through the week and on the Sabbath day besides. He worked while others rested. He worked at times when to work meant more trouble for Him, because some were watching Him to see if He would heal on the Sabbath day—which they considered so out of place. They called Him a Sabbath breaker, but He did not stop because they called Him names. If He could work on under such unpleasant conditions, should His followers draw off when things become unpleasant? It is when oppositions arise that makes the work more exciting—more interesting. I have been told that soldiers would rather be in battles occasionally than to lie around in camp all the time.

Some firemen at a fire station were once overheard in conversation thus: "I am tired of this sitting-around life, it is uninteresting; I'd rather be doing something." Another replied, "Yes, I wish a fire would break out right now; I want to get into the fight with the flames. I love the excitement." These men know the danger, they knew of the hard work required, the suffocating smoke, the terrible heat and everything in connection with the fire-fighting business, but they would rather be rushed off into danger than to remain in idleness. If men of the world would rather work than to pass their time in idleness,

how much more should men of God want to work for their Master.

There is much work yet to be done. The fields are ripe and ready for the harvest. Macedonian calls come from every quarter. The people want help. Souls are to be saved, bodies are languishing upon beds of sickness waiting for the healing touch. Powerless words cannot do this work. Muscular force is not sufficient. Eloquence will never convert a soul. Good words and fair speeches can deceive sometimes (Rom. 16:18), but without the power of God they never heal or cast out devils. People want to be healed, they want to be saved. They don't want to be patched up and painted, they want something to be done to them that will change their hearts and give them strong, healthy bodies. Work of this kind is what counted in the days of the apostles. This is what has been counting in these last days—days of the falling of the "latter rain."

Much work is being done in these days. Workers are working themselves tired and old, but we wonder if it is all gold, silver and precious stones or is much of it wood, hay and stubble that will burn in the very first fires of the judgment? I'm afraid much of it is labor in vain. We that work now should learn the secret of doing things by the power of God. This was Paul's way and he was a success. He "came not with excellency of speech * * * not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the spirit and of power." To work by the power of God is to do the works of Him that sent us. God sent Jesus and He did the works of God; if God sends us why should not we do the works of God, too? Could it be questioned as to whether God has sent us if we do not do the works of God that can only be done by the power of God?

Here is a question worth our careful consideration. I do not mention this to discourage the toilers, but to encourage them to draw close enough to God and court His favor by living

in His presence so the work will be done by the power of God and not by mere human efforts. Some ships on the sea are guided by the man at the wheel and the helm is turned by his strength, but the large steamers have great and powerful engines to turn the helm. The man is at the wheel in both cases, but the one turns the helm while the other turns on the power that turns the helm. Which is best in your judgment? You can manage to guide a small ship by your own strength, but the big ships would be too much for you. Then to be a big ship for God you are the man at the wheel to turn the power on the soul to be converted or the body to be healed.

This world must know that there is a God of power in these last days as well as in the days of the Apostles. We have been able to have some good demonstrations during the past fifteen years or more, but I feel there should be an increase in power and demonstration. I believe it is time for us to move up into a higher sphere. The world is constantly moving up into big things. The great *Leviathan* steamer that proudly plows its way across the deep blue sea boasts of being the largest seacraft of the age. This is to carry live men and women from one continent to another. Don't we need some *Leviathans* in God's service to carry precious souls from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God? Which is needed the most? What is the worth of a soul? And is it easier now to get souls saved than a few years ago? Then if it is not, we need bigger, giant-like—*Leviathan*-like—men and women to work the works of Him that sent them.

Can we hope for a greater demonstration of God's power than is now being demonstrated? Why not? Has God lost His power? No; He is the same that He was in former days. He only needs some *Leviathans* that He can put His power upon—men of faith instead of men of brain. Is the eleventh chapter of Hebrews filled up with a description of men of brains? If Jesus should speak to this

world today I wonder if He would say, "O ye of little faith," or would He come nearer saying, "O ye of no faith?" It is time for our faith to be increased. This will make mighty men. It is men of faith that are in demand now—men who laugh at impossibilities and cry out, "It shall be done!" Men who can bravely march up to mountains of difficulties, cast them out of the way and go on. Hallelujah! Yes, we can hope for a greater demonstration of God's power. Look out now! Look out! I dare to say that it is coming! You will begin to feel it now if you do not shrink or shirk. Remember that God wants men that are real men of faith. He wants women who are real women of faith. Can He have you, or are you inclined to shirk just now while the battle is hot?

Listen! Feel! Do you hear that sweet voice calling you on? Do you feel what I feel right now as this message rolls on? Wait, don't be too hasty. You may miss something if you leave this heavenly atmosphere too quickly. God is here and where God is there is power. He is the God of power. "God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God *** Thou renderest to every one according to his work." (Psalm 62:11,12.) If you work right—work and not shirk—work the works of Him that sent you He will surely furnish the power. And this is what the world is looking and waiting for. Multitudes are groaning and longing for the demonstration of the power of God that accompanies men of faith and not men of brains. There are no objections to brains, we do not want crazy folk; but we want more faith than brains instead of more brains than faith.

Suppose we all commence anew. Let us go into our work for the Master with greater zeal, more courage, increased determination and be men of faith right and cease being children any longer. I tell you if we will do

this and reconsecrate and give God a chance we will see greater revivals breaking out, multitudes of sick folks healed, miracles wrought and people will rush to the place of demonstration.

