



The Country Church of Hollywood

SCRAP-BOOK



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*Presented to*

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*by*

*Sister Sarah, The Goose Creek Quartet  
and  
Bro. Rudy*



*"How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning  
To list to the clear ringing bell,  
Its tones so sweetly are calling  
Oh, come to the church on the hill.*

*"Oh, come, come, come, come,  
Come to the church in the wildwood,  
Oh, come to the church on the hill,  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little white church on the hill."*

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

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CHAPTER TWELVE

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THE membership of the little church at East End, Meridian, seemed to grow by leaps and bounds, and we didn't know what to do with the crowds that came on Sundays. So, the board of stewards met with Josiah, their pastor, and decided to sell the old church and build a new one. This was in the summer, and summer time in Mississippi is just about as hot as you can imagine!

I reckon Josiah and I both must have looked pretty well "fagged out" about this time, for the stewards "ordered" us to take a month's rest! And would you believe it, right at the time we were wondering where we could go and take the children for a vacation and where it wouldn't cost much, we received a letter from Mrs. Perry Jackson of Sycamore, Tennessee, asking us to come and spend a while with them up in Tennessee! Her generous invitation was the answer to our problem, and we began packing bag and baggage to go back to Tennessee, where we would see again the old familiar faces that we loved!

I think I must have cooked for a week before-hand getting the lunch baskets fixed up to take on the train with us! There were too many of us to eat all our meals in the diner.

And we "piled in" on the Jacksons, the whole family, and spent the month of July swimming in Sycamore Creek, playing croquet, and riding horseback across the hills. It was a summer never to be forgotten by our little parsonage family.

And now, to think that after more than twenty years, this same dear friend of ours, Mrs. Jackson, should make a visit to the little Country Church of Hollywood, and talk to all the neighbors there about those wonderful by-gone days! What a joy and privilege it was to have her!

But I must get back to my story. The leaves on the beautiful Sycamore trees were beginning to turn red and gold in the Fall when we boarded the train to go back to Meridian. When we reached our little parsonage that night, all tired out and dirty, Josiah took the front door key out of his pocket and ran up the steps to open the door for us, when somebody stepped out from behind the vines that were growing on the porch and said, "Sorry, Parson, but you don't live here any more! They've taken all your belongings and set 'em in a house about two blocks down the street. Keep a-going like you're headed and when you come to a white house all lighted up and some folks in it having a good time, why that's where your things are!"

Well, we all heard the man talking to Josiah and, of course, at first we couldn't "make out" what he meant. Finally, Josiah said, "Sarah, I believe they've bought us a new parsonage while we've been gone!"

And, sure enough, they had! The white house down the street was all fixed up with lace curtains at the windows and a new set of furniture in the spare bedroom, and the furniture from the old parsonage with our belongings all brought over and set up so nicely in the new white house! And the neighbors were gathered there to greet us and welcome us home, and of course another hot supper all ready for us to sit down and eat! It looked like all Josiah and I could do was to just cry. We were so choked up we couldn't even thank those good folks.

It looked like such a pity to me that after those blessed folks had been so good and kind to us, that Josiah couldn't stay and help them build their new church. But, just about the time the lot was bought, he was sent to another city, for us to begin a new ministry. This time we were sent to Laurel, Miss., a city not as large as Meridian, but a thriving, up-to-date, and growing place.

It seemed to me that when I stepped off the train, something about the newness of the buildings and the quick stepping of the men and women passing seemed to say, "You are going to have some new and strange experiences in our city." And my feeling about it all proved to be true.

It took some time to get the children fixed up in the new schools. I always feel sorry for preachers' children that have to move around so much, on account of having to change

their schools so often. One of my daughters said to me, "Mother, it's a wonder any of us ever graduated, we had to change schools so many times." And it is very hard on the children.

We hadn't been living in Laurel more than a year, when "Bud," our baby boy, came to take his place in our little parsonage along with his four little sisters. Certainly, we were glad our boy had come, even if he was late putting in his appearance! It was my first experience of having to go to a hospital to have my baby. The idea then wasn't so popular as it is now. But our doctor at Laurel said it was the only thing to do; so, not wanting to miss it if it was good and the thing to do, Josiah and I saved the money month by month so our fifty baby could be born at the Maternity Hospital. And how good and attentive they were to me, and how proud they were of our big, fine baby boy.

Josiah and I had talked it over and agreed that he would name the little girls that God would send us, and I would name the boys. Up to this time, Josiah had done most of the naming of the babies, but my turn had come at last. I knew that he was very anxious to have his little son named for him, like our first little daughter had been named for me, but I was a great tease and kept Josiah guessing for a week or two about what I'd name the baby.

Woodrow Wilson was our President then, and I asked Josiah if he didn't think it would be nice to name our son after President Wilson and call him "Woodrow," like so many parents were doing at that time.

"Well," Josiah said, "I reckon that would be fine. It surely is a worthy name, and you have the say-so, honey."

"Oh, Josiah, I was only teasing! He's been named for you all these years!"

And I am so thankful today that he has his sainted father's full name, William Bennett Hogg. As so many of you know, that is Josiah's real name. We took the names of "Josiah and Sarah Hopkins" purely for the radio, because these names represented both in sound and in memory the spirit of an old country preacher and his wife.

And the neighbors know Bill, our son, as "Bud Hopkins" on our radio programs.

The next year and six months went by quickly and happily at our little parsonage in Laurel. (To Be Continued)

## TIMELY ADVICE

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“If you are impatient, sit down quietly and talk with Job.  
If you are just a little headstrong, go and see Moses.  
If you are getting weak-kneed, take a good look at Elijah.  
If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.  
If you are a policy person, read Daniel.  
If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.  
If you feel chilly, let the beloved disciple, John, put his arms  
about you.”



“Two little eyes to look to God,  
“Two little ears to hear His Word;  
Two little feet to walk His ways,  
Hands to serve Him all my days!

“One little tongue to speak His truth,  
One little heart for Him in youth;  
Take them, O Jesus, let them be  
Always willing, true to Thee.”

“He that is down, needs fear no fall;  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.  
I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much;  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because thou savest such.  
Fulness to such a burden is  
That go on pilgrimage;  
Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
Is best from age to age.”

—John Bunyon.

## MATTHEW 6:8

★

“For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.”

Surely, God knows all about your need this “blue Monday!” He knows what the birds need, and supplies it. No millionaire on earth is able to pay the feed bill of the birds just one little day! You ask, “Then, preacher, why doesn’t God go ahead and supply my needs?” That is a legitimate question. Here is the Bible answer: study the case of blind Bartimeus’ withered, sightless eyes. But Jesus asked him, “What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?” It looks like the Lord would have given him his much-needed eyesight! But He waited until Bartimeus said, “O Lord, that I might receive my sight!” Remember, there is a law in the spiritual universe that ties God’s hands in certain cases until the petitioner asks for the particular blessing. “Ask” right now, “and ye shall receive.”

JOSIAH HOPKINS.



“There’s never a rose in all the world  
But makes some green spray sweeter;  
There’s never a wind in all the sky  
But makes some bird wing fleeter;  
There’s never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender,  
And never a rosy cloud but helps  
To crown the sunset splendor.  
No robin but may thrill some heart,  
His boundless gladness voicing;  
God gives us all some small sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.”

“Seemed as if a spite was in it,  
And although I might forget  
All the other chores that plagued me,  
I can hate that wood-box yet:  
And when I look back at boyhood—  
Shaking off the cares of men—  
Still it comes to spoil the picture,  
Screaming, ‘Fill me up again!’ ”

## ISAIAH 32:20

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“Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”

Sow in every field, and by all waters; some seeds of blessed truth are certain to sprout and bring forth fruit. One can never tell what “field” will bring forth the quickest, or best harvest spiritually. I have sown the seed of the gospel in death cells, where men were waiting electrocution, and I have seen some saved even there. I have seen them come out of gangland, because they heard the good news of the salvation in Christ. A few weeks ago I saw an underworld gangster saved because a Madison Street Mission in Chicago played a phonograph record through an amplifier that put the song out on old Madison Street above the traffic and the noise on that street of missing men. The song was “Shall We Gather at the River!” A “bum” and drug addict, slinking in the shadows of Chicago’s underworld, heard it and recalled that it was his Christian mother’s favorite hymn. It drew him out of the city’s night into the mission where he was really born again. Jesus said to “sow beside all waters.” Start today!

JOSIAH HOPKINS.



## A BOY’S OPINION OF HIS DAD

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“The wisest man on this here earth is Pa;  
He knows a thousand times as much as Ma.  
The neighbors don’t know near as much as he—  
He’s full of knowledge; full as he can be.  
He knows just how the housework should be done;  
And how this glorious country should be run.  
He knows exactly how Ma ought to dress—  
He’s certain he could do it for much less.  
Sometimes we argue; then it’s Pa’s delight  
To show us that we’re wrong, and he is right.  
They don’t make men these days like Pa, you bet,  
Or if they do, I’ve never seen one yet;  
For Pa is just as smart as he can get.”

## ZECHARIAH 14:7

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“It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.”

The particular meaning of this beautiful text is that God will scatter the clouds of darkness on this poor earth by the sunrise of the Day of His Coming! What a comforting thought! Though this old planet will roll on into gathering darkness toward the end of the age, God has promised days of light and righteousness to it. Men cannot create the light that this earth needs to hush its fears and dry its tears; only the return of Jesus can do that. There will be no permanent peace until the Prince of Peace sits at the peace table. Wars will not cease until Jesus takes the hate out of the human hearts that dwell on the earth. Then, this text has a message for each born-again believer. However dark your life may be today as God's child, He will bring you into the eternal day of His presence. “The path of the just is as a shining light that grows brighter unto the perfect day!” Take heart, child of God, there are bright days ahead!

JOSIAH HOPKINS.



## THE LITTLE GIRL I USED TO BE

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The little girl I used to be  
Came back to call, today;  
Her chubby little knees were scratched,  
Her blue hair ribbons weren't matched.  
Yet, watching her, I seemed to see  
Deep in her eyes of gray—  
A spark of something that has grown  
Into the heart of me.

She seemed at first a small unknown,  
We had few words to say—  
We tried to laugh and chat, but we  
Were centuries away.  
Until her fingers touched my hand,  
And over mists of years,  
I knew that she could understand,  
And smiled at her through tears.

And then we talked of many things,  
Of dreams we used to know;  
I told her that grown-up land brings  
A challenge to the heart that stings—  
She told me mousy-low,  
Her pursed-up mouth against my ear,  
About her doll and all things dear,  
That we had loved and lain away  
When we had grown too big to play!

The little girl I used to be  
Came back to call, today;  
Her smile was wide and very glad,  
And yet her eyes were almost sad—  
Perhaps because of me!  
For I sit at a desk and write,  
And seldom watch the firelight  
For pictures, any more—

I do not wonder when it's dark,  
If bears and woolly dogs that bark,  
Lurk just behind the door . . .



Her chubby little knees were scratched,  
Her blue hair ribbons weren't matched,  
My blouse was new and neat—  
And oh, I saw the eyes of her,  
Watching through just a little blur,  
My skirt! most to my feet!  
I wonder can she ever know,  
Or ever really see  
The spark of her, that like a glow,  
Lights all the soul of me?

—Margaret E. Sangster.



Faith is the root of all blessings. Believe, and you shall be saved; believe, and you must needs be satisfied; believe, and you cannot but be comforted and happy.—Jeremy Taylor.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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OUR COUNTRY had declared war, and war clouds were hanging heavy all around us, but somehow we could not seem to realize we were in the midst of the world's greatest conflict and bloodshed. It seemed impossible for war to affect our little family. I'm sure there were thousands of little families that felt the same way.

But, one day, I saw Josiah open the front door slowly, his face white with anxiety and worry, and he handed me a letter that was to bring that awful war right to our very door. It was a letter from a Bishop in his church, saying he had been selected among other young ministers to represent the Methodist Church and to go as a Chaplain to the boys who were so bravely fighting for our country. The letter said he hoped Josiah would not turn down the call.

I read the letter over and over. I tried to forget it, but no matter what I was doing, that letter seemed ever before me. Finally, Josiah said, "Sarah, I've got to let them know something quickly. How shall I answer them?"

Well, we settled that question on our knees with our arms around each other, like we had done so many other questions of vital importance. Josiah packed his suitcase to go to Camp Pike at Little Rock, Arkansas, to enter into his duties there as Chaplain in the United States Army. Josiah could see my heart was breaking, and he tried to cheer me up by saying, "Honey, don't worry! I may not have to be gone long. I may not even have to go overseas—the war may end very shortly." But somehow, I didn't feel that optimistic about it.

Of course, they had to appoint another preacher to take

Josiah's place as pastor of the church he was serving in Laurel. But I stayed in Laurel with my little family until Josiah could get some idea of how long he would be stationed at Camp Pike.

In the meantime, one of our little girls, Martha, whom you know as "Miss Peachy Applewhite," became very sick with inflammatory rheumatism caused by an infection from her tonsils. I reckon they didn't know as much about removing the tonsils then as they do now, and the doctors were afraid to operate on account of the disease being too close to her heart. I was frantic with worry and fear when Josiah wrote me that he thought it would be good to bring Martha to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where those wonderful health-giving baths are, and perhaps they would do our little girl some good. He would get a leave of absence and go to Hot Springs with me, he wrote.

So, I bundled up my four little girls and baby boy and went on the train to Little Rock, met Josiah there, and we traveled on to Hot Springs. A wonderful surgeon lived in Hot Springs who said our little girl's only chance was an operation and her tonsils removed. And, sure enough, after the operation, Martha's health began at once to improve, and the roses came back to her cheeks. The Hot Springs baths were not necessary now, so we went back to Little Rock to make our home, so that we could be close to Josiah as long as he was at Camp Pike, which was only about eight miles from Little Rock.

What anxious days were those! None of us knew what another day might bring or when an order would come for the boys at Camp Pike to move on to Hoboken. Josiah's first outfit as he called it was the 312th Engineers. And what a fine lot of men they were! So many times I would go to the officers' banquets with Josiah and sit at the table with these men and talk with them about their families they had left back home. And some would pull out pictures from their pockets of those whom they held most dear, to show me.

I never will forget the day Colonel Slattery gave a big reception for his officers and their wives! Josiah came home that day and brought me a beautiful printed invitation. "Why, I can't go, Josiah," I said. "I haven't anything to wear to a big reception."

"Oh, but you must go with me," he said. "Come on—

let's go get you a pretty hat and dress! I have my salary check here in my pocket."

So Josiah helped me pick out the dress and hat. It was summer time, and I remember the dress was pink organdy and the hat was a wide leghorn with a big pink rose on it, with black ribbon streamers. Josiah was just as proud of my new hat and dress as I was, and we made a right nice-looking couple after we got all fixed up, if I do say so myself. I'm sure I never did enjoy a reception as much in my life or ever felt as dressed up as I did at Colonel Slattery's reception, when Josiah selected my dress and hat.

Then, Josiah decided he'd see if Colonel Slattery would allow him to organize a brass band among the men of the 312th Engineers. Colonel Slattery gave his permission, and Josiah started out in earnest to get together a band. I couldn't say much for the first efforts of that band. It is hard for me to tell you just what it did sound like at first. They used to come out to our house to rehearse sometimes, and I was afraid the neighbors were going to send the police after them, but they didn't. The neighbors seemed to understand and had great sympathy for the boys, and would bring out refreshments after the band concert was over. But, Josiah heard some time afterwards that that band that he started later became one of the most popular bands overseas and won many silver cups for their good playing.

It seemed so hard for Josiah to tear himself away from our little home during that time. He wanted the children to stay up late at night to play with him on the nights he could get a leave of absence from the camp. He and I both had a haunting fear that any night might be his last before being ordered to France. And, sure enough, it wasn't long before the orders came, and nearly all the 87th Division was ordered to leave for Hoboken, and from there to France.

It's very hard to describe the tearful farewells as wives, mothers, and sweethearts clung to their men as long as they could before the old troop train puffed and started off with its precious burden. I caught a last glimpse of Josiah as it made a bend in the road, and he smiled with tears streaming down his face as he threw me a last kiss! I remember saying to myself on the way back home amidst my tears, "Jackson was right. War is hell!"

(To Be Continued)

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## PSALM 27:1

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"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Are you whipped? Has Satan tripped you up? Are you a quitter? Frightened out of your wits? Are you afraid to attempt daring things for God? Then read slowly this morsel of Divine food for today. "The Lord is my light—." Yes, He will illumine your pathway as well as your heart. I have kept the old lantern that we used to keep on the farm. When we went over to the neighbors' at night we took it along. It gave only light for about six feet ahead, but that was sufficient. As we moved forward, the light went ahead, always showing what lay a few feet ahead. It gave light step by step. When we stopped, it stopped. I love that old battered lantern from the yesteryears, for it tells me how God will light my way as I travel on, light though it may be for just a step at a time. Start now, and the light will go with you. Not only is God Light, but He is the Strength you need. Light and Strength! Don't be "skeered," as we used to say on the farm down South; go on, and God will give you "light" and "strength" for the trip.

JOSIAH HOPKINS.

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Oh, take me back to simple things  
That God alone can make,  
And let me live with trees and birds  
And of their music take.  
I want to sing it to the world  
And hear the world sing back,  
To give the poor the joy of life  
And all the things they lack.

—Carrie Jacobs Bond.

## GETTIN' DOCTORED

★

“Gettin' doctored ain't so bad  
If th' doctorin's done by Dad,  
'Cause ol' Dad was once a boy  
An' recalls things that annoy—  
Such as goose-grease, oil an' pills  
An' such things that cure your ills!

“But when Ma starts in, look out!  
'Cause she knows what she's about.  
First she'll feel my pulse, then seek  
Signs o' fever on my cheek;  
Findin' none, she'll then confine  
Searchin' to that tongue o' mine!

“Ma will then start in to spoil  
My insides with castor oil!  
Get her oil an' tablespoon  
While she hums a mournful tune,  
Then she'll say, 'Now, if you can,  
Swaller this jest like a man!'”

“Seems before each winter's done  
Ma will give me, one by one:  
Quinine, pills an' mustard packs—  
Cures fer grippe an' achin' backs!  
Onion syrup fer my croup  
When I sneeze an' cough an' whoop.

“But I'm tellin' you quitè plain,  
If I've got an ache'r pain,  
Ma's th' doctor that can tell  
Jest th' thing to make me well—  
Though her treatment's sometimes rough,  
'Twill kill'r cure—Ma knows her stuff.”



