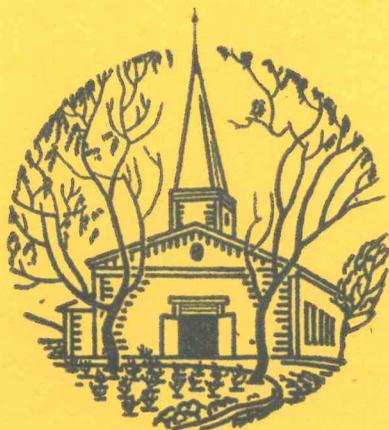


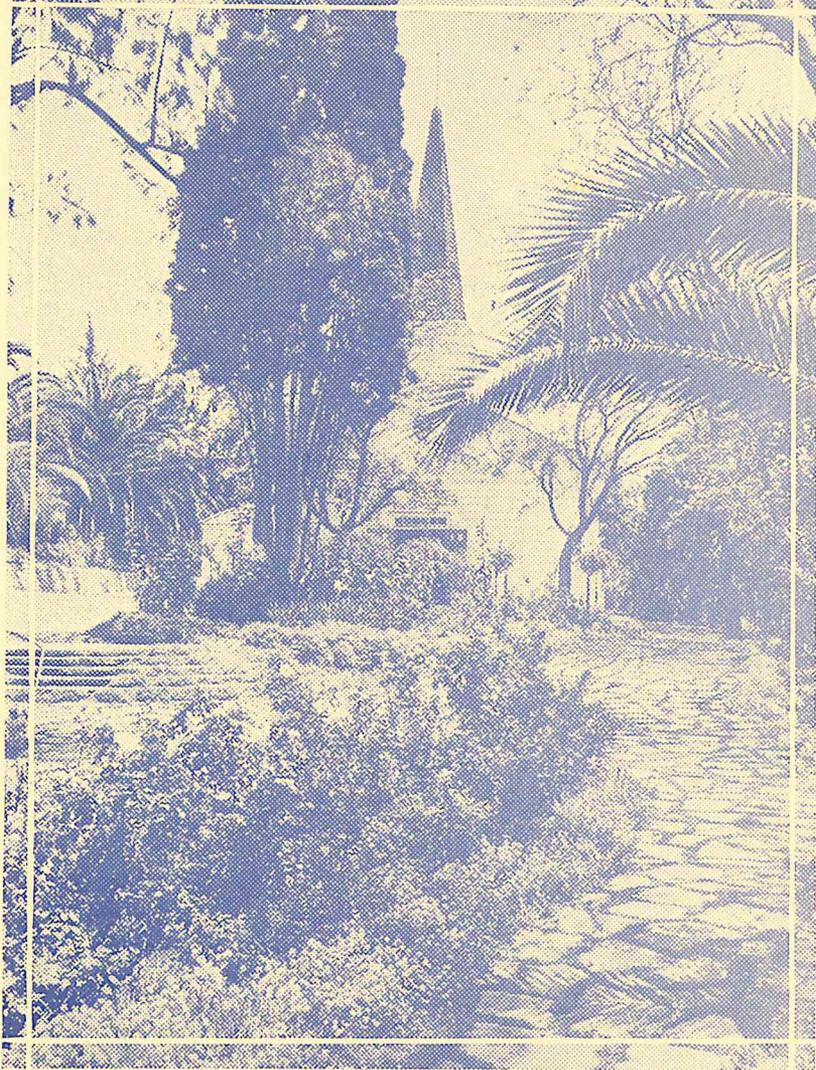
# The Country Church of Hollywood

## SCRAP-BOOK



VOLUME IV

1940

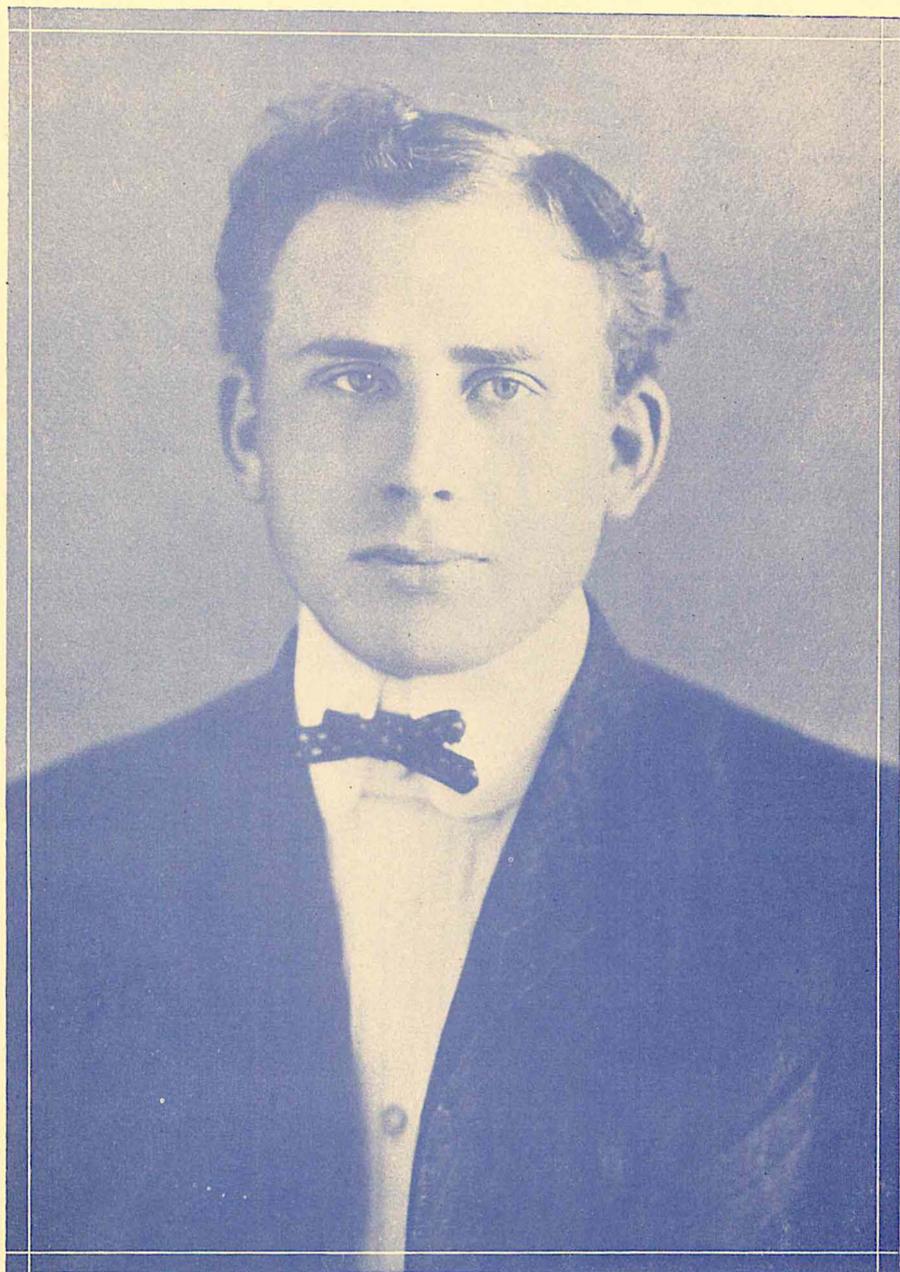


## THE COUNTRY CHURCH OF HOLLYWOOD

This quaint little church was dedicated to God on April 15th, 1934. Constructed of pine and redwood, 35 x 70 feet, seating 299 persons. Located on a beautifully wooded two-acre tract in the heart of Hollywood. "Parson" Josiah Hopkins and Sarah were really country preachers in the Cumberland Mountains. The Country Church has no membership, only a fellowship known as "Goose Creek Neighbors." The radio broadcasts, now with Sister Sarah Hopkins, Bro. Rudy Simmons, the Goose Creek Quartet, Slim Williams, Bud Hopkins, Grandma Wheezer, Miss Maggie Purdue, Miss Gerina Mason, Miss Peachy Applewhite, and others, are released daily except Monday, from 8:00 to 8:30 A. M. over KFAC. The church services: Sunday, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Thursday, 7:30 P. M.

PRESENTED TO

---



"Our beloved Parson at the beginning of his ministry for the Lord he loved. At the time that this picture was taken, he and 'Sarah' and the real Dan were riding in the hills of Tennessee, preaching to the Neighbors of the real 'Goose Creek.'"

(Reprinted from "Parson Josiah Hopkins Album")



"A photograph of Josiah, taken in the early days of his ministry in the Southern Methodist Church. With his faith firmly planted in the Rock of Ages, he looked 'for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'"

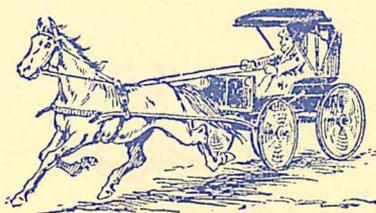


" 'The Parson' when he  
was known as  
'The Cheer-Up Chaplain'  
1917."



" 'Sarah' when she was  
known to the 'Dough-  
Boys' as the Chaplain's  
wife."