I wonder what you say by this time. Are you ready to give the answer? Will you do it? Before you stop and grow cold and forgetful run to your prayer room, fall upon your knees and give God one more chance at you. Let Him whisper to you softly, "Be a man of faith—be a woman of faith—be a *Leviathan* ship to carry loads of souls from worldliness and sin and unload them in the kingdom of Jesus Christ my Son." When you have heard this message from God, go out into this big world a new man—a new woman, in the strength and might of God prepared to work the works of Him that sent you.

Courage, did you say? Yes, courage! It takes courage, but do you not have a supply of it? Then it is time you were filling up for only those who have a good supply of courage will be able to make it through in these days of hatred, false accusations, truce-breaking and treachery. If you have not courage now or do not get a supply soon you will surely fail in your efforts to serve the Lord. Enemies are all around you and you had just as well know it and prepare for a spiritual battle, for you are sure to have it or go down. But you can win, of course you can win! Don't be a baby and give way to pouting, but be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, and let the devil and all of his imps know you are determined to conquer in the conflict. Yes, you can do it! Don't say if certain things, but leave off the if and certain things and be a real man or a real woman, one that God delights in and you will never suffer defeat. Have courage, my brother, have courage and win in this last great conflict that is on. Hurrah!

The "Down" Feeling

The Only Kind of Blue to be is "True Blue"

HE is the hardest case to overcome I ever tried." This expression was overheard by one who was not especially interested as a group of men were talking over matters pertaining to something of common interest to them all. Nothing else was heard for the group became silent at once which was evidence that the newcomer was not to know anything about the subject. But this much made an opening for a field of thought.

It did not take long to decide that the speaker had a wrong motive in view. To think he was spending his time and energy to "down" some one was too much for the one that happened to listen in. Further reflection and common reasoning satisfied the hearer that it was not right to exercise one's self in trying to put anyone down and out, but on the other hand to follow the Master's steps and practices it would require the opposite. When Jesus found a "down and out" He took pleasure in getting underneath him and lifting him up.

A clipping from some unknown writer came before my eyes some time ago that may contain more truth than many might suspect. The statement is short, but positive. "Success won by injuring others isn't success; it's sin." For a person to get on top by injuring others is not the spirit of Jesus. He could have entered the great transition with a mighty host of armed men, or legions of angels to put down the law and traditions of the elders and thus set up His law and government upon the ruins thereof, but no, He sought to establish His governmental policies in another way. His opposers rather sought to put Him down and build their success upon His downfall, but while they finally had Him put to death and gloried over His defeat and their

success, the final result was shown in their defeat and His success. This of itself proves the truthfulness of the statement of the clipping that "Success won by injuring others isn't success; it's sin."

History records incidents of men who have risen to a state of greatness while their opposers have labored day and night against them to hold them down. Not until recently did I know that George Washington, the father of our country, had so many opposers while he was exposing himself to danger and toiling and suffering for many years to win America's freedom and establish this great republic.

I have had those "down" feelings after conversing with certain people. I have even felt them when conversing over the telephone.

People like "ups" better than "downs," and they are going to a place where they will get a good dose of "ups" every time in preference to the other. If you are a minister and find out you are losing your congregation, you had better begin an investigation of the kind of food you are giving them. See whether you have not been administering "downs" instead of "ups." If you are subject to the "blues" and can't get rid of them you had just as well look for a different job—you will not succeed as a minister. In fact you will not succeed at anything except in having the "blues." To succeed you must be able to meet the problems of life with a swing. When you have a hard task, swing into it and you will more likely swing out of it with real success. Meet them with a frown and a doleful melancholy air and they will likely get the best of you. No one escapes certain opposing forces that will cause the "down" feeling at times, but by extra effort and a shake

and shiver of dogged determination to overcome it, up you will go like a balloon when the ropes are loosed and the ballast thrown out.

Leap! Leap with a bound! Up, up you can go with the necessary help, and free from the influences of people who will give you the "down" feeling. You can meet the problems of life with a swing and get on top of every difficulty. I do not know of any one who is capable of giving sounder and better advice on this subject than Paul of the Bible, and he went so deep in the realm of success that he came out with his flags fluttering in the breeze and shouting, "None of these things move me. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors," because of being "strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness." Had the joy in the midst of suffering. It was success to him in what might have been considered failure to others. Every thing was victory with him and to follow him as he followed Christ we must follow in the same order.

There are many problems in life which, if we meet with a swing and a conqueror's air they will slip away like a soap bubble, but to meet the same with a fearful spirit or while under the power of a case of the blues or with a "down" feeling would mean defeat. The brave soldier must know no defeat. Nothing but success should be considered. You must not allow a "down" feeling to hold you down. You must assert your manhood or womanhood and make your mark. You can do much more than you think you can. You can encourage and help more people than you think you can. And helping others is one of the best ways to stir up buoyancy in yourself.



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People always reap what they sow and more of it. Sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. Sow to the flesh and reap corruption. Sow evil seed in early life and reap evil later on. Sow good seed and the harvest will be pleasant. Which are you sowing now?

Some people are always meddling with other people's business. They are always on hand to express their opinion. This usually shows they have no business of their own worthy of their care that takes their time. God is against busy bodies who are meddling with other men's matters. A busy body is always saying things to stir up strife. A Christian is not this kind of a character. Do you think so?