“God has His best things for the few  
That dare to stand the test;  
He has His second choice for those  
Who will not have His best.”

## HOUSE CLEANING

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When all my ties are put away  
And every closet shelf is bare;  
When I arise at break of day  
And cannot find a thing to wear;  
When my one bureau drawer is cleared  
And only handkerchiefs remain;  
When all I want has disappeared,  
I know she's cleaned the house again.

When I go searching round for shoes  
I purposely had put away  
And saved for gardening to use;  
When shirts of mine have gone astray;  
When all the treasures I possess  
Are at the lowest minimum,  
It does not take me long to guess  
The annual cleaning time has come.

I know the household Springtime cry.  
I've heard it muttered oft before,  
"Let's give away that coat and tie,  
He'll never want them any more."  
So when the "rubbish" that was mine  
Has vanished from each room and den  
And floors and walls and windows shine,  
It means the house is clean again.

—Edgar A. Guest.



Not for one single day  
Can I discern my way,  
But this I surely know—  
Who gives the day  
Will show the way,  
So I securely go.

—John Oxenham.

## THE OWL CRITIC

★

“Who stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in the shop;  
The barber was busy and he couldn't stop;  
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading  
The “Daily,” the “Herald,” the “Post,” little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;  
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don't you see, Mister Brown,”  
Cried the youth with a frown,  
“How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?  
I make no apology,  
I've learned owl-eology,  
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail  
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.  
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!  
Do take that bird down,  
Or you'll be the laughing stock all over the town.”  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“I've studied owls and other night fowls,  
And I tell you  
What I know to be true:  
An owl cannot roost with his limbs so unloosed;  
No owl in the world  
Ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted,  
Ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed  
Into that attitude.  
He can't do it, because  
'Tis against all bird laws.  
Anatomy teaches,  
Ornithology preaches,  
An owl has a toe  
That can't turn out so!

I've made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!  
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed  
You should be so gone crazed  
As to put up a bird  
In that posture absurd!  
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;  
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business."  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that.  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.  
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."  
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
Walked 'round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,  
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,  
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;  
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"  
And the barber kept on shaving. —Selected.

★  
**NEW DAY**  
★

God turns each morning a new page for me  
And says, "See here, my child, a new-born day,  
Glorious and shining! Take it, and use it well!  
Put far behind thee yesterday's dark thoughts,  
Its failures, its vain stumblings, and its griefs.  
The robin's song rings a bright bugle call  
To rouse thy slumbering heart! Awake, my child!  
And set thee forth with dauntless courage still,  
One day may change the face of all the world,  
One day, lived fearlessly, thy hand in Mine,  
Shall conquer all things, and make all things thine.  
One day! One glorious day! Awake, my child!  
Fear nothing, for I am with thee today!"

—Grace Bush.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

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## CHAPTER FOURTEEN



DAYS passed into weeks before I received my first letter from Josiah after the troop train left the station for Hoboken, New Jersey. He had told me that if I did not receive any message from him, I would know that they had been ordered immediately to France. Everything was under strict military discipline, and, of course, as there were spies in our country, it would never have done for Josiah to send me a message that the 87th Division was leaving for France. Every letter was strictly censored anyway so that no information of any kind was given. But he had told me not to worry. that the minute he could write, he would.

So after three weeks or more there came a letter dated September 5, 1918, and postmarked "In France," and the postmark left me to guess just what part of France I might find my husband. But Josiah and I had made up a "code" of our own before he left to help me to know where he was stationed. He said if he wrote he was near a big city, I'd know he meant Bordeaux.

Last night I was looking through a lot of letters that he wrote me while overseas, and I came across the first one that I received, and the date was September 5, 1918 (he left in July, 1918). I think I'll set down part of this letter for you neighbors to read, just as Josiah wrote it to me. It's one of my precious love letters, but I don't mind sharing it with you now.

"My Wonderful Darling:

We are here at a rest camp about six miles from a 'big city.' All the companies are scattered on different

construction work. I have asked to be sent to the hospitals near here to give inspirational talks to the boys. They have a senior chaplain here who has won a Croix de Guerre! This is the French cross for valor. I'll be content, having done my duty, to be decorated with your smile of welcome and be home again! I am so anxious to know whether you are getting your money or not, if Virginia has had her operation and if my trunk ever got home, etc., etc. But they'll all come some day! Bushels of love for you and our babies. WILL."

His letters were a long time reaching me, but my letters to him seemed to be even longer reaching their destination.

I know from Josiah's experience how very hard it must have been on all the officers and the "dough boys" for their precious letters from the home folks to be delayed so long.

Even with a little home and five healthy children to take care of, time seemed to drag heavily on my hands. I wanted every minute to be filled, for I missed Josiah so much. So I applied as teacher in a private school and got the job. Once more Josiah's mother came to my aid. She was living with her daughter in Mississippi, and when I wrote her what I had done and asked her to come to be with the babies while I taught during the day, she wrote immediately that she'd come right away. It always seemed a pleasure to her to be able to help her daughter-in-law in any way possible. She was always one of my very best chums and never seemed like an "old lady" to me.

Mildred (who is "Miss Maggie Pardue" on our broadcast) and "Bud" were too small to attend school then, and I felt so satisfied to know that their "grandma" was taking good care of them while I had to be at school. Having my time so filled up with school work and home work, and with caring for my babies did make the time pass very much faster.

The warm summer days turned into the cooler days of Fall and then came that glorious day of November 11, 1918—the day the Armistice was signed! How could anybody forget that day! Especially those of us who had a husband, brother, son or a sweetheart "over there"!

I expect I was one of the first citizens of Little Rock, Arkansas, to know the good news. Some time during the

night of November 10th, I was waked up by the telephone ringing very loud. After stumbling over chairs, doll buggies, toy trains, etc., I finally took the receiver off the wall and said, "Hello!" and a friend of Josiah's and mine said, "Well, I'm not sorry I waked you up this time, little sister, for I've got the best news you ever heard!"

And I was wide awake by this time and shouted back to him, "Oh, please tell me quick!"

"Well," he said, "what would you rather hear than anything?"

"Oh," I said, "I'd rather know the war is over than anything in the world!"

"Well, young woman, that's exactly what has happened! The Armistice has been signed, and if you can stay awake until 5 o'clock in the morning, you'll hear every church bell, every engine bell, and every fire bell in town ringing for joy! And I wanted you to be one of the first ones in town to know about it!"

I was so overcome with joy, I took a nervous chill, and I thought I'd shake myself to pieces, but it was a "good chill" anyhow! And, by this time, Josiah's mother was crying for joy, and we had to wake up our sleepy children to tell them the good news!

Sure enough, at 5 o'clock in the morning of November 11th, the bells and whistles all over the city began to scream with joy, and folks ran in and out of their houses in a delirium of happiness. And all over the world the glad news spread!

Then, we began to plan for Josiah's home-coming. We even thought he might get home for Christmas! But that was too much to expect, for I received a letter from him written at 5:30, November 12th, from Bordeaux, France, and this letter will tell what happened better than I can. I'm copying it as I'm reading the letter now.

"My precious Darling:

I am full to overflowing! I just said good-bye to the first fellow I have seen leave for home! Well, it surely hurt me to tell him good-bye. I told him to throw a kiss to the Statue of Liberty for me! Some blessed day I will sail for home the happiest man in the A. E. F.!

I reckon you dear folks in the U. S. A. made the 'welkin ring' last night when the news of victory arrived!

Germany is whipped to a frazzle—her fleet, submarines, and all are in our hands. While our army will occupy Germany to the Rhine, Alsace-Lorraine is returned to France, and Belgium restored.

France is crazed with joy! Nothing like it has ever been under the sun! Yelling, singing, dancing—thousands singing through the streets while French flags and Old Glory are flying from every window! But, oh, the cost! American boys without arms, legs or eyes shouted from their beds and armchairs over the end of the horrors of war. I saw invalid chairs pushed by attendants through the streets and on them French soldiers whose legs were paralyzed by wounds. People hushed their screams of victory as they passed and reverently filled their chairs with flowers. I saw French soldiers, shouting for victory, and not a foot in the crowd!

I saw in the joy-crazed crowd—soldiers—French, American, English, Scotch, Moroccans, Portuguese, Chinese, Russian, Italian, Australian, and Canadian! What a sight of differently dressed men of various nations singing the same song of triumph! But amidst all the joy I saw a group of German prisoners—some officers, carrying a floral wreath for the funeral of a comrade—and for the vanquished 'Hun' I found a soft spot in my heart.

An outfit left the 3rd Army for the U. S. A. today—and I have to stay! But, never mind, I'm coming home with a 'bang' some day! I began last night my work as 'Cheer-up Chaplain' of the 3rd Army! Tomorrow I leave in a car for a tour of every Division in the Army of Occupation. They are the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 22nd, 23rd, 42nd, 89th, and 90th. These are the men that broke the 'Hun' line.

Isn't this pretty (?) paper I'm writing on? It's some of the best I can get, though—wish I had some ink to make it look real fancy!

Oh, yes, I got some clean underclothes today—the first in three weeks! I am here with the same clothes

I had on when I hit Germany, and no chance much to get any washing done. A bar of soap costs the wash woman more than a week's wash costs in the States!

Found a patch of gray hair on my temple today. I am ten years older for the year of heartaches and absence from you and our babies. Oh, how I long to get home!

Your sweetheart,

WILL."

It was March of 1919 before Josiah finally was given permission to come home.

(To Be Continued)



## TOO BUSY



Too busy to see the glint of the sunbeams,  
The blush of the rose, the gleam of the stars;  
Too busy to view the tints of the rainbow,  
The dash of the water o'er yon sandy bars.

Too busy to hear the songs that are swelling,  
The music of earth in rapturous praise;  
Too busy to hear the sob of the orphan,  
The cry of the poor and lost of the race.

Too busy to feel the pitiful sorrows,  
The anguish and pain, the turmoil and stress;  
Too busy to sense the need of our neighbor,  
The tears or the groans of those in distress.

Too busy to touch with hands of compassion  
The ones we might heal with kindness and love;  
Too busy to guide the feet that are straying,  
To lead them to light and to heaven above.

Too busy to lose, and yet we are losing,  
Too busy to pause while moments pass by;  
Too busy to live, and yet we are living,  
Too busy to die, and yet we must die.

—Haldor Lillenas.

Exodus 10:23: "All the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."

Just before the tenth plague, that of death, fell on Egypt, God sent a horrible darkness over the land of the Nile. But notice that all Israel had light in their dwellings. There is such a darkness settling over the world today, but there should be light in every believer's heart and home. All about you, the gathering shadows announce the coming of the earth's terrible night just before the dawning of the Day of the Lord. But the Holy Spirit can illumine your soul. There is assurance in the heart of God's child; there is peace resting like a halo in the soul where the Holy Spirit dwells. Hide your soul in God!

JOSIAH HOPKINS.



## ONE DAY AT A TIME

"One day at a time, with its failures and fears,  
With its hurts and mistakes, with its weakness and tears,  
With its portion of pain and its burden of care;  
One day at a time we must meet and must bear.

"One day at a time—but the day is so long—  
And the heart is not brave and the soul is not strong.  
O, thou pitiful Christ, be thou near all the way;  
Give courage and patience and strength for the day.

"Swift cometh His answer, so clear and so sweet,  
'Yes, I will be with thee, thy troubles to meet;  
I will not forget thee or fail thee or grieve;  
I will not forsake thee; I never will leave.'

"One day at a time, and the day is His day;  
He hath numbered its hours, though they haste or delay;  
His grace is sufficient, we walk not alone,  
As the day, so the strength that He giveth His own."

## WHY ANGELS ARE SURPRISED

“The angels from their thrones on high  
Look down on us with wondering eye,  
That where we are but passing guests  
We build such strong and solid nests;  
But where we hope to dwell for aye,  
We scarce take heed one stone to lay.”



## THE BLOOM WITHIN

Scatter seeds of kindness  
In the garden of your heart,  
Enrich the soil with love,  
Give it moisture  
With a sympathetic tear,  
Paint its petals  
With the joy that's in your eye,  
Give it fragrance  
From the goodness of your soul,  
The bloom will be  
Within your heart,  
Yet all may see.

—Luther Patton.



“Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease  
To very, very little keys;  
And don't forget that they are these:  
'I thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'”



My doctrine is to lay aside  
Contentions, and just be satisfied.  
Just do your best and prize or blame  
That follows, that counts just the same.  
I've always noticed that great success  
Is mixed with trouble more or less,  
And it's the fellow that does his best  
That gets more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!  
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!  
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His  
wing,  
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal  
spring;  
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;  
If I tried I could not utter what He says when we thus meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and  
fears;  
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.  
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He  
would be  
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see!

Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,  
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought?  
No, He is so very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more,  
For I know that He does love me, though He wounds me very  
sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the  
Lord?  
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your  
reward;  
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting  
place,  
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your  
face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy  
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace  
destroy,  
You will always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;  
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

—Ellen L. Gorch.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN



JUST before he left France for home, Josiah developed double-lobar pneumonia and was ill on the boat all the way across the ocean, and had to be carried to the hospital in New York on a stretcher. The name of the Ocean Liner was "The Henderson," and it was filled with sick and wounded soldiers. An awful storm came up while they were in mid-ocean that lasted for twenty days! We knew Josiah was on that boat, and every day I'd read in the papers what a struggle The Henderson was having against that awful storm. Thousands of prayers went up from those of us who had loved ones on board and from the churches all over the land for God to protect The Henderson!

But one night just at a time that my heart seemed to almost stand still with dread for fear The Henderson couldn't make it (her Sister Ship had gone down only a few short months before this, in just such a storm), I received the first and only cablegram I ever did get. It was a direct answer to prayer, and it quieted my anxious heart. The cablegram was from Josiah saying, "Don't be afraid. God is with us. We will land in New York in a very few days. Will wire you there." It was like a voice from out of the storm!

Josiah said he knew the papers must have been full of the news of The Henderson, and he sent for the Captain of the boat and asked him if he thought he could get a message through to me in the awful storm. The weather-beaten old Captain put his hand on Josiah's shoulder and said, "Be of good cheer, Chaplain! I'll land this old boat safely and your wife shall have her message in the morning."

And The Henderson landed safely in New York with her

precious cargo. Thousands and thousands of the people of New York met the great Ocean Liner, bringing flowers and cheering and welcoming back some of the choice "flower" of our country, some on stretchers, some in wheel-chairs, but all American heroes! What a sight that must have been! I wanted to go to New York to welcome Josiah when he landed, but there were two reasons why it was best for me not to go. One was that I didn't have the money to make the trip, and the other was that I wanted the children to be with me when we welcomed him home again!

They kept Josiah in the Government Hospital in New York for ten days after he landed to make sure he was well enough to make the trip home by train to Little Rock, Arkansas.

Then, one beautiful day in March of 1919, he stepped off the train at Little Rock, into the arms of his wife and children and mother, once more, after what had seemed ages of time. And he landed with a "bang" just like he said he would! I never saw a man have so much luggage in my life!

I asked him after we'd quieted down a little, if he left any souvenirs in France for anybody else? He had bag after bag full of souvenirs, from iron crosses to a machine gun belt! He would have had the machine gun, too, if he could have carried it!

After we were all through with our happy meal at home, and friends had come in to share our joy and extend love and congratulations, we were sitting by the fire in our little family circle, when I saw Josiah's mother get up, pull her chair up close to his, put her arms around his neck, and weep for joy. "Oh," I said to myself, "there's the bravest hero of us all!"

Then, I heard her say to Josiah, "Son, I'm so thankful that God spared you to us again! I prayed so earnestly that I might be with my boy again, and God has answered my prayer. I've had a double dose of this war business. When I was a young woman, I sent your father off to the Civil War and did my bit, too, as a nurse in that war, and now when the call to colors came again, I sent my precious boy. But I was more fortunate than thousands of other women; God sent both my husband and son back to me, and I thank Him for it."

I have never in all my life known a more courageous or

more capable woman than Josiah's mother. I have often wondered what she would have become had she had the education and opportunities that some of us have had.

I think Josiah told a great many of you neighbors about how his mother prayed that God would send her a son, and that he would be a preacher. Josiah's birth was much on the order of little Samuel's, and she said to me one day, "And when I prayed, I said, 'Lord, I don't want him to be an ordinary preacher either, I want him to be so filled with Thy Spirit that He will bring thousands into Thy Kingdom.'" And thousands will bear witness that his faithful mother's prayers were fully answered.

(To Be Continued)



A man never knows all what his mother has been to him until it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

Wm. Dean Howells.



## ONE OF THESE DAYS

Say! Let's forget it! Let's put it aside,  
Life is so large and the world is so wide;  
Days are so short and there's so much to do,  
What if it was false—there's so much that's true.

Say! Let's not mind it. Let's smile it away,  
Bring not a withered rose from yesterday;  
Flowers are so fresh by the wayside and wood,  
Sorrows are blessings but half understood.

Say! Let's not mind it, however it seems,  
Hope is so sweet and holds so many dreams.  
All of the sere fields with blossoms shall blaze  
One of these days.

Say! Let's get closer to somebody's side,  
See what his dreams are and know how he tried;  
Learn if our scoldings won't give way to praise,  
One of these days.

—J. W. Foley.

## NO OCCUPATION

She rises up at break of day;  
And through her tasks she races.  
She cooks the meal as best she may  
And scrubs the children's faces.  
While schoolbooks, lunches, ribbons, too,  
All need consideration.  
And yet the census man insists  
She has "No occupation."

When breakfast dishes all are done,  
She bakes a pudding, maybe;  
She cleans the rooms up one by one,  
With one eye watching baby;  
The mending pile she then attacks,  
By way of variation,  
And yet the census man insists  
She has "No occupation."

She irons for a little while,  
Then presses pants for daddy;  
She welcomes with a cheery smile  
Returning lass and laddie.  
A hearty dinner next she cooks  
(No time for relaxation)  
And yet the census man insists  
She has "No occupation."

—Anonymous.



A mother's arms are made of tenderness and children sleep  
soundly in them.

Victor Hugo.



There's music in the rippling of a rill,  
There's music in the sighing of a reed,  
There's music in all things if men had ears;  
The earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Joshua 1:3: "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you as I said unto Moses."

