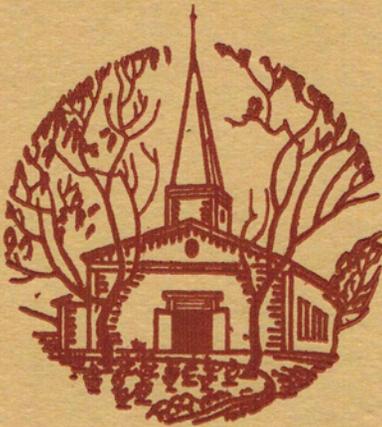




Country Church of Hollywood

SCRAP-BOOK



VOLUME I

1938

Presented to

by the

Country Church of Hollywood



*"May you face this day with courage and be sustained by faith;
and though you travel far, so far, God grant your road will
turn this way again and bring you back to us sometime
in the Country Church of Hollywood."*

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THIRTY ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER ONE



IN A LITTLE college town in South Mississippi, about half way between the state capital, Jackson, and New Orleans, La., I first met Josiah. He was Professor William B. Hogg, and I was Miss Virgie Marshall. Later, I'll tell you how we came to take the names, "Josiah and Sarah Hopkins." The name of the little college town was (and still is) Brookhaven. That was where I was born and raised, and Josiah "discovered America" just fifteen miles north in another little town named Hazelhurst.

That night is one of the nights in my memory as vivid as if it was only last night. I even remember the dress I wore. It was white organdie with wide accordion pleated ruffles on the skirt, with a wide "fischu" of lace falling from the shoulders. Some great lecturer from the north (I don't recall his name now) was to speak in the Town Hall that night, and folks from all over the county and the neighboring counties came to hear him. It was one of the big occasions of the year, and, of course, I had to wear my best dress. I remember my dear old father came out to the front door as I skipped down the steps and said, "Daughter, you're dressed up like you were going to meet somebody special tonight!" He nor I dreamed of how true his prediction was!

We were a merry crowd that night—all of us young folks together—laughing and talking in groups and bubbling over with the joy that comes from health and youth and care-free lives. None of us were rich, but nobody seemed to be

worrying about it. It made me think of that old song that Harry Lauder used to sing. It went like this,

“O, when I was twenty-one,
When I was twenty-one,
I never had lots of money,
But, I'd always lots of fun.”

Then, just in the midst of the talking and laughing together, a school friend of mine, one of the best friends I think I ever had, came up to me and said, “Virgie, I want you to meet Prof. Hogg. He's the new principal of the Auburn High School for this year, and I think he wants a music teacher for his school.” I forgot to say that I had been teaching music and elocution in the college in my home-town since I graduated two years before.

Josiah and I have laughed about our first meeting so many times! I didn't fall in love with him at first sight. I thought he was nice and polite, and dignified (imagine Josiah dignified!), but he seemed very nervous. When Mamie, my school-chum, came back and whispered to me, “How did you like Prof. Hogg?” I answered, “Well, he seems very nice, but he's too nervous!” “Nervous?” she asked, “Why, I never saw him act nervous in my life, and I've known him a long time!” Months afterward Josiah told me the reason for his nervousness that night. He said his was really love at first sight when he met me that night, and he just couldn't help but act a little nervous. I reckon the organdie dress with the accordion pleated ruffles and the lace “fischi” had a lot to do with it. Anyway, I was glad I had it on that night!

And he did need a music teacher for his school, for he didn't waste any time coming over to my house and asking me if I would accept the position. I hesitated a little while, because I had been offered a position in a small college at a much larger salary. But, my mother settled the question for me. She begged me to take this position at Auburn, because it was so much nearer home, and I could at least visit home once a month. My mother little realized then her part in what was to be her daughter's destiny.

The Auburn High School was a typical country school in a great many ways, and yet it was so different, for it had an extraordinary man for its principal! And some of its boys

and girls turned out to be among the leading men and women of the State of Mississippi. I can see that little old school-house now, nestled among the pine trees of South Mississippi. The country church was just a few feet away from the school-house, and the county graveyard right behind the church.

I thought I'd "die" of homesickness when I first went out to Auburn to teach, for I was what you might call a "home-girl," with a mother and father who adored me and plenty of friends, young men and women who made our home their home, but, soon there came another young woman to teach in the Auburn High School. Miss Hallie Buie was her name, and afterward she went as a missionary to Korea and spent twenty-five years teaching the Korean children about the Lord she loved so much. 'Twasn't long then before a young doctor came into the neighborhood to help take care of the sick folks, and we four, Miss Buie, the young doctor, Prof. Hogg (Josiah), and I (the music teacher), would take long walks together after school through the country lanes, where the leaves of the big oaks were turning gold and brown and the persimmons were getting ripe. Those were months filled with happiness for all of us. But, Miss Buie's and the young doctor's romance didn't turn out as happily as Josiah's and mine, for the call of the Mission Field was too strong for Miss Buie. When the school term was over, she answered the call, and the Southern Methodist Church sent her as one of their missionaries to Korea.

Even then I could see that Josiah wasn't happy teaching school, although he was a very successful high school principal, and all his pupils loved and admired him. School began at 8 o'clock in the morning, and many a morning Josiah would keep the whole school for an hour and a half **preaching** to us all! They were as good sermons as I ever heard Josiah preach at any time, too, but it was hard on us teachers to make up the time that was lost from the classes.

Everything went along fine until school was out and Josiah and I began to plan for our wedding in August. Now-a-days, it seems like an unheard of thing for a young man to ask a girl's parents if he can marry their daughter, but it was just the right thing to do then. So, one night when we were sitting on the front gallery at home, Josiah said, "Virgie, I'd better get

this over with. If you'll call your father, I'll ask him now." I called my father and then hid behind the curtains in the parlor while Josiah asked him for my hand in marriage! I was so sorry for him! My father owned a saw-mill down in the south part of our little town, and I used to love to go down there and watch those big old saws cut the long leaf, yellow pine lumber into smooth boards, then watch the colored men stack them into tall neat piles of lumber. Well, Josiah knew that my father was interested in lumber, and he asked him all kinds of questions about the lumber business while I was standing there behind the curtain awaiting the outcome! It seemed like hours to me. Finally, I heard Josiah say, "Mr. Marshall, I want to ask you a very serious question. In fact, it's about the most serious question a man could ask a girl's father!" Poor Josiah, he was so rattled I reckon he hardly knew what he was saying. Then he blurted out, "How much is common lumber a thousand now?" And Josiah never was able to ask the question he came to ask! But, he had my consent anyway, and we drove off together one day out to Caseyville, Mississippi, where a young Baptist preacher friend of Josiah's lived—his name was Brother Wills. And we were married at his little parsonage on August 24, 1905.

(To Be Continued)



THE WORLD'S BIBLE

“Christ has no hands but our hands to do His work today.
He has no feet but our feet to lead men in His way.
He has no tongue but our tongues to tell men how He died.
He has no help but our help to bring them to His side.
We are the only Bible the careless world will read.
We are the sinners' Gospel; we are the scoffers' creed.
We are the Lord's last message written in deed and word—
What if the type is crooked? What if the print is blurred?
What if our hands are busy with other work than His?
What if our feet are walking where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking of things His lips would
spurn?
How can we hope to help Him, and hasten His return?”

THE ABIDING LIFE

By BRO. RUDY SIMMONS



John 15:7: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Isn't this a wonderful promise? But, like so many of these great promises, there is a condition to be met, before the promise can be claimed. All too often we quote the promises of God, and try to claim them in our lives, without meeting the condition. Look, for instance, at Romans 10:9: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Even the promise of salvation is preceded by a condition that must first be met. Look, again, at Matthew 6:33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." A wonderful promise, you say. Yes, but before we may claim the promise "All these things shall be added unto you," we must be sure that we are "seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Now, let us look back at our text again. It speaks of the **abiding** life. I want to say right here that the only life that God can use is the life that is abiding in Christ. The child of God that is instant in season and out of season, is the only one who will ever accomplish anything worthwhile for the Lord. The so-called "nominal" or "luke-warm" Christian cannot possibly be of service to the Master. The up and down Christian will not be used by the Lord in His work.

Some folks seem to think that if they are a "nominal" Christian, that is really enough for them. But Jesus said it was a serious matter, to "abide not" in Him. Notice verse 6: "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." Here is the judgment to be visited upon those who do not abide in Christ. I am not going to venture an interpretation upon the whole meaning of this verse, but it clearly indicates a breaking of fellowship between the believer and his Lord. "Cast forth." Surely nothing could be

so awful to a child of God as the thought that he may be "cast forth" as an unprofitable servant.

But someone is going to ask, "Doesn't this apply to the unsaved?" I think not, for these last chapters, 13-17, were spoken to Jesus' Disciples, the inner circle of those who really knew and loved Him.

Look now at Jesus' beautiful illustration of the vine and the branches. What eloquent simplicity is in this picture of Christ's relationship to the believer. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Can the branch exist without the vine? Of course not. It is only as the branch receives strength and nourishment from the vine that it may grow and bear fruit. Whenever something happens to hinder this flow of strength from the vine into branch, the branch will wither. Surely this is the reason so many, many Christians are living barren and fruitless lives in these days—they have somehow broken that close fellowship between their Lord and themselves.

Let us look for a moment at the next part of this verse. This is the second part of the condition to be met, "and my words abide in you." This reminds me of a verse back in the first chapter of Joshua: "The book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night." That means that the Word of God should literally abide in our hearts **all the time**. And here is where so many of us fail. Instead of God's Word abiding in our hearts, there are thoughts of nearly everything else. Not necessarily **evil** thoughts, but certainly not thoughts of God's Word. I believe that every Christian should memorize large portions of God's Word, and so **fortify** himself with the precious promises, that he will be able to withstand every onslaught of Satan. Notice that when Jesus was tempted, He met and defeated Satan with the Word of God. In these days of great temptation, there is nothing that will give us strength to stand except the Word of God.

"Ye shall ask what ye will." Just think of it! "Ask what ye will." What a challenge to our faith!

Someone is going to ask, "But, brother Rudy, shouldn't we say, 'If it be Thy will' when we pray?" Well, I believe that if we are abiding in Him, and His words abide in us, we will know His will. I believe that if we reach this high spiritual plane we will not ask anything that is not His will.

NIGHT

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL



Thank God for night—with its great gift of sleep—
More wonderful than all His gifts to men!
For stars that walk the dream-ways and that keep
Their wide-eyed watch until dawn breaks again;
Thank God for blessed silence down the land,
More soothing than the drip of summer rain;
For darkness—soft and cool as some dear hand
Laid on a forehead feverish with pain.

Oh, only those who carry sleepless scars
Can know how sweet sleep is that comes at last,
And only the eyes that have looked long at stars
Have learned night's secret as it marches past;
Have learned to know how quiet God must keep
To guide an earth through stars—that men may sleep.



WHAT IS IN THY HAND?

By DR. A. B. SIMPSON



What is that in thy hand, Moses? A simple rod.
Use it for Him and earth shall shake before the march of God.

What is that in thy hand, Gideon? A soldier's sword.
Wield it, and for thy country win the battle of the Lord.

What hast thou in thy hand, David? A shepherd's sling.
Use it, and glorious victory to Israel thou shalt bring.

What hast thou in thy hand, Widow? A pot of oil.
Go, pour it out, and find a store of rich and glorious spoil.

What hast thou in thy hand, Woman? One handful more.
Go, feed the prophet, and 'twill last till famine days are o'er.

What hast thou, little lad? Some loaves and fishes small.
Give them to Him, and they will be enough for thee and all.

What hast thou in thy hand, Mary? Some perfume rare.
Pour it upon His head, 'twill flow in fragrance everywhere.

And, Dorcas, what hast thou? A needle and some thread.
Give them to God, they yet shall grow and bring thee from
the dead.

What hast thou in thy hand, Widow? Two mites, no more.
Give them to God, yet they shall grow to be a mighty store.

What hast thou in thy hand, Mother? A baby's hand.
Train it for Him, so shall thy life bear fruit in every land.

What hast thou in thy hand, Writer? A common pen.
Use it to write His message upon the hearts of men.

What hast thou in thy hand, Teacher? A child's young mind.
Teach it to live for God and man, so shalt thou bless mankind.

What hast thou in thy hand, Toiler? A workman's tool.
Work like the Carpenter, and find thy task God's training
school.

And, Sister, what hast thou? An apron and a broom.
Do thy work well; some day perhaps thou'll keep His palace
home.

What hast thou in thy hand, Preacher. The Word of God.
Shed forth its light until its beams shall light the earth abroad.

What hast thou in thy hand? A censer filled with prayer.
Send up the incense till it falls in blessing everywhere.

What hast thou in thy hand, Steward? Some precious gold.
Give it to God; it will return in wealth of joy untold.

What is that in thy hand, Sinner? Another day.
Use it to find thy God before thy season pass away.

Wait not, O Man, to find some call to summons grand.
Give back what God to thee has given. What hast thou in
thy hand?

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER TWO



YELLOW-FEVER was raging in New Orleans the summer Josiah and I were married, and everyone who traveled anywhere had to have health certificates. There was so much red tape that it took several days to get our certificates, but we finally started towards our destination, which was another town in Mississippi close to Vicksburg, called Bolton. Josiah had been elected principal of the High School there for the coming year. On our way to Bolton, we stopped for a day and night with Josiah's sister, Mamie—Mrs. Lee Weathersby. She was the one he used to speak of so much as "Sweet." Josiah's mother, who was a widow (his father died when he was 19) was living with Mamie and Mr. Weathersby, her splendid young husband, and they all seemed to take me to their hearts at once.

A warm welcome awaited the bride and groom at Bolton, for they had heard that the new school Professor had taken to himself a bride. When we stepped off the train, we were showered with rice and shouts of welcome from young folks and old folks who had gathered at the railroad station.

The school-house at Bolton was a big Colonial home, built during the Civil War, and had been the center of gay society life of some of the South's most aristocratic families. It sat in the middle of a grove of tall oak trees. Some years before Josiah and I came to live in Bolton, it had been turned into a school-house. There was something about the place that always fascinated me. It never lost its aristocratic look, even if it was turned into a school-house.

We didn't need all the rooms for school rooms, so Josiah and I decided to set up housekeeping in two of the big rooms on the first floor. And it was in one of these rooms that our first

little baby, Virginia, was born. Josiah's mother was my nurse for a few days, and my own mother came to meet her first little grand-daughter. Both families were so proud of Josiah's and my baby! But, of course, none so proud as Josiah and me.

It was here in this old school-house that the Lord seemed to put into Josiah's heart that he must preach the Gospel. He said to me one day, "Virgie, the Lord keeps calling me to preach the Gospel!" "Well," I said, "Why don't you?" "I don't mind the hardships that I know will come to me," he said, "but I'm thinking of you and little Virginia." Certainly I couldn't have said anything else than what I did, "If the Lord called you, He will surely take care of us!"