Get things going for the Lord and keep them going. Do not give way to discouragement because you meet with oppositions. When oppositions come then is the time to brace up and grow stronger in the Lord. Those who serve the Lord always meet more or less oppositions. This is to be ex-

pected because serving the Lord is going contrary to the ways of the world. The world is not a friend to grace, but God gives more grace when it is needed. You can always depend upon Him if you are faithful and true.

Surely traitors are an abomination to God. This was evidenced in the case of Core and his men who were let down in the earth because they had rebelled against Moses their God-given leader. Paul tells of traitors to be plentiful in the last days. We must be in the last days then for according to reports there are many. A traitor is about the worst foe a country can have—the worst enemy a person can have. Who would want to turn traitor and risk the impending judgment of God? Better never to have been born than turn Judas. That is awful, isn't it?

The Annual Assembly of the Churches of God is called for November 22-27, this year. Circumstances are such that it isn't convenient to have it earlier, and this will

give ample time to secure rates on the railroads and for people to make the necessary preparations. Those coming from a distance will be given special attention and efforts will be made to make everybody comfortable and happy. This is one great characteristic of God's true-blue people, they are good to their fellow-man; they want to make everybody happy and cheerful. A happy and cheerful life is always good because of its wide influence in helping others to be the same.

To pray through and reach the goal for which you strive is a great achievement. It is always a source of deep satisfaction to know your prayers have been heard and answered.

God is looking for real heroes now for the last day's conflict. If you are not a hero, it is time you are making one, for you surely have opportunity now. In all of my long experience as a Christian I have never seen such tremendous opportunities for men to make heroes of themselves. You can weaken and draw back if you want to, but if you do this now I see but little chance for you to ever rise above a common level for weaklings any more. Some whom I have looked upon as strong and whom I expected to develop into spiritual giants have weakened and failed—thrown up the white flag of surrender. But all this is a means of begetting in me new strength, new vigor, new bravery, new courage, new and stronger determination, new ideas, more knowledge of the Bible, a closer relationship with my God, and a better understanding of eternal things. To me this is a glorious time to live, because of the glorious achievements to be enacted and glorious triumph of victory just ahead. Will you run the race with me? Will you fight by my side to the last ditch? Will you do this and go up with me in the scale of applause awaiting the victors at the end of the way.

GEORGE ROGERS

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

READ THIS FIRST

George Rogers, a Pentecostal boy, son of Pentecostal parents, went away from home to school. Through temptations of all kinds, of wealth, poverty, of sorrow and gladness. In his poverty—he didn't lose his hold on God. In his wealth he strayed away from God. In the horror of the battlefield, and in a letter from a friend he found that Jesus must be first of all.

Columbus Hooper, an orphan whom George's father had befriended, had been of considerable aid in establishing George's financial success before he went to war. While he was at war he handled all of George's investments—and lost them all. So also did Hooper lose his. In the hospital in New York, when Hooper arrived to tell George of the great loss, George was discomfited completely, because he had promised his fortune to God. BUT GOD WANTED GEORGE, not his money. In that hospital that morning George Rogers and his orphan friend committed themselves to be God's men—AND WORKERS FOR HIM FROM THEN ON.

ROGERS and Hooper didn't burst out as Evangelists overnight. There was the long road of preparation—of breaking in—of mistakes, disappointments. Men of lesser determination would have stopped many a time and declared, "Surely I made a mistake—we misunderstood our call."

But Rogers and Hooper had burned their bridges behind them—there was nothing to go back to. At first nobody cared to have them preach. Many that heard them didn't come back a second time. Only a few were converted. But the call of God was heavy upon them and they could not turn back. They carried on. You could count their soul winnings on the fingers of one hand FOR THE FIRST YEAR. But those two young men, filled with the Spirit of God—and knew what it meant TO ACCOMPLISH ANY-

THING; knew that they were building on a solid foundation.

When they went to a railroad station to get their tickets to the next place for meeting—with just enough scratched up between them to pay their way, they would refer laughingly to the old days in business—unlimited expense accounts—big money, automobiles, every luxury they could demand. But they were not after money—they were after souls now.

There was more genuine joy in their hearts over one repenting sinner than over a hundred big orders in business.

* * * *

But just three years later times had changed. Rogers and Hooper had become famous evangelists, after a great revival which they held in Lexington. After that they could not begin to meet all the calls which they received. From the north, east, south and west, the Macedonian call came to them, "Come over and help us."

In a short time, thousands upon thousands of souls had been added to the kingdom of God through their message. Surely the Lord had picked the right men.

* * * *

In the course of his ministry George Rogers had from experience learned some new things about evangelizing, that he wished to give the benefit of to others who entered into Christian work.

For one thing he learned that it was a good thing to have a wife, at least a good thing for him. And it was fitting indeed that he led to the altar, none other than the girl he had met at the camp meeting, and who had so much during their friendship