Think of it—Joshua had only to step on a piece of the promised land to have a title to it! The only limit to his possessions was his failure to walk over it! Walk in great circles of appropriation. Go take it by faith! Many of us are timidly reading God's boundless promises, but we are afraid to take the blessings they offer. Reach out the hands of your faith right now and take for your life what God offers and what your soul needs. Recently, I held a bright silver dollar out to a congregation of children and offered it to the first one that would come and take it. Not one of all those children moved! I expressed my disappointment. Then one bright little girl said, "I understand it; you are showing us how God offers good things to us." Then a little freckle-faced boy rushed up and took the dollar. The children seemed at first shocked at his apparent rudeness. Then I said, "That is what I wanted all of you to do." A little girl sobbed, "I never knew you meant it." Take God at His Word, neighbor!

JOSIAH HOPKINS.



"When sick at heart of care and strife,  
And even love grows weary,  
Brighten then some other life,  
For other hearts are dreary."



"I do not ask that Thou shalt front the fray,  
And drive the wavering foemen from my sight:  
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,  
Strength for the fight."

—Paul Dunbar's Prayer.

## WHEN THE SOAP GETS IN YOUR EYE

"My father says that I ought to be  
A man when anything happens to me.  
An' he says that a man will take a blow  
An' never let on it hurts him so;  
He'll grit his teeth an' he'll set his chin  
An' bear his pain with a manly grin.  
But I'll bet that the bravest man would cry  
If ever the soap gets into his eye.

"I'm brave enough when I'm playin' ball,  
An' I can laugh when I've had a fall.  
With the girls around I'd never show  
That I was scared if the blood should flow  
From my banged-up nose or a battered knee.  
As brave as the bravest I can be,  
But it's different pain, an' I don't know why,  
Whenever the soap gets into your eye.

"I can set my teeth an' I can grin  
When I scrape my cheek or I bark my shin,  
An' once I fell from our apple tree  
An' the wind was knocked right out of me,  
But I never cried an' the gang all said  
That they thought for sure I was really dead.  
But it's worse than thinking you're going to die  
Whenever the soap gets into your eye.

"When your mother's holding your neck, and you  
Couldn't get away if you wanted to,  
An' she's latherin' hard with her good right hand,  
It's more than the bravest man could stand.  
If you open your mouth to howl, you get  
A taste of the wash rag, cold and wet,  
But you got to yell till your face gets dry  
Whenever the soap gets into your eye."

“Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,”  
Was my childhood’s early prayer  
Taught by my mother’s love and care.  
Many years since then have fled;  
Mother slumbers with the dead;  
Yet methinks I see her now,  
With lovelit eye and holy brow,  
As, kneeling by her side to pray,  
She gently taught me to say,  
“Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

Oh! could the faith of childhood’s days,  
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,  
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust  
Be re-created from the dust  
That lies around a wasted life,  
The fruit of many a bitter strife!  
Oh, then at night in prayer I’d bend,  
And call my God, my Father, Friend,  
And pray with childlike faith once more  
The prayer my mother taught of yore,  
“Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

—Eugene Henry Pullen.



Behind me is infinite power;  
Before me is endless possibility;  
Around me is boundless opportunity—  
Why should I fear?

—Stella Stuart.

## VICTORY

I have made up my mind to be happy,  
I've been gloomy and glum long enough;  
I am going to brace up like a soldier,  
And smile though the road may be rough.

I am going to throw back my shoulders,  
I am going to lift up my head;  
I am going to march on like a fighter,  
Though weary enough to be dead.

I have made up my mind to be pleasant,  
The day's none too bright at the best,  
And my smile, tho it may need some urging,  
Will kindle a light in some breast.

It is settled, I've decided forever,  
My lips, they shall sing it, my song;  
I will sing, and in spite of my feelings;  
It will help me to journey alone.

Yes, I believe it is for me, the victory;  
I believe it's the thing God would give;  
So here's like grim death to the battle,  
I will fight and I'll conquer to live.

Bishop Ralph S. Cushman.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★  
By SARAH HOPKINS

★  
CHAPTER SIXTEEN



IT WAS NOT EASY to get adjusted again to a new life in the good old United States, for thousands of our men. There were new jobs to find after the terrors of war were over. Some came back from the battlefields to find their old jobs taken by other men and women.

Josiah seemed anxious about the new situation, too. We had bought a tiny little home in Little Rock and were paying for it by the month, and, of course, those payments had to be made. And again, as in the days before the awful conflict, we knelt together and asked God to show us what to do next. And the answer was only a few days reaching us.

One afternoon I was cooking supper for Josiah and the children when a telegraph boy brought Josiah a telegram. He was so excited he could hardly read it. Finally he came running into the kitchen where I was, calling, "Sarah, look, honey! I've got a job as lecturer on the Lyceum Circuit at one thousand dollars a year! They want me to pack up my souvenirs and start out at once!"

I was so excited and happy over it all, too, that I didn't think of reading the telegram myself. But when I was clearing away the supper dishes, I picked up the telegram and began to read it myself, and my eyes began to bulge! I saw that Josiah had read the telegram wrong. Instead of the Lyceum Company paying Josiah one thousand dollars a year, it read "one thousand dollars a month!"

Josiah said there must have been some mistake — he just couldn't believe it. So, he sent a telegram to the Lyceum

Bureau, asking them to please send him another telegram, that he didn't quite understand the one they sent. In a few hours came another telegram worded exactly like the first one, and we knew it was true! How we thanked God for giving Josiah this wonderful opportunity of making the payments on our little home and taking care of our family.

But, Josiah didn't stay with the Lyceum Bureau as a lecturer long, for the people of Winfield Memorial Methodist Church in Little Rock, Arkansas, asked that he be sent there as pastor, and we moved from our little home on Wolfe Street to the Winfield church parsonage.

Little Rock is a beautiful Southern city, filled with the warmest hearted of Southern people. And once more Josiah and I were welcomed as pastor and pastor's wife.

It was here at Winfield Church that Josiah and I celebrated our fifteenth wedding anniversary, our crystal wedding. Oh, we worked and saved and planned for this wonderful event for months ahead of time. Each one of the little girls had to have a new dress, hair ribbons, and shoes for the occasion, and "Bud" had to have a new outfit, too. Josiah had to have a new long-tail preacher's coat, and, of course, "the bride of fifteen years" must look her very best, so I wore a new white lace dress.

It was in August and a beautiful warm summer night. The ladies of the Ladies' Aid had decorated the church beautifully. Josiah and I marched down the aisle together, and our Presiding Elder (Brother Thomas) read the impressive wedding ceremony over again to us.

From there we went into the big Sunday School room, where the ladies had placed the anniversary presents on the tables for all the folks to see. I thought I had never seen such beautiful crystal before. And it came from such loving hearts and hands. Of course, it's hard to keep glassware, especially moving from one place to another, as preachers and their families have to do, but I still have some of the beautiful crystal dishes to remind me of our wonderful fifteenth wedding anniversary!

It wasn't long before the church began to be too small to accommodate the crowds that came on Sunday, and Josiah

and his board of stewards began to plan for a new church.

I remember one glorious Sunday, Josiah baptized and took into the church three hundred and fifty people. He had them all stand around the walls of the church and sing together "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." I will never forget that beautiful sight.

A larger lot was bought and the first story or basement was built in the new church. But right in the midst of this work, Josiah was sent as pastor to Trinity Methodist Church in El Paso, Texas. But the new Winfield Memorial Church was completed by the pastors who followed Josiah, and this church blesses hundreds who attend its services.

But, before I leave the story of our ministry in Little Rock, I must tell you something about the work Josiah did in the Arkansas State Penitentiary as Chaplain. The Warden's name was Mr. Dempsey, and Mr. Dempsey, Josiah and I were great friends. He was a very tender-hearted man and yet a very strict warden. How often Josiah and I used to go out to "The Walls," as the Penitentiary in Little Rock was called! Mr. Dempsey always welcomed us, and I think he would have had Josiah board out there with him and the men if he could have had his way about it. Only eternity will tell of the great good that Josiah's messages brought to those poor men and women!

The chaplain of any penitentiary has to go through some heart-breaking scenes. It's wonderful when you can see the message of salvation that you bring the men and women sinking deep in their hearts, and you know that they have been brought from "death unto life," because of the vast difference in the way they live after conversion.

But, there's another side to the story, too. Sometimes Josiah would be called upon to walk from the death chamber to the electric chair with some of these men! At first he would tell me when he was called on to go to these executions, but it had such a terrible effect on my nerves, because I visited the "walls" so much—all the men were my friends—that Josiah wouldn't tell me when these tragic messages would come.

Many a morning, tho', about 5 o'clock I've heard Josiah

quietly open the front door, trying not to wake me, and when I heard his car door slam, I knew he was on his way to the "walls" to walk the last few faltering steps with some poor white or colored man to where they came face to face with eternity. For days afterward Josiah could not seem to get it off his mind, and I couldn't blame him.

It was on one of these visits to the penitentiary that we met Tom Slaughter. Tom was a man about 35 years of age, big and handsome, who had been sent to the Arkansas Penitentiary for stealing and killing. He had had a very hard life as a young boy, living in a world where nobody seemed to care about him, whether he was good or whether he was bad. As the natural tendency of all human nature without God is downward, so downward Tom Slaughter drifted until when Josiah and I went to see him in prison, he was considered one of the worst criminals of that time.

But when we met him he was tending Mr. Dempsey's flowers out in the prison yard enclosed by a great wall fence. He told us he loved flowers and birds better than anything in the world. I said, "Josiah, a man that can love flowers and birds like he does, can't be all bad."

Well, we kept going time after time to see Tom, and Josiah would read his Bible to him, and they would sit out on the grass in the prison yard for hours at a time while Josiah would talk to him about God's Love. One day Josiah came home and said, "Sarah, Tom Slaughter has really been converted, and has given his heart to God. I know he has—his face fairly shone today as he accepted Christ as his Savior!" And I realized it, too, the next time I visited the penitentiary—"Christ's blood can wash the vilest sinner clean!"

But, the verdict of the court was that Tom was to die for the crimes he had committed. One day Josiah received a message to come to the penitentiary, that Tom Slaughter was anxious to see him. And when he reached the "walls," he found Tom waiting for him.

"Chaplain," he said, "I'm going to escape, but I will not kill a soul while I'm doing it. I promise you that!"

"But," Josiah said, "I'll have to tell the warden what you've said. It isn't fair to him."

"All right," Tom said. "You may tell him. I did not kill that man. Somebody else did it, and I can't die in the chair for something I didn't do, even if my life has been full of sin. I'd rather die trying to escape."

Well, of course, more guards were put around the walls and every precaution was taken. Josiah said to me, "Tom thinks he's going to escape, but he'll never be able to do it." But early one morning we heard the news-boys crying, "Extra! Tom Slaughter escapes from the Penitentiary walls with several other prisoners!"

Josiah hurried to the penitentiary to find out how it was done. He had worked his scheme successfully. He told the guard he had a chill and asked for a blanket. When the guard opened the cell door to give him the blanket, Tom jumped on him, got his gun away from him, locked the guard in the cell, took his keys, and went to every cell, telling them he'd take any of them with him that wanted to go. Then he went up on the second floor, sat down by a young man's bed who was in the penitentiary hospital, and talked a long time to him about "going straight," as he called it, and begged him to turn to God and live right. Then, he went to Mr. Dempsey's room and told Mr. Dempsey, his wife and daughter to follow him. He picked up the little grandbaby in his arms, saying, "Tom's not going to hurt you, darling," and locked them up! Then, he went to the refrigerator, brought out several bottles of milk for the baby, and stayed long enough to cook some breakfast for Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey, because he thought so much of them, he said.

Then, he and the prisoners who followed him jumped into Mr. Dempsey's car and escaped. For days there were rewards offered for Tom Slaughter. Finally one of the men who went with him came, gave himself up to Mr. Dempsey, and said, "I shot Tom Slaughter while he was asleep, so I could get the reward." But, he never did get the reward. He was put into prison for the murder of Tom. The life of Tom Slaughter is a great lesson for the mothers and fathers of all young men. What a power for righteousness Tom's life could have been, if somebody had cared enough to have taught him the way before it was too late!

(To Be Continued)

# THE WAY OUT

★  
By DR. W. B. HOGG ("Josiah Hopkins")

★  
(PART ONE)



NE scarcely ever notices the red lights in a building that mark the location of exits. But let danger arise, and they mark the way of safety, and are worth their weight in diamonds. In the rush and roar of modern high-tension living, many never think of the way out, until trouble overtakes them. But let the heart begin to ache, and the trembling hands hold the withered flowers of life's dreams, then one usually welcomes the sound of any voice calling, "This Way Out!"

In one of the hospitals maintained for war-wrecked men, there is a man whose mind is locked in some terrible delusion, and to whom science has failed through all these years since the World War to give relief. I was a patient in the same institution. This poor man with the mangled mind found out in some strange way that I was a retired army chaplain. One day he put his trembling hand in mine and said tearfully:

"Chaplain, for God's sake, show me the way out!"

It occurred to me for the moment that his clouded brain sought spiritual comfort. But his next statement revealed his hopeless dilemma. He added:

"Yesterday, I lost my way in this forest, the woods of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and I can't find my way out."

"Yesterday!" What had passed since that terrible battle in the Argonne Wood? This poor man's mind was tangled in the horror of that fateful day. Since then, time has meant nothing to him. He lived still in one horrible, changeless present. "Yesterday!" Lost through all those years that

have dragged their weary length by his wrecked life!

Sympathy flooded my heart as I whispered:

“Buddy, I can’t help you find the way out, but I know One who can. Jesus knows the Way Out for every man.”

His ear drums caught the sound of my voice, but his mind was deaf. The last time I saw him, he was standing in the midst of the ward that will doubtless shut him in until death brings merciful relief. He was still stretching out his hands, and crying:

“Somebody please show me the way out!”

That picture has haunted me since then. And in the hope that the following pages may fall into the hands of some soul who has missed the paths that lead to God, I have prayerfully written these messages on “The Way Out.”



## INTRODUCTION

Who can forget the picture of mother standing on the back porch, calling the children from their play with the announcement: “Come in, children; supper is ready”?

Just before Christmas, all of the children at our house were unusually obedient. I remember how carefully I sought to please mother in every little detail. The wood box behind the kitchen stove was kept full. On every errand I ran with willing, hurrying feet! It was all because the pantry was full of cakes and cookies, and the door was locked! How precious now is the memory of those golden minutes when mother would appear on the gallery with her dear face wreathed in smiles and call tenderly, “Willie, come in the house a moment.” I knew that no punishment was coming: mother did not look like that, nor did she call me that softly when I had done something wrong. So I dropped the play-things and hurried always to follow her into the kitchen.

There she would stand by the open pantry door, smiling and saying, “Do you want to see something pretty?”

What a sight for a dirty-faced, hungry boy! Coconut

cake with all its fuzzy sweetness! Jelly cake with the delicious sweets oozing from the sides as it was stacked layer on layer! Fruit cake, that precious Christmas delight of the long ago! It was always supposed to be sacredly guarded by maternal care until the Christmas "gatherin'." Then my heart would mount up to a hungry boy's seventh heaven as she would put her arms around me and say:

"You've been a mighty good boy; so I'm going to let you have some of the Christmas goodies now!"

Oh, if I could see her tonight by that pantry door with the precious key in her hand! A key that would unlock all that her big, grown-up boy needs if she could give it! But the cakes in mother's pantry could never take the tears and bitterness out of my heart that has suffered so, were she able to come back from heaven tonight, walking down the altar stairs from the Home of God!

But I know One who holds the key to the treasure house so full of all the sweets that your heart needs. With that in my mind, I have written the following pages telling of God's first use of the word so dear to our hearts, "Come!" It is the call of God on the lips of Noah—"Come thou and all thy house into the Ark."



## GOD'S FIRST EVANGELIST

Genesis 7:1: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

In this text, the word, "Come," is used for the first time in the Bible. In its more than two thousand other occurrences in the blessed Book, it is used more than any other word in inviting humanity to enjoy the fellowship and blessings of life eternal. So often we find it on the lips of Jesus as He called the world to God, and the Bible practically closes with this wonderful word in a final prayer for the speedy return of our Lord in premillennial glory.

### **The Snake Line Versus the Blood Line**

When the Serpent as the tool of Satan had wrecked the Eden which God had planned as man's sinless and blissful

home, God thundered down the ages a curse and a promise. To the serpent and its seed, God said in substance, "You have wrecked my dream of paradise for man; I will curse and finally destroy you. You shall always go on your belly and your food shall be the dust beneath man's feet. You shall ever bruise his heel." Truly has the serpent, representative of Satan, and his subjects through the ages, here called the serpent's seed, bruised the heel of the human race with pain, and suffering and sin. But in the groveling position on its belly, it has crawled through the centuries a crushed and defeated foe! But God added the first Messianic promise in the Bible as He sounded the death knell of sin and the doom of Satan: "The seed of this woman shall bruise thy head" (Genesis 3:14, 15). From that moment Satan has been fighting a losing battle, and has steadily been moving to his ultimate end in the lake of fire and brimstone. God's eternal purpose has been hidden in clouds of human misery and failure, but always since that first guarantee of Satan's defeat, has humanity had the promise of victory. Satan has never been a conqueror since! He has not had a royal moment of real power since the serpent crawled away from Eden under the curse of God. The Devil is not King of Hell, never has been in Hell, and will never be in the region translated "hell" in the New Testament. He is called by Jesus "the Prince of this world" (John 14:30), and by Paul "the Prince of the power of the air" (Ephesians 2:2). Such passages rather confirm the power of Satan in this world and in the air, but do not make him the Lord of Hell. The Bible declares that his final abode will be the lake of fire and brimstone (Rev. 20:10) and so far from attributing to him any kingly powers adds, "And shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." Praise God, Satan is a defeated enemy! His doom was sealed in the curse of the serpent and its seed in Genesis 3:15, and consummated when Jesus cried on Calvary, "IT IS FINISHED." That cry meant not only the finishing of man's atonement, but also the doom of Satan and his power!

Two lines descend from Adam and Eve: the trail of the serpent and the line of the blood. Abel was the blood-line child of the first pair, but Genesis 5:25 declares that Seth was divinely given to take his place after Abel was slain by

Cain. That was the first enmity manifested between the two lines as God had said, "I will put enmity between thy (serpent) seed and her (the woman's) seed." The fight has been on ever since. . . . As it was in the case of Abel and Cain, so it is in reality today: a fight over the BLOOD as a means of righteousness. Every other plan of redemption other than by the shed blood of Christ as the Lamb of God is of the serpent's seed.