But, for days Josiah seemed worried and upset and undetermined. You see, neighbors, Josiah was already a successful High School teacher and principal, and the way ahead seemed very bright for us. I've often thought of Josiah's call to preach when I read of how Jesus looked on the rich young ruler and loved him and called him to follow Him. I know how Jesus must have looked on Josiah and loved him. But this time it wasn't a rich young man (no, far from it!) but a successful young teacher whom Jesus wanted as one of His ministers.

At the end of a week of "moping" and worrying on Josiah's part, Sunday morning came, and we dressed and went to church to hear one of the saintliest of God's servants preach. His name was Brother Isaac Peebles. All through the service Josiah "fidgeted" and squirmed so that I could hardly be still myself. On the way home, I said, "You were worse than a little child in church this morning, honey! What was the matter?" "It was because the Lord told me I ought to be in a pulpit preaching somewhere myself today," he answered.

I didn't say anything else about it until we got home. Then, I went and got the scissors and the Bible, opened it at John 15:7 and took them to Josiah. He was eating his dinner, and I laid the Bible and the scissors on his plate, and said, "Maybe you'd better cut this out of the Bible (meaning John 15:7, where it says, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."). What's the use of having a Bible full of promises that you don't believe? Let's trim it down to suit our faith." Josiah looked at me

with a new light in his face. "Honey, you're right," he said. "I take the Book, every promise in it, and you and I will believe them all, won't we?"

And, right away, God opened the doors for Josiah, for soon Brother George Galloway came to see him and said he was needed to fill a vacancy on the Red Bone Circuit near Vicksburg. That was the name of Josiah's first circuit, and he often said that God led us by the Red Bone Circuit to Vanderbilt University to get us ready for the ministry.

We began to plan for Josiah to take a course in Theology in Vanderbilt University, for he felt that he ought to be prepared as well as he could possibly be, to be a minister of the Lord.

We didn't realize how hard it was going to be to leave the school children, their parents, and the other friends in Bolton, until he began to break the news to them that we would be leaving for Nashville, Tenn., and Vanderbilt at the close of the next school session. So many of the patrons of the school couldn't understand why Josiah wanted any more education. One good old man said, "He's got enough book-learning to suit us, and, best part of it is, he's teaching our children how to walk in the straight and narrow way!" But, by this time, Josiah had his mind made up to answer the call of the Lord to preach, and we both bent every nerve and all the energy we had towards getting ready to go to Nashville in the fall.

About that time, Success Magazine was offering two grand prizes to the young men who succeeded in getting the most number of subscriptions to their magazine in a certain length of time (I think the period was six months). The grand prize was to be a three-year scholarship to Heidelberg University in Germany, and the second prize was a three-year scholarship to Harvard University. When I saw that wonderful offer in the magazine, I said, "Will (I had not learned to call him "Josiah" yet!), I believe you can win that if you try hard, and wouldn't it be wonderful?" "Well," he said, "if you'll help me I believe we can!"

And so, full of health and youth and determination, praying that God would help us, we started out to win that prize. I wrote my mother about it, and she said that she would be happy to keep Virginia while Josiah and I undertook this big job. And it was a big job!

We traveled, and we worked hard together. Finally the time came for the number of subscriptions to be counted, and we waited with anxious hearts for the telegram to come from the Success Company. When it finally came, it said that Professor William B. Hogg had won second prize in the National Contest! Of course, we were happy, but a little disappointed that it hadn't been first prize.

Just at this time came my first opportunity to find out what a heart of gold my husband had and how unselfish was his nature. We had begun to be content and thankful for the second prize in this great contest, when one day out of a clear sky came another telegram to Josiah from Success Magazine, saying there had been a mistake in the counting of the subscription points, and that he had really won first prize! They said they hardly knew what to do about it, as the young man who had been given the first prize was a cripple and not able to do but very few things, and that they would leave the decision with Josiah. Josiah wired back, "Let the decision remain as it stands!" I'm sure nobody knew like I did how very badly Josiah wanted that first prize!

(To Be Continued)



THE LITTLE BIRDS OF GOD

By ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

I hear them at my window in the late, gray winter dawn,
The little birds of God, the farthing sparrows of His care;
They ask of me, as I of Him, His gift of daily bread,
With soft, impatient twitterings, they voice their morning
prayer.

The Heavenly Father feedeth them, the little birds of God,
Though 'tis my hand that scattereth the food within their
reach;
I do but share His bounty, when I give the crumbs to them;
O, doubting heart, and anxious heart, what lessons they can
teach.

They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns,
Content if but each day shall bring the day's supply of food;
No question whence it comes, or if the morrow bringeth
more—
Small optimists in feathers, who are sure that God is good.

God seeth when they fly or fall. Am I less worth than they?
I would not fail them in their need. Is He less true than I?
I would not mock their faith in them, nor hurt them, nor
betray;
I answer to their trusting call; He to His children's cry.

When sunset tints the fading light, and dusk is falling fast
The while I draw the curtains close, and stir the hearth fire
bright,
I hear their cheerful chirping, the little birds of God,
And wonder to what shelter they are fleeing for the night.

But they, as I, shall rest secure beneath the wings of Love,
Though storm and darkness sweep the sea, and cover all the
land.
My life and theirs, so small and frail, God's care of both the
same;
My soul a nestling bird, within the hollow of His hand.

SOME REASONS WHY I GO TO CHURCH

“You ask me why I go to church?
I give my mind a careful search.
Because I need to breathe the air
Where there’s an atmosphere of prayer;
I need the hymns the churches sing—
They set my faith and hope a-wing;
They keep old truths in memory green,
Reveal the worth of things unseen.

“Because my neighbor needs to go—
His faith in right is rather low.
He needs the church to hold him fast
To those great truths that always last;
And when he sees me on my way,
It draws him to the church to pray,
And both our hearts are lifted up
To heavenly places where we sup.

“Because my boy is watching me
To note whatever he can see
That tells him what his father thinks,
And with his eager soul he drinks
The things I do in daily walk,
The things I say in daily talk;
If I with him the church will share,
My son will make his friendships there.

“Because the church builds up the state,
Breaks down the barriers of hate,
And helps to spread unselfish life,
Allay all bickering and strife;
Sustains a wholesome public health,
And builds a righteous commonwealth—
A joyous place in which to live
With all the blessings God can give.”



“A little more deed, and a little less creed,
A little more giving, a little less greed;
A little more lifting of other people’s load,
A little more ‘God-speeds’ on life’s weary road:

A little more rose, a little less thorn,
To sweeten the air for the sick and forlorn.
A little more song, a little less glum,
A little more uplift for those in the slum:
A little less kicking of the man who is down,
A little more smile, a little less frown.
A little more 'Golden Rule' in the marts of trade,
A little more sunshine, a little less shade;
A little more love for fathers and mothers,
A little less stepping on the toes of others:
A little less 'knocking,' a little more cheer,
For the poor struggling one left in the rear:
A little more love, a little less hate,
A little more neighborly chat at the gate,
A little more helping hand by you and by me,
A little less graveyard sentimentality.
A little more flowers in the pathway of life,
Rather than on coffins at the end of the strife."



THE WEAVER

"My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me.
I cannot choose the colors
He worketh steadily.
Oft times He weaveth sorrow
And I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper
And I, the underside.
Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful Hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned."

SUCCESS

By JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"Success," in childhood I was told,
Meant laying up vast stores of gold;
A rich man was my "hero" then—
Although he landed in the "pen"!

In youth, my idea of "Success"
Had altered somewhat, more or less,
And I thought one who reached the "heights,"
Like Lincoln—studied hard o' nights.

And dreamed vast dreams beside a fire,
If to "Success" he did aspire,
And some day, without accident,
He'd be the Nation's President!

In young manhood, my thoughts had changed,
And up and down life's ladder ranged;
To be an actor, author—yes,
A doctor, banker—spelled "Success"!

The years slipped by—time turned the page,
And found me close to middle-age;
I'd won renown, and garnered wealth,
But now, to me, "Success" meant health.

I traveled ev'rywhere to find
That "boon of youth" I'd left behind,
And now, as toward old age I plod—
To me "Success" means finding God!

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER THREE



UT "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose!" And, I don't believe that it was in God's purpose for Josiah and me to go to Heidelberg, Germany. There was a work He wanted us to do at home.

As he had preached for the Southern Methodist Church, Josiah and I both were anxious for him to take his theological course at Vanderbilt University, as it then belonged to the Methodist Church. Therefore, he wrote to Success Publishing Company and asked if it would be possible to transfer the three-year scholarship he had just won to Harvard University to Vanderbilt. They answered him very kindly and said they would be glad to comply with his wish.

Well, we had the scholarship for Josiah to go to the University, but that was about all! We didn't have any money to ride on the train to Nashville, and we owed some bills that had to be paid before we ever started. Josiah said to me, "Well, honey, let's go back to that promise again in John 15:7 that I didn't cut out of the Bible!" And we read it over again on our knees, and Josiah, with his arms around me (we prayed so many times with our arms around each other and our eyes lifted up to God), prayed, "Now, Father, you know we have the scholarship, and you know that we haven't any money, show us what to do next. For Jesus' sake, Amen."

And we didn't have to wait very long for the answer to that prayer, for one of the best known business men of the little town of Bolton told Josiah he would let him have the money to pay the bills and buy our tickets to Nashville! And, we could return his money as we were able! You don't wonder

now, neighbors, do you, that the fifteenth chapter of St. John and the seventh verse has always been one of Josiah's and my favorite scripture promises?

The day we left Bolton, our generous merchant friend, Mr. John Gaddis, came to Josiah and said, "Remember, any time the way seems too hard or the money gives out, and you want to come back home and take your old position back as principal of our High School, all you have to do is wire me and I'll send the tickets." Mr. Gaddis never knew in the three years that followed how many times Josiah and I were tempted to send him a telegram! I said "tempted" for we never did send that telegram, although the road did get mighty rocky and rough many a time, and sometimes we had to let the letters we had written sit up on the mantelpiece for a week at a time before we could buy the stamps to mail them. And now when I'm tempted to lose heart and become discouraged and blue in the great work that Josiah has left and the Lord has allowed me to continue, I think of the old Vanderbilt days when we were so sorely tried, but stayed through to the end! And, as Josiah would say, "Buckle the belt a little tighter," and ask God for more faith and strength to carry on.

After some tearful good-byes to the old friends, patrons of the school and school children of Bolton, we three, Josiah, baby Virginia, who was about one year and six months old then, and myself, boarded the train for Nashville, Tenn.—with \$20.00 in our pockets! And how we guarded that \$20.00! It, with the clothes on our backs and the few in the suitcases, were our worldly possessions. But we were a happy trio, and even the baby seemed to realize that we were on a God-directed mission. She was such a good baby all the way. Not until we reached Nashville and the University campus did she even complain. But, while we were walking over the campus grounds under the beautiful spreading oaks, her baby strength gave way, and she sat right down on the sidewalk and said, "I tired," and refused to budge for some time, even with her daddy offering to carry her in his arms the rest of the way!

Nashville is a beautiful southern city, close to the Cumberland River, and Vanderbilt University is among its greatest attractions. It was a great joy to Josiah and me both, to find ourselves in such a lovely place. It seemed like a belated honeymoon. But, we couldn't linger long among the trees and

flowers of the University campus, for we had to find a place to stay! Here's where the Lord seemed to go ahead and lead the way for us again.

We picked up the daily paper and marked the "Furnished Rooms for Rent" ads that we thought we could afford and went house-hunting. However, each one we asked about was more than we could afford, and we hunted all day. About night, we found two large partly furnished rooms for rent (nice and clean). When the young woman came to the door, her face was so kind and sweet that I offered up a little prayer that minute that went like this, "Oh, Lord, don't let her charge us too much! Here's where I want to stay!" When she found out that Josiah was a young preacher and a University student, she cut the rent almost in half—and here we stayed!

This dear kind-faced young woman had two little girls near the age of my own baby, and I was sure we would enjoy our stay in their house with them, and told Josiah so. But, I came to my decision too quickly, for we hadn't met the husband and father yet! Our introduction to him came that night, when we were awakened by the oldest little girl crying at my door, saying, "Come quick! Daddy's home, and he's 'dwunk' again!" And she was right, for we didn't sleep any more that night listening to his mutterings, loud hollerings, and efforts to sing.

This was an entirely new experience for me. I had never come in contact with drunkenness in the home in my life, and it frightened me. So, when morning finally did come, I said to Josiah, "Well, we'll have to get out of here today and hunt for another home!"

But, to my surprise Josiah said, "Honey, don't you think we ought to stay long enough to see if we can help this poor man and woman in some way? Maybe the Lord sent us here to help." So, Josiah went out to meet the young husband and father as he went to work that morning, and I peeped through the window to see what he looked like, for naturally there wasn't much love or admiration in my heart for the man who had kept me awake all night and had scared his little children so badly. I felt more like sending him to jail! To my surprise he was a very nice-looking man. I hadn't been watching but a few minutes while Josiah was talking to him, when I saw him hand the bottle of whiskey he had in his hand to Josiah

and saw Josiah smash it to pieces in the ditch! Neighbors, that was the beginning of one of the finest friendships that Josiah and I ever had in the city of Nashville. And Josiah was right—surely, God wanted us to help this man and woman! When we left Nashville, this young man had been converted, his life straightened up, and he was one of the “pillars” in the little church around the corner from where they lived. God had come into his life and transformed it, and what a happy little family they were! It’s almost unbelievable to see how God can change men’s lives, and this man was one whom God changed. How happy we were to be the instruments in His hands!

(To Be Continued)



RING TRUE

“Don’t be what you ain’t.
Jes’ be what you is.
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is.
If you’re just a little tadpole,
Don’t try to be a frog.
If you’re just the tail,
Don’t try to wag the dog.
You can always pass the plate,
If you can’t exhort and preach.
If you’re just a little pebble,
Don’t try and be the beach.
Don’t be what you ain’t;
Jes’ be what you is.
For the man who plays it square,
Is a-goin’ to get ‘his.’”

THE TWO PRAYERS

By ANDREW GILLIES

Last night my little boy confessed to me
Some childish wrong;
And kneeling at my knee
He prayed with tears—
“Dear God, make me a man
Like daddy—wise and strong;
I know you can.”
Then while he slept
I knelt beside his bed,
Confessed my sins,
And prayed with low-bowed head,
“O God, make me a child
Like my child here—
Pure, guileless,
Trusting Thee with faith sincere.”



“If a bit of sunshine hits you
After passing of a cloud,
If a fit of laughter gets you,
And your spine is feeling proud,
Don't forget to up and sling it
At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the minute that you sling it,
It's a boomerang for you.”



“Kites rise against, not with the wind. . . . No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.”—John Neal.

THE WATERED LILIES

“The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right Hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

“He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

“‘My lilies need to be watered,’
The Heavenly Master said:
‘Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?’

“Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

“But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay.
And smiled as He gently whispered,
‘This shall do my work today.’

“‘It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be.’”

THERE ARE TWO SEAS

By BRUCE BARTON

There are two seas in Palestine.