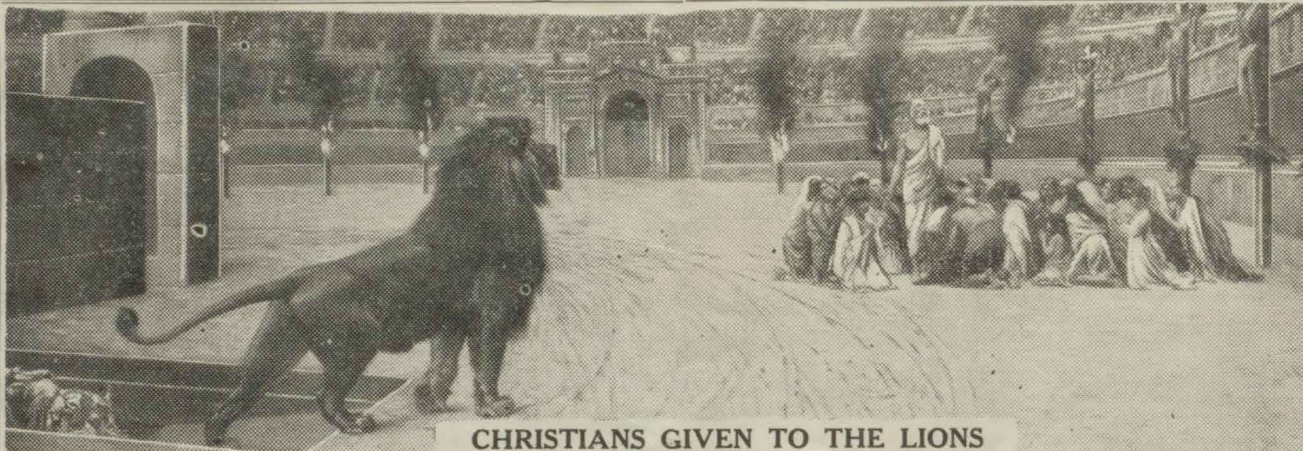
urged him to give all to God. And what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. For there is no doubt God has a big hand in some unions, even if God is being left out of so many in these days of divorces and unfaithfulness.

For another thing, he learned that this was a new day of evangelizing. The old long-winded sermons on theology would not draw the people aside and make them listen. THE SERMONS HAD TO BE WITH POWER.

In order to do a greater work for God than he had yet contemplated, he determined to establish a School of the Prophets. This school took form much more rapidly than he had expected. While holding a meeting in one of Pennsylvania's great industrial cities, a gentleman of good presence and great spirituality offered to him the buildings of a small defunct collage at Cambridge, Maryland, not a long distance from Baltimore. This gentleman held the property in trust, the property being almost valueless since the school had been discontinued.

Arrangements could be made according to this strange gentleman whereby George could establish the school there, and pay for nothing but the upkeep.

An investigation was conducted, principally through the guidance of this stranger and benefactor, and the deal for the use of the property on such a basis was consummated. When it came to the point of signing the papers in the case, the principal person apparently, and the one having the final say, was very non-committal. His name was S. J. Couch. He had



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a very oily manner about him, and managed to agree to as few things as possible. But he was especially anxious for the school to get started.

He walked up to George Rogers and declared he would contribute to the work from time to time. He mentioned that he was a little close at the time, however, but that a little later on he would no doubt be able to do something. He urged George to make a special drive for funds, among his friends, and in all his coming meetings, with which to start the school.

He urged the importance of building some new buildings, and making it a great university. He offered himself to help in any way he could in raising these funds. It was very gratifying to George to have people so interested. As Mr. Couch had been quite successful, as it appeared, in his business and seemed to have considerable of the Spirit of the Lord, George depended considerably upon his judgment.

George set out upon a campaign to raise \$400,000.00 to build this school. When it was announced that he would be the head of this school, thousands wanted their children to attend, even though they were not preparing for Christian work. **THEY WANTED THE CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE WHERE THEIR CHILDREN WENT TO SCHOOL.**

So they planned to build big enough to accommodate many more students than the **SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS**. For a year the campaign lasted. **THEY COLLECTED MORE THAN \$300,000.00.**

But their plans had called for \$400,000.00. Already the buildings were going up. In fact S. J. Couch, who had manifested so much interest, was supervising the building of all the new buildings. All this time Columbus Hooper, always George's right-hand man. While George was out campaigning, Hooper was working, too. However, he was at Cambridge more frequently than was

Georgé. A great friendship gradually grew up between Couch and Hooper, especially because they were wrestling with the problems in building, planning, financing, etc.

The **CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE OF THE PROPHETS** was dedicated—with a debt of \$100,000.00 hanging over it. Indeed that was a great accomplishment — to raise \$300,000.00 for its establishment. So the \$100,000.00 that day looked very small.

The college was filled to capacity—and many could not be accommodated who wished to attend. **BUT ONE THING GEORGE HAD NOT DONE: HE HAD NOT TURNED AWAY A SINGLE APPLICANT WHO SAID: "I have the Call of the Lord—but I haven't the money to attend."** He took them in, saying, "I am doing this for God—I will trust God to carry us through somehow. He surely will."

The first year was a great success as far as the school was concerned. Never was there a body of prophets that left a school with greater humility and real courage for the field than left that school in the spring to work for the Lord during the summer. All was bright.

But after the school had been dismissed, George Rogers was sitting in his study pondering and thinking. One by one the students he had admitted "Trusting the Lord for their maintenance" had come to his office, and with tears of thanksgiving had thanked him, and promised—but that was all. No angel had stepped forward and handed him money—he had seen that they were fed, and kept as fighters for the Lord—no matter if their money were not in sight.

When the five trustees of the property met for their annual meeting, instead of having a debt of a hundred thousand dollars, the debt was \$129,000, and no money of any kind in sight. But George pondered all of this in his heart. He did not tell any one, barely breathing it even to his own wife. But in spite of the



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burden in his heart constantly the influence of the Cambridge School of the Prophets was spreading far and wide. Spiritual young people and older ones sought and obtained entrance—many without money and without price.