It is interesting to see the mixture of the two "seeds," or descendants, as described in Genesis 6:2. "The sons of God" (Seth's seed) and the daughters of men (Cain's descendants) intermarried. The result was perhaps the most corrupt civilization that this planet has ever known. God said of that mass of human putrescence, "The wickedness of man was great in the earth—every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." And again, "The earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence—For all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth" (Genesis 6:5, 11, 12). What a picture of sin, and rottenness and violence. The divine description leaves us to conclude that in all the teeming millions on the earth, there was only one soul righteous before God. A great civilization had arisen evidently; cities had been built. They had their cults and perhaps their religions, but God says, "Every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts was only evil continually." There was no fear of the Lord, no safety of human life, no moral consciousness. We think we live in evil days, but there are places where the real gospel is daily preached; there are whole families under the blood, and hundreds of thousands of regenerated souls whose whole life and hope are in the Lord. Take out every gospel center, every true preacher of the blood, every influence for righteousness in Canada, the continent, the world, and leave one lone man true to God—then you would have some idea of the antediluvian civilization. What matters it if we have fine roads, great colleges, great cities, great wealth and powerful nations if we leave out God?

(To Be Continued)

# OUR DUTY TO OUR FLAG

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Less hate and greed  
Is what we need  
And more of service true;  
More men to love  
The flag above  
And keep it first in view.

Less boast and brag  
About the flag,  
More faith in what it means;  
More heads erect,  
More self-respect,  
Less talk of war machines.

The time to fight  
To keep it bright  
Is not along the way,  
Nor 'cross the foam  
But here at home  
Within ourselves—today.

'Tis we must love  
That flag above  
With all our might and main;  
For from our hands—  
Not distant lands—  
Shall come dishonor's stain.

If that flag be  
Dishonored, we  
Have done it—not the foe;  
If it shall fall,  
We, first of all,  
Shall have to strike the blow.



Because the road was steep and long  
And through a dark and lonely land  
God set upon my lips a song  
And put a lantern in my hand.

—JOYCE KILMER.

## PATRIOTISM

"It ain't in singin' the national air,  
Or salutin' Old Glory each morn;  
It ain't in bombast and boastful acclaim,  
An' blowin' the national horn—  
It's treatin' folks right,  
Be they black, brown, or white;  
It's barin' your heart  
To God's blessed sunlight—  
That's Patriotism."



## SILVER LINING

"Night—and are stars above,  
Storm—and the rainbow's hue,  
Death—and the hope of eternal life,  
Sorrow—and joy bursts through."



## THE LITTLE COUNTRY CHURCH

"I love the little church upon the hill,  
That stands amid the shade of maple trees,  
A sacred sentinel, so hushed and still,  
So white and clean as if washed by the breeze.  
The lawn is marked with footprints in the sod.  
And through the trees the sunlight streams,  
As neighbor folk come there to worship God,  
Unmindful of the strife of worldly schemes.  
The organ sounds some well-remembered key,  
As voices, young and old, unite to sing,  
"Lead Kindly Light" in tones so fervently  
Attuned in heart-felt praise to Christ, the King.  
In low-pitched voice the preacher reads the psalm,  
Then speaks a kindly message to each soul,  
And bids them to be "humble, peaceful, calm,"  
And ever mindful heaven is their goal.  
Within, no worldly whisper e'er is heard,  
The benediction falls as of God's will,  
While from outside the song of some lone bird  
Drifts in, a voice celestial from the hill."

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★  
By SARAH HOPKINS

★  
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



OUR NEXT MOVE was to take us "out where the West begins." This part of the country was entirely new to us, for we had always lived in the East and South, and it was an excited preacher's family that boarded the train at Little Rock, Arkansas, bound for our new home in El Paso, Texas.

This time we reached our new parsonage home a day ahead of the time they were looking for us—and when we drove up at the parsonage, some of the ladies of the church were there with their heads tied up, mopping, dusting, and sweeping! How crestfallen they looked when they saw us. "Oh, why did you have to come so soon?" one of them said.

But it didn't take us long to get acquainted, and soon they had the house in good shape. I never saw women work so fast in my life, and before we knew it, they had a good hot supper on the table for us. I'm sure they saw how tired and worn-out we looked! That was the beginning of a never-to-be-forgotten ministry in El Paso. El Paso is the city of sunshine. How many thousands have been cured in its warm dry air!

One of the outstanding joys of El Paso to me was that you could wash and iron your clothes all in one day there! The air is so dry and pure, it takes only a few hours to dry a whole big line full of clothes.

Here's where we first met some of America's truest men—the cowmen from the ranches of the great Southwest. I love their big hats and shiny boots with little heels. But, best of all, I love their generous hospitality and upright character. I'm thinking of men like Mr. Joe Evans, Uncle John Means,

Mr. Bert Mitchell—what loyal friends they were to Josiah and me!

About 200 miles from El Paso, out in the Davis mountains, the whole country round about attends the most unique and inspiring camp meetings you ever saw in your life! It's a real cow-men's camp meeting. The men do most of the work. The women cook the pies and cakes before they come, but they sit down and enjoy themselves and go to all the services after they get there. The men barbecue the beef, cook the biscuits, make the coffee, and serve the meals—and what delicious meals they are! Such good eating and such good preaching!

How they used to love to have Josiah come and preach for them, and he never missed going whenever he could. And our children loved to go to Camp Meeting as well as we did. How we all piled in the car—the car was a present to Josiah and me from the members of the church—and sang songs and laughed and talked all the way to the Davis mountains. And how we used to love to sit out on the grass in the moonlight and under the millions of stars that seemed so close to us on the old camp-meeting grounds.

After the services at night, those of the great number who were tenting on the grounds, who weren't too sleepy, would gather together and we'd listen to the songs of the Mexicans who brought their mandolins and guitars to entertain us. Then we'd all sing together some of the good old Gospel songs that must have sounded for miles around in the great "open spaces." Those who ever attended a "cow-boy" meeting in the Davis mountains could never, never forget it. Josiah used to say he got on a "high-horse" every time he went. And what sermons he'd preach! And those tall, strong men and courageous women of the Texas plains never seemed to tire of his sermons, no matter how long he preached!

I must stop right here and tell you of Josiah's and my experience at a Mexican bull-fight. Yes, we went together once, and only once, to see a bull-fight!

Mr. Charlie Harvey, one of our faithful stewards, came to Josiah one day and said, "Now, you and your wife just can't leave El Paso without seeing a bull-fight. You want to be able to say you've seen one in your life, anyway. I'll take care of all the expenses if you both will go with me."

Josiah came home and asked me what I thought about it, and I said, "Well, Josiah, I don't reckon it would hurt us to go just one time." So, we went with Mr. Harvey. As we walked up the steps to the grand-stand, Mr. Harvey whispered to me, "Now, if you begin to get sick at your stomach, let me know, and I'll take you out."

"Oh," I said, "is it going to be that bad?"

And, before it was over I found out it was just "that bad." For when the matadors, those were the men dressed up in the bright-colored silk suits and hats who fought the bull, began to stick those sharp sticks in the poor old bull's back and he began to snort and plunge with rage and pain, I found my stomach beginning to get weak. I must have looked a little pale, for Mr. Harvey and Josiah kept watching me. I reckon they expected me to faint or something, but I was determined I was going to stand it if they could, and I did. I sat out the whole performance, but, to save my life, I never will be able to see how anybody could ever enjoy a bull-fight! That was the last one I ever wanted to see, and Josiah felt the same way about it. I think the whole thing upset his stomach, too, but he never did "let on" to me that it did.

One of the outstanding memories of our ministry in El Paso to me was our Soup-Kitchen. It seemed like Josiah could think of more extra things to do to help folks than any preacher I ever saw! One day he came home with his face all lighted up and said he believed we needed a "Soup-Kitchen" at the church to feed the hungry men and boys that passed through El Paso, and of course any women and girls, too, but there's always more men that will go to a soup-kitchen than women.

"Why, Josiah," I said, "I don't believe the ladies of the Ladies' Aid are going to let you use their kitchen for those men, and I know they're not going to let you use their dishes. We just bought those dishes!"

He said he didn't think he'd have any trouble with the ladies of the church, but he found out I wasn't far wrong. After much arguing and discussing, they finally consented to let him use the kitchen stove if he'd buy some dishes for the men to use.

One of the ladies of the church, a very wonderful Christian woman, a member of the Ladies' Aid, said she'd make the

soup and fix anything else we wanted. So, our Soup-Kitchen was started. Our most "popular" season was the cold winter months. Most every day during the winter we fed from 40 to 60 men, and a few women and children. We seemed to get as much of a blessing out of it all as they did. Every day Josiah would go down to the Soup-Kitchen and bring the folks a message from God's Word after they had finished their meal. Josiah used to say he never could preach to a hungry man! I went down as often as I could to help serve the men, and often Josiah would ask me to bring them a message from the Bible.

One day I was helping serve the tables when I noticed two young men sitting over by the door, eating their soup and drinking their coffee. When I passed by them, one of them said, "Could we have another cup of coffee, please? We are brothers, and that coffee is just like the coffee mother used to make for us."

"Of course you can," I said, and sat down by them and began to talk to them. They didn't look like just ordinary "bums" to me, and I was anxious to find out as much as I could about them. When they had had a good meal, they opened up their hearts to me and told all about themselves. They were so young, but in the few years they had been away from home, they had found out much about the hard knocks that this old world gives those who are not protected by a home and loved ones. I found out that these boys belonged to a good Christian family that lived in the northeastern part of our United States. They had left home to "make their fortune," they said. Of course, they had left a broken-hearted father and mother who hadn't been able to find them for three years! But through it all the two brothers had stuck together. They expected to get rich and had made up their minds not to go back until they could go back proud of their fortune. If their parents had seen them as Josiah and I saw them, they would have been reminded of the Bible story of the prodigal son—this time there were two prodigal sons.

They were trying to find work and kept coming back to the Soup-Kitchen for their meals, but seemed bent and determined not to tell us who they were. Josiah finally said to me,

“Honey, I wouldn’t worry about those boys any more. We’ve done all we can for them.”

But, somehow I could picture a broken-hearted mother and father back East crying and praying that God would send them back home, and I kept begging them to give me their real names. At last, one of them broke down and told me their father was a paper-manufacturer, and when I heard his name, I realized he was one of the leading business men of the East. Josiah wired him that his boys were with us, and if their parents would forgive them, they would start for home at once.

I don’t think I’ve ever read a more heart-rending telegram than the one the father of the boys sent back: “All is forgiven. But if the boys wait any longer, they cannot see their mother. She is dying of a broken heart. Am sending check to cover all expenses home.” What a meeting that must have been!

That was only one instance of the good that Josiah’s Soup-Kitchen did in El Paso, and there were many others.

(To Be Continued)



## VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

God, I am traveling out to death’s sea,

I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,  
Thought not of dying—death is such waste of me!

Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter  
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—

I, who in battle, my comrade’s arm linking,  
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot

Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking  
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!

God, let me know it the end of man’s fever!

Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying

Peace o’er the valleys and cold hills forever!

# THE WAY OUT

★  
By DR. W. B. HOGG ("Josiah Hopkins")

★  
(PART TWO)

## The Doom of Flesh



OD'S JUDGMENT was that He would make an end of all flesh. It was a sweeping verdict, including the destruction of all air-breathing animals, man and the beasts on the earth. It was God in action sweeping out every possible taint of the Cain line and the trail of the serpent. Only eight people were saved—all righteous.

As one reads the pages of the Bible, God's attempts to make man happy and to free the earth from sins, reveal His changeless, untiring love. This planet has existed under at least six eras of God's efforts to bless man, and each one has ended in failure. Only an omniscient and omnipotent God of Love would have persisted! The age of innocence in Eden ended in man's being driven from the Garden; under man's second era, that of conscience, came the tragedy of the flood; the next age that followed the flood ended in the dispersion at Babel; the era of promise ended in slavery in Egypt; the glorious dispensation of law ended in the failure because of man's inability to keep it. The present dispensation of Grace is ours only by the fathomless love of Jesus Christ, and it will end in the battle of Armageddon, and the failure of the governments of the world. Only the last one—the Kingdom of the Millennial reign of Jesus—is destined for absolute victory. Out of each dispensation individuals were saved—under the Old Testament by faith in a coming Redeemer, under the New Testament by faith in Him who came and died on Calvary, who now sits at the right hand of God in glory, and who is coming again!

### A Message from Heaven

One asks, "Why was Noah singled out of the teeming mass of humanity for the inside information of the flood, and the

details for building an ark?" For the simple reason stated in the text: "For thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." God can not commune with flesh and blood alone. There must be a spiritual life within a man to which God can speak. God created man a trinity, in the image of the triune Godhead. As there are three persons in the heavenly trinity, there are three unities in the full man—body, soul, and spirit. This is clearly taught in First Thessalonians 5:23, "I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Hebrews 4:12 reinforces this truth of the trinity of man by declaring that the parts of man are divisible, "For the word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow (body)." Now we are able to see what Jesus really meant when He said to Nicodemus (John 3:13) — "Except a man be born again, he can not see the Kingdom of God." No, and God certainly can have no communion with mere body and mind in spiritual message and assurance. God spoke to the only man that was righteous before Him. He would have gladly broadcast that same message of warning and preparation to every man that was righteous before Him. Probably God did, but like the silent radios tonight, they missed the message. The air is full of warning, and details of preparation and comfort always for those who will hear. Even so, Jesus went to Jericho, but out of its multiplied thousands of population, only two men, Bartimeus and Zaccheus, got what He had for the whole city! "He that hath ears to hear let him hear," is the divine exhortation.

### **Faith Manifested in Action**

As soon as Noah got that message he went to work on the ark. Every sound of his hammer was "Lord, I believe." Faith always expresses itself in action. The reason many who hear these words have never had the assurance of salvation is simply that they never have whole-heartedly believed the Gospel. They own Bibles, may read them, may be regular in church attendance, but they never have really believed the Gospel in its simplicity and have never received it in its power. Suppose that I am in a hotel on the twentieth floor, busily engaged. The telephone rings; I answer:

"Hello! What is it? You say the hotel is afire? It is on the tenth floor? Oh, I thank you so much. It is so thoughtful of you to take the time to warn me. No, thank you, I can not leave my work now, but I do most certainly appreciate your interest."

I hang up the receiver and return to my work!

Soon there is a knock at my door.

"What is it, please?"

"I am the bell-boy; the building is in flames. The fire is below you, sir, now in the fifteenth floor. Two elevators have fallen; the fire escapes on one side of the building are useless. You should leave the building at once by the remaining elevators, or fire escapes."

I snap back—

"Thank you, but I can look after myself. I do not care to be disturbed."

You would quickly conclude that I am insane, or that I do not believe I am in danger. The fact is that the first telephone call would be sufficient to cause me to rush out in a panic, salvaging what I could quickly lay hold of and take with me. I would not care about public opinion, neither would I fear being called a fanatic. No one ever left a burning building without some degree of excitement. It is only in matters that concern the soul and its eternal destiny that we hear the one fleeing from impending danger called a fool and a fanatic. The reason is that the seed of the serpent has spread the devilish propaganda that to manifest concern about your soul is foolishness and baseless excitement. The wisest man in this audience is the one who fled to Christ soonest at the first whispered warnings of the Holy Spirit to his soul!

It is not without significance that the stories of Jonah and the great fish, and Noah and the Ark have been made the laughing stock of critics and those who make a mock of sin. The reason for this subtle attack on two of the outstanding events in the Old Testament is manifest when one finds the emphasis placed upon them by the Lord Himself. Out of all the occurrences in the Old Testament, Jesus selects those associated with Jonah and Noah as illustrations of the two outstanding events of His blessed life—His resurrection and His second advent. Of Jonah, Jesus said:

“An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas (Jonah): for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale’s belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth” (Matthew 12:39, 40).

So Jesus here connects the story of Jonah and the fish with the fact of His burial and resurrection. This, by the way, is the “sign of the prophet Jonas” — namely, the miracle of the resurrection of the Christ. No wonder the “seed of the serpent” attacks the story of Jonah.

Likewise Jesus said of Noah:

“But as the days of Noe (Noah) were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall the coming of the Son of Man be” (Matt. 24:37-39).

Again we see a reason for Satan’s insidious attacks upon the story of Noah and the Flood. Jesus has associated it with the glorious fact of His second coming. Blessed is that soul who believes the Bible just as it is and acts accordingly. When Jesus writes His divine endorsement upon an event and the authenticity and creditability of a passage in the Book, it should forever settle all doubts in the heart of any man. Let us imitate the obedience of Noah, and set our hearts upon God’s provision for our need in the impending flood of wickedness and destruction that the Bible says will envelop the world in the last days. As God showed Noah a way to rise above the Flood, so He in these days of Grace has offered to every soul a plan of deliverance, an eternal refuge from all the ills that beset the human race—the redemption that is in Christ Jesus!

Noah lost no time. The day that the message of warning came from God, Noah began the foundation of the Ark. From that day until the day God shut him and his family in the Ark, Noah was a man of one passion—to build the place of refuge and to warn the world.

(To Be Continued)

# NOT GROWING OLD

By JOHN E. ROBERTS

They say that I am growing old,  
I've heard them tell it times untold,  
In language plain and bold—  
But I'm not growing old.

This frail old shell in which I dwell  
Is growing old, I know full well—  
But I am not in the shell.

What if my hair is turning grey?  
Grey hairs are honorable, they say,  
What if my eyesights growing dim?  
I still can see to follow Him  
Who sacrificed His life for me  
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

What should I care if Times old plow  
Has left its furrows on my brow?  
Another house, not made by hand,  
Awaits me in the Glory Land.  
What though I falter in my walk?  
What though my tongue refuse to talk?  
I still can tread the Narrow Way,  
I still can watch and praise and pray.

My hearing may not be so keen  
As in the past it may have been,  
Still, I can hear my Saviour say  
In whispers soft, "This is the way."

The outward man—do what I can  
To lengthen out his life's short span—  
Shall perish and return to dust,  
As everything in nature must.

The inward man, the Scriptures say,  
Is growing stronger every day.  
Then how can I be growing old  
When safe within my Saviour's fold?

Ere long my soul shall fly away,  
And leave this tenement of clay  
"This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize"—

I'll meet you on the Streets of Gold,  
And prove that I'm not growing old.



## "PA"

By O. O. ECKELS

The second Sunday in each May,  
We celebrate our Mother's Day:  
And everybody sings her praise,  
And poets write about her ways.

All this is as it ought to be.  
But really now, it seems to me,  
That while we're euligizin' ma,  
We ought to say a word for pa.

I know a ma is very fine.  
And seems to us almost divine,  
But Pa's a mighty good old scout.  
Whose roughest side is always out.