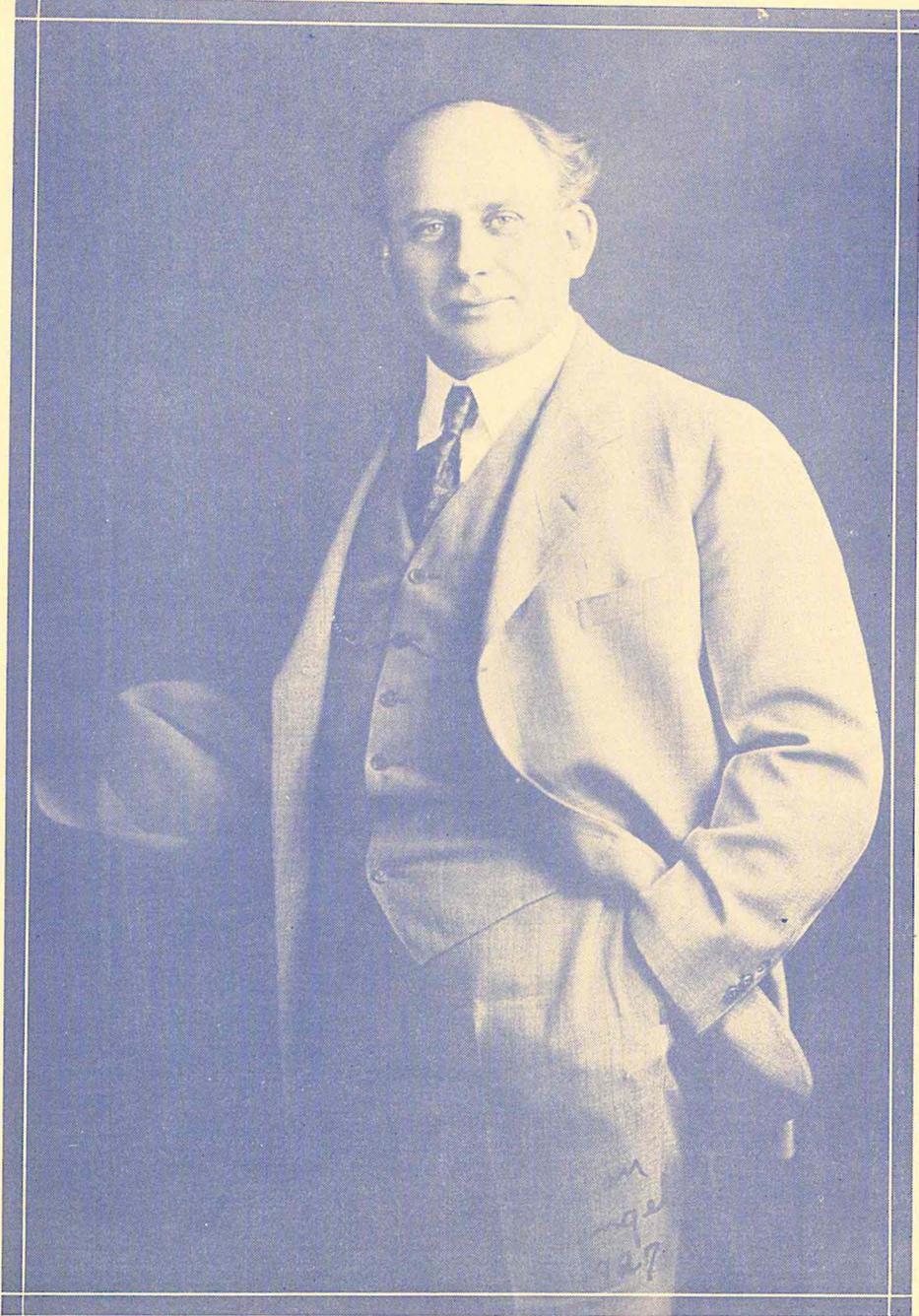
(Reprinted from "Christmas on the Rhine")





"Four of the 'Five Little Pigs,' as Josiah's and Sarah's family was called. This picture was taken at the time of the war, 1917. Reading from left to right, Martha (Miss Peachy Applewhite); Mary (Miss Gerina Mason); Milly (Miss Maggie Purdue); and Bill (Bud Hopkins). Virginia, the oldest of the five children, is not in the picture.

(Reprinted from "Christmas on the Rhine")



"When Josiah was known as Evangelist Will Hogg. Many thousands met our Blessed Lord in His saving power in his evangelistic campaigns."

(Reprinted from "In Memory of Josiah Hopkins")



SISTER SARAH HOPKINS

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★

By SARAH HOPKINS

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

★



WHILE MOST of the preachers were kind and very considerate of Josiah at this time, there were others who were not. Some seemed to actually want him to stay and work the little vegetable garden and never preach again, but God's Hand was on Josiah, leading him on and on. At this time he met Rev. Paul Rader, great world-wide missionary and preacher; who asked him to come and join him in his great work at the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Josiah was getting very much stronger by this time and he felt like he was able to undertake this great task. It was a marvelous opportunity to preach to thousands in the Chicago Tabernacle and to many more thousands over radio station WBBM in Chicago. Truly, "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." Mr. Rader was like a brother to him, and this kindness of Mr. Rader's Josiah never did forget.