One is fresh, and fish are in it. Splashes of green adorn its banks. Trees spread their branches over it, and stretch out their thirsty roots to sip of its healing waters.

Along its shores the children play, as children played when He was there. He loved it. He could look across its silver surface when He spoke His parables. And on a rolling plain not far away He fed five thousand people.

The river Jordan makes this sea with sparkling water from the hills. So it laughs in the sunshine. And men built their houses near to it, and birds their nests; and every kind of life is happier because it is there.

The river Jordan flows on south into another sea.

Here is no splash of fish, no fluttering leaf, no song of birds, no children's laughter. Travellers choose another route, unless on urgent business. The air hangs heavy above its waters, and neither man nor fowl will drink.

What makes this mighty difference in these neighbor seas?

Not the river Jordan. It empties the same good water into both. Not the soil in which they lie; not the country round about.

THIS is the difference. The Sea of Galilee receives but does not keep the Jordan. For every drop that flows into it another drop flows out. The giving and receiving go on in equal measure.

The other sea is shrewder, hoarding its income jealously.

It will not be tempted into any generous impulse. Every drop it gets, it keeps.

The Sea of Galilee gives and lives. This other sea gives nothing. It is named The Dead.

There are two kinds of people in the world.

There are two seas in Palestine.

A DREAM

“One midnight deep in starlight still
I dreamed that I received this bill:
Two million dollars in account with life;
Five thousand breathless dawns all new;
Five thousand flowers fresh in dew;
Five thousand sunsets wrapped in gold;
One million snowflakes served ice cold;
Five quiet friend—one baby’s love;
One green blue sea with clouds above;
One hundred music-haunted dreams
Of moon drenched roads and hurrying streams;
Of prophesying winds and trees;
Of silent stars and browsing bees;
One June night in a fragrant wood;
One heart that loved and understood.
I wondered when I waked at day,
How, how in God’s Name I could pay.”

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER FOUR



IN SPITE of the fact that we had to struggle so very hard to buy our food and pay the rent by Josiah selling magazines after school hours at Vanderbilt, the months spent in those two rooms with this little family, after the father became a changed man and a real Christian, were some of the happiest months of our lives.

But, soon the scene changed. Josiah had had an especially good week in his "great" magazine business, and we had saved several dollars. By this time, the baby needed some new clothes, and I had to have a new pair of shoes. So Josiah kept little Virginia one afternoon while I went to town to shop. If I had possessed several hundred in my pocket, I couldn't have been more excited.

I remember when I said good-bye, Josiah called to me, "Honey, don't stay too long! Remember, some message might come while you're gone!" I called back, "Are you expecting any message?" "No," he said, "but you never can tell what might happen!"

And, sure enough, neighbors, when I finished my shopping—which didn't take very long—and got nearly home, Josiah was out at the gate looking all excited and pleased, and I knew some message must have really come. "Virgie," he said, "can you believe it? I have just had a telegram from Bishop Hoss, and I've been appointed pastor on the Ashland City Circuit! And they will allow me to go to the University, too!" We were so overjoyed that we both sat down on the front steps of the

little cottage and wept for joy. We just knew that God's hand was in it all!

We were to leave for Ashland City in three days time, so we began packing at once. I could have packed and packed nicely everything we had in half an hour's time, but packing seemed to make the time go faster. The three days finally passed, and with our suitcases and our baby we were ready to board the little train that would carry us to Ashland City. There were tears shed at this leave-taking, too, but we promised our new and now very dear friends to come to see them as soon as we possibly could.

Ashland City is a little village between Nashville and Clarksville, Tennessee, but it has a "high sounding" name. And, nobody was ever prouder of a place than we were of Ashland City the night we landed at the little station there. It was our new home, and we felt a strange love for all its people as soon as we set our feet on its soil. The first man to shake our hands and bid us welcome was Colonel Pickard, a large striking looking man with such a kind face. He told us he led the singing at the church. Colonel Pickard remained one of our real "tried and true" friends during the whole of our three years' stay on the Ashland City Circuit.

The parsonage on this Circuit was way out at Cheap Hill in Cheatham County, and that was the first "snag" we had struck so far. The parsonage was furnished ("such as it was"), and Josiah and I had no furniture. He knew it would be much easier to go to Nashville from Ashland City on the train than from Cheap Hill, but the parsonage had been given to the church by some of the members at Cheap Hill, and they wouldn't let us move the furniture to Ashland City. So there we were! Finally, after much talking it over with some of the men of the church, and praying over it, too, Josiah and I decided to rent another little cottage in Ashland City and try to furnish it ourselves. So the parsonage at Cheap Hill was "locked up" for a while. We found another friend, Brother Stump, who came to our rescue. He had a furniture store and let us furnish our little house with the things that were absolutely necessary, allowing us to pay him a small amount on the furniture every month.

The little white church at Ashland City sat up on a hill overlooking the little town. How we loved that little church!

Josiah's idea for the Country Church of Hollywood, placing it up on a hill, came from his love for the little white church sitting on the hill at Ashland City, Tenn.

While we were getting our little house ready to occupy, we stayed at the Smith Hotel. How many of you recall the small town boarding house? Brother Smith's was a typical one. I should have said Mrs. Smith's boarding house, for she did most of the work! Bro. Smith was very pleasant in his manner and very talkative, and he and Josiah had great times together. Mrs. Smith fed a lot of folks at her table, mostly men. The dining table was almost as long as the room—I can see it now in my memory with its red and white tablecloth.

There was a young lawyer boarding with the Smiths at the time we were. His name was Joe Justice. Mr. Justice later became one of the leading lawyers of the state. He and Josiah loved to have plenty of fun at the table. In fact, we were all a jolly and friendly group of boarders that sat down to Mrs. Smith's good meals three times a day.

However, there was just one dish on the table that "we boarders" didn't like, and that was a bucket of jelly! How many of you ever saw a bucket of jelly? Yes, it was a small wooden bucket of "store bought" jelly! I'm sure that this was Mr. Smith's idea—in fact, he told me he thought the bucket added much to making the table look pretty, and I'm sure that Mrs. Smith hated to spoil his idea of beauty by taking it away. After the bucket had remained in the same place for several meals and nobody had tasted the jelly in it Mr. Justice and Josiah decided that they would try to get rid of it. They apportioned to each of us about two tablespoons of that jelly to eat, and by the hardest we all swallowed our part. That night we all felt so relieved that the bucket of the glucose-looking jelly was gone, and we'd hear no more about it. But, to our disgust and dismay, the next morning at breakfast, there in the place of the empty bucket was one twice its size, filled with the same "store bought" jelly! And Bro. Smith met us all smiling and saying, "I told my wife you'd all like my jelly, so I pleased you and bought a bigger bucket this time!" Such was life in our little boarding house! But, I must stop and say for Mrs. Smith—the rest of her meals were delicious, and the table was always laden with food until it "groaned." I often wondered what she thought of that jelly!

It was about this time that we met the Jacksons of Sycamore. After that their home was our home. They called us "Brother and Sister Preacher," and when the burdens of a big Circuit fell pretty heavy on Josiah's young shoulders, he'd say, "Honey, let's go out to Sycamore for a little while," and there at the Jacksons we'd always get such a warm welcome. Their country home rested in a great grove of sycamore trees, and there's where real Southern hospitality and warm Christian fellowship were combined in a most wonderful and charming manner.

We didn't waste any time getting our little home ready to live in, for we were expecting another little visitor who was going to stay with us a long, long time we hoped. It was such a tiny little cottage, but it could boast of one more room than we had in Nashville, and besides that, it had a tiny front porch! Josiah planted a moon-flower vine to cover the porch, in honor of our new baby that was going to arrive soon. And, I've never seen such a vine for growing in all my life! It had beautiful white flowers that bloomed only at night, and they sent their fragrance all around the neighborhood. As it was planted in honor of our new baby that was coming, I told Josiah that I knew that the vine, growing like it had, was a good sign that our baby would be fine and well and would grow strong and beautiful like the moon-vine!

We sent for Josiah's mother who was still living with "Sweet" down in Mississippi—my own dear mother had a big family of her own to take care of and could not leave home at that time. Right here, I want to stop and lay a tribute of love to my mother-in-law! Tall and handsome, kind and good, Josiah had a mother of whom he could well be proud. I often told Josiah that I believe of all the capable women I had ever seen, his mother headed the list. And, being so close to his mother for so many years, it wasn't hard for me to understand where Josiah got his ability to succeed in whatever he undertook to do.

Well, she arrived to be nurse, cook, and general manager, just in time. Our little Mary Margaret came to our house July 9th, 1909, a perfect specimen of babyhood with golden hair and dreamy blue eyes. Today this same little baby is Miss Gerina Mason, the Red Onion School-teacher on our radio program, and has inherited from Josiah that same keen im-

agination and insight into the hearts and lives of the country neighbors, and takes her daddy's place writing the "rides" with "Old Dan."

Little Virginia was then three years old and had begun to think she was a "big" girl by this time and frequently called herself one, but hard as she tried to keep from it, that big old monster, jealousy, would creep into her little heart for the baby sister who had just arrived. Our well-beloved country doctor, Dr. Smith, made visits to my little house every day for a while, and Virginia was beginning to blame him for bringing the "wee" bundle that was taking up so much of her mother's and daddy's time. One day I saw her look up at Dr. Smith in a disappointed baby way, and she said to me, "Mamma, don't you think it's time Dr. Smith was taking his baby home?"

The preacher's wife had by this time begun to take an important place in the neighborhood right alongside of her husband, and when the neighbors found out that I really sympathized with them in their troubles and wanted to help, they began to call on me, and sometimes it didn't make any difference what hour of the night it was, either. Josiah's mother thought they were imposing on so young a woman, even if she was willing, and she didn't hesitate to say so, either. The very night little Mary was born and was about three hours old, there came a timid knock on our little cottage door. Josiah's mother went to the door, and there stood a young expectant father, asking if I would go over and stay with his wife while he went for the doctor! I heard my mother-in-law saying to herself as she closed the door, "My land, they won't even give the poor child time out to have her baby!" But, I didn't have any worries about not being well taken care of with such a nurse as Josiah's mother in the house.

(To Be Continued)

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW



By JOSIAH HOPKINS

(As told over the Columbia Chain)



HEARD them talking about it first on the school-ground one day, but I did not believe it. One of the boys said that there was a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. I thought about it all the rest of the day, and I concluded that was where the bankers got their money, and that was where the big store-keepers found all their treasures. Slowly my boyish heart formed the determination to get the next bag of gold the rainbow brought.

I got out of school one day half an hour before sister did. We called her "Sweet," because she was just that way. We were playmates and chums. I said to her, as we walked home, "Sweet, can you keep a secret?" She said, "I always have." "Well," I said, "let's go get a bag of gold next time the rainbow comes," and I made her believe the story. She said, "I will get me a doll with sure-enough hair," and I said, "I will get a bicycle, and we will send the rest of it to the little poor children."

A few days later we were playing in the sand, and she leaped up and cried, "There it is, brother," and breathlessly we started down the road. I do not remember how far we went, but we went a long way. It seemed to be just over there in Lowe's pasture, and after we had climbed the fence, we found out it was over in Flower's pasture, and then it vanished. It grew dark, and we were a good way from home; we came near losing our way. As we wearily trudged up the path to the house, sister sobbed, "Well, I can't get my doll," and I said, "I reckon

I won't get my bicycle." "Brother," she said, "They just fooled us. There ain't no gold at the end of the rainbow!"

Sister was killed in an auto accident in California a few years ago, and she whispered this message as she passed out to where there is a rainbow around the Great White Throne, "All is bright, brother. Come on!" I think sister has found the rainbow!

I have wandered around and missed the way lots of times, looking for real happiness, but I could never get the bag of gold. But I did find the rainbow when I found the path to God, and the gold that I have now is the blessed peace that fills my soul.

Did they fool you, too? Have you missed the way? Is the sky growing cloudy, and the night seems to be coming on? Have the rainbows all faded and left no happiness? Try God's plan—kneel down right where you are and talk it through with Him. You know He made the first rainbow after the world's worst storm, and the rainbow is a promise. God has promised a rainbow for every soul that will trust Jesus as a Savior!

“There's a rainbow shining somewhere,
There's a light across the skies;
There's a rainbow shining somewhere,
Like a glimpse of Paradise,
Tho' today the clouds are drifting,
Far across the stormy sea;
There's a rainbow shining somewhere,
That will some day shine for me.”



THE VALUE OF A QUARTER

“I am twenty-five cents.
I am not on speaking terms with the butcher;
I am too small to buy a quart of ice cream;
I am not large enough to buy a box of candy;
I am unable to buy a ticket for a first-run movie;
I am not always fit for a tip—but, believe me,
When I go to church on Sunday, I am considered
some money!”

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE?

You are rushing, you are straining with a grim look on your face;

You are turning from all pleasures; in your breast peace finds no place;

You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks you used to know;

You have ceased to care for others whom you clung to long ago;

You are straining, you are striving, through the dark days and the fair;

But, oh, mirthless, eager brother, are you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger or to smile
When a child looks up to greet you or would claim your care awhile;

Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the lovely pasture still

And the breezes sway the blossoms in the orchard on the hill,

You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied to care,

But with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have given up old fancies, you have left old friends behind;

You are getting rich in pocket but are poor in heart and mind;

You have lost your sense of beauty in your haste to push ahead,

And along the ways you travel bitterness and grief are spread;

You have ceased to care how others bend beneath the woes they bear,

But with all your cruel striving, are you getting anywhere?

—Selected.



THE AIR AND PRAYER

“If radio’s slim fingers can pluck a melody from night

And toss it o’er a continent or sea;

If the soft-pedaled notes of a violin

Are blown o’er a mountain or a city’s din;

If songs like fragrant roses are caller from thin blue air,

Then how can mortals wonder

If God hears prayer?”

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER FIVE



JOSIAH and I had heard and read about the famous "Night Riders" in Tennessee, but we never did dream of having any close connections with any of them. For the sake of those who perhaps never even heard of them, I'll tell you what I know of them. Ashland City and the country around about was right in the midst of what was known as the black tobacco belt. I declare, those poor men and women would work out in those tobacco patches till their clothes would be so stiff with that tobacco juice that they could very nearly stand alone! They had a big tobacco association, and all the farmers were supposed to join the association to help them get better prices for their tobacco. I suppose they charged so much to join this association that some of the farmers felt like they couldn't afford to belong. Well, those that felt that way were "visited" by the "Night Riders" and ordered to join anyway or take the consequences. And some of the consequences were pretty severe, like being shot or strung up by a rope. As I said, Josiah nor I realized that we were in the midst of this "Night Riding" section of the country, until one night Josiah came home from preaching at Clifton's Chapel and said, "Well, honey, I was warned tonight by some of the members that I'd better be careful about preaching again the 'Night Riders,' for I might have some among my congregation. And it wouldn't be healthy for any man, even if he were a preacher, to say anything against it."