Of course a mother loves a heap,  
But father love is just as deep;  
But he's made in a manner such,  
As not to show it quite so much.

It makes a pa feel awful sad,  
To see his children turn out so bad;  
But when they're good, you never saw,  
A better pleased old guy than pa.

So let's accordin' to the law,  
Just set aside a day for pa,  
And won't our dear old dad feel great,  
When Father's Day we celebrate?

It's pretty hard for pen to draw,  
The difference 'twixt a pa and ma;  
For when the great scheme begun,  
God made the two the same as one.

## IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTIN'

"Oh, it's mighty comfortin' when your hair is gettin' thin,  
And the wrinkles in your face have come to stay,  
Just to feel her little hand smoothin' out each silver strand,  
While you meet her lovin' look and hear her say:

"'John, my dear, it seem as tho' every day you live you grow  
Handsome'r than in olden days,'  
And you smile back at your wife while you think, in all your  
life  
You never heard a sweeter word of praise.

"Then, somehow, the teardrops rise to your dim, old fadin'  
eyes,  
While you kiss the tender hand still white and small,  
And you try to tell her how you loved her then—you love  
her now.  
But, bless me, if the words will come at all!

"For just then it come to you to think of trials she's gone thro',  
And borne without a murmur for your sake;  
You can only bow your head at the lovin' things she's said,  
And your poor old heart can only ache and ache.

"But she knows what ails you then, and she kisses you again,  
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet and low:  
'Life has bro't more hopes than fears; we have known more  
smiles than tears;  
You are the dearest dear of dears, John Anderson, my Jo!'

"So it's comfortin', I say, when your hair is gettin' gray,  
And you're slipping down life's hill a mite too fast,  
Just to feel her little hand strokin' back each silver strand,  
While she whispers that she loves you to the last."



"An angel paused in his onward flight  
With a seed of love, of truth, and light,  
And said: 'O where shall this seed be sown  
That it may yield most fruit when fully grown?'  
The Savior heard, and He said, as He smiled:  
'Plant it for me in the heart of a child.'"

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★  
By SARAH HOPKINS

★  
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



AS I was sitting here writing about the interesting things that took place while Josiah and the children and myself were living in El Paso, my daughter, Mildred ("Miss Maggie Purdue," the milliner on the radio) called to me and said, "Mother, don't forget to tell the neighbors about our first radio set!" "Oh," I said, "I'm glad you reminded me of that—I came an inch of forgetting it!"

We were fortunate enough to have a nice little screened-in side porch at the parsonage in El Paso, and when the stewards of the church gave Josiah this "receiving set," consisting of a funny little box of some kind and, seemed to me, hundreds of different kinds of wires and two ear phones, he set it all up on this screened porch. It took the whole porch to hold all of it, too! Josiah was so proud of it because it was one of the first "receiving sets" in that whole part of the country. The neighbors came from far and near to "listen in." I've seen some of them sit for several hours trying to hear some long distance radio message with those ear phones fastened over their heads while Josiah turned that little dial hundreds of times. Finally, when a faint sound could be heard (to me it sounded like distant thunder!) and something that sounded like a voice could faintly be heard, Josiah would call to everybody in the house to "run quick"—he had a station! We had only two ear phones, so if there were more than two of us that wanted to listen, we were sadly disappointed, because the "station" would fade out in a very short time. It's amazing when you think of the marvelous strides the radio has made in a few years! And I believe it's still just a little babe. No telling what wonderful things the radio will do yet!

Josiah used to sit up night after night working with that

little old dial and feeling so happy if he could just hear a faint whisper of somebody's voice in the distance. The first station we ever heard over our little radio set with its ear phones was KHJ, Los Angeles. Years later Josiah and I had the privilege of speaking to thousands over the Columbia Chain through this same station!

Well, I think the folks at Trinity Methodist, our Church in El Paso, saw how very much interested Josiah was in the radio receiving set, and they wanted to do even more for him. So, they bought a radio station for the church, and gave it to Josiah, so that he could broadcast his Sunday services! The call letters of this station were WDAH, and Josiah was happy to know that our church had the first radio station in El Paso. I will never forget how scared I was when Josiah asked me to make a few "scattering remarks" over the new station. That little black "mouth-piece" looked innocent enough to the folks all sitting around, but to me it looked like it "might jump up and bite me" almost any minute! I'm glad I don't feel that way about it now!

What a time we had at the first broadcast over WDAH! The choir, all dressed up in their robes, the choir leader, some of the church folks and Josiah and I all climbed up some little narrow steps to the broadcasting station that was situated on the second floor of one of the store buildings. (This was before all the radio outfit was moved to the church.) The choir sang their very best, and Josiah preached in a more excited manner than he had in a long time. We were so delighted to think that the folks from far and near were listening to the meeting, when somebody telephoned that not a note of the singing nor a word of the preaching had gone out over the air! How our feathers fell! But there were many times that the church services, with Josiah preaching, did go out over the air, and blessed many of the people in the West.

It was about that time that Josiah received some kind of a letter from Washington from the Radio Commission saying to fill out a blank, that they had enclosed, stating the number of kilowatts he wanted for our station, WDAH. Well, Josiah said he guessed that was just a circular letter that they sent out to all stations, so he didn't answer it. It was all so new to us and we were so "green" about everything connected with radio. If Josiah had just known what it all meant, we might

have made this station one of the largest on the West Coast. I do not believe the station is even in existence now. But then, station WDAH was a great "pride and joy" to all the members of the church, including the pastor and his family!

I must stop right here and tell you about Paderewski's coming to El Paso and about all of the parsonage family "turning out" to hear him! When we heard that this great man was coming, Josiah said, "Sarah, now we must save up for several weeks, so all of the children can go too. I don't want any of them to miss hearing this wonderful treat."

"Well," I said, "I know Bud won't enjoy it—he's entirely too little, but we'll take the others."

The night of the concert we all dressed up and went to the crowded hall to hear one of the world's great musicians! I think most of us were lifted clear off the earth with wonderment and amazement when we heard those skilled fingers run up and down the keyboard. I did take a little time out to look and see how each one of the children was enjoying it, but when I got to Mildred—she was sound asleep! And she slept through the whole concert. She was too little as well to appreciate such music, but Josiah always wanted the children to have the best in everything, whether they were little or big!

Children don't stay little very long, and our children were growing fast. Our oldest daughter, Virginia, now Mrs. Oscar Hurt of Memphis, Tenn., graduated from High School while we were living in El Paso.

I don't blame mothers and fathers for feeling proud of their boys and girls when they finish High School with credit. I'll never forget the night Virginia graduated. She looked so pretty all dressed in white. I think Josiah and I cried together most of the time she was graduating! I said, "Josiah, this is silly for us to cry. We ought to be proud that she is graduating!"

"Yes," he said, "but now it will be college for her and marriage next, and then she will leave us!"

And, Josiah was right! But we can't keep our sons and daughters standing still while "time marches on!" No sooner was Virginia through with High School than Josiah and I were planning for her to enter college.

Virginia wanted to go to Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Virginia. And, Josiah, always wanting to give his children

every advantage that he possibly could, made an extra effort to send her there. He came to me one day while I was tacking a comfort for Virginia to take with her to college and said, "Honey, I think you ought to go with our little girl to Lynchburg. You see, she never has been away from home by herself, and it will be so much comfort to her if you help her get started. I'll take good care of the children."

I was as excited almost as if I was going to college myself—taking my daughter to Randolph-Macon! It was a wonderful trip Virginia and I had together—we giggled and talked on the train just like two girls together.

But the heart-break came when I put my things in my suitcase to come home and leave my little girl back in Virginia for nine months of college work. The reality of what Josiah had said to me struck suddenly then—"From High School to College—then marriage—then a home of her own."

I don't think I did Virginia much good by going with her because my eyes were so red when I left her, but she hugged me tight and said, "Mother, don't worry! I'll make you and Daddy proud of me!"

So, I dried my eyes and boarded the train back home to Josiah and our four other children in El Paso, leaving my oldest daughter with her new-found friends in college.

(To Be Continued.)



## SEEING THE WORLD

★

"The world is wet," said the little frog,  
"What isn't water is mostly bog."  
"Oh, not at all!" said the little fly,  
"It's full of spiders, and very dry!"  
"The world is dark," said the moth so white,  
"With many windows and doors of light."  
"My poor young friend, you have much to learn,  
"The world is green," said the swaying fern.  
"Oh, listen, dears," sang the little lark,  
"It's wet and dry, and it's green and dark.  
To think that's all would be very wrong;  
It's arched with blue, and it's filled with song."

—Selected.

# THE WAY OUT

By DR. W. B. HOGG ("Josiah Hopkins")  
(PART THREE)

## Noah's Carpenters



THIS LEADS US to inquire as to what assistance Noah received from the people of his generation. Surely he did not do all the work alone. Was there a time when his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and the women of the household helped him mechanically, or out of family loyalty, but their hearts were not really in the work? There must have been such an experience in the lives of the members of his family, for the records lead us to believe that when the message came from Heaven about the flood that Noah was the only person on earth that was righteous before God. His family helped him as he labored day and night on God's plan for safety for himself, his family and the beasts to be preserved, and also for any who would profit by God's warning. One by one the sons and the women of the family caught Noah's vision until he had a united and unbroken family ready to enter with him into God's Ark. Every man who has ever had a dream of service for God, a vision of a world need, has had first to fight against the lethargy and perhaps unbelief in his own household. But in most cases, their proximity to God's man, the passion and glow of his heart, was soon communicated to those next to him, and from them it got out to the world. Sometimes a man has had to leave his family to perish as Lot left some of his in Sodom because of their persistent unbelief. There is no greater tragedy possible to an anointed heart! On the other hand, the love and obedience and surrender of those dearest to his heart is the greatest reward possible for God's man.

This is the record holding Marathon of revivals without a convert! One hundred and twenty years saw that faithful old patriarch building the ark and preaching amidst the jeering and mocking of a doomed civilization without one person outside of his family believing his message. But what a compensation was the salvation of his sons and their wives and the

wife of his own bosom! Day after day he came from his work and his preaching with a broken heart—no one would believe him. He knew their danger and saw their doom, but was powerless to help them. Every preacher who has given an honest testimony and has preached the whole gospel out of an anointed heart, and has stood and watched the congregation file out of the church without one soul accepting Christ, has known something of defeat and apparent failure of this grand old man of that awful day who labored for over a century without the joy of seeing one soul outside of his household believe his message, or heed his warning. Yet he toiled and preached on! Do you wonder now why God has written his name in living letters of light across the centuries, and has placed his name in the temple of fame in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews? Now we understand why Jesus reached across twenty-three hundred and fifty years to wrap Noah's story about the glory of the Second Advent! There are men today who face the jeers of a sinking world, who will one day walk in white forever with the Lord!

The tragedy of it all is the knowledge that men heard Noah daily, some even worked with him for wages on the Ark. Some out of the interest born of this patriarch's impassionate preaching, may have made donations for the labor and material of the Ark, yet went down in the flood. Various causes may have kept them out of the Ark. There may have been men who assisted in the building of its chambers, helped lay its foundations, aided in the bringing of supplies for men and animals, but who thought it all the fevered dream of an enthusiast who had gone "religious." Then others may have given outward assent to the whole enterprise but who delayed their entering into the Ark for financial, or social reasons. One would have certainly been called a fanatic had they sold their possessions, their live stock and their land and moved into the Ark. Surely they would have been ostracised by the elite had they cast their lot with Noah. There was every human reason to delay their irrevocable decision. This may have cost many their property and their lives. Nor should we forget that the world of that day had its pleasures, its follies and its sins. To enter into the Ark, to be classed with Noah and his family would have meant the breaking with the things that had rotted that civilization and brought on the flood. The natural thing for the flesh to

have done was to delay as long as possible the "selling out for God."

### **Noah's Folly**

From every human standpoint, Noah's project did look like the dream of an enthusiast. The building of a boat four hundred and fifty feet long, ninety feet wide and forty-five feet high away inland, and on dry ground, did look like the work of a man mad. Then, to think of a man putting the work and earnings of himself and family for a hundred and twenty years into such a foolish project—why, it was the height of folly!

Noah's boat must have been a sight that no tourist missed through all those years. Enterprising tradesmen showed it to their customers. The board of trade made excursions to it. Charioteers knew the nearest and best routes to the madman's folly. The cult leaders and false religionists pointed it out as the extreme to which a sincere but demented, or deluded man would go without proper educational and cultural restraints! But Noah worked and preached on!

### **Noah's Visitors**

It would have been interesting to have stood in the crowd that heard Noah, and who watched him build the Ark. What must have been their reactions to the ministry and message of the builder of the Ark? Here comes a delegation from a nearby city:

"There is the mystery boat! Think of that old man putting his time and his money into that pile of junk! Yes, he is perfectly sincere; he believes that a terrible flood is coming. Can you beat that? He says that his God told him to do this and to warn the world. It is such a pity. Oh, he has been at that boat-building for years. My grandfather remembers seeing him at work on it. Just shows you how religion affects the weak-minded!"

They drive away to discuss property values, the new business enterprises of that day, and to plan a great get-together meeting to boost business.

We move now over to a group of young people who have just arrived.

"The poor crazy man," cries a young flapper of that day.

"Wouldn't you hate to be his daughter? Don't you know they miss all the pleasure that normal girls have. The poor,

sacrificing things! Gee, I'm glad I don't have to live with the Noah family!"

Now, we will have it! A group of scientists are calling on Noah.

"How are you, sir? We are from the university seeking to gather all available information as to your grounds for fear concerning the alleged flood that threatens to destroy us. What data have you on rainfall, floods, and weather conditions that cause you to predict this flood?"

Noah rises from his work to give his testimony.

"I have no data other than God's Word. That is better than scientific speculation. Scores of years ago as I communed with my God whom I serve day and night, He told me that He would destroy everything that hath breath on the earth, and He gave me instructions for the building of this ark. He further told me to evangelize the world with the warning of the impending disaster and the only hope of escape. I shall be so glad to show you over the ark, and to give you reservations, or to furnish you with details as to how you may build one for yourselves and your students."

"No, no," quickly responds the leader of the scientific group, "we have no interest in your project, or your message. But we thought that a book on the facts would be timely and would give needed information to all who want facts, bare facts, nor dreams, nor hysteria."

Some objected to the ventilation—only one window and that at the top of the Ark. Others thought it preposterous that human beings and animals should be huddled together in such close quarters. But the great majority did just as described by Jesus as "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage until the day that Noah entered into the Ark." Places of pleasure were filled then as now with multiplied thousands who completely ignored the preaching of Noah and the impending doom. Business went on uninterrupted by any thought of danger; men were just as busy then as now building fortunes and reputations. The giddy whirl of society never paused to give a thought to this strange preacher, and the builder of the Ark. It is certain there were taunts and sneers and unbelief, but the mass of humanity moved on like dumb cattle driven by lust and pleasure and greed, "until the flood came and took them all away."

(To be continued)

## ONLY A DAD

Only a Dad, with a tired face,  
Coming home from the daily race;  
Bringing little of gold or fame  
To show how well he's played the game;  
But glad in heart when his own rejoice  
To see him come home and hear his voice.

Only a Dad, with a brood of five,  
One of the millions of men alive,  
Plodding along in the daily strife,  
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life.  
But never a whimper of pain or hate  
For the sake of those whom at home await.

Only a Dad, neither rich nor proud,  
Merely one of the surging crowd,  
Toiling, striving from day to day  
Facing whatever may come his way;  
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,  
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a Dad, but he gives his all,  
To smooth the way for his children small,  
Doing with courage, stern and grim,  
The deeds that his father did for him,  
So this is the line for him I pen  
"Only a Dad, but the best of men." —Selected.

★

## CHANGELESS

"God will not change—the restless years may bring  
Sunlight and shade—the glories of the Spring  
And silent gloom of sunless Winter hours—  
Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns with fragrant flowers—  
Earth lights may shine awhile, and then grow dim;  
But God is true—there is no change in Him.

"Rest in the Lord today, and all thy days;  
Let His unerring hand direct thy ways  
Through the uncertainty, and hope, and fear;  
That meet thee on the threshold of the year;  
And find, while all life's changing scenes pass by,  
Thy refuge in the Love that cannot die."

# SHABBY OLD DAD

By ANNE CAMPBELL

His collar is frayed, and his trousers unpresed;  
He's not a bit fussy the way he is dressed,  
But he's always ready to help out the rest—  
Shabby old dad!

His shirts have queer stripes, and they're old-fashioned quite;  
His ties are in strings, and they're never tied right,  
His last year's straw hat is a terrible sight,  
Shabby old dad!

His shoes need a shine, his cuff links are tin;  
He does sometimes shave, and his top hair is thin;  
You hardly would say he was neat as a pin—  
Shabby old dad!

Shabby old dad, with his heart full of woes.  
And so much to think of besides buying clothes;  
The kids needing food, and the money? God knows!  
Shabby old dad!

If there is a heaven where peace can enfold  
A life lived for others, a heart that's pure gold;  
He'll find it, and live there in glory untold,  
Shabby old dad!



“There's music in the rippling of a rill,  
There's music in the sighing of a reed,  
There's music in all things if men had ears;  
The earth is but an echo of the spheres.”

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★  
By SARAH HOPKINS

★  
CHAPTER NINETEEN



JOSIAH met me at the train in El Paso, when I returned home from taking Virginia to Randolph-Macon, with the news that some poor woman, a widow who was dying in a hospital there, had given us her three small children!

"Oh," I said, "Josiah, we've got five of our own, and I just left one in college. We can't take care of three more!"

"Well," he said, "Sarah, you come go to the hospital with me to see her. If we don't hurry up, she'll be gone before we get there."

So, we drove as fast as we could to this dying woman's bedside. Josiah and I walked in and stood beside her. Never in all my life do I ever expect to see such pleading eyes, as the ones she turned on Josiah and me as we stood over her bed. She knew she was dying and she held out her two arms to us, so wasted by long sickness, and cried, "Oh, you will take them, won't you? My babies—God told me you'd get here in time so I could die in peace!"

I motioned to Josiah to come out into the little hall of the hospital and said, "Josiah, I can't stand it. If God told her we'd come, then God will show us how to take care of her babies—let's take them!"

It really looked like God was waiting for us to come, for only a day or two after our visit He took this tired mother home. That was the beginning of the El Paso Children's Home. The name has been changed now to the Southwestern Children's Home.