He opened a mission work in Baltimore, where these students training to be ministers of the Gospel might have opportunity to do actual work. Many times he took the last penny he had in order to send them down. Usually there came back word that at these meetings one soul—occasionally more—had been saved. And as he heard that a soul had been saved that gave him so much joy, that he would draw upon the funds of the institution to have these young ministers of the gospel go down there to win souls—and to train for the fields of labor. He felt that it was just as important to train them in actual work, and probably more important, than in the class rooms at Cambridge.

These missions not only saved souls, but proved to be the very finest training for the students. In the course of the year he had spent nearly \$20,000 of the school funds for carrying on these mission schools in Baltimore. **HE SAW IT WAS BRINGING RESULTS AND HE KEPT IT UP.**

Toward the end of the second year, S. J. Couch, who had been closely associated in the work from the beginning, and was in fact one of the important men in control of the work, kept more frequently making visits to the office of George Rogers, President of the School, and through whose influence the entire school was established.

Each time he had some new objection to plans which George inaugurated. Another time he kept pressing for money which was due for services, such as general overseer of the buildings. He also wanted to know what the debt was, and whether or not it was more than a year before.

He was nosing around about many things which were not his concern,

but which he wished to inquire about, assuring him that it was only to help.

Then one day his bosom friend and faithful fellow worker in the gospel came to George, asking many strange and unusual questions. Usually bowed under the burden of his load, George looked up and said:

"Columbus, have you lost confidence in me?"

"No," replied Columbus, "but I must know a little more about what is going on. Last week I was in Pittsburgh, and I was asked a good many questions that I couldn't answer. About why you had spent \$20,000 of the school funds for letting the students take joy rides down to Baltimore; and about why the school had a debt of nearly \$200,000; mismanagement; everywhere I meet it, and I am coming to you to get you to explain it to me—and—"

"Columbus, do you believe that I have mismanaged the affairs of this School?"

"I don't like to believe it, but unless I get an explanation of these things—"

"Columbus, God bless your heart, you know we have been bosom friends all these years. The same father that bore me, fathered you, and put you into good hands, orphan that you were. We made money in the world together—lots of it—and we lost it—all of it. Thank God!

"We have preached together in many a tough battlefield—and with our work as the beginning it has enlarged until many today feel that it has been one of the most notable accomplishments in the world of modern pride and sin.

"Columbus, I haven't been with you in your private life. I don't know if you have kept yourself unspotted. But I believe you have. Though I have heard to the contrary over and over again—and I have stepped into the breach and stopped these reports whenever they came in. You have told me of your severe temptations—you said you withstood them. And I have taken your word.

"I tell you, Columbus, I have not

mismanaged this affair. Here stand \$400,000 worth of buildings—and they all belong to the college. There is a debt of \$200,000 hanging over them—but what of it? If we sell out tomorrow at the price it cost to build there is \$200,000 remaining.

"Someone else may have been able to have done it better—but they haven't."

"I know all that," interrupted Columbus. "But there must be some explanation made public, and I will help you if you will do it my way; but if you are going to be so obstinate, and not take my advice, then I am going to fight it out with you—you will just have to take the consequence!"

George was completely dazed. He knew these reports had been circulated. He knew much more than Columbus did—and he knew who did it—S. J. Couch.

S. J. Couch had stood at the gate of the College like Absalom at the gate of his father, and every friend that had ever been a friend of Rogers were kissed—and whispered to—dropping poison here and there.

George Rogers was so busy with the work of conducting the college, with collecting funds for defraying the missionary efforts of the college, with preparing for the next session, with sending preachers to fill vacant pulpits in the vicinity, that he did not have time to counteract this subtle propaganda even if he had been inclined to do so.

Something was brewing, and it could be seen coming as Commencement, graduation time, approached. Only his wife knew of the heaviness of heart with which Rogers worked. How sad indeed for it to be that way when the purpose of the school was to send forth laborers into the vineyard. Every effort should have been bent on saving souls—not upon internal troubles that accomplished nothing—but tore down what had been built.

The students of the school lost the lilt in their voices as they sang. There was little joy and praises in the regu-

SAMUEL! SAMUEL!

"And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, SAMUEL, SAMUEL. Then Samuel answered, Speak, for Thy servant heareth."

IT always interested me to read that story of Samuel. When he heard the call the first time, he got right up out of bed. **AND TWICE MORE HE GOT UP OUT OF BED.** God was talking with Samuel at night—at home, alone, after the others had gone to bed.

No matter if it was late—and he thought he was tired—he didn't let that interfere with him working for the Lord, and waiting upon Him for his word.

Late at night—he said "Speak, for Thy servant heareth."

God was looking for some one that he could entrust his message to. He chose a little boy, from away over back of Mount Ephraim.

"And the Word of the Lord was Precious in those Days," says the Scriptures, speaking of Samuel's Mission, "there was no open vision."

If the word of the Lord was very precious in this world—it is now. There are so few that have the blessing deep enough—to say right out loud to the Lord, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth."

You who have the real blessing of God cannot afford to fail him at this time.

The Call For People To Carry The Message

I am weeping as I write these lines, as I think of the fields white unto harvest—and there are not enough workers. There are not enough Samuels jumping out of their beds at night saying "Speak for Thy servant heareth." May I plead with you to listen to the call of the Lord.

Can you be a pastor of a flock that needs a shepherd? Can you be a Sunday School worker, an evangelist? Sit down now and think if there isn't some definite service you can perform for the Master. We know there is a work that you can do.