I looked at Josiah, and he looked a "little white around the mouth." I said, "Well, are you going to keep still about it?"

He said, "They never should have told me not to say any-

thing in the pulpit about something I believe to be wrong, for that's just what I aim to do!"

For months after that I felt uneasy about Josiah every night that he had to take those long trips across the country to the different churches to preach. Most of the time one or another of the neighbors would take him in their buggy or surrey. But, sometimes he had to walk the circuit. It was some months later before we had saved up enough money to buy old Dan and a new buggy. What a day of rejoicing that was for us when that day came!

But, I was not far wrong in being so uneasy about Josiah and those "Night Riders," for I heard him preach some mighty strong sermons against their "Night Ridings" and scaring those poor farmers nearly to death. One night Josiah and Uncle Jack Denny were riding from meeting at Walton's Chapel when, Josiah said, all of a sudden Uncle Jack called to him, "Parson, take hold of these here lines while I get this gun out from underneath the buggy seat. Seems like I hear some men coming on horseback, and I heard one fire a gun!"

"You don't suppose they are 'Night Riders,' do you, Uncle Jack?" Josiah asked him.

"Well, you never can tell, and it's best to be on the safe side," he said.

And, Josiah said, they kept coming nearer and nearer, shooting as they rode, and Uncle Jack just as calm as if he'd been sitting in his parlor by the fire, talking to Josiah about his crops all the time they were coming. They rode up to about a hundred yards of where Josiah and Uncle Jack were traveling before they turned and rode another way. It was a dark night, and they couldn't have told who the men were, but the next day we heard about their "visiting" some of the farmers on that road. Uncle Jack set his gun back in its place without a word, calm as ever, but Josiah said his knees were surely shaking!

But, that didn't keep Josiah from preaching against it, and before we left that part of Tennessee, we hardly heard any more of the "Night Riders," and some of those very men were converted and brought to Christ in Josiah's meetings. And they were some of our closest friends and best supporters of the church. What a difference the love of Christ makes in the hearts of men!

There were some more neighbors and friends living on the old Ashland City Circuit, and living there yet, whose faces and names will stay in our memory always. One of these was Ben Heathman. He was one of Josiah's faithful stewards, a man who always seemed to be "on the wire" between our needs and God's Supply House, a man worthy of all the trust that Josiah ever placed in him. I'll never, never forget one experience that made me know that God's Spirit talked with this Servant of His. It seemed to be so easy for Bro. Heathman to know what God wanted him to do.

For some time, Josiah had been promising to hold a big revival at a city in Tennessee where he had never been before. The time came for him to go, and Josiah came home to pack his suitcase to catch the train. He had bought his ticket, but after that was paid for he didn't have any money left, and expected to be gone for two or three weeks. I saw when he came in the front door that he was worried and asked him what was the matter. "Why, honey," he said, "I can't go off and leave you and the children without money for groceries and milk, and I may have to be gone three weeks." It was then only about half an hour till train time.

"Well," Josiah said, "there's just one thing to do. We'll find out from the Lord if He really wants me to hold this meeting, and if He does, He'll send you some money to live on." So, we knelt down by our bed again and prayed. Neighbors, the answer came so fast it scared me! While Josiah was finishing his packing, and I was busy about the house, there sounded a knock on the door, and when I answered it, there stood Ben Heathman, and in his slow Southern accent, he said, "Excuse me, Sister Hogg, for botherin' you so early, but the Lord wouldn't let me go to work this mornin' without comin' by an' givin' you this \$20.00 bill. Do you need it?"

I suppose Bro. Heathman thought I acted queer, but I burst out crying and hugged him, for I was so anxious for Josiah to hold that meeting. We both felt that it was going to be a wonderful revival. Josiah just made the train "by the skin of his teeth," but he made it, and it did prove to be one of the most wonderful revival campaigns that it was ever Josiah's privilege to hold.

(To Be Continued)

WISDOM

By EDGAR A. GUEST

At twenty I was quick to sneer,
There seemed so much of folly here.
I frequently remarked: "How come
That older folks can be so dumb?"

At twenty-five I'd suffered pain,
I'd lost a goal I'd planned to gain.
But though I'd ridden to a fall,
I still believed I knew it all.

At thirty I had come to see
This life was really puzzling me.
Instead of "Absolutely So!"
I sometimes answered: "I don't know."

At forty, and no longer young,
I'd almost learned to hold my tongue.
And strange opinions I could hear
Without responding with a sneer.

Now at a gentler pace I go,
I've found that wisdom's growth is slow,
It's taken years for light to come,
I've learned why old folks seem so dumb.



By HARRIET du AUTREMONT

No vision, and you perish;
No ideal, and you're lost;
Your heart must ever cherish
Some faith at any cost.

Some hope, some dreams to cling to,
Some rainbow in the sky,
Some melody to sing to
Some service that is high.

THE GOSPEL



By BRO. RUDY SIMMONS



ROMANS 1:16: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

I wonder how many of us realize the tremendous power of the Gospel. The great apostle declares in this verse that "it is the power of God." Have you ever seen this power in action? Have you seen men and women rescued from a life of sin—plucked as "brands from the burning" by this Gospel? Have you ever seen selfish, mean lives transformed into lives of service and usefulness by the Gospel of Christ?

I have seen these miracles (and they are miracles) in the lives of scores of men and women. I have seen this power of the Gospel demonstrated.

A few days ago a salesman called at our door with a vacuum cleaner. First, he told us the merits of his product; then he proceeded to demonstrate it. He proved to us that this cleaner would take the dirt out of the rugs. There is no use in simply talking about the Gospel. We must see its power demonstrated in our lives.

The word, Gospel, means literally, "good news." It is the best news this old world has ever had. I have friends who have journeyed into darkened India, into the Malay jungles, into the wilds of Africa, to tell the good news to those who have never heard.

The Gospel has been preached in a million sermons—yet it may be told in one verse from the third chapter of John: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

But the Gospel is more than just a great power. It is power with a purpose! It is the power of God "unto salvation!" In

other words, it is the power of the Gospel that brings salvation to men.

We preachers need to remember this. We need to remember that Christ's last commission was to "Preach the gospel to every creature." It is the preaching of the Gospel of Christ that brings results, because only the Gospel has power. To preach anything else, however attractive, is to fail in our mission for Christ.

The responsibility of the preacher is clear. But what about the man in the pew? Does he not have his responsibility? Certainly he does. Any man can learn to tell this simple story of the Gospel to another, and every Christian should make it his business to be a carrier of the "good news" of salvation.

We have discussed the Gospel, its meaning, and its power. Now, for the most important question. Who may hear and accept the Gospel? Is its invitation limited to a privileged few? No, thank God, it is to "every one that believeth"—young and old, rich and poor, high and low—all may come. Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

The Gospel brings a responsibility to every man. It is the responsibility of the sinner to accept it. It is the responsibility of the Christian to preach it. "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."



WORKERS TOGETHER

"Some one has blended the plaster
And some one has carried the stone.
Neither the man nor the master
Has ever builded alone.

Making a roof from the weather
Building a house for the king;
Only by working together
Has man accomplished a thing."

COOKIES 'N' CASTOR OIL

By MISS GERINA MASON
"Red Onion School Teacher"

I woke up this mornin'—as usual—an' yawned,
Goodnight, it ain't right, to git kids up at dawn
To go to school—oh, shucks—an' over I rolled,
An' then remembered—ELEVEN YEARS OLD!
Today is my birthday! I jumped up from bed,
An' dashed down the stairs—nearly fell on my head—
"Oh, Mamma," I hollered, "what do ya know!
I'm 'leven years old—can't believe that it's so."
She smiled kinda funny, "Oh, yes, son, it's true,
I was there, when the angels came outa the blue,
Just 'leven short years ago—could I forget
The day that they brought you to be my ole pet?"
"Oh, Mamma," I says, "don't mess up my hair,
I hate to be loved," but I kissed her right there,
An' asked, "Do I git a present er not?"
"Well, what would you like—a ball or a top?"
"Oh, I got lots of these—I'd like som'p'n new,
Like a bicycle, maybe, er a pony or two."
"Now, Sam, you know Mother can't buy things like that,
Think of something in reason—maybe a new hat."
"Aw, naw—I want som'p'n I ain't never had!"
"Well, it can't cost a lot, or your Pa'll be mad."
"Well, I got lots of toys." . . . "Then what would ya like Sam?"
"Oh, I know—a whole batch of cookies please, ma'am!
I ain't never had all I wanted to eat—
Just this once, can't I have some that big brother Pete,
An' sister Rebecca, an' little Leroy
Don't have to share with me?—jest fer my own joy?"
"That's a funny request for a present," Mom smiled,
"But if that's what you want, you'll get it, my child."

All durin' school, try as hard as I might,
I couldn't get cookies out of my sight.
I could see the whole batch of 'em, waitin' fer me—
An' when school wuz dismissed, I ran home with glee,
An' grabbed a whole plateful, an' gobbled 'em down,

With Pete an' Rebecca, Leroy, all a-frown,
'Cause I wouldn't spare even the tiniest crumb.
Pete said I wuz jest a selfish ole bum,
An' Sis called me stingy, an' little Leroy,
Said he'd tell Mamma on me—I wuz such a mean boy.
But I laughed an' I laughed—an' I kept right on chewin',
Sure wuz some fun, seein' them all a-stewin'.
But, bye an' bye, all of my cookies wuz et,
An' I had a strange feelin' that maybe I bet-ter
Go git some water, an' lie down a spell.
When, all of a sudden—the stomach-ache—well,
I never had such a pain in my life—
Thought somebody stabbed me, here, with a knife—
An' I hollered fer Mamma—I thought I wuz dyin'
But she said, "No, Sammy, you're just payin' for your crime!
Young man, drink this down—I had it all handy;
I knew what would happen—this'll fix you up dandy."
I opened one eye, an' what did I see?
A big glass of castor-oil—bigger'n me!
"Oh, Mamma," I pleaded, "not all of it, please!
I can't drink it all!" — "Now, Sam, don't you tease."
"But can't brother Pete or Rebecca have some?"
"You didn't ask that with the cookies, my son.
Remember this, Sammy—an' be a good boy—
If you want to share trouble—you must share your joy!"



LOVE

By ERNEST S. WILLIAMS

Love is the filling from one's own another's cup;
Love is a daily laying down and taking up;
A choosing of the stony path through each new day,
That other feet may tread at ease the smoother way.
Love is not blind, but looks abroad through other eyes;
And asks not "Must I give?" but—"May I sacrifice?"
Love hides its grief, that other hearts and lips may sing;
And, burden'd, walks, that other lives may buoyant, wing.

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER SIX



IT WAS along about this time that a contention arose among some of the church members on the circuit about baptism. You know, neighbors, contentions and "arguin'" can happen in country churches as well as city churches. As a rule, most of the trouble in our churches that Josiah served began in the choir, and then it would spread to other members of the church that were relatives or mighty dear friends of the choir leader or choir members, the organist or piano player. Josiah used to call the choir the "war department" of the church! But this time it wasn't the choir. Some of the church members had decided in their minds (and they said it was after they had prayed about it) that the right way to baptize was by emersion. Then, some said the churches on that circuit, which were the old-fashioned Methodist churches, had always baptized their members by sprinkling the water on the heads of the applicants, and they didn't see any need of changing now. They had seen some of those very saints who had been sprinkled go to Heaven, shouting as they went. Then, some of the brethren said they liked the mode of "pouring" the best, that is, pouring the water from a pitcher over the head, like the pictures they had seen of the baptizing of the early Christians.

Well, Uncle Jack Denny had never been baptized and he came over to talk to Josiah about being baptized. He had been converted and joined the little Neptune church (one of the churches on Josiah's circuit) some time before. But he

couldn't make up his mind just how he wanted to be baptized. However, this afternoon I heard him tell Josiah, as they were sitting on the front gallery, that he wanted to be emersed. He said he believed that was the way Jesus was baptized. And, he said, "Parson, there are some other folks that would like to be emersed, so let's set next quarterly meeting Sunday for our baptizing day." "All right, we will," Josiah said, for he knew his church did not object to his baptizing its members by emersion. So, quarterly meeting Sunday came, and excitement ran high in all the churches on the circuit. Crowds of the members from each church came to Clifton's Chapel that morning for the preaching service, dinner on the grounds, and the baptizing in the afternoon in the Cumberland River.

Everything went along fine, and I could see that Josiah was feeling happy as he baptized men, women, and children in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Some of them came out of the water with their faces shining with a radiance that only could have come from above. It was truly a beautiful sight and one that I shall always remember.

Uncle Jack Denny was about the last one to be baptized. I was right up close to the water's edge to help in any way I could. I heard him say to Josiah, "Now, Parson, remember I want to go way out into the river. I want the water to come up to my neck, and I want you to take both my hands, and I want us both to go under the water together and come up together."

"But Uncle Jack," Josiah said, "there might be an undertow out there!"

"Oh, no such thing!" Uncle Jack exclaimed. "I know every inch of this old river! I've lived on it!"

So they both walked out farther and farther into the river. There was a hush on the river bank as we watched Josiah and Uncle Jack. Finally, we heard Josiah's voice in the distance say, "I baptize you, my brother——" and that was all we heard, for about that time, sure enough, one of those undertows caught Uncle Jack, and before Josiah could grab him, he was carried down-stream! But he was a good swimmer and came out safe on the bank about a mile farther down the river.

When Josiah saw Uncle Jack in Mr. Doubleday's store a few days after that he teasingly said, "Uncle Jack, I've got to baptize you all over again. I didn't finish the ceremony."

"If I'm not baptized now, Parson," Uncle Jack said, "I never will be! No preacher's going to get his hands on me again!"

As Josiah used to say, "Them was days!"

That was a busy summer for Josiah and me. He held what the members called a "big meetin'" in each one of the churches on his circuit. It was customary to ask a visiting preacher to hold the "big" meetings, but the official board in each one of the churches decided Josiah was as good an evangelist as they could get anywhere and that it would save the extra expense on the churches. I agreed with them about their own preacher being the best evangelist they could get, but I thought the extra work was too hard on Josiah. But he was young and vigorous and strong then—never had known a sick day in his life. So, the summer passed gloriously, and many souls were converted and their names added to the churches.

In September Josiah started back to Vanderbilt University to wind up his last year, going into Nashville early every morning and back every evening, except Saturday and Sunday, on the little local train that ran from Ashland City to Nashville. Josiah never ceased to be thankful to those kind, generous people for giving him the opportunity of preaching for them on Sundays and going to school during the week.

Then, when the Ashland City school opened, the principal, knowing that I had taught piano lessons, asked me if I wouldn't take the piano class in the school. This came as a delightful surprise and a wonderful help to us, for it gave me the opportunity to help Josiah pay the household bills and buy our clothes, for the circuit was not able to pay Josiah much salary. And again, Josiah's mother came to help me out. She took care of baby Mary, and I took Virginia (who was then four years old) to school with me every day while I gave piano lessons. We were all as busy as bees through the day, but when the day's work was over and the little Nashville train pulled into Ashland City about six o'clock with Josiah, what a happy little family we were as we had our evening meal together and frolicked with the babies.