While our little parsonage was big enough for us and our family, with three extra children added, it was quite crowded! They were sweet, well-behaved little children, though, and I had no trouble with them at all. There were two little girls and one little boy.

One day not long after, Josiah came home from town and said, "Well, Sarah, I think I've bought a beautiful home that we can have for a children's home, and we can take care of a lot more children whose parents are dead or not able to care for them!"

I said, "Josiah, what are you going to undertake next?"

"Well," he said, "get your hat on and come with me. I want to show you the home I have picked out, and I've already sent a telegram to the owner to see if he will sell it. He lives in Los Angeles."

I said just as "calm-like" as I could, "Josiah, what are you going to use for money?"

"Here's a copy of the telegram I sent him," he said. "It says, 'Will you consider selling your home at 1019 Ange Street in El Paso, Texas, for a Protestant children's home? Have no money, but good collateral. The collateral is Philippians 4:19. Please wire me your answer.'"

"Oh," I said, "Josiah, that man will think you're crazy!"

"Well," he said, "we'll see how he answers my telegram. I believe he'll do it, too!"

Then, before I could hardly get my breath, he drove me by the home that is now the Southwestern Children's Home. It was a big two-story house, set right in the midst of big trees where there would be plenty of room for children to play.

"Oh," I said (I was getting enthusiastic about it myself by this time, in spite of everything!), "I do hope he'll take your collateral, Josiah!"

"He will, I feel sure," Josiah said, and he opened the front door with the key the real estate man had given him and showed me through the house. Then we stopped in the big front hall and bowed our heads, and in memory I can hear now Josiah's sweet voice as he prayed that God would put it into the owner's heart to accept his terms.

And he did, neighbors! For the next day there came a telegram to Josiah from Los Angeles saying, "Collateral O.K. Move in at once!" That was one of the most remarkable answers to prayer that Josiah and I ever had in our lives.

Well, the following Sunday Josiah announced from his pulpit that we would open up the Children's Home on Monday, and we would take over the three little children whose mother had just passed away.

He read a long list of the things we would need to start housekeeping in this big home that was now turned into a home for little orphaned children. We drove over early in the morning with our little charges, and just waited for God to send the folks with the furniture and everything else we needed. It was about twelve o'clock before the folks began to come with their gifts for the Children's Home. And, will you believe me when I tell you, by the time the children were ready to go to sleep, the whole house was furnished from the parlor to the basement! Yes, the basement was furnished, too! Furnished with every kind of canned fruit and vegetables. Enough to supply twenty children for several months! And one blessed man sent little white beds for all the rooms, and another sent mattresses, and the mattresses fitted the little beds perfectly!

Soon we had applications for many more children, and it wasn't long until our Children's Home was filled with children of all sizes and ages.

Today there are three homes filled with little folks and older ones, included in the Southwestern Children's Home. If you ever pass through or visit in El Paso, don't fail to go to see them. You will receive a warm welcome from Mrs. Victor Moore, who is the children's "mother." All of them call her "Mother Moore." She is the widow of Victor Moore, who for some years has been the faithful Superintendent of this home he loved so well. "Daddy Moore" passed to his Home in Heaven several months ago, leaving many adopted children to mourn their great loss, but his mantel has fallen on loving and capable shoulders!

(To Be Continued.)

# THE WAY OUT

By DR. W. B. HOGG ("Josiah Hopkins")

(PART FOUR)

## Another Message from Heaven



HUNDRED YEARS had passed since Noah received the warning from God and the instruction to build the Ark. Every decade added to the derision and indifference of the multitudes. If they ever gave Noah a thought it was—"Well, the old Preacher's Prophecy is all wrong. He has wasted a hundred years waiting, and preaching, and yet the world goes merrily on."

But one day there came another flash from the Throne:

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female: and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth." (Genesis 7:1-4)

Surely the heart of Noah rejoiced that God's eye was upon him even if the world had refused to hear his message! God had counted him faithful and had reckoned him righteous when the world called him a fool. After all, it is what God thinks that counts. One smile from Heaven outweighs the jeers of a world!

Notice that the record says the animals "went in" (Genesis 7:9). This lays a fearful indictment upon the people of that day. God could move the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air with a word, and in a moment; but stubborn humanity resisted a hundred and twenty years the divine warning of the flood and Noah's persistent invitation to seek safety in an Ark. God still can do more with wild geese than He can with wild men and women! The Heavenly Father sends the wild fowl of

the frozen North to the green, sunny fields of the South each winter, yet scores of winters have left their snows on the frozen and rebellious hearts of humanity who will not seek the shelter of His love! In all the universe, it is only men and devils that resist the wooing of Eternal Love.

In keeping with the tender, loving heart of God, He gave that lost world seven days of grace. Seven days of final warning—time enough to reach the Ark and find safety. But again the calloused hearts that had been deaf to God's warning for eleven decades went stolidly and surely on to their doom. How energetically must Noah have testified during that brief sabbath respite from the terrors of the impending flood. Not a moment was lost—he dare not rest; he spared no expense, no self-denial to get the message to the doomed souls about him. How like Noah in those last few days of grace. Surely, we are in the last days; any dawn, or any midnight may find the rapture upon us! We dare not withhold our substance, or spare ourselves in the getting of the Gospel to a lost world! As Satan is frantically lashing the world into war and atheism, for he knows his time is short, we who know the Gospel should, with desperation born of this last-time emergency, set the world aflame with missionary zeal!

### **What Noah Took Into the Ark**

The time had at last come to move into the Ark. The problem of what to take into the Ark was thrust upon him. It must have been tragic to have to select from their home the furniture and keep-sakes that would go into the Ark. Remember that everything that they did not put in the Ark was lost. It is all in the mud that has turned to rock under the wreckage of the world-wide deluge. What are you going to save out of your home and your life? Jesus told us of a treasure house where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Every dollar that is not dedicated to the eternal Kingdom of God will go up in the holocaust that will make this a new heaven and a new earth. Money invested in the Gospel and the telling of it is eternalized by the word of divine authority. Those who give up property and home and lives for Jesus Christ are assured a marvelous dividend from the treasury house of God. The only part of your time, your money, your influence, your whole life that will stand the tests of dissolution and decay will be that which is dedicated to Jesus Christ. I know some will say that view of life is too narrow

and religious. That is exactly what the multitudes said when they saw Noah and his family moving into the Ark. There are only two places to leave our earthly possessions in the last analysis—under the mud or under the Blood! Take your choice!

It was an epochal day when the family of Noah made its choice—either to perish with the world, or enter the Ark with Noah and God. Noah told his wife of the urgent message from heaven that he and his family go at once into the Ark. How happy must Noah have been as the wife of his heart walked up that gang plank with him! How desolate would have been his heart had she clung to the things and dreams of a death-marked world and allowed her husband to go in alone. Yet today there are multiplied thousands of husbands and wives who are on their way to heaven alone. No companion to go with them to the Throne of Grace in family devotions; no spiritual fellowship in the struggle and trials that make the way so often hard and lonely. Happy that husband and wife who are travelling home to God together! How beautiful and blessed is the homelife, how bright and comforting the eternal future for such deathless love!

Then, came the call to his sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. What a pivotal moment when Noah spoke to his boys, "My children, the time has come to break with this doomed world; God has ordered us into the Ark today. Let us go together. I have believed this testimony all your lives; I have tried to live before you the life of a God-fearing man. The time has come to go with me all the way with God."

What a thrill his heart must have felt as he heard his oldest son, Shem, saying, "Father, you have been mocked by the crowds, and counted a man too zealous for your God. But while the world has laughed at you for selling out absolutely for God, your children have found you to be a real man of faith and sincerity. Father, we are going with you all the way!" Glory to God! When those who know us best in the sanctity of our homes, turn deaf ears to the gibes and jeers of the world, it is enough to make our shouts ring to the throne of God! I am sure that Noah praised God with exultant hallelujas as he walked up the gang plank of the Ark with his boys and their wives.

Noah had everything that could make a father's and a husband's heart glad as he stood in the door of the finished Ark,

happy in the assurance that his whole family were safe behind that door. How different was the heart of poor Lot as he stood on the hills overlooking Sodom. His wife was a pillar of salt at his side for disobedience; some of his children were being consumed in the destruction of the city that forgot God, and the daughters who stood weeping nearby, were tainted by the corruption of the doomed city. In which position do you stand today in your home, or in your bank, in your store, or on your farm? Is your heart gladdened by the knowledge that your family are saved by the Blood of Christ, or doomed and lost in the world without God? Praise God, you have this hour of grace for your testimony before the deluge that any moment may bring upon them!

In a southern town, there lived a planter who dearly loved an only son. They were inseparable companions. Fortune had smiled upon this fond father; he was many times a millionaire. One day the son was fatally injured by a fall from his saddle horse. The father was crazed with grief. As the broken hearted man watched his son slip out into eternity, a faint voice came from the bed of suffering:

“Daddy, are you here?”

“Yes, my son. Is there anything in this world that daddy can get for you, or do for you?” sobbed the parent.

“One thing, daddy, that you have never done for me. You have been good to me, given me everything but one—Oh, daddy, I am going out in the dark without God. Please pray for me!”

The father was stunned, shocked out of all words. His grief together with his remorse was more than he could bear. He thought of a minister who lived nearby. The father hurried away to bring to his dying boy's bed one who could pray. But as the minister and the father reached the room, the soul of that young man took its flight. Some one told me that the father gave his heart to God. He entered into the Ark of Christ, but without his son!

How different the story of another father. His lot had been what the world calls a hard one. He was one of the millions of nameless toilers who earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brows. His young son was on his death bed. For days this broken-hearted father had watched his son sink deeper into the shadows of death. It was midnight. The boy was gasp-

ing for the last few breaths of life. Yet in his going away, he realized that his father was weeping by the bed.

"Please don't cry like that, father. Everything is bright ahead. God will help you and mother not to be sad when I am gone," the boy gasped.

As the grief-torn father tried to hide his tears, his son continued.

"And—I—will—see—Jesus, father,—maybe—before—morning. And—I—will—tell—Him—what—a—wonderful—Christian—you—are. Goodbye—father."

What a treasure the memory of his child's testimony must have been in the days of bereavement that followed! Are all your family in the Ark of salvation today?

(To be continued)



## DEEP ROOTS

"Have you heard the sighing, groaning—of a tree before a storm?

Heard the scraping of its branches, in the bending of its form?  
Have you seen it sway and straighten—then be swayed again—again?

Seen the leaves like tiny banners—whipping, dripping, in the rain—

Seen it in its strength and beauty, stand defiant, in the blast—  
Seen it proud and undefeated—when the mighty winds have passed?

"Have you seen a fellow mortal, weighed down with many cares,

Heard him sigh when dread disaster came upon him, un-  
awares?

Have you seen him bear it bravely, overcoming all his fears,  
Seen him turn his face to Heaven—gazing upward, through his tears?

Seen his countenance of sorrow change, and wear the victor's smile—

Seen him stand complete in triumph, o'er the bitterness of trial?

Winds have ne'er uprooted timber, growing deep beneath the sod;

Strife has never conquered mortals—who are rooted deep in God!"

# YOU CAN'T STOP WOMEN

By Douglas Malloch

★

You can't stop women working,  
No matter how you try.  
They see a cobweb lurking  
Why, they would sweep the sky  
If brooms were ever made that long  
For women folks to buy.

You can't stop women dusting,  
And moving things about.  
They all must think that rusting  
Is worse than wearing out.  
But that's another truth that men  
Are much inclined to doubt.

You can't stop women mending  
Things men would throw away.  
Their labor is unending,  
The way they often say,  
They'd strike if they were not allowed  
A twenty-four hour day.

You can't stop women taking  
This most peculiar view  
Of mopping, sewing, baking—  
Yet there's one way, it's true;  
The only way would be for men  
To make them less to do.



“Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the plans you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.”

—JOHN WESLEY.

## THE CROWNING INDIGNITY

“Just 'cause my brother Alfred, he  
Is two years older'n me,  
W'y, everything he gets 'at's new  
They give to me when he gets through.  
I try my best not to grow  
An' catch up with his old things so;  
But when he gets too big for clo'es,  
W'y, I growed just exactly so's  
They'll do for me; an' then I've got  
To keep on wearin' 'em a lot.

“My brother Alfred's pants, just wait  
An' never get torn on th' gate,  
Or ripped on nails, nor worn out none  
Until my catchin' up is done.  
When he gets new ones, my ma  
Says his old pants will do for me;  
An' Alfred gins an' looks so glad,  
It always makes me awful mad.  
An' t'a's th' way it always goes—  
I even get his underclo's.

“My brother Alfred, he's been sick  
With measles; he was speckled thick.  
But now he's through with them, you see,  
He's gone an' give 'em all to me.

★

## ONLY A LITTLE?

By F. S. CURTIS

Just a little looking up  
When our day is dark,  
Just a little patience in the way;  
Just a little hooking up,  
Having ears that hark  
To the words you hear the Master say.

Just a little looking up  
To little hopes that glow,  
Just a little trusting and obey;  
Just a little looking up  
On the ships that go  
Sailing to your harbor far away.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

## CHAPTER TWENTY



**H**MUST STOP right here and tell of the conversation of Victor Moore ("Daddy" Moore, as he was so lovingly called by the children of the El Paso Children's Home), superintendent of our little orphanage. Mr. Moore was one of the Southwest's most influential criminal lawyers when Josiah came to take charge of Trinity Church in El Paso. After we had been there several months, Josiah came home to lunch one day and said, "Well, honey, one of the big lawyers in town got mad at some things I said in my sermon last Sunday and wants to see me in his office today. I don't know how it's going to turn out, but I know I'm not going to take anything back that I preached, for it was every bit the truth!"

It was after supper time when Josiah got home that night, and I began to get uneasy about him. Finally, when he did get home, he said he'd been locked up with Victor Moore in his office down town all that time.

Mr. Moore, who became one of our very best friends and like a brother to Josiah, told me afterwards that it was a long, long road from his high position as a great criminal lawyer to the foot of the Cross, but he went all the way that day with Josiah, locked up in his office with him! He had called Josiah down to his office to mock him and scoff and swear at his religion, but before he left, Victor Moore "remained to pray!" And none but the Heavenly records can ever tell what Victor Moore's conversion has meant to the world.

Then, one day he came to Josiah and said, "Preacher, I can't continue to be a criminal lawyer and a Christian, too, so I've decided to give up my practice and help you with your little orphanage!" What a day it was for the El Paso Children's

Home when Victor Moore became its head! He worked for it with the same enthusiasm that he had planned his law cases, but this time he worked with undaunted faith in God, but with very little money or position. That didn't seem to bother Victor Moore—he kept right on working and praying and loving each little child in the Home as if it was his own.

God does bless some men with a wonderful wife, and Bro. Moore was one of them. Mrs. Moore stepped right in and worked side by side with her husband, she herself being a consecrated Christian and one of the best trained nurses, and a tender mother to all the children. A few months ago God saw fit to take Victor Moore home, and now "Mother" Moore has charge of all three of the Children's Homes.

Not many people have the unique and thrilling experience of having a baby left on their doorstep, but Josiah and I had that experience, too! One night after we had come home from church, and the children were all in bed and Josiah and I were sitting in our room talking about the service and rehashing his sermon, the door-bell rang. "Oh, dear," I said, "who can that be at this time of the night? I hope nobody is very sick or in trouble!"

When Josiah opened the front door, I heard him gasp, and I rushed out to see what on earth was the matter! There, right in front of us on the gallery was a darling little baby girl about two months old in a basket, sound asleep! Then, Josiah rushed around the house to see if he could see who left the little thing, but not a soul was in sight.

"Well," I said to Josiah, "folks are sure 'bent and determined' that I am going to have plenty of babies at my house! Now, what are we going to do with this one?"

"Sarah," Josiah said, "don't you remember the man that said to let him know if we ever had a tiny baby, that he'd love to adopt it? Let's call him up and see if he wants this one before you get to loving it too much."

So he called the man over the phone and told him about it all, and the man said, "Well, I'm willing to take it, but I don't think my wife is! But bring it over and let her see it." So we bundled our little forsaken baby and took it over to his house. All the way over Josiah kept saying, "Oh, I do hope and pray they'll keep it, for they are such fine folks and they will give it such a good home!"

But when we went in with the baby, it looked like we would

never be able to get the man's wife to come over and see the baby. She stayed in her room and kept saying she didn't want any baby. Finally, she did consent for me to bring it in her room, so that she could take a look at it. And one look at that little darling was enough for her mother heart! She held it and cried, "They'll never take you away from me! I didn't know I could love a baby so much!"

And we left them with their new-found joy—and what a joy this daughter has been to them through the years that have come and gone.

Josiah's sister, Mamie (the one that all the family called "Sweet"), lived in Los Angeles while we were living in El Paso. She was Mrs Mamie Weathersby, and her devoted husband, Lee Weathersby, whom we all loved so much, had been called Home and had followed his little twelve-year-old son, Wilton, to God's mansions in Glory. Only the mother in this little family was left. Mamie wrote and asked Josiah and me to come to Los Angeles and see her when we had our little vacation. So Josiah and I took Milly and Bud with us.

Neither Josiah nor I had ever been to Los Angeles before, and we looked forward to that wonderful visit with so much joy, and of course the two children (our youngest) could hardly wait for the day to arrive.

Mamie met us, and from the time we stepped off the train until the end of our ten-days' visit, we enjoyed every minute of our stay, little realizing that Los Angeles would one day be our home, and that we would love it better than any city in the world!

We had heard so much about the Moving Pictures and the Stars of Hollywood that we fully expected to see them all walking around in full view on the streets when we arrived, and being country folks still, we were sadly disappointed because we didn't see them. And I know that just a lot of other folks thought for a long time that all the people in Hollywood were moving picture "stars!" But it didn't take us long to find out after we came that there were plenty of other people, etc., of interest to see in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Mamie said that by all means we should go to see some of the folks working on a moving picture "set," and after telling Milly and Bud that they must be very quiet while they were

watching the pictures being made, we went to see a motion picture being "produced."

The star of this picture was Douglas Fairbanks. We met Mr. Fairbanks and had the pleasure of talking to him a few minutes. I recall how cordial and pleasant he was to Josiah and me and to the children, and how excited Josiah and I, as well as the children, were over all that was happening. But Bud (he was just six years old) wanted to get as much for his money as he could, even then, and he had spent 25 cents of the money Josiah had given him for Mr. Fairbanks' picture. So he "eased" up to Mr. Fairbanks while we were talking to him, pulled his coat sleeve, and said, "Mister, will you sign this here picture for me?" After it was signed, Bud felt like he'd gotten his money's worth, and showed it with great pride and joy to all his friends when we reached home.