No, God has not given you so much of His blessing in vain.

It doesn't really matter how much or how little education you have in books—it is how much you love the Lord, and the souls of lost men and women.

If you have the love of God burning in your heart that is nearly all that is needed.

"How To Win Souls For Christ"

A little booklet, "How to Win Souls for Christ," is now on the press. This book will probably help you more in deciding upon your life work for God than any word that you have ever heard. Our hearts were melted into tears many times as we read the manuscript of the booklet before it went to press.

For undoubtedly, thousands of new workers for the Lord are going to set forth, just from the reading of that booklet.

There is a free copy of this booklet for every consecrated child of God. I want you to sit down now and write for that booklet. Perhaps the most convenient way is to write your name and address on the coupon at the corner—and we will reserve a copy for you, and mail it to you just as soon as it comes off the press.

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lar meetings in the chapel. None went to chapel now for joy of going—they went only under compulsion—the rules required it.

At Commencement George Rogers the President delivered the principal address, which was received with great joy. He spoke of the work in Baltimore—AND THE 782 souls that had been led to Christ that year, through the efforts of the students. All seemed glad—and rejoiced—and tears of gladness seemed to melt all together.

At this College, as at all other colleges, there was a Board of Visitors, which guided the work of the college in a general way. They had occasion to meet of course immediately after the close of the school year, to hear of the financial condition of the College.

Rogers made his report, and it showed that the College was now in debt \$162,000.00; \$62,000.00 more than on the day it was dedicated. He endeavored to impress upon the Board of Visitors that the additional expenditure was an investment in the future. All of this had been spent in taking care of necessary expenses largely of students WHO COULD NOT PAY THEIR OWN WAY.

Apparently the visitors were inclined to be satisfied, with the exception of three or four. And one of them was Columbus Hooper, and S. J. Couch was another. These two arose one at a time, and looking back over two years of the work picked up a hundred objections to steps that George Rogers had taken.

He had thrown away \$20,000 on student joyrides to Baltimore; AND HE HAD TAKEN SCHOOL FUNDS TO DO IT WITH. And where had he gotten the \$62,000 which he had spent? He had borrowed it without any authorization to do so. Therefore it will be up to him to pay it back—not to the college. He has appointed officers to help him in the work that he was not authorized to appoint by this Board of Visitors. S. J. Couch, with

tears in his eyes begged the Board of Visitors for the good name of the college to take these things into consideration—and save the college from bankruptcy, and further disgrace before the world. He asserted that there was no doubt that if Rogers' accounts were looked into, which they certainly ought to be, something else had probably happened to make the debt \$62,000.00 more than it was two years before.

During these accusations George Rogers sat in his seat, unmoved and altogether calm. He had some premonition that there would be a scene something like this, but had not foreseen what a daring thing it would be.

At the conclusion of their accusations the meeting dismissed to meet again the following day. As he passed Columbus, faithful old friend—almost a brother in the flesh, he put his hand on his shoulder, friendly like, as he had done a thousand times before, and exclaimed like Great Caesar, "I could bear the thrust of all the rest—but for you to turn against me—that is the hardest of all."

The next meeting for concluding the arrangements for the coming year was not held for a month. In that time George Rogers called no one into council—he spent sleepless nights in prayer—upon his knees he sought for God to manage and bring out the college, so that its name should not be sullied, and the work of the Lord not hindered.

Many, hearing of the seriousness of the circumstances, came to Rogers to encourage him. With them he counseled some—but not to destroy his enemies—only to save the college—so the professors could go about their work with courage—and the students be not hindered.

Rogers did not sleep the night before the meeting of the Board of Visitors. About midnight he heard a knock at the door, very quiet, almost stealthily the newcomer had made his way up the path to Rogers'

house. It was the stranger—who had given the college to George Rogers at the beginning.

As he came in the door he seemed very weak. He was a very old man now. He started to speak, but instead of speaking he sobbed. With fatherly love he put his arms around Rogers, on this night of deepest sorrow—the dense darkness of sorrow is the worst darkness of all. Another instant he was on his knees clinging to Rogers, and still sobbing.

Rogers knelt also, himself breaking into sobs, for surely they both understood. After a half-hour of prayer the stranger spoke quietly and confidentially of S. J. Couch, of the questionable way he had accumulated his wealth, of how he had cheated the college in building some of the buildings which were still being paid for; of the fact that Couch himself had revealed to the stranger the plan he had for adding to his property; and how he had even mentioned in an unguarded moment, though in an indirect way, that "he saw an enormous thing there for him."

Part of it was news to Rogers. Then the stranger added, "I am too old to take part in this. I only tell you this to give you strength tomorrow. I am an old man—I feel I got you into this. I have no vote tomorrow. But I want to help you. And take the advice of an old man—don't use this for gunpowder to destroy him—only ponder it in your heart to make you know THAT YOU ARE ON THE LORD'S SIDE. Couch is in many ways my friend. Yet I have remonstrated with him many times about his sharp practices. And tomorrow when you are stating your position before the Board of Visitors, remember me, an old man, more or less the "Stranger"; I will be on my knees praying for God to give you strength and faith."

The day dawned gloriously, thank God, the sun was in the sky and God was in his heaven.

George Rogers stepped on the platform before his accusers, with a

paean of victory on his lips—yet quiet, calm, firm.