Josiah's mother was such a good cook, too! A real Southern cook who knew how to cook fried chicken and beef steak

better than most anybody. And it was her chief delight to make biscuits for her "children" and watch us "do away with 'em!" Why, I reckon Josiah must have eaten five or six at a "sittin'," and I wasn't far behind! I can see those biscuits, now, all buttered and sitting on the side of his plate, waiting for the "outpourin'" of sugar cane syrup that would almost drown the biscuits!

As I look back on those days, I recall how God so wonderfully blessed Josiah and me and our two precious babies with such good appetites and such good health — two of the greatest blessings God can give His children. How happy and how thankful were we in those blessed days!

(To Be Continued)



SOMEONE HAD PRAYED

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL



The day was long, the burden I had borne
Seemed heavier than I could longer bear,
And then it lifted—but I did not know
Someone had knelt in prayer.

Had taken me to God that very hour,
And asked the easing of the load, and He
In infinite compassion, had stooped down
And taken it from me.

We cannot tell how often as we pray
For some bewildered one, hurt and distressed,
The answer comes—but many times those hearts
Find sudden peace and rest.

Someone had prayed, and Faith, a reaching hand,
Took hold of God, and brought Him down that day;
So many, many hearts have need of prayer—
Oh, let us pray.

THE GOOSE-NECK SODA FOUNTAIN



By JOSIAH HOPKINS



DO YOU remember the old "Goose-neck" Soda Fountains and the soda-water delights that these brought to boyhood days? There were only two kinds of syrup—red and white, which really were strawberry and lemon, but the clerk would always ask us, "What will you have, red or white?" In all my life, I have never faced any graver problem than that of choosing whether it would be "red or white," after I had made my nickel raking up leaves in the yard.

Then, there was another problem that added a touch of seriousness to this grocery-store palace of sweets. The yellow jacks were not slow to find the sugar that clung to these syrup containers—plain bottles with leaden tops—and we had to fight away the yellow jacks from our bare, sunburned legs, while we deliberated on the serious problem of whether it would be red or white.

How well I remember, as I held that precious nickel in my hand, leaning on the counter, fighting away the yellow jacks and seriously deliberating, to say finally, "Mister, you can make it white this time." But just about the time he poured the syrup, I would say, "Wait a minute. Better make it red." Then he would draw it from the precious fountain. How it gurgled and bubbled to the delight of a boy's soul!

I remember one of the greatest sorrows of my whole life was the discovery that the soda-water seemed to shrink as it settled in the glass. I remember one day, with trembling lips, I timidly said, "Mister, look at mine. It's only half full now, and I didn't drink it." He looked at me sympathetically and

said, "Son, that's the gas." And I went home and cried about it that night, that the "gas" got some of my soda-water. I did not understand it. I don't know much about these mysteries of the physical world yet, and I guess a lot of us boys who have grown up, if we would tell the truth, have really not found out very much about it.

I went back on a visit after some years of success and many failures, with a great wound in my heart. I went back to the little store with a nickel in my hand, trying to buy again the precious sweets that my nickels used to buy. I was surprised. The little grocery store had been replaced by an up-to-date soda-fountain. The "soda-jerker" with his cap tilted, handed me a menu, and said, "What will you have?" I looked almost tearfully up and down the lists; all kinds of ices and sundaes, but they didn't list "Red or White," and I said, "Son, have you any 'red' like they used to have here?" He smiled; he did not understand. I said, "Well, I guess my nickels have drawn up. They don't buy happiness as they used to."

A little freckle-faced boy stood there watching me, and he said, "Mister, it ain't the nickel, it's you!" I walked out of the store having made a great discovery. It wasn't the nickel that had shriveled, it was I. The flowers did not bloom as they did once. The sunrise no longer seemed to be the blush in the east as God kissed the world "Good Morning." Life had shriveled. I had lost God. The Bible had shriveled, and joy was gone. But, my friend, I have found joy in Jesus, the Lily of the Valley. I have seen again the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. Christ can give a man his youth again and fullness of the life worth while. Thank God! The living water that gushes up in the heart of a believer is as sweet to the soul as the "red or white" soda was to the lips of a thirsty country boy.



REMEMBER, FRIEND

By ALFRED EGGERS



Remember, Friend, that you and I
Are only here as passersby;
We can not linger by the way
And so prolong this earthly stay—
Our duty lies ahead, beyond—
And though we're held by memories fond
We must go forward, must go on
Out of the darkness, to the dawn.
It is no royal road of ease
Beneath a canopy of trees,
Winding through endless fields of green
In an unbroken, lovely scene,
But a rough road that takes us hence
To our immortal recompense.

Look not on Life as Fortune's foil,
That you another's field despoil,
We are but guardians of this earth
And leave, as helpless as at birth;
Nor take to heart each passing woe
As on your chosen way you go;
Meet every day with hearty zest,
Give to each task your very best,
And when your light fades from the sky
Remember, we're all passersby.



"Then, trusting heart, look up and see light;
The hill is not too steep, nor road too long;
'Tis love that leads the way by love's own might,
And gives expression to thy joyful song.
So walk in peace, and know forevermore:
Christ goes before."

BUD'S QUESTION



"I know how dirt gets on my hands.
I know how it gets on my face.
I know every day that wherever I play
There's always some dirt in the place.
I know how it gets on my knees—
They gather it up by the peck.
I know how dirt gets all over my shirt,
But how does it get on my neck?"

"They're at me to wash all the time,
There's nothing on earth I can do.
They say, 'If you please, will you look at those knees—
And look at the face of him, too!'
I know how I gather it up.
I know that I catch every speck.
I know how dirt comes to my fingers and thumbs,
But how does it get on my neck?"

"I don't use my neck when I play.
I don't hit my neck when I fall.
My neck doesn't touch dirty things very much—
It should be the cleanest of all.
I know how my shirtwaist gets black.
I know how my stockings I wreck.
I know how dirt lands on my face and my hands,
But how does it get on my neck?"



"I shall not cry because I cook and sew and scrub and bake;
I shall not sigh for lovely things my being must forsake;
But I shall try to radiate a shining, gentle grace;
To make a bit of beauty in a barren, ugly place."

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER SEVEN



AS THE BEAUTIFUL fall days began to turn into winter days, the country 'round about grew prettier and prettier. If there's anything more beautiful in old Tennessee than a lovely fall day, it's a real winter day with its long icicles hanging from all the trees, and the ground covered with snow.

It was on one of these crisp, sunshiny winter days that I was called to go down to Mark's Creek where most of the real poor people of the little town lived. A man from that neighborhood came to our little parsonage and asked me if I would be so kind as to go and help a poor little girl whose baby had come the day before, and they couldn't get anybody to take care of her. She was alone with her old father who was nearly blind. This man said he was only a neighbor, but he had heard that the preacher and his wife were kind to folks who were "down and out," and he knew that if anybody needed a friend, this poor little girl did. I knew by the way the neighbor talked, that this little girl was the same kind of a girl that was brought before Jesus one day by those men accusers, and thrown down on the ground at His feet. I remembered how He said, "Those of you without sin throw the first stone at her," and I remembered how they all walked away and left her alone with the Saviour, and how He said, "Daughter, who hath accused thee?" And she said, "None, Lord," and the Saviour said, "Neither do I. Go and sin no more."

All this came into my mind while the man was standing there talking, and I said, "Yes, I'll go and do what I can." So I walked down to Mark's Creek. It was such a pretty little stream with the rippling, clear water running over the rocks

and pebbles. But, there was so much of sadness, sin, and suffering along its banks.

There was the young mother, pale and sad-faced, lying on a bed in the corner with her sickly looking baby on her arm, and the old father in a rocking chair by the stove. In all this picture of despair, there was one bright spot. I noticed as I glanced quickly around the room that the bare floor had been scrubbed clean and the sheets and quilts, worn as they were, looked like they had just been washed. I could see some woman's hand in all this. How my heart went out to this girl. I was a young mother myself, and I thought of the vast difference in her position and mine, yet both of us mothers of babies. But my curiosity was aroused by the clean linen and clean floor. I knew the old half-blind father couldn't have done this and wouldn't have done it if he could. He was the picture of dejection and laziness. So, I said, "Somebody has been here to help you. I can tell by your room and bed."

"Yes," she said, "Mrs. Duke came over yesterday and again today. She's out in the back yard washing for me now."

Naturally, I wanted to see what Mrs. Duke looked like and to ask her some questions. Little did I know when I walked around this little cabin into the back yard that I was to meet a woman who was going to prove to be a faithful friend and helper of mine for years to come. And I could not write the life of Josiah's and mine on the Ashland City circuit without giving this faithful servant and friend, Mrs. Duke, a place that is due her in this chapter.

But, our introduction was anything but friendly. She thought I had come to "spy" on this poor girl, I reckon, and she would hardly speak to me. She kept on washing as I asked my questions. Finally, I said, "Why are you doing this?"

"To help this poor motherless child," she answered.

"I knew you must have a heart of gold," I said, "or you would never have done what you did."

"Now, lady," Mrs. Duke stopped washing and stood with her hands on her hips, "don't you get me wrong. You sure must have heard of me. I'm called the worst woman in this county. The women at your church up on the hill turn up their noses when they pass me on the street. And I'm not taking up for myself none either. I'm just as mean and low

down as they say I am, but I couldn't see this poor little girl that hasn't got a chance lie there and need help without coming over here. So here I am. Nobody else has been here. You're the first one that's put their feet inside the door."

Well, Mrs. Duke and I kept going to see and help the little friendless girl. Then, one day God in His mercy took her pitiful, fatherless child back to Him, and the little mother gradually gained her strength and health.

I saw how white and clean the clothes looked hanging out on the line, and somehow my heart was drawn to this sinful woman who had such a sympathetic soul with it all, and I said, "Mrs. Duke, how would you like to do my washing?"

"Oh," she said, "if you will allow me to come to your house, I'd love it!"

Well, the next Monday morning, Mrs. Duke hung out the wash on the line in my own back yard. She did her work so well and needed work so badly that I asked her to come and cook breakfast and supper for me every day.

Every morning for months at our morning prayers Mrs. Duke would bring her chair from the kitchen and sit by the door and listen to Josiah read the Bible and pray, and he'd always include her and her family in the prayer. We didn't say anything to her about her sins of the past. Josiah always said to me, "Sarah, God's Word is the best preacher in the world, and we'll just keep on reading what God says to Mrs. Duke." And so we did, and there never was a day too stormy or cold for her to trudge over the hill to our little parsonage to wash or cook for us. She was more than a cook or wash-woman. She was our faithful friend, and she received as wages the magnificent sum of \$2.00 a week!

Then, one morning at our morning prayers, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, this servant-friend of ours who had always been so very silent, spoke and said, "Parson, do you really think God would forgive as vile a sinner as I have been?"

Josiah and I looked at each other. We knew God's Holy Spirit was working, and that His Word had not "returned unto Him void."

"I am as certain of that, Mrs. Duke, as I am that God called me to preach," he said.

"Well," she said, "I want to confess my sins and ask His

forgiveness right now. I had begun to think that there were no Christians in the world, and that all who claimed to be were hypocrites, but I believe I've found two people that live what they believe, and it seems too good to be true!"

All three of us went down on our knees, crying like our hearts would break, but we came up victorious, for another sinner had been redeemed, and Mrs. Duke was a new woman in Christ Jesus!

We were shouting happy for several days, but Satan had lost one of his long-time followers, and was he mad! So, he at once began to stir up the people of the little church. After Mrs. Duke's conversion, Josiah and I wanted her to come to the church the next Sunday and tell the people of her changed life and join the church. She said she'd be glad to, only she didn't have clothes "fit" to wear to church. So, of course, the job of finding some clothes for Mrs. Duke to wear to church fell on my shoulders. I couldn't give her any of mine, for she was much larger than I was then, and I hated to ask some of the church ladies, because I was afraid they'd refuse me if they knew who was going to wear them. Oh, they were hard to deal with on that subject. But, I finally got together what I thought was a respectable hat, coat, and dress, nice and neat. And the next Sunday Mrs. Duke came as she promised.

When Josiah had finished his sermon and called for penitents, Mrs. Duke ran down to the altar and fell on her knees. Then, Josiah told of her conversion in our little dining room and asked the folks to come and shake her hand and tell her how happy they were about it.

Some of God's choicest saints came forward, and by the expression on their faces you knew their hearts were rejoiced "over one sinner that had repented." But, most of the congregation walked out with their heads in the air. Josiah stood by the pulpit and watched the congregation as they walked out. I'll never forget the expression on his face as he watched the last one to leave. And I'll never forget the sermon he preached the next Sunday at the church! He asked that only the church members come to church the next Sunday, that he had something to say especially to them. They came, because they were curious to know what he wanted to tell them.

In all of Josiah's ministry, I don't believe I ever heard him preach such a blasting sermon as this one. The text, of course,

was about the woman taken in adultery and brought before Jesus by her accusers, the leaders of the church at that time, of how they wanted to stone her according to Moses' law, of how Jesus told the one that was without sin to cast the first stone, how these men walked out one by one, and how Jesus forgave this poor trembling woman. Josiah surely did wax eloquent that morning! And, neighbors, Mrs. Duke's conversion started one of the greatest revivals I have ever seen in our whole ministry, and the results were lasting.

Mrs. Duke gradually gained more and more of the people's confidence as a real born-again Christian, and she became a welcome member of the little white church on the hill.

(To Be Continued)



OUTCAST



“Gossip, I haven't the time to hear,
Peddle your news elsewhere.
There may be some who will give you ear,
I haven't the time to spare.
Clack your tongue in some other place,
I haven't a chair for you,
And don't like either your voice or face,
And I've got some work to do.

“Envy, you play a hateful part,
I'd rather you did not stay.
So get you out of my mind and heart,
And hurry upon your way.
You wrinkled and shriveled little mite,
You're shutting off my view,
So get your ugly face out of my sight,
For I have some work to do.

“Greed, I've told you often before,
You're the very scourge of men,
So get on out and shut the door
And don't you come back again.

I want to live and to let live,
That isn't at all like you;
The things I want you cannot give
And I've got some work to do.

"Hate, you'll never be welcomed here,
And you'd best be off and out,
You make me shiver when you are near,
For what is to hate about?
Your bitter look and your angry face,
And the venomous words you spew,
Get then out of this quiet place
For I have some work to do.

"Cowards all of the meanest kind,
Who would come in and stir up strife,
Who would vex my soul and muddle my mind
And cheat me out of my life.
There's field and sky and flower and wood,
And you're shutting off my view,
So get you gone while the going's good,
For I have some work to do."



FOR ONE WHO IS TIRED



"Dear child, God does not say today, 'Be strong.'
He knows your strength is spent; He knows how long
The road has been, how weary you have grown,
For He who walked the earthly roads alone,
Each bogging lowland, and each rugged hill,
Can understand, and so He says, 'Be still,
And know that I am God.' The hour is late,
And you must rest awhile, and you must wait
Until life's empty reservoirs fill up
As slow rain fills an empty upturned cup.