(To Be Continued)



## COOPERATION



"In shoeing flies, and hauling freight  
It's wiser to co-operate.  
For better jobs are sooner done,  
If two take hold and work as one.  
Now that's a truth all horses know.  
They learned it centuries ago;  
When days are hot, and flies are thick  
Co-operation does the trick.

"One tail on duty at the rear  
Can't reach that fly behind the ear.  
But two tails, if arranged with craft  
Give full protection, fore and aft.  
Tho' fools pursue a lonely course,  
Wise men emulate the horse.  
To make a burden half as great  
Use horse sense, and co-operate!"

# THE WAY OUT

By DR. W. B. HOGG ("JOSIAH HOPKINS")

★

## PART FIVE

### THE CLOSED DOOR



WHAT SECURITY must Noah and his family have felt within the door of the Ark! The patriarch knew that any moment now might see the door closed. Surely he lived constantly in the Ark after he entered. Everything he needed had been put there before he entered, there was no occasion for his making excursions into the doomed world. He must have stood day by day in the door of the Ark urging those who stood about to come into safety before the closing of the door. For God was soon to shut him and his family in. Noah had nothing to do with the closing of the door that shut out the doomed population. In the midst of a sermon an old man cried out:

“Preacher, what right did Noah have to shet that door?”

“No right, brother,” I replied, “and he had nothing to do with closing it. God did that.”

Praise God, the opening and closing of the door of hope is not in the power of any man, or set of men. God alone is the arbiter of man's destiny. We are told that the names of the born-again believers are written in the Book of Life. No man keeps that blessed book. We may record the names of people who join us in a creed, or a fellowship, but the records of the Book of Life are kept by God alone. It is the “Lamb's Book of Life”—bought and paid for by Jesus, the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world; its names written by the Lamb Himself, and its contents guarded from the hands of men and devils forever! Men may cast you out. Men may turn away from your testimony. Men may question your acceptance in the Beloved:—but when the Lamb of God approves you, and writes your name in His Book, you are saved

above and beyond that the world can do, or think of you! What assurance! What security! What peace!

## THE LAST CHANCE

The last day of grace came to that lost and godless world. Business went on as usual in the face of the lowering clouds and the terrifying rainfall. Places of pleasure were filled. Human love stirred the hearts of lovers, and marriages went merrily on. Merchants, and bankers, and students, libertines, prodigals, and criminals went on in their several paths. Families gathered at meal time, shops opened, chariots splashed through the water-filled streets. But the day of doom had come for that whole world, and they knew it not. The record says they went thoughtlessly on "until the flood came and took them all away." Rivers rose steadily, waters lapped at embankments and barriers. Universal destruction was at their door, and they were deaf to God's warning.

Surely the Ark must have become a thing of great interest as the rain continued to fall and the waters rose. Many must have thought of this faithful preacher as the torrents fell with increasing fury. Many must have gathered near the Ark and listened to Noah as he stood in the door of his refuge and invited them to come into safety from the rising flood. What could have kept them away at an hour like that?

Some hesitated because to enter the Ark meant scorn and reproach from their godless neighbors. Others hesitated because of the treasure that should be gotten. That would mean delay until some other day. Some perhaps felt that they could dare to wait another day to sip the sweets from sin's cup. Others waited for friends to lead the way. All the while the waters rose about them, and Noah's appeal could be heard above the raging storm and falling torrents:

"You have this blessed day of grace. Tomorrow's sun may never rise for you. The gangplank is down; the door is open. Whosoever will may enter now. This door may close any moment—God offers you this blessed, gracious chance **now**, but only **now**. There is no promise of tomorrow."

His impassioned appeal fell on dull, or deaf ears. Many said: "For years and years I have heard that same appeal. Our fathers heard it. The flood is not here yet, and the door is still ajar. If the rain continues, we can enter tomorrow."

The light faded on that civilization's last day and only hope,

Even while Noah appealed to this hesitating, debating crowd, the door closed! God had shut Noah and his family in the Ark!

There must have been an immediate stampede for that door. Such is human nature. We realize opportunity, but so often only when it is gone.

The pounding on the door, and the cries outside were answered by Noah within:

“I am helpless to aid you. God has forever closed this door for you; I cannot open it!”

The sounds grew fainter, hands reached in a last feeble effort for the door. But God had closed it! Bodies drifted by, but Noah never saw them. Perhaps that is why God placed the window so high in the Ark: that Noah might not have the sorrow and anguish to look on the destruction of a world. The saints will be lifted in the rapture that they may be forever with the Lord, but also that they may never know the tribulation that will sweep the godless who will be left behind.

Christ says, “I am the Door” today! Through Him each may enter into the Ark of salvation made possible by His death on the Cross. This is a day of grace. The Door is open now. God makes no promise for tomorrow.

Before the door of the Ark closed it could not have been sold as scrap lumber. A moment afterward, it was worth its weight in diamonds. A second after a soul’s last chance is gone, the blood of Christ will take on priceless value. Realize its worth now before it is too late!

“Come thou and all thy house into the Ark.”



It was my good fortune to have been a country circuit rider. That was twenty-five years ago; before the trend toward congestion into cities had so manifested itself. My “circuit” lay among the foot-hills of the Cumberland Mountains. Often I would have to spend the night in the homes of the simple country folk as I had no horse, nor vehicle and walked my circuit that included seven preaching places.

One night found me the welcomed guest in a typical country home away back in the hills. For some time I sat on the front porch listening to songs of the girls in the cow pen at their task of milking, and I heard the song of the plowboys as they trudged across the fields homeward bound after a hard day’s

work. The whippoorwills were calling plaintively in the woods nearby as the shadows of night fell on that little farm. Odors of frying ham and home-cured sausage taunted me as I listened to the clatter of dishes that announced that the table was being set for supper.

The rumble of distant thunder foretold the coming storm. The trees began to sway in the gathering breeze, and a few rain drops fell, forerunners of the rapidly approaching sheets of rain. The busy mother left the kitchen duties to come to the front porch and call to her husband out in the horse barn:

“There’s a storm coming! Are the children all in?”

Neighbor, we need some voice to call us from our busy days of care, into a place of safety, for the Bible tells us there is a terrible storm gathering on the horizon of the world. It is the foretold end of the dispensation of grace. Two thousand years have passed since Jesus cried, “Watch, therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.” The following sermon, “Wedding Bells,” tells of the happy event known as the Rapture when God will take the redeemed of this earth out of it before the storm breaks.

(To Be Continued)



## IF LIFE IS HARD

★

“If life is hard for me, then I shall need  
Courage around me, like a coat of mail  
And grim determination for my steed.  
If life is trying, surely I should fail  
Without a sound of laughter, alway near,  
And constant songs, within my heart to guard  
Against the jeopardy of doubt and fear,  
And I must weep few tears, if life is hard.

“If life is easy, always must I be  
Watching, lest smugness and complacence creep  
Around my soul, till they envelope me—  
While some know not where they will eat or sleep.  
If life is easy, I must often say,  
'God send me something hard to do today!' ”

# RECESSIONAL

By RUDYARD KIPLING

★

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart.  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

## A SONG IN THE NIGHT

By CHARLES A. BRIGGS

★

Last night as I sat bolstered up in my chair,  
At midnight a mocking-bird warbled his prayer.  
His sweet song at night wafted out on the air,  
Made it seem as if angels were surely there.  
As I mused in the night on that wonderful prayer  
Made up of notes varied, so sweet and so rare,  
I wondered if I, to my Father could bear  
A message so sweet of His wonderful care,  
If I had not a home or a crumb to spare;  
Could I sing a song as that bird did there—  
With a trust that my needs the Lord would prepare?  
With nothing reserved, may I just simply dare  
With a song on my lips put myself in His care.  
And whether at night or in daytime fair  
May I, like the mocking-bird, breathe a sweet prayer?



## THE THINGS THAT COUNT

★

“Not what we have, but what we use,  
Not what we see, but what we choose,  
These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

“The things near by, not things afar,  
Not what we seem, but what we are—  
These are the things that make or break,  
That give the heart its joy or ache.

“Not what seems fair, but what is true,  
Not what we dream, but what we do,  
These are the things that shine like gems,  
Like stars in fortune’s diadems.

“Not as we take, but as we giye,  
Not as we pray, but as we live,  
These are the things that make for peace,  
Both now and after time shall cease.”

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE



THE STORY of the beginnings of the El Paso Children's Home would never be complete without the story of little Charlie. One day a few months after the Children's Home was founded, a friend of Josiah's and a business man of El Paso brought a little brown-eyed, emaciated looking boy, about nine years old, to Josiah and said, "Parson, this little boy was found in an old shack in Juarez. He was left there by his step-father—left to starve. The little boy says his step-father told him his mother is dead. Could you take him to your Children's Home and take care of him? I don't know what to do with him, and he's so pitiful looking."

Josiah said to bring him right over, that we would be glad to do what we could for little Charlie. When Charlie was bathed and dressed in clean clothes and had had a good, warm supper, he was actually a good-looking little boy. And when he had stayed at the Children's Home for two weeks, you would never have known Charlie as the little waif that was picked up in Juarez, Mexico.

Charlie flourished and bloomed out like a flower with the love and affection and good wholesome food we gave him along with the other little children.

I reckon Charlie had been with us for about three months, when one day the Chief of Police of El Paso called Josiah over the telephone and said, "Parson, have you got a little boy in your Home named Charlie—about nine years old?" And when Josiah said, "Yes," the Chief said, "Well, I got a telegram from a woman who lives in the East, and she says she's been looking for her little boy all over the country for four years,

and asked me to help her find him. Says she's spent just about all the money she can rake and scrape together searching everywhere for him, but if I thought there was any chance of this boy being her little Charlie, she's come if she had to walk to El Paso."

"Well," Josiah said, "tell her to send me a picture of herself taken about four years ago, and I'll see if Charlie recognizes her."

So, the picture was sent "special delivery" and Josiah took it up to the Children's Home and set it up on the mantle in the big living room, and, without saying anything, he watched all the children as they filed through the living room into their little dining room.

Charlie was one of the last ones to walk through, but when he spied the picture, he stopped and cried, "That's my mamma! Where did you get that picture?"

Josiah called the little fellow to him, told him that his mother wasn't dead, and that she would be there in a few days to get him, and he'd never have to leave her again.

It was hard to get Charlie to eat anything after that—he was so excited. And only after I told him his mamma would want him to look strong and well and that he couldn't if he didn't eat, did he try his best to eat his meals.

I'll never forget the day his mother arrived. She came to the parsonage first, so Josiah and I could go with her to see her little Charlie. The car just wouldn't go fast enough to get her there! Finally, when little Charlie and his mother met, I believe the angels must have wept for joy like Josiah and I did.

We felt that if the El Paso Children's Home had never done anything more than being the means of uniting this grief-stricken mother and her little boy, we would be fully satisfied!

After the excitement and joy of clasping her own baby once more to her heart was over, then she told us her story.

Little Charlie's father had died, and she had married another man who was very jealous of the little boy. One day in a fit of anger, he left her and took Charlie with him to spite the mother. For months and years she searched for her baby and had just about given up hope, after wiring or writing the Police of nearly every city in the United States when she

thought of El Paso, because it was so close to the Mexican border. "Now," she told us, "I'll have the wonderful privilege of taking care of my baby again and working my fingers to the bone for him if necessary!" I've often thought of the words she used, and of what mother-love will do!

It was remarkable to me how happy all the children in our Children's Home seemed to be. It was really home to them, and how they loved it! I remember one day I said to the children just as they sat down to eat their supper, "Children, we must pray for a little boy who lives in our neighborhood who is very sick." And when they raised their heads after the prayer, one of the little boys said, "If they'd send him to the Children's Home, he'd be like us and never would be sick!"

The beginning of this Home for unfortunate babies and children in El Paso is one of the sweetest memories of my life with Josiah, and may God continue to bless and keep it "in the hollow of His Hand!"

Just at this time there came another terrible shock into the lives of our family. Mamie ("Sweet") had been killed in an automobile accident in Los Angeles! Josiah was holding a meeting in Las Cruces, New Mexico, the day the sad telegram arrived. I was at home with the children, and the news stunned and shocked me so badly that it was several hours before I could call Josiah over the telephone, to break the terrible news. Why, it had been only a few short weeks before, that we had all been laughing and talking together in her home!

And I know how Josiah loved his sister Mamie. They had played together all through their childhood and had been pals as young folks. It was to Mamie's house that Josiah and I went the next day after we were married. It was Mamie and Josiah's mother who fixed the "bridal chamber" for "Buddie" (as they called Josiah) and his bride. And through the years, though sometimes it was a long time between visits, the love remained the same. I just didn't see how I could break the news to Josiah, but finally, after asking God to help me do so as gently as I could, I called Josiah over the long distance. The minute I said "Hello!" Josiah recognized my voice and said, "Honey, what's the matter?" I said, "How do you know anything is the matter?" "Do you think I've lived with you

this long and can't tell by your voice whether everything is all right or not?" he said.

Josiah used to say that my voice was the barometer he always went by whenever he was in doubt as to whether the children or I were all right or not.

When I told him that Mamie had been killed, I heard him give a quick sob, and he said, "Well, Honey, Mamie wanted so badly to go to Lee and Wilton, and now that God has taken her Home, we should not mourn. She just went Home quicker than we thought she'd go."

Then Josiah hurried home to El Paso and from there to Los Angeles to take care of the funeral services—the last act of love he could perform for "Sweet."

(To Be Continued.)



## IF GOD FORGOT

★

"If God forgot the world for just one day,  
Then little children would not laugh and play;  
Birds would not in the woodlands sing,  
And roses would not beautify the spring.  
No gentle showers throughout the summer long,  
No autumn fields to cheer the heart with song,  
No rising sun, no moon to give its light,  
No placid lake reflect the stars of night;  
No friend to help us on the toilsome road,  
No one to help us bear the heavy load.  
No light to shine upon the pilgrim way,  
No one to care, or wipe the tear away.  
No listening ear to hear the lost one call,  
No eye to see the righteous battler fall,  
No balm of Gilead to dull the throbbing pain,  
No one to comfort and the heart sustain.  
Millions would die in unforgiven sin,  
With none to bring the lost and straying in:  
Yes, this great universe would melt away,  
If God forgot the world for just one day."

# THE WAY OUT

By DR. W. B. HOGG ("JOSIAH HOPKINS")

★

## PART SIX

### WEDDING BELLS

#### PSALM 45



ALL THE WORLD loves a wedding. In every land around the earth the sight of a bride and groom gladdens the human heart. In our land, the delicate perfume of orange blossoms, and the sound of the wedding march, stir all the romance of our souls. Every parent who has seen a daughter turn away from the paternal roof to journey across the years with her bridegroom, has an indescribable tenderness at the sound of golden wedding bells. Every real lover lives over again the happy, romantic hours of his honeymoon, when he looks upon a wedding. The sweet, blushing purity of the bride, and the strong, devoted tenderness of the groom, place a halo over the happy pair.

When one softly moves the Bible, the ear of faith hears the golden notes of wedding bells! Yes, the Bible is a wedding invitation: the church is the bride, and Jesus, the divine Bridegroom. The first hint of the romance of the ages is found in Genesis 3:15 when God announces that the entire line of the serpent will be crushed, and that there will come One in the blood line who will be humanity's Deliverer. Across the pages of the sixty-six books, composing the Word of God, there moves the Divine Romance until the consummation of the wedding in Revelation 19:7, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

Psalm 45 stands out among the songs of David that tell of the coming of Jesus. These are called the Messianic Psalms; they are Psalms 2, 8, 16, 22, 23, 24, 40, 41, 45, 68, 69, 72, 89, 102, 110, and 118. Sixteen blessed lyrics from the wedding

book of God! Psalm 45 stands out in the psalter for the completeness and clarity of its Messianic message.

David announces that what he has to say is a heart message, "My heart is inditing a good matter." God had stirred the heart of the king, and tuned it to sing of the romance of the Christ. Across the years, David saw the wedding ceremony of the redeemed, and their Bridegroom. Truly it is a message for the heart of humanity from the heart of one in the blessed line of the blood from Adam to Jesus, our Lord. The mind of man may sparkle, with intellectual brilliance, but this is a theme for the heart of an anointed speaker. One can sense the romance and passion in the heart-born message of a preacher of the gospel while the pure product of a brilliant mind is cold and pulseless, and fails to stir the soul.

The Psalmist then lets us know the ocean of feeling that is pressing against his soul for utterance as he cries, "My tongue is the pen of a ready writer." What lover was ever able to tell his beloved of all that his heart would say! How real lovers stammer in embarrassment as they come to the crucial moment in their romance! Those who are shallow, or base in their love, can speak with ease and in volumes, but the sincere lover has ever been able to tell but a fractional part of the love that rolled like a mighty sea in his heart. The Holy Spirit poured through the soul of David the music of this Psalm.

The writer of this wedding Psalm announces his theme, "I speak of the things which I have made concerning the King." He spoke of no earthly monarch. His soul had been focused on the throne of God, and his message was the Divine Romance of the Lamb of God and the Redeemed whom the Bible calls the bride of Christ. The rulers of earth have surrounded themselves with ceremonies of indescribable pomp and glory when they have taken the royal bride to the regal home; but David spoke of an eternal King and His blood-bought bride that He is to take to himself through the centuries.

The sweet singer of Israel tunes the harp of his praise first to sing of the Bridegroom in this wedding of the Ages. He addresses the Divine lover as follows:

"Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee forever.

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth

and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

“Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king’s enemies; whereby the people fall under thee.

“Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the scepter of thy kingdom is a right scepter.

“Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore, God, thy God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”

The words of David here settle clearly his conception of the Lover to whom he addresses this Psalm. He is God, and a member of the triune Godhead; for the text reads, “God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness.” It is no other than Jesus, our Lord and Saviour. This beautiful love lyric should forever make sweeter the beautiful song:

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly;  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.”

Photographs of bride and bridegroom always adorn the rooms of real lovers. How the soul delights to look upon the beauty that the camera has caught and locked into the priceless treasure of a picture of the beloved, The Bible has many blessed descriptions of Jesus, our soul’s lover, but it remained for the writer of Hebrews to give us the most detailed, and yet the most comprehensive photograph in all the inspired Word of God. Many “snap shots” appear throughout the blessed book. There are also numerous and lovely pictures of the Christ in the Bible. Among these are the word pictures from Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and the Revelation. Then there are those indescribably beautiful motion pictures preserved in the four gospels. Yet, to me, the most marvelous photograph of our Lord and Saviour is found in the first four verses of the first chapter of Hebrews:

“God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power,

when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they."