After a few preliminary remarks appropriate to the gathering, he set about the matters in question with deliberation and with a smile on his lips.

"As to the \$162,000 debt," he asserted, "if you don't want to pay that, I can. That \$162,000 debt has started exactly MORE THAN 400 YOUNG MEN TO PREACHING THE GOSPEL WHO WOULD NOT HAVE REACHED THE GOSPEL IF I HAD NOT SEEN THAT THEY GOT THE MONEY TO DO IT WITH.

"Here are their names," he continued as he produced a roster of the students which he had carried ON HIS OWN FAITH IN GOD, because they did not have the money to pay—and they wanted to preach.

"As to the \$20,000 which it is reported was spent on student joyrides to Baltimore, here is a list of the membership of the missions where they have carried on the work of God for the past two years. MORE THAN 2,000 SOULS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO GOD, and the total cost of it has been \$10.00 a head.

"Brethren, if you don't want to pay a debt like that, I tell you that I will trust my God to do it.

"Who was it said that some of the officials that I have selected were unfortunate? Brethren, when Christ himself chose his twelve apostles ONE OF THEM WAS A TRAITOR. Of course my work has not been perfect. But brethren, I have done my best. No man can do more. I have given everything—today I have nothing of my own—all I have and all I ever will have belongs to the Cambridge School of the Prophets. I have built solidly. THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS WILL LAST LONG AFTER I AM GONE.

"I seek not my own—only don't hinder the work of the Lord. If you wish someone in my place let him be

Beautiful Girlhood

By MABEL HALE

A beautiful book for the teen-age girl. It is written by one who is a friend of girls and a companion with them. The title of the book well expresses her attitude to her "beautiful girlhood," the age between childhood and womanhood.

Her purpose is to help the girls develop a personality that shines through the surface and portrays the beautiful woman within.

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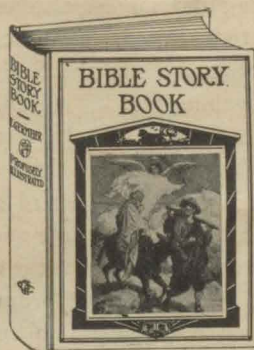
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At that moment S. J. Couch arose, but Columbus Hooper arose also and asked Couch to be seated. He took a verse freely quoted from the Scriptures as the beginning of his speech.

"Should a man pull out the mote from his brother's eye, when there is a beam in his own? I had heard so much of George Rogers' terrible mistakes that I went to him about them. He wouldn't explain them to me. But he dropped one thought, about confidence—had I lost confidence in him?

"Not knowing all the details of the business of running this college, I got to thinking what a mistake I was making. And I got to wondering—am I to part ways with my lifelong friend? Perhaps S. J. Couch has some hidden reason for pushing this matter so hard.

"Now I haven't heard what President Rogers has stated before the Visitors this morning, because I was detained on the way by a very sick man. I have seen this man many times, but I confess I don't know his name. He was in a state of unconsciousness when I went in, but seemed to be able to talk disconnectedly. He said he went to see President Rogers last night late, and told him many things of the past life and sharp practices of S. J. Couch. But he prayed to God that Rogers would not use them as weapons to destroy an enemy—but would use only the instruments of love and prayer—and the Spirit of Christ.

"When I come to think of it Rogers and I have been friends a long time. I helped him get money to

start in business—later I lost all his money and mine, too. We've preached together everywhere. I have been letting the whisperings in my ears go in too far. I knew the past record of George Rogers, but I didn't know of S. J. Couch.

"And Rogers knows all about them too, because the parties that took the trouble to tell me about it had in every instance already told Rogers. BUT ROGERS DIDN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH TO STRIKE BACK—though he had a thousand opportunities to do so. For two years, when he was struck on one cheek he turned the other also.

"Brethren, I don't know where any of you stand, but if you don't want to pay that \$162,000 debt, I want to. I haven't got a cent—but when I consider the souls that have been saved, and the great work that has been started, I want a share in it. I will get the money somewhere."

Just then a messenger came up hurriedly to the door. Rushing right into the room, he stated that Mr. Biddle was dying, and wished to see President Rogers and Columbus Hooper and S. J. Couch.

With his lawyer present, his friends gathered about him as he lay upon the deathbed; he revealed to them all his will—for it was the stranger who was dying. To the College he left the entire indebtedness, \$162,000, with only one proviso—that Rogers during his lifetime should remain in charge, and that S. J. Couch be forever excluded from any participation in the affairs of the college.

The sorrow of the months of burdens was swept away in victory. The darkest hour of all was just before dawn. Cleared of the debt, and some funds on hand the College set upon a bigger program—not willing to rest anywhere on its oars—determined to supply not only preachers for the homeland—but missionaries for every nation under heaven.

* * * *

To each of us, life is a story, needing only the story teller to weave it into a romance. To the Christian,

there is wealth, poverty, gladness, sorrow, joy, burdens—the pendulum swings now this way, now that—but through it all, the prayers of faithful mothers and fathers reign and in the end comes gladness

THE END.

This is no time to pull people down—they must be pulled up, and if you are down yourself how can you pull other “downs” up? You can’t and you know it. And you cannot afford to associate with one long who has a tendency to pull you down. The blues carried around by a person seem to fill the atmosphere with its depressiveness. One person with the blues can ruin a whole family in a short time, I mean, take away their happiness and joy. One person with the blues can affect a whole congregation of worshippers if he is allowed to mingle with them and pour out slush upon them. A minister with the blues will put his whole congregation into a spell of “downs.” And they will be “down” when they leave the house, and how many vacant pews will there be next Sunday on account of it?