"Hold up your cup, dear child, for God to fill,
He only asks today that you be still."

I AIN'T DEAD YET!



“Time was I used to worry, an’ I’d sit around an’ sigh,
An’ think with every ache I got that I was goin’ to die,
I’d see disaster comin’ from a dozen different ways
An’ prophesy calamity an’ dark an’ dreary days.
But I’ve come to this conclusion, that it’s foolishness to fret;
I’ve had my share o’ sickness, but I ain’t dead yet!

“Wet springs have come to grieve me, an’ I’ve grumbled at
the showers,
But I can’t recall a June-time that forgot to bring the
flowers.
I’ve had my business troubles, an’ looked failure in the face,
But the crashes I expected seemed to pass right by the place.
So I’m taking life more calmly, pleased with every thing I get,
An’ not over-hurt by losses, ’cause I ain’t dead yet!

“I’ve feared a thousand failures, an’ a thousand deaths I’ve
died,
I’ve had this world in ruins by the gloom I’ve prophesied.
But the sun shines out this mornin’, an’ the skies above are
blue,
An’ with all my griefs an’ trouble, I have somehow lived
’em through.
There may be cares before me, much like those that I
have met;
Death will come some day an’ take me, but I ain’t dead yet!”



“A little love from day to day,
And strength enough to preach it.
A glimpse of Heaven along the way,
And Faith enough to reach it.”

THE HYMNS OF LONG AGO



“There’s lots of music in ’em — the hymns of long ago,
And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to
know,

I sorta want to take a hand; I think of days gone by—
‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful eye.’

“They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the
ways;

And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetin’
rise,

’Til ‘I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.’

“And so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come—
Before my light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb—
If I can hear ’em sing them then, I’ll pass without a sigh
To ‘Canaan’s fair and happy land where my possessions lie.’”

AT SUNSET



“White clouds throw veils across a sapphire sky,
And all the petty trials of daylight die—
Each little hurt, each word that’s stung and seared,
Each ghost of startling things we feared.

“In pink and silver mists and banners tied,
The beauty of the day is magnified.
The moments stand out bright and clear
And make each fading ray of sunlight dear.

“Thank God for sunset at the end of day,
Blotting out cares and brushing fears away,
And making, with its tapestry of light,
More bearable the denseness of the night.”

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

CHAPTER EIGHT



UT, I still have not finished the story of Mrs. Duke. As I sit here writing, memories of the many little extra services that she did for Josiah and my two little girls and me come trooping before me. She loved to take the children down to the store and buy them candy. One of her greatest pleasures was to make a chocolate cake or a sweet potato pie and surprise us at supper-time.

Then, one afternoon when she came to cook supper, she brought a receipt from the store where she had bought a new Singer Sewing Machine months ago, and handed it to me. The receipt said, "Paid in Full."

"Why, Mrs. Duke," I said, "your machine is all paid for! I'm so proud of you, for I know it has meant many a sacrifice to you to keep up those payments."

"This is the only nice thing I own, and I want to show you in some kind of a way how happy I am that I ever found you and the Parson. And I love your children so much—I've taken care of little Mary now for two years, and I want to get my husband to bring it over here to you tomorrow. You use it now, and when Mary gets big enough to sew, I want her to have it!"

I begged her to give it to her own daughter, but she said, "No, ma'am, it's too good for my daughter!" All my protests did no good, for she was determined that we should have the new sewing machine, the one nice thing that she owned. What do you think of that, neighbors, for a story of appreciation?

Mrs. Duke had a son named Otto, about eleven or twelve

years old. He was a nice-looking, brown-eyed boy, quiet and well-behaved. Josiah became very much interested in Otto because he knew his chances in this old world to make something of himself were very slim. Josiah always loved to help young boys get a start. I know some men in Mississippi today who occupy places of great trust and high position, who owe much to the encouragement and help they received from Josiah when they were young men. They have told me so themselves.

Josiah asked me what I thought of letting Otto stay at the parsonage to help with the chores, and we would send him to school. I thought this was a big undertaking for us, as we didn't have much to live on ourselves. I was always thinking about how we were going to pay for this and pay for that, and I reckon every preacher's wife who reads this (especially the country preachers' wives) will understand just how I felt. But I certainly wanted to help this little fellow, too, so I consented to having Otto come.

Mrs. Duke brought her little boy with her to the parsonage with his belongings in a rusty old suitcase. Otto seemed very much pleased at first over the prospect of staying at the parsonage and going to school, but when his mother started to leave the house, I saw the look of tender devotion that he gave her, and he called, "Mamma, come back! I thank these good people for being so kind to me, but I don't want to leave you! I'd rather stay with you and help you and get what learning I can." Mother love prevailed, and although I haven't heard from Otto in many years, my heart tells me that his boyhood love for his mother has stayed with Otto through the years. If I ever get back to the hills of Tennessee around Ashland City again, I am surely going to hunt up Otto, the boy who preferred to stay with his mother and share her lot, hard as it was.

Just about this time another very important and very happy event was about to happen at the little parsonage. Mrs. Duke, servant-friend that she was, was more anxious than ever to be of as much service as possible. She came earlier in the morning and stayed later at night. Then, one Sunday morning in the middle of March, Josiah had to call a preacher friend of his to preach for him that day, for he had to stay at home and welcome our third little daughter,

Martha Frances, who came as a welcome little guest just at the eleven o'clock preaching hour! What a darling little chubby, rosy-cheeked, brown-haired baby she was!

Folks are not so particular these days who they name their children for—in fact, so many pick out names you “never heard tell of” before, but it was different twenty years ago. Then you felt like it was your duty to name your children for somebody in the family. Josiah and I were so glad that the two grandmothers’ names combined so well, so we named our third little daughter Martha Frances, a combination of two beautiful old names. No two grandmothers could have been more proud, either, than Josiah’s mother and mine, that they had been so honored. To so many of the Goose Creek neighbors, Martha Frances is known now as Miss Peachy Applewhite, the “letter writer,” and has charge of the office at the Country Church.

Some of the members of the church at Cheap Hill began to wonder why we didn’t come and live at the parsonage that had been closed up for so long. They said it looked like we could try to live there a few months out of the year anyway. So, when our baby, Martha, was a month old and I was able to travel, we packed up all our furniture we had accumulated (which wasn’t very much) and moved out to Cheap Hill to please the members out there.

We had actually saved enough to buy a horse and buggy by this time. Our faithful buggy horse, Dan (yes, there really was a “Dan!”), was in his prime then. My, but he was a pretty horse! And Josiah was so proud of him. Dan actually acted like sometimes he knew he was an extra good-looking horse. He held his head so high.

We moved in the spring of the year, during the rainy season, and the day before we moved there came up a regular “freshet” (that’s what they’re called in Tennessee), so, of course, the creek was up. It was a sight to see us crossing the creek! Josiah’s mother was living with us then, and she had raised about a hundred chickens, little “biddies,” and all had to be carried across the swollen creek.

That was a busy day for Josiah, but he finally got us all across and safe in the little Cheap Hill parsonage. There was one prized possession that Josiah wouldn’t take with the rest of the household things—he was afraid they’d get broken.

That was a set of china dishes that I had painted. He always thought they were the prettiest dishes he had ever seen. He liked the blue forget-me-nots on them. Oh, not so much for their beauty, he said, for he had seen dishes much prettier than these, but just because I painted them.

He took Dan back after the dishes, so that he could take better care of them. But, coming home through the thick woods, Dan got scared of a piece of paper that blew up in his face (Dan never did like for things to happen "sudden-like"), and he started running away with Josiah and the dishes! But, Josiah guided him in and out among the trees—thick as they were—with the dishes in a box on the floor between his knees. And, when they reached home, not a single one of the precious dishes was broken!

(To Be Continued)



Thanksgiving

By Edgar A. Guest



For what this year must we give thanks?
For lesser fortunes in the banks?
For speculations gone astray?
For debts too great for us to pay?
For all the misery and woe
Which countless people round us know?
The losses we have had to bear
Would make a mockery of prayer.

If worshipers of chance are we
Our god has served us shabbily.
If all we care for 'neath the sky
Is buying low and selling high
And mounting profits in the banks,

The god of chance deserves no thanks.
If money's all we live to gain
'Twere better silent to remain.

But if we love the God of men
Let us return to Him again
With grateful hearts that high and low
His boundless blessing still may know;
That sun and sky and stream and field
Their charm unchanged to mortals yield;
That it is given us to possess
A surer grasp on happiness.

Dear Lord above, so let us pray,
We who have sometimes lost the way
Or turned aside for selfish gain
Discovering only hurt and pain,
See now beyond the cloud and mist
That love and friendship still exist;
That riches of the soul outlast
The summer's drought or winter's blast.

Our grateful thanks today we give
That we in fellowship may live;
Have strength our every task to meet,
And though 'tis humbler fare we eat,
Grateful are we for love that stays
Still smiling through these stormy days,
And grateful for those lasting joys,
Chance neither fashions nor destroys.



MY PRAYER



“For every word of healing truth, I thank Thee, God, today.
For every step that I have gained along the rugged way,
For every discord overcome, for every conquered fear,
For every time I needed Thee, I found Thee always near.
For life and love and trust divine, for teaching me to pray,
For every joy that has been mine, I thank Thee, God, today!”

THANKSGIVING



“I’ve been countin’ up my blessin’s,
I’ve been summin’ up my woes,
But I ain’t got the conclusion
Some would naturally suppose.
Why, I quit a-countin’ troubles
'Fore I had half a score,
While the more I count my blessin’s,
I keep findin’ more and more.

“There’s been things that wasn’t exactly
As I thought they’d ought to be,
An’ I’ve often growled at Providence
For not a-pettin’ me!
But I hadn’t stopped to reckon
What the other side had been,
How much o’ good an’ blessin’
Had been thickly crowded in.

“For there’s been a gift o’ sunshine
After every shower o’ tears,
An’ I found a load o’ laughter
Scattered all along the years.
If the thorns have pricked me sometimes,
I’ve good reason to suppose
Love has hid ’em often from me,
'Neath the rapture of the rose.

“So I’m goin’ to still be thankful
Fer the sunshine an’ the rain,
Fer the joy that’s made me happy;
Fer the purgin’ done by pain;
Fer the love o’ little children;
Fer the friends that have been true;
Fer the guidin’ Hand that’s led me
Every threatenin’ danger thru’!”

THE PART THAT WILLIE GETS



“When we have turkey (ain’t it nice,
All cooked so fine and brown!)
My Pa he cuts each one a slice
An’ passes it aroun’.
He gives to all of ’em (but me)
The part that they selec’,
An’ when I pass my plate, says he,
‘Ah, Willie—here’s the neck!’

“Ma always says: ‘Oh, anything,’
But Pa gives her the breast.
An’ Uncle Joe he takes the wing
(The part I like the best),
An’ Gran’pa says: ‘Oh, I dunno,
I’ll take a leg, I s’pec.’
An’ Pa, all smiling, says: ‘Jes’ so,
Come, Willie—he’s the neck!’

“When Pa asks Susan, what’s her ch’ice
She says: ‘I’ll have a thigh.’
Then brother George he gets his slice
With stuffin’ piled up high.
An’ so it goes until, oh dear!
That turk is mos’ a wreck,
When Pa at last says: ‘Willie! Here!’
—An’ Willie gets the neck.

“Now, I’ve been thinkin’ quite a while,
(I hope it ain’t no sin)
Jes’ s’pos’n turks went out of style
An’ other birds cum in.
An’ s’pos’n ’stead o’ turkey, Pa
Had ostrich to dissec’,
I wonder would he say, ‘Aha!
Here, Willie—take the neck.’”

THE LITTLE HOMES OF LAUGHTER



“The little homes of laughter can be found on many a street,
And it's there that men and women in the bonds of friendship
meet;

Oh, the mansions on the highway may be handsomer to see,
And the rich man's lawn be lovely with the blooms of plant
and tree,

But the glory of the nation and its strength from day to day
Are the little homes of laughter where the children romp
and play.

“There are millions of them smiling underneath the flag at
morn—

The homes that know the bedroom where the little ones
were born,

The homes without pretention, very clean and neat inside,
That know the scars of sorrow, and the room where one has
died;

It's beneath these roofs of kindness and within these walls
of love

Where abides the strength of courage that shall keep the
flag above.

“The little homes of laughter, homes the thousands know and
keep,

Where the mothers croon at evening as they rock their babes
to sleep,

And fathers in their shirt sleeves find some little task to do—
Oh, it's there you'll see the glory of the old red, white and
blue;

In the little homes of laughter, standing North, South, East
or west,

It is there you'll see the nation at its finest and its best.”

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER NINE



WE spent some happy months in the little Cheap Hill parsonage and visiting among the country neighbors that summer. The Pardues were close neighbors and some of our dearest friends. They lived in a big two-story white house up on the hill. How Josiah and I used to love to go visiting at the Pardues! God had prospered them with a goodly store of this world's goods, and nothing seemed to please them more than to have the Parson, his wife, and babies come and spend the day at their house. I can see that long dining table now fairly groaning with good things to eat! It was a real old, beautiful Southern home with everything around it to make it look attractive. And such a wonderful family! Four daughters and five sons—nine children in all, and each one filled an honored place in the community.

I used to say to Mother Pardue, "Aren't you proud of your family, and aren't you happy?"

And she would smile in her sweet motherly fashion and say, "Yes, I'm happy about all but one thing, and that is that my husband is not a Christian."

That was the one "thorn in her flesh." I couldn't understand, either, how a man who was such an upright, perfect husband and father could fail in the one big thing of his life. He was to Josiah's mind and mine perfect in every other way. He made me think of the young man who came running to Jesus. You remember Jesus said, "One thing thou lackest." But, Mr. Pardue was a man between seventy-five and eighty years of age. Even so, Mrs. Pardue would always say, "Parson,

one of these days he will give his heart to God. I know he will!" And Mrs. Pardue was right!

But, one day, we were called to come quickly, that Mrs. Pardue was dying, and she wanted Josiah to pray once more with her for her husband, before God called her home.

Some months after her death, at one of the morning meetings at the church, just like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, who should walk in the church, kneel down at the altar with his old white head bowed in humble submission to God, but Mr. Pardue! All of us at the church whispered under our breath, "Mrs. Pardue's prayers have been answered!"

It wasn't long after that that Conference met in Clarksville, Tennessee. A happy surprise came to me in the shape of an invitation from the Wyatts, who had moved there from Ashland City, to come with Josiah and stay at their house while the Conference was convening. Then, came another surprise right on top of that one. Brother Craig, our grand old Presiding Elder, came to see us and told Josiah that he thought he was going to be sent to a church in Clarksville after the Conference had met. The idea of Josiah being sent to a church in the city was a little too much for Josiah and me. We didn't know how to take it! We were really frustrated over it.