What a picture! No wonder David burst forth in this ecstatic praise: "Thou art fairer than the children of men!" Here God has given the writer of Hebrews a vision of the eternal life of the Christ from the timeless pre-world ages to this place in glory at the throne of God. All the biography of Jesus is gathered into seven photographs and then each is reverently placed upon the other until we have a composite picture of the Christ of Eternity.

Prophets might have sufficed to tell the generations moving across the centuries that Christ, the Lover, would come. Angels were given the high and holy privilege of bearing messages of His advent to favored persons. But God gave to none of these the full revelation of His love, reserving that for "these last days" so that He might speak through "His Son" and give Him as a ransom for humanity. What dignity and holy significance this truth adds to the presentation of the love of God in the person of Jesus Christ! What a halo this places about Calvary! It is not the work of man. It came not from the mind of mortals. It was not born of any council, nor was it the product of any royal decree. Calvary was born in the heart of God, and its blood flowed from the torn heart of divine Love.

When was Jesus crucified? As the sun hid its face from the sight that tragic afternoon, and the earth rocked in convulsions of protest, and the veil in the temple was torn to open a way for humanity to come directly to God's heart, at the precise moment Jesus died. But he was crucified long before! The Sanhedrin had condemned Him to death hours before His heart poured out its last oblation for man's sin. Centuries before, God had announced in Genesis 3:15: "It shall bruise thy head," as the result of the conflict between the "seed of the serpent" and the "seed of the woman." While we have in this passage in Genesis the first announcement of the victory of Christ over the serpent and its seed, we have the hint of Calvary. His head was indeed bruised, also His feet, His hands and His side! But we must go farther back to find the beginning of the crucifixion of our Blessed Lord.

Somewhere back in the dateless past, long before man's

advent on this planet amidst the scenes of Eden, sin entered the universe. Doubtless the origin of evil was the result of the ambitious thoughts in the soul of Lucifer (Isaiah 14:12-15). This horrible tragedy made necessary a remedy for sin. Far back in the bosom of the eternal past, Christ was offered as a ransom for sin. "Slain from the foundation of the world," the blessed Lamb of God waited through the slow crawling centuries of human failure to consummate His sacrifice on Golgotha.

The origin of sin, and the fore-ordained sacrifice of the Son throw light upon this first picture in the series of Hebrews 1:1-4. For He was "appointed heir of all things" when He became the Mediator for sin. If Jesus Christ would redeem the souls of the humanity that was yet to be created, and make a way to rid the universe of sin—if He redeemed the souls of men, the most priceless treasure amidst rolling worlds and burning suns—then all else in the cosmic universe would be His! God, the Father, wrote the Divine Will when Jesus first became in God's heart the bleeding Sacrifice for sin. That "Will" made Jesus the divine Heir to all the things in the universe of God. The Father gave the Son all things, but Jesus Himself had to die to redeem the souls of men! He was given everything beneath man, but he had to purchase man's soul by the gift of His own life, and in the suffering involved in becoming a ransom for sin.

(To Be Continued)



## COMPANIONS

By SUSAN COOLIDGE



The day is long, and the day is hard ;  
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard,  
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,  
Of days to live through and of work to be done,  
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,  
We walk in the Lord's own company ;  
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm,  
He turns the arrows which else might harm,  
And out of the storm he brings a calm.

# THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

★

When I was sick and lay a-bed  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.



# THESE FOOLISH FRETS

By JAMES W. FOLEY

★

How many things there are that fret that on tomorrow we  
forget,

They're really not important if we count them at their worth.  
It's odd how many little things, imagined hurts and slights  
and stings

Disturb these worried souls of ours and clutter up the earth.  
And so when something happens to me, I try to measure it  
and see

If it should cloud this day of mine and wrinkle up my brow,  
I ask myself in weighing up the foolish tear that's in my cup:  
"How much will this amount to in a month or year from now?"

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



OUR MINISTRY in El Paso was filled with many and varied experiences. It seemed to be God's will that our lives should touch many others in the three years we lived there. The parsonage was right next door to one of the best known gamblers and saloon keepers in that whole part of the country. Mr. Shipley was his name, better known as "Big Kid." He lived in El Paso and ran his saloon in Juarez. This was a new experience for Josiah and me, and we hardly knew how to get acquainted with our neighbors, not having much "in common." But Bud soon helped us out of that dilemma. He was only about six years old, and "Big Kid" Shipley's little boy was about the same age, and first thing we knew, Bud and the little Shipley boy were playing in each other's yard. Children don't stand back on any kind of ceremony where friends are concerned! This little boy, a sweet little fellow, too, was just as much a friend to Bud as if he had been the son of one of the Bishops in our church. And this was the beginning of our friendship with the Shipleys.

It wasn't long after that before Mrs. Shipley was bringing me nice things she had cooked in her kitchen. In all my experience of living in parsonages and among good neighbors, I must say I never had a better or more thoughtful neighbor than "Big Kid's" wife proved to be.

One day, as next door neighbors or back fence neighbors will do sometimes, Mrs. Shipley and I had a very confidential talk together, and she said, "There's something in my life I cannot understand. The first time I was married, I was married to a church man—one who pretended to be a good church

member and paid his dues, and to the outside world he seemed to be a model Christian man. But," she said, "he was cruel and selfish in his home and made life miserable for me. I was afraid of him and began to mock the church, because my husband was connected with it, and he was such a hypocrite." Her words made me think of the words of Christ to the Scribes and Pharisees, the leaders of the church, when He was here on earth, "But woe unto you, Pharisees, for ye tithe mint and and rue all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

"Now," this little woman continued, "I have married a man who never enters a church and whose business the church looks down on, and yet my husband is kindness and gentleness itself in the home and with the children. And, I am happy to see him coming home at the close of the day. I am not a Christian, and these things puzzle me."

And no wonder they puzzled her! What a responsibility is placed on those of us who name the name of Christ, to live the life that "becometh a Christian!"

But I believe the influence we had on these neighbors was a lasting influence for good, for just before we left El Paso, Mr. Shipley's daughter, a young girl about fifteen, walked into the parsonage one day and said, "I want to know how to become a Christian. I believe it's the only way to live!"

Then, one day I walked into their kitchen unannounced to bring some soup that I had fixed for the mother, who was sick, and there was "Big Kid" with his face buried in his hands on the table. I said, "Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh," he said, "if I could sell everything I have in Juarez, I'd get away from it all. I'm sick and disgusted with it all!"

My heart went out to this neighbor whom we had learned to love, and Josiah and I did our best to help him. I hope I can meet this family again, and learn that he did leave "it all" and has turned to Christ!

(To Be Continued)

# THE HILLS OF HOME

By MRS. F. C. CAMPBELL

★

I know the road will be too long  
If it has no twist or turn  
That takes us back to the hills of home  
And the trees, where we were born;  
To the flowers we loved as a little child,  
To the rivers and birds and bees.

Oh, the roads were long that had no turn  
To take us back to these!  
Yet I surely know that the hills of home  
Now face the western sky,  
Where we shall come with a child-like faith  
And claim them, by and by.

Yes, the road's too long that has no turn  
Past a lake in the moonlight sheen,  
Or through a forest of red and gold  
That the eyes of a child have seen.  
Oh, the hills of home in the yesterdays  
Ere sorrow had dimmed our sight—  
Do they not still glow with a piquant joy  
That sheds from childhood's light?  
Yet I surely know that the hills of home  
Now face the western sky,  
Where we shall come like a little child  
And find them, by and by.

Oh, the hills of home in the yesterdays  
Speak words of hope and peace,  
That we shall turn us home again  
When the years of our journey cease;  
And we shall find the flowers and trees of home  
And the loved we have lost while here,  
Where we shall come as a little child  
And see with vision clear.  
For I surely know that the hills of home  
Now face the western sky,  
And such as little children come  
And find them, by and by.

# THE WAY OUT

By DR. W. B. HOGG ("Josiah Hopkins")

★

## PART SEVEN

### "By Whom Also He Made the Worlds"



OD'S GIFT to Christ of the universe and all within it was accompanied by the presentation of the power necessary to continue the creation and to control it. How illuminating now are His own words as He bids farewell for a time to the scenes of His humiliation, "All power is given unto me in heaven, and in earth" (Matthew 28:18). His gift of power, when He was made heir of all things, included that of creation and preservation of all matter and organisms from the confines of space in all its vast circumference to the throne in its center where He sits at the right hand of God in glory and power. It was Jesus who lit the suns and spun the planets in their orbits! It was He who studded the bosom of night with the stars in their eternal brilliance! His power made Eden the Garden of God. Every flower that bloomed in Paradise was the work of Christ the Creator! Every song bird was taught its melody by the Son of God! It was He who gave to Adam his pristine beauty, and to Eve the grace and loveliness that enabled God to pronounce her the helpmate of the first man, and the mother of the race. All matter took form at His fiat; all life sprung into being at His word. John confirms this in his record of the Christ—"All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." Sin and all its direful, devastating fruitage beginning in the fallen Lucifer, and culminating in the enmity of the Serpent that wrecked humanity, is the only exception to the creative work of Jesus Christ. And to complete His work as Creator, He will ultimately drive sin into one place with all its hopeless wreckage and devilish agents, the lake of fire and brimstone! What an omnipotent Bridegroom! He created the world from which He will take

His bride, placed it in the midst of a universe that was all the work of His hands.

We do not wonder now that the Psalmist, in speaking of the regal power of the Lover, says,

“Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

“And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.”

The artist of Hebrews adds another touch of Christ's beauty to the inspired picture: “The brightness of his glory.” It is as if God had crowded all heaven's loveliness and glory into one beatific mass and put it in the personality of Jesus. He is heaven's fairest offered as God's gift to this wrecked and ruined world. If the King of England could secure all the diamonds of his African fields, and all the fabulous wealth of his vast empire on which the sun never sets, if all this were compressed in one gift and presented by the Crown Prince of the realm to a desolated island of leprous exiles, it would only feebly express the gesture and generosity of God the Father in His gift of Jesus to this earth as Redeemer, Mediator and coming King! How incomprehensible would be the selfrighteous and disdainful effrontery of one of the inhabitants of that miserable and dying leprous island, should he spurn the incalculable gift at the hand of the visiting Prince! What must God think of the proud, defiant sinner of our planet who rejects today the sacrifice that Jesus offers to cover up his sins, and redeem his soul for eternal fellowship with all the Royal house of God?

Nothing in all scripture is more tenderly expressive of the love and grace of God than the thought uttered by the writer of Hebrews: “The express image of God.” Every word in that sentence is pregnant with divine solicitude and affection. Imagine a mother sitting for a photograph to be sent to her harlot daughter, marred by sin, sunken in depravity, and lost in the shame of the city's depravity. She begs the photographer to place her where every sunbeam can take to the sensitive plate the record of her grey hair, the tender smile, the love-lit eyes,—all the impassioned yearning of a loving and forgiving but broken-hearted mother for her wayward child. She has

that picture placed upon the walls of the dens of vice and shame, and writes on every photograph with her own trembling hand, "My precious child, come home! I will dry your tears, forgive your sins, and take you back to your place in my home and in my heart."

That is just what God did when He sent Jesus as our Savior and His presentation of Himself to this poor, lost and wrecked planet. "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" (John 3:16). How many times we have seen Love's picture in John 3:16! Mother showed it to me in the long, long ago before sin had wrecked my life! Earnest men of God told me of it all down through the years. Yet it was late in life when I took this blessed photograph of the Lover of my soul, and pressed it to my heart, and cried, "Lord, I take your gift of love and life!" What have you done with the photograph of Jesus, the Bridegroom of your soul?

When I was a little boy, I would listen to mother as she read of the creative acts in Genesis, and how God rested on the seventh day. In my boyish conception of things, I always thought that God rested because He was tired. How far from the truth was my poor little childish mind. We are accustomed to weary bodies, aching backs, and hearts that are loaded with care. We see heads that are gray, bodies that are wasted, and faces that are lined with sorrow. In our childish ignorance we project these limitations into heaven and think of God as physical and temporal. Hebrews tell us how Jesus works: "Upholding all things by the word of His power." He speaks and it is done; He commands and all the forces of the universe leap into being and await His will. He has but to whisper, and it becomes universal law. He said, "Let there be light!" and the brilliant orb of day flashed into incandescence. He created all the atoms, electrons and protons by a word. As they stood at attention like an army of soldiers, He said, "Organize!" Atoms flew into the obedience that we know as the laws of chemical affinity! One word can discourage them in a split second and the universe would explode with a flash that would light space from rim to rim! The difference in the speed of forces is that between isolated and concerted action. In yeast the small particle known as the leaven pushes

its neighbor, and says, "Move over." The next particle obeys, and then relays its message to its neighbors to "move." It takes hours for the word to pass from the center of the mass through all the dough. With dynamite the same thing happens, only one voice gives a command "move" and they all do the same thing at the same time! That is how Jesus can create a universe with a word, and dissolve it when dissolution becomes His will. That explains how He will annihilate the forces at the battle of Armageddon in Revelation 19:20, "Out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations." The sword is simply the divine command of Jesus. This is the Bridegroom described by David in Psalm 45 when he says—"Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies."

How beautiful yet how sacred is the crimson in the description Hebrews gives us of the atoning work of the Bridegroom. He not only creates a universe for His bride, then fashions His dream of loveliness into the first two lovers in Eden, but He defeats the work of Satan in the wrecking of God's dream, by providing a cleansing for man's sins. "By Himself purged our sins!" He did all Himself—no seraphim, nor cherubim aided in redemption! God sat immovable in absolute Justice, and even turned His back from the dying Lamb who had made His own sin for humanity! This explains the cry of Jesus, "My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" That was the extreme depth of the Cross! "By Himself," yes, no one has ever, nor can they now, enter into partnership with Jesus in completing salvation. How foolish is the seeking soul who tries to aid in his own redemption. No work of our hands, no efforts of our own, no character of our building, will ever assist in redeeming our souls. Jesus "by Himself" hath redeemed us! How helpless then are we to secure our own salvation by merit, or penance. Yet what a comfort this brings to the heart loaded with remorse, and scarlet with shame. Jesus must undertake our case alone. But He is willing, and abundantly able. He has never failed in a case yet that has been absolutely left in His hands! O blessed comfort!

The last touch of the brush of the inspired painter of this portrait of Jesus in Hebrews, adds the light of the glory about the throne. He says, "When he had by himself purged our

sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." The right hand is the place of honor. After the world had spit upon Him, had hounded Him from city to city; driven Him from the Temple, mocked Him in a trial and crowned Him with thorns; then dragged Him to Calvary, and nailed Him to a cross; they tore His heart until it poured out a crimson stream to wash away the sins of the world. But praise God, heaven had a throne awaiting His triumphant return to its glory! Let us remember that even yet Jesus has not reached the culmination of His glory and His joy. He has not yet been seated in absolute victory on His own throne. As to His present station, he says, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my father in His Throne." The climaxing glory of the Christ awaits the fulfillment of Matthew 19:28 when He will be seated on the Davidic throne in the triumphant reign of the Millennium. Here upon this planet where Jesus was reviled, despised, and crucified, the Bible says He will sit upon the throne of His glory. He is at the right hand of God now in honor and power, ruling the universe and steering this world towards His second advent. There, too, at the right hand of God, He sits as our High Priest making constant intercession for those who rest their faith in His atoning blood.

So David exults in this Psalm over the ultimate triumph of the throne of the Eternal Bridegroom in these words:

"Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right scepter.

"Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

Other thrones have crumbled; other empires will vanish; but the throne of the Messiah is set eternal in the universe, and its scepter will be the only one that has ruled on this earth in absolute righteousness. Wickedness may have its day on this earth, but sin will be annihilated and righteousness will cover the earth as waters cover the sea! This eternal assurance to the Lover of our souls is the "oil of gladness" that God the Father hath poured upon the soul of the Redeemer that its blessed aroma may fill all the vaulted dome of God's universe. We shall never know the full import of this divine

gladness until we see Him in all His Messianic glory as the bridegroom with the redeemed souls of humanity as His eternal bride.

(To Be Continued)



## RASCAL CHILD

★

“She’s a roguish little rascal,  
Our young daughter, aged just one;  
She’s a peck of care and worry,  
But a ton of real live fun.  
There is one thing true about her—  
Till the night from early dawn  
You will always find her playing  
With but only one shoe on.

“We will dress her in the morning  
With white shoes and colored socks,  
And we send her off to playing  
With her toys and lettered blocks;  
But in spite of where we put her,  
In the house or on the lawn,  
It will not be five full minutes  
E’er she has but one shoe on.

“We don’t know just why she does it,  
But it seems her first concern;  
When we leave her by her lonesome,  
She will pull and twist and turn  
At her foot and shoe and laces  
Till completely off it’s drawn;  
Then she gloats at her achievement—  
Little scamp with one shoe on!

“She is into every mischief;  
How she keeps us on the run  
Till it seems our nerves will crack and  
Something drastic must be done;  
But that roguish chuckle melts us  
After pranks are done and gone—  
Wouldn’t trade her for a million!  
Rascal child with one shoe on.”

# HARD LUCK

By EDGAR GUEST

★

Ain't no use, as I can see,  
In sittin' underneath a tree  
An' growlin' that your luck is bad,  
An' that your life is extra sad;  
Your life ain't sadder than your neighbor's.  
Nor any harder are your labors;  
It rains on him the same as you,  
An' he gets tired an' he gits cross,  
An' he has trouble with the boss;  
You take his whole life through and through,  
Why, he's no better off than you.

If whinin' brushed the clouds away,  
I wouldn't have a word to say;  
If it made good friends out o' foes,  
I'd whine a bit, too, I suppose;  
But when I look around an' see  
A lot o' men resemblin' me,  
An' see 'em sad, an' see 'em gay,  
With work t' do 'most every day;  
Some full o' fun, some bent with care,  
Some havin' troubles hard to bear,  
I reckon, as I count my woes,  
They're 'bout what everybody knows.

The day I find a man who'll say  
He's never known a rainy day,  
Who'll raise his hat right up an' swear  
In forty years he's had no care,  
Has never had a single blow,  
An' never known one touch o' woe,  
Has never seen a loved one die,  
Has never wept or heaved a sigh,  
Has never had a plan go wrong,  
But allus laughed his way along;  
Then I'll sit down an' start to whine  
That all the hard luck here is mine.