If your heart is sad, pray and turn your sadness into joy. If you are discouraged, pray and take courage and fight your way up above the clouds, there is always room above. If you are about to be defeated in a course that you know is right, pray and get such a holy unction from on high that you can laugh at defeat and march on to victory. These are days when God’s people are to be strong and do exploits. If you are about to faint in prayer and it seems the heavens are brass and your prayers do not seem effective, then make an examination of your life and the object of your praying and if you find all is well, then brace up and look God in the face while tears are streaming down your face and remind Him of His promises to all who believe and then believe and receive.

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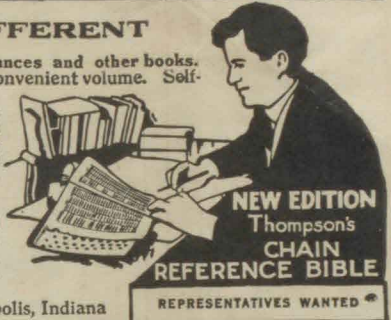
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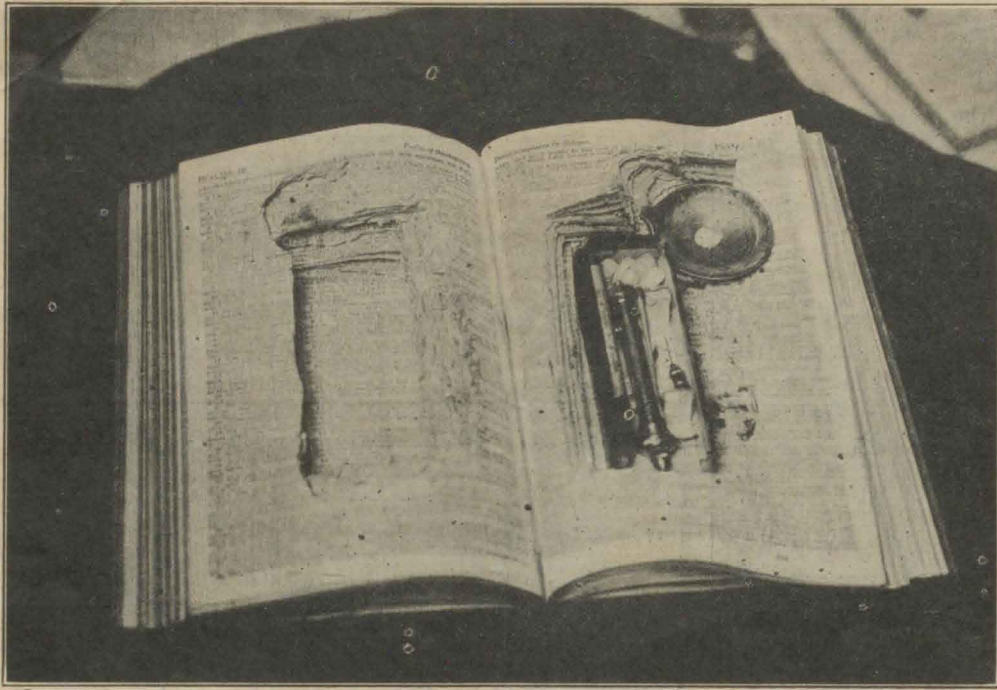
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Filling the Bible with Dope

ABOVE is a picture of a Holy Bible used to smuggle "dope" into the United States with. The criminals have cut out a part of the Bible and put into the open place the narcotics that kill. They thought that no United States officer would think there would be poison hidden in the Bible. Probably the one who carried this Bible off the incoming ship also wore a ministerial coat, and a collar turned backward to make the deception more complete. But they were caught—and that is how it happened we have the picture.

* * *

Let us learn a few lessons from this picture.

There are thousands of so-called preachers today actually putting POISON into the Holy Scriptures.

Strangely enough, before they put it in **THEY CUT OUT A PART OF THE SCRIPTURES**—just like the dope peddlers above.

They say it is not necessary **IN OUR DAY** to get the baptism with the Holy Ghost—or to be sanctified—**OR TO BE** saved **FROM** sin. **THEY CUT OUT THE VERY CENTER OF THE SCRIPTURES.**

Try to read the Bible that has been gouged out like the one in the picture—**YOU**

WOULD MISS SOME OF THE GREATEST BLESSINGS IN THE BOOK OF GOD.

And when these false preachers find the big hole in the Scriptures after they have cut out some of it—**THEY FILL UP THE HOLE WITH "DOPE."**

It acts just like "DOPE." It doesn't kill outright—it makes the hearers feel good—for a while. They say a dope fiend can take a shot and feel like he owns the world, when he hasn't a red cent. **THE DOPE THAT THESE FALSE MINISTERS GIVE OUT MAKES THEIR HEARERS FEEL THAT THEY HAVE SOMETHING**—when they have nothing. What a pity, and may God have mercy.

Fed on such dope the hearers become churchified "cocs"—they can't get any satisfaction out of anything but "More Cocaine." Let some one pass around the real Bread of Life—they will frown at you, turn away miserably—and beg for more DOPE.

May God our Father make us strong—to stand up for the full Word of God—the good old Bible from beginning to the end—and see that as for us—not one word shall be added to, or taken away from His Word!