I must stop right here and pay a loving tribute to one of the kindest and truest of God's servants, Brother Craig, our Presiding Elder. I don't think Josiah's own father could have loved him any more than Brother Craig did. He wanted Josiah to fill the highest places in the church. He used to say to me, "Little girl, your husband is a prince!" Later, when Josiah became the preacher of some of the larger city churches, I often wished that our dear fatherly Brother Craig could have sat by Josiah and heard him. I know his heart would have rejoiced!

Well, Josiah and I began to get ready to make our trip to Clarksville. Of course, we had to look over our wardrobe to see what we had to wear. Josiah got along very well because he had his long "preacher's coat" that he could use on most any occasion. But, I wasn't quite so fortunate. The one dress that looked good enough to wear had been turned inside out a good many times. Josiah said to me, "Sarah, honey, you've had to turn that dress so many times, maybe you'd better put it on a pair of hinges!" And Josiah was

about right! He said I just had to have a new dress to wear to Clarksville, so I took some of the money we had saved up and bought myself a dress, and a pair of shoes apiece for the little girls.

What a happy time we had at the Wyatts, and how excited we were over the thought that we very probably would be sent to this church in the city. But, when the appointments were read, Josiah's name was called again for the Ashland City Circuit!

Oh, how disappointed we were! Not that we didn't love the folks on the Ashland City Circuit, but, like all young preachers and young preachers' wives, the lure of the "big city church" seemed to hold us spellbound. I can call to my mind now many times in later years when the responsibilities came heavier and heavier on Josiah, how he used to say to me, "Honey, don't you wish we were on the Ashland City Circuit again—out where they loved us so much?"

Well, we came back to the Circuit for the third year, and, neighbors, the third year was the best year of all! Time seemed to really have wings. Each day Josiah would go into Nashville from the little country parsonage. He walked down the hill to the little railroad station in the morning to take the local into Nashville, then back home again that night. Then, the summer following, meeting after meeting Josiah held where hundreds of folks, young and old, from all over the county were converted, baptized, and brought into the fold of the church.

(To Be Continued)



TWO GOLDEN DAYS

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE



There are two golden days in the week upon which and about which I never worry—two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with its cares and frets, and all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond my recall.

I cannot undo an act that I wrought, I cannot unsay a word that I said. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret, and sorrow, is in the hands of the mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the Love that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day that I do not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise, and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond my mastery as its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds—but it will rise. Until then, the same Love and Patience that held yesterday holds tomorrow. Save for the star of hope that gleams forever on the brow of tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the infinite Love that holds for me the treasures of yesterday, the Love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow is God's day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but one day in the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day, any man can resist the temptation of today. O friends, it is only when—we willfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities, yesterday and tomorrow—such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, and dread of what tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's days. Leave them with Him.

There I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy way. That is the man's day—dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on that day of ours; God, the almighty and the All-loving, takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.

MY WINGS

By Annie Johnson Flint



I cannot walk, but I can fly;
No roof can house me from the stars,
No dwelling pen me in its bounds,
Nor keep me fast with locks and bars;
No narrow room my thoughts can cage,
No fetters hold my roving mind;
From these four walls that shut me in
My soaring soul a way can find.

With books and pictures at my side,
All lands, all ages are my own;
I dwell among the master minds,
The best and greatest earth has known;
I flee to strange and stories scenes,
Of long ago and far away,
And roam where saints and heroes trod
In time's forgotten Yesterday.

With every wandering butterfly
Or singing bird on vagrant wing
My fancy takes the airy trail
And follows it, adventuring.
Till higher than their highest flight,
Where cloud-ships drift and star-beams shine,
I rise on tireless pinions fleet,
And all the realms of space are mine.

And when the long, long day is done,
I clasp the dearest Book of all,
And through the dim, sweet silences
I hear my Father's accents fall;
Then, though in chains, yet I am free.
Beyond the pressure of my care,
Above Earth's night, my spirit mounts
On Eagle wings of Faith and Prayer.

A PARENT'S PRAYER



"I have a boy to bring up.

Help me to perform my task with wisdom and kindness and good cheer. Help me always to see him clearly as he is. Let not my pride in him hide his faults. Let not my fear for him magnify my doubts and fears until I make him doubting and fearful in his turn. Quicken my judgment so that I shall know how to train him to think as a child, to be in all things pure and simple as a child.

"I have a boy to bring up.

Give me great patience and a long memory. Let me remember the hard places in my own youth, so that I may help when I see him struggling as I struggled then. Let me remember the things that made me glad, lest I, sweating in the toil and strain of life, forget a little child's laughter is the light of life.

"I have a boy to bring up.

Teach me that love that understandeth all things, the love that knows no weakness, tolerates no selfishness. Keep me from weakening my son through granting him pleasures that end in pain, ease of body that must bring sickness of soul, a vision of life that must end in death. Grant that I love my son wisely and myself not at all.

"I have a boy to bring up.

So guide and direct me that I may do this service to the glory of God, the service of my country, and to my son's happiness."



"If you want to be rich—GIVE!
If you want to be poor—GRASP!
If you want abundance—SCATTER!
If you want to be needy—HOARD!"

OVERHEARD IN AN ORCHARD

By ELIZABETH CHENEY

★

Said the Robin to the Sparrow:
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin:
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."



THERE ISN'T TIME

★

"Life isn't long — a mother's smile,
And then another's smile,
Then romping feet, and then the sweet
Remembrances awhile.

"From gold to gray, from dawn to day,
And then the twilight hours.
Life is too brief to hunt for grief—
For thorns among the flowers.

"God's world, God's Word, His breeze, His Bird,
No hand can rob you of.
Wrong comes too late for hearts to hate—
There is so much to love.

"Life isn't long — just time for song
And love and things sublime.
Be not concerned with thoughts that burned—
Good friends, there isn't time!"

THE BUILDER



“A builder builded a temple;
He wrought it with grace and skill:
Pillars and arches, all fashioned
To work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty,
‘It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, oh builder
Thy fame shall endure for aye!’

“A teacher builded a temple,
With loving infinite care;
Planning each arch with patience,
Fashioning each soul with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wonderful plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

“Gone is the builder’s temple,
Crumbled as such things must;
Low lies each stately pillar
Food for consuming dust.
But the temple the teacher builded,
Will last while the ages roll;
For the beautiful unseen temple
Is the child’s immortal soul.”



“I followed laughter hungrily,
And in my blinded haste
I trampled simple little joys,
And cared not for the waste.

“But now on bended knees I grope
To pick the fragments up,
Remorseful for despairing life’s
Most satisfying cup.”

THIRTY ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



CHAPTER TEN



EVERY letter I received from my own dear mother that summer was full of entreaties for Josiah, the children and me to come back to Mississippi. She would always end her letter by saying, "Mississippi needs good preachers as well as Tennessee," and she needed her children and grandchildren.

After Josiah read the last of her letters begging us to come back home, he said, "Honey, I feel like we'll be sorry if we don't go back to Mississippi, where you can be close to your mother."

Of course, I was anxious to go, so Josiah wrote to his Presiding Elder and asked to be transferred to the Mississippi Conference that Fall. He wrote back that it was late to make any new appointments, but there was one place that had not been filled, and that was the Madison Circuit, and the parsonage was at a little town named Madison, about half-way between Canton, Miss., and the capital of the state, Jackson. This was a circuit of three churches, one less than the Ashland City Circuit.

So, about the first of October of that year we started packing our little belongings again. But, when we got to looking over our household "effects," we found that we had accumulated a house-full of furniture and about a hundred chickens! They wrote us that the parsonage at Madison was furnished, so we decided to sell our furniture and our chickens. Josiah and I often spoke of the miracle God worked for us during the three years at Vanderbilt. When we landed at Nashville, we had \$25.00—and that was all! And God helped Josiah to go through the University and took care of us for

three years, and we went back to Mississippi with a hundred and fifty dollars that the furniture and chickens brought!

We were a good-sized family now—Josiah, the three little girls, Virginia, Mary, and Martha, Josiah's mother and myself. I'll never forget the night we left for Mississippi. We boarded the little local train that took us from our little Cheap Hill parsonage on into Memphis, where we had to change to one of the fast Illinois Central trains that ran from Memphis to New Orleans. We were already sad over leaving these good country neighbors and still talking about them when the local pulled into the station at Ashland City. A great crowd of the townspeople were down at the station, singing. Josiah said to me, "Well, somebody important must be either leaving here or coming in!" Neither one of us dreamed that all this excitement was over us! But we soon found out what it was all about, for about twenty of the neighbors came rushing into the train, headed by Colonel Pickard, the man who had met us when we first landed in Ashland City, and who had become such a close friend of ours. By the way, I think I forgot to say before, that Colonel Pickard was the father of Mr. Obe Pickard, who is head of the Pickard Family, those very popular radio entertainers. Obe and his little family lived right across the street from us in Ashland City, and they owned the first automobile in the town. Law me! Dan has "shied" many a time when he'd meet Obe's auto!

They pulled us out on the platform of the little station and sang some beautiful old hymns that brought tears to our eyes, and as the train pulled out of the station the last thing we heard was the neighbors all singing "God be with you till we meet again!" What a privilege to be so loved by God's people.

Well, in a day or so we had landed at Madison, Miss., our new home, and were again welcomed by an entirely new group.

One woman of this new congregation was not quite so cordial, however. She sent for Josiah to come and have prayer with her about the first or second day we had arrived. He hurried over to her house, thinking that she was in deep distress of some kind. But, when he arrived, he found she wanted him to pray for her and all the members of the church, because they had had to give up their last pastor!

He had been moved to another church, and didn't know how the Madison church was ever going to get along! Well, of course, as Josiah would say, "That was disencouraging!" to the new preacher, but after several months she was "won over" and became a mighty good friend to Josiah and me, and ceased to mourn for her old pastor—at least, not around Josiah and me anyway.

I was so happy because I was at least in the same state with my mother and father again. And, as soon as we had gotten settled in our new parsonage, mother came to make a short visit of a few weeks with us. What a happy reunion that was! It seemed to me I had never seen my mother look so pretty or seem so happy. It was such a joy to her to have her children near her, and especially to have her grandbabies close to her. I can fully appreciate now just how my mother felt. But this happiness was not to last long. It was only about a month after she left us that I received a telegram from my father saying, "Come quick. Mother very low." She passed away very suddenly. What a shock and what a sorrow! How my heart goes out to all girls and boys when God calls their mothers home! Josiah used to say so many times, "Honey, aren't you glad we came back to Mississippi when we did!"

Josiah was really an "up and coming" young preacher by this time, and we did not stay at Madison Station but about one year, when his Presiding Elder came to see him and told him he was to be sent, he thought, to Fernwood, Mississippi, a little town not very far from New Orleans. He was to have only one church to serve here, instead of three and four on the circuit. We had found some wonderful friends on the Madison Circuit, and the year spent there could never be forgotten.

One of the outstanding events at Madison was our first ride in an automobile! Our neighbors, Brother and Sister Jones, bought a new Ford car while we were there, and they used to come and take Josiah, the children, and me for long rides in the country. We thought then that we were ready to be written up in New York's "Who's Who" Social Columbe!

Josiah said to me one day when we were taking one of these rides with the Joneses—he whispered to me (we were riding in the back seat), "Honey, you reckon we'll ever be

able to own one of these things? If I ever make enough money, I'm going to bring one of these Ford cars home to you!"

The Presiding Elder was right, for at the next meeting of the Conference Josiah's name was read out for the church at Fernwood. I think I never saw anybody so happy about anything as Josiah's sister, Mamie ("Sweet"), was over that move, for Mamie, her husband, and their fine young, twelve-year-old son, Wilton, lived at Fernwood.

Fernwood was a lumber town. Some of the most wonderful pine trees in the world grew in the forests around Fernwood. The town was owned by the Enochs Lumber Co., and there we met and learned to love so dearly Mr. Phil Enochs and his family.

Neighbors, I wish you could have seen how they had the parsonage fixed up for us when we got there! They had bought new furniture for the whole house and had a Jersey cow with a young calf out in the lot, because Mr. Enochs said he knew our children had to have fresh milk.

But the happy days were not to last long in Fernwood, either. For "Sweet's" beautiful twelve-year-old son took down with pneumonia, and in spite of all the doctors' and nurses' care his little weakened body couldn't stand the ravages of the dreadful disease, and he slipped away to God. Never as long as I live will I forget that death-bed scene. Josiah and I stayed close by the little fellow's side, because his father and mother were prostrated with grief. When we saw how near to death he was, Josiah said, "Wilton, if you're too weak to speak when Jesus comes for you, will you let me know when He comes by waving your hand?" And that beautiful, brave little boy said, "Yes, I will." And he didn't have long to wait, for about midnight that night, neighbors, he raised his little arm and waved his hand to Josiah. Jesus had come for him, and you'll never make me believe anything else, for there was the most beautiful smile on his face.

(To Be Continued)

Confusion in the Twinkling of an Eye

By JOSIAH HOPKINS (Dr. W. B. Hogg)

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HERE shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding together; the one taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

Luke 17: 34-36.

What a confused and startled world will awake the morning after the Rapture! That split-second appearing of the Lord in the air above the earth will bring condemnation to this already confused and troubled earth.

Banks will be crowded the morning after the departure of the redeemed, but mystery and terror will be in every face. Multiplied thousands of accounts will be frozen—nobody to sign checks! Remaining members of families will mill around banks like cattle in an effort to claim deposits.

Real estate offices will be besieged with claimants to property, for the owners will be missing.

Undertakers will stand aghast, for there will be no funerals for the missing ones and no crepe on the doors to mark their passing.

Industrial plants, business houses, and employment agencies will be swamped with applications for the positions left vacant by the raptured saints. The employment problem will be solved in a second, but the relief will be short-lived, for the tribulations will soon begin to fall like thunderbolts on a godless world.

The courts will have record-breaking dockets as claimants for the property of the saints appear to get possession of the assets and property of the absent ones. The lawyers who are left will wax fat for a season in the litigation over the property of those who have gone to receive their inheritance beyond this little old earth. New laws will have to be passed

relative to inheritance and the probating of wills. For now the death of the donor testator must be proved to the satisfaction of the courts before wills are probated and inheritance allowed. What confusion will cloud the courts the day after the Rapture!

The world will go money mad in one split second! For those who are called by the shout of the returning Bridegroom (I Thess. 4:17) will carry no wealth away with them. The purses will be showered upon this earth like falling hail as the saved rise to meet their Lord. They will have no use for silver and gold when they are forever with the Lord. That leaves food for thought in the heart of a real child of God. Who will get your property when you leave? Every acre of land, every dollar, every block of stocks and bonds will be the bone of contention among the unsaved friends and relatives and will be millstones about their souls to pull them deeper into the mire of a doomed world! Those who are wise will move their deposits and assets to God's vaults, where all is covered by Eternal Insurance. Investments in Christ's program of getting the Gospel to a lost world is our best field of investment. If the frozen assets of the church of God were released today in a Blood and Grace missionary enterprise, the world could hear the testimony of Jesus at least once in ninety days.