But, I came near forgetting to tell you about my gift of ninety full-blooded chickens that were sent to me from Florida. It was just before Josiah left Memphis to go to Chicago, to be with Paul Rader in his work there.

He had been invited to hold a meeting in Tampa, Florida. When the meeting was over and Josiah came back home, he said, "Honey, there's a man in Tampa that's going to send you ninety fine hens and roosters, and they may be coming in any day now!" Well, if he had said that somebody was sending me a white elephant, I couldn't have been more surprised!

"Why, the idea," I said, "we don't have a big enough yard

for ninety chickens. What on earth will we do with them?"

"I'll go and buy some wire and try to fix pens for them before they get here," Josiah said, but he wasn't through building the pens and trying to make room for them before the ninety chickens arrived!

You never saw such an excited household as we all were when the expressman brought in crate after crate of chickens (full grown hens and roosters)! And they were beautiful chickens too, Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks, White Leghorns, and Buff Orphingtons. The pens were finally made for them, and while they were small, we managed to make the chickens comfortable, and it was a pretty sight to see all those different kinds of chickens penned up in our backyard. Friends from all over Memphis came to see and admire our beautiful chickens.

And, now that Bud's vegetable business had about given out since Josiah had stopped growing tomatoes and other vegetables, I think Bud was happier than anybody else to see the chickens. He knew there'd be plenty of eggs to sell now, and he started with his little note book around the neighborhood, taking orders for "nice fresh eggs". He was so enthusiastic over his prospects that he soon had taken more orders for "fresh eggs" than he could fill, but he did a good business for some time. But, as usual, the hardest part of the work fell on "Mother's" hands, and I had to work early and late with those chickens.

But, we were all so thankful that Josiah was strong and well again, that the extra work of feeding and taking care of ninety chickens weighed very lightly on our hands and hearts. It looked like our Heavenly Father was trying to make up to us in wonderful blessings what we had missed and what we had suffered while Josiah was so ill. Those of you neighbors who have suffered in one way or another for so long and who yet have kept that simple child-like faith in God, trusting Him to work it all out in His own good time, won't have very much longer to wait! For when Jesus comes again, He will make up to us in manifold joys and blessings for all the sorrow and pain we have ever had to bear here on earth. Oh, happy day!

Everybody loves a pretty wedding. Josiah and I both had attended hundreds of weddings since our own, and he had officiated at many a one. I used to laugh and tell Josiah that if I ever got married again, I certainly wanted him to perform

the ceremony! I always thought his choice of the words he used and the way he would say them was the most beautiful and most impressive that I ever heard a minister say. Well, this time, we were to have one of those pretty weddings right in our own little family, for Virginia, our oldest daughter was to be married to Oscar Hurt, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn. Virginia had always said even as a little girl that whenever she got married, she wanted to have a church wedding, and Josiah and I were anxious to carry out her wish.

Virginia had received her Bachelor of Science degree at Southwestern University in Memphis, and had taken two years Medical work in University of Tennessee, looking forward to getting her M.D. degree. But, like many other girls, the love-call was much stronger than the professional call when the right young man came along, and surely she could have not chosen a grander profession for any girl—that of being a home-maker.

Virginia and Oscar were married in the First Methodist Church in Memphis on June 26th, 1930.

Josiah was preaching regularly at the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle at the time, and Mr. Rader so wonderfully made it possible not only for him to get away for the wedding, but also made it financially possible. We were all so grateful to Mr. Rader for this.

A wedding as a rule is a very thrilling affair, but it requires a big amount of work, and Virginia's church wedding was no exception to this rule. We worked and planned for a whole month to make it a beautiful wedding. It is not easy to see your little girls leave the home nest. But, yet there's one thing we never want to see any young girl denied—that is, a happy home of her own, even if it is our own daughter, and she has to leave us sad and lonely. So, Josiah and I worked and saved to give Virginia the prettiest church wedding we could afford. It was the first wedding that I had ever had full charge of, and I can hardly tell you how excited I was over it all.

Josiah said he just didn't believe he could perform the ceremony, for he knew he'd cry right in the middle of it. So, we asked the pastor of the church to perform the ceremony, and Josiah was to walk down the church aisle with the bride and "give her away". That was always a strange expression to me, for no father who is a good father ever wants to "give his

daughter away"! She just takes that into her own hands and walks into the arms of another man—her husband.

That June afternoon as I saw them walking down the aisle together, arm in arm, to meet the bridegroom—my husband and my oldest daughter—I thought I had never seen a lovelier sight in my life! Pictures like that never fade from our memory.

(To Be Continued)



## THE OLD CLAY HOUSE



“