Crime waves are sweeping the planet in increasing force and volume today. But not even the best informed criminologist or penologist can dream of the lawlessness that will sweep the world after the Rapture. The lust for wealth, fired by the struggle to get that left by the raptured saints, will be intensified by a more terrible condition—the departure of the Holy Spirit from the earth. The hearts in which God's Spirit has made His home will have all vanished. The Spirit of God does not dwell in matter or lower forms of life. He abides only in hearts that are open to His indwelling. So that fearful morning of II Thess. 2:7 will be upon this planet: "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only He (the Holy Spirit) who now letteth (hindereth) will let, until He be taken out of the way." The Holy Spirit will leave this world where He has restrained, rebuked, condemned, convicted, and testified since Pentecost, leaving the godless, Holy Spirit-less world to rot undisturbed and unhindered.

Imagine the human race without restraint! Laws will be changed to reflect the godless and lawless condition of humanity. For human law is only crystalized custom!

The preachers who are left will go on with an effort to reform the world without a blood gospel and unanointed by the Holy Ghost. A form of conviction born only of terror over the absence of the saints may sweep the world toward the bloodless, Spiritless church for a season. But this spasmodic human-driven recital will vanish in the release of humanity's unchecked passions like a snowflake in a furnace!

For a time there will be relief that the so-called long-faced Christians are out of the way. No mothers will be left who agonize in prayer for their children. No godly fathers will be there to open God's Book and call the family to prayer. No real Spirit-filled burden for the lost will bring conviction to the pleasure-mad, crime-crazed world. No preachers and missionaries will be left with bleeding hearts trying to turn the world back to God.

The Spirit of real Gospel missions will go with the departing saints. The impassioned preaching of the Blood of Calvary and the Blood of the Lamb of God will vanish from the earth in the twinkling of an eye.

Praise God, there is still a way out of the depression, the sorrow, and heartbreak of this world, its tears, its pain, its disappointment, and its death!

The way out is to be made a new creature by the work of the Holy Ghost as one lays hold of the Blood of Christ by faith. The way out will finally be the way up!



CONSIDER THE HAMMER

"It keeps its head.

It keeps pounding away.

It doesn't fly off the handle.

It finds the point, then drives it home.

It is the only knocker in the world that does any good.

It makes mistakes, but when it does, it starts all over.

It looks at the other side, too; and thus often clinches the matter.

If you are inclined to lose your head and fly off the handle, consider the hammer!"

THE SQUEAKS OF LIFE

By SARAH J. MOON



Dear Lord, take out the squeaks in my life;
Take out of it all bitterness and strife.
Help me to forget the wrongs done me,
Help me in all my enemies some good to see.
Make the old wheels of life more smoothly run
'Til life's voyage is completely done.
This old vehicle of mine — this old cart —
Has been badly managed from the start.
Father, find the defects whatever they be,
Then dear Lord, show them plainly to me.
Let the oil of thy love penetrate each part,
Completely changing a rebellious heart.
Help me with faith to safely make the grade,
Closely following the path that thou hast made.
When all the ruts and mire have been past,
May I safely arrive home at last.



“You tell what you are by the friends you seek,
By the very manner in which you speak,
By the way you employ your leisure time,
By the use you make of dollar and dime.

“You tell what you are by the things you wear,
By the spirit in which you burdens bear,
By the kind of things at which you laugh,
By the records you play on the phonograph.

“You tell what you are by the way you walk,
By the things of which you delight to talk,
By the manner in which you bear defeat,
By so simple a thing as how you eat.

“By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf,
In these ways and more you tell on yourself.
So there really isn't a bit of sense
In any effort at false pretense.”

THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

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CHAPTER ELEVEN



R. PHIL ENOCHS is the man about whom Josiah used to tell the story on tithing. A country preacher came to hold a protracted meeting in Fernwood for ten days, and at each service—morning and night—he took for his subject, “Tithing.” The old preacher didn’t have much education, but he surely knew his Bible and loved his Savior. Anybody could see that. He was so in earnest that he would actually get the folks to weeping over tithing! Mr. Enochs said he never got so tired of one subject in his life! But, like the rest of the people, he couldn’t get it off his mind and heart.

So, one day after the meeting was over and the good old preacher had left the little town, Mr. Enochs called his secretary to him and said, “Make a tithing account for me in a book. Keep a strict account of the tenth of everything I make in this business.”

The secretary was astonished and asked, “But, do you realize how much that will be, Mr. Enochs?”

“I don’t care,” he said. “This preacher has convinced me that I’ve been robbing God, and I cannot do it any longer.”

A few weeks after that there came a pitiful call from a Mission field that they would have to close up the Mission Station and thousands of natives would have to be denied the Gospel Story, and the missionaries would have to be sent home if something wasn’t done quickly.

Mr. Enochs heard this story and sent \$10,000 of his tithe money to the Mission Station at once, and he told Josiah it made him happier than he had ever been before!

But, we were to pass through another heart-break and

tragedy while we were living in the little town of Fernwood. This time it was my father. He never did seem to recover from the terrible shock of my mother's death. They were indeed "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," and eighteen months after mother passed away, father went to be with her and his Lord in glory.

We (his children) had all planned a reunion for him as soon as he was able to come home from the hospital. We were going to all meet at the old home together. But, he never came back from the hospital. That night he called a nurse to him and said, "The children are all coming home to be with me tomorrow!" God grant that each one of his children will be going home to him in God's Tomorrow!

That Fall we had to pack up and move again. This time to a City church! The East End Methodist Church at Meridian, Miss., was to be Josiah's first "City Church" appointment. Oh, my, how excited we were over this appointment! Again, we were met at the train when we arrived, this time by a committee of business men—men who were to be Josiah's stewards. How dignified and important we did feel as we drove through the streets that night going to the parsonage! I didn't know whether or not the house would be dark and cold when we got there, but I soon found out. Those city folks were just as warm-hearted and welcomed us with the same kind of love that the country folks did! And the fires were burning in the fireplaces in every room, and a nice hot supper was waiting on the table for us when we drove up. You should have seen Josiah, the three little girls, and me "falling on that supper," for we were cold and hungry from the trip!

That was the beginning of a wonderful ministry for Josiah, and friendships were made there that will last throughout eternity! Most of our church folks were from the country and loved to have us visit them, and I don't believe I ever did as much "visiting" as a preacher's wife as I did when we lived in Meridian. The church began to be too small to seat the people that came on Sundays to church, and the Sunday School increased the same way. So, Josiah and I would get up early every Sunday morning, and, after our breakfast, he would build fires in all the rooms of the little parsonage, and I would get the little girls and myself ready for Sunday

School, and the "overflow" Sunday School would meet in the parsonage!

Yes, it was hard work, but Josiah and I both were so enthusiastic in our work that we didn't seem to "count the cost." But, I couldn't stand the strain of turning my home over to the Sunday School very long, for another precious little darling was on the way to our little parsonage.

In October of that same year, the first year we were in Meridian, our fourth little daughter was born. Josiah and I named her Mildred. She often has said that she didn't suppose she was a very welcome visitor, being the fourth little girl and no little boys, but she was as welcome as the "flowers in May!" And what a "trousseau" Mildred had to wear when she arrived! One of our church ladies, Mrs. Rutland, a very close friend of Josiah's and mine, gave the preacher's wife a wonderful shower and party in honor of the coming baby. Piece after piece of beautiful hand-made dresses and petticoats and flannels were carefully laid in the brand new chest they had bought for the little stranger. I had never had such a beautiful outfit for any of my babies, and I could hardly realize they were for my baby! And how beautiful she looked in each little outfit.

The Country Church of Hollywood neighbors know Mildred as "Miss Maggie Pardue," the milliner at Brother Rudy's Store, on the radio.

Mrs. Rutland's home was truly typical of the old Southern homes, full of love and hospitality. It was a joy to sit on the wide front porch with her and her kind husband and hear them tell of the early days of the old South. She was especially interested in and loved the Southern negroes, and never tired of telling us stories about them.

I remember one that we all laughed at, time and time again! Mrs. Rutland said a little negro girl came up to her door one summer day with a bucket of blackberries she had picked, on her arm. After she had sold the berries to our friend, she said, "Miss Rutland, you don't know anybody that don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, does you?"

Knowing Mrs. Rutland like I did, I'm sure she must have found work right then and there after that speech.

(To Be Continued)

PRAYER FOR A CHURCH

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Though I am built of stone and sand and clay,
I'm dedicated to Thy service here,
To keep this place in honor to Thy name,
And lift my spire to things that men hold dear.

May reverence abide, and contrite hearts
Kneel at my altars and Thy blood atone;
May mercy light the candles at this shrine,
And justice fill the chalice at Thy throne.

Help these, Dear Lord, who gather strength in me,
To bear forth truth unto a better day;
As golden sunlight falls through colored panes,
May loving kindness shine through these who pray.

Keep wide my doors that all who enter in,
May know that worship leaves no room for sin!
—Fleta Bruer Gonso.



Climb the stair and close the door,
Shut the world's wild clamor out;
Leave behind you every fear
And every doubt.

Step from care as now you step
From the garments of the day;
In the soft, still darkness kneel
Awhile and pray.

Take a moment for the sky—
From the window seek a star;
Watch the moon, and see how sure
And safe they are.

Then lie down, dear child, and rest;
God, who has the power to keep
Swinging worlds, will surely watch
Above your sleep.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

"HOW MUCH MORE?"

By JOSIAH HOPKINS (Dr. W. B. Hogg)

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WHY do we not have the zest and enthusiasm today that we had when we were children? Where did we lose the joy of living? Stand on the down-town corners and watch the stern-faced men and women enter the office buildings to begin a day of modern business. Study the faces of the toilers in the busses and street cars as they drearily travel to the place of another day's toil. What in the world has happened to all these blessed folk that dried up the springs of joy and hushed the music in their lives?

Watch the traffic on the boulevards as the honking, hurrying cars rush on. One wonders where they are all going, and why the hurry! Each one seems to be trying to pass all the rest, and nine out of ten of them seem to be mad about something. Touch a fender, and you might as well shake a bottle of nitro-glycerine! They act like a bunch of patients escaped from a sanitarium for nervous cases!

Did you ever get caught in a jam near a bargain counter? Well, you'd be safer in the shock troops crossing No Man's Land. They gouge you with their elbows, they step on your toes, they scratch your face with the ornaments on their hats, and glare at you when you step in front of them. And all about some article that was 99c—now 98c!

It seems as though it was only yesterday that all of us were happy children. We jostled each other in our play, bumped one another over, but laughed it all off in childish glee. Why the change? What if we did run into another sled, or toy, or the crude little wagons that our childish ingenuity had devised—who cared?

Where did we lose the happiness and enthusiasm of yesterday? Men try to play the games of their boyhood, but the "punch" isn't there any more. Watch the professional

ball players; note their listlessness and squabbling over what they are going to get out of it.

Not only in athletics is this lassitude and joylessness noticeable, but in other efforts of adults to revive the buoyancy and zest of youth and childhood. I was a guest at a noonday luncheon not long ago. They would fine a fellow for putting "Mister" or "Judge" or "Doctor" to a man's name, forcing each one to address the other by his first name, like "Bill" or "John." Yet the light-heartedness was forced, and the tragedy of reality with all its heartaches and disappointments was hidden by only a very thin veneer. Calling men by their first names will not take us back to the happy days of childhood. It is a good gesture, but only a gesture toward the joy we used to know.

When you ladies "played" at being ladies you were eminently successful. That was the real thing! Lots of the so-called "lady life" today is make-believe. You have discarded the genuine for the sham!

Back in those days of sore toes and childish games, all the boys of the neighborhood were having a ball game. It was a real contest with the "kids" from across the railroad tracks. No world series could ever generate the same pressure per square inch that those old sand-lot games produced.

The game was in full swing when a lady almost broke it up by walking across the diamond to third base, where "Skinny" was all athrob with the enthusiasm of the game, as he "held down third." The other boys gave up in despair as this lady proceeded to smooth down "Skinny's" hair, and talk tenderly to him, warning him not to get too hot, nor play too hard. Then she drew a nice hot cookie from a big sack and gave it to "Skinny" with the comment, "Son, pass them around to your friends."

That changed everything! A boy near me whispered, "Sure, she's anxious about him, and brought him cookies. Gee, that's his mother." Yes, that is just what a mother would do!

What would you give today to have your own mother cross Life's playgrounds and come to you where you are playing your position and smooth your hair, and your heart! Wouldn't it be sweet to hear her say, "Son, don't hurt yourself, and don't play too hard." How sweet it would be to feel her

gentle hand wipe away the sweat and grime again, and fold you once more in her arms! How good her precious cookies would taste today! But she's gone the way of The One-Way Traffic. The hope is vain of her returning other than in the glorious company of the redeemed when life's cares are all ended. Is there no source from which love can flow again into these dried and shriveled lives of ours?

Oh, there is a greater love than any mother ever knew, and there is Someone who cares for you this very day more than a fond mother could have ever cared! Listen to this: "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Matthew 7: 11.

These are the words of Jesus. With what comfort they fell upon the broken heart of humanity! "How much more," Jesus says. How much more willing to give is our Heavenly Father than our precious mothers could have been. How much more able to give is God than any human parent. This blessed "How much more" should dry your tears and comfort your heart today.

In Luke 11:13 the same words are used by Jesus with one exception. Where Matthew says our Heavenly Father will give us "good things," Luke has it "the Holy Spirit." This is no contradiction, for the Holy Spirit is the third Person of the Godhead, whom Jesus says He will send as the Comforter to see that God's children get the "good things." So, I shall cry from the depths of my heart to the blessed Mother-hearted God for all that I need, knowing that when my mother, were she with me now, fell short, my Lord would go on loving me much more, giving me much more, comforting me much more. So I beg all of you to look to Him for every need!

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THE HEAVENLY ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE

By JOHN DRYDEN

Whence but from heaven could men, unskilled in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? Or how or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

DOING MY ART

★

I thought 'twould be an easy task,
For one as smart as I,
To sit right down and play a tune,
So I began to try.

And then I found, to my surprise,
Each finger was a thumb,
And though I might be smart in books,
In music I was dumb.

The sing-song count of "one-two-three,"
The bass and treble, too,
The sharps and flats and space and line,
Incensed me through and through.

But when I'd mastered one by one
These things that puzzled me,
I found in exercise and scale
A tuneful harmony.

Then came the truth into my mind
That music is an art
That can not be acquired unless
I do an honest part.

—Alice Whitson Norton.



"If all my years were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by His 'made white as snow'?"

"If all my days were sunny, could I say,
'In His fair land He wipes all tears away'?"

"If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, 'He gives His loved one sleep'?"

"Were no graves mine, might I not come to deem
The Life Eternal but a baseless dream?"

"My winter, and my tears, and weariness,
Even my graves, may be His way to bless.

"I call them ills; yet that can surely be
Nothing but love that shows my Lord to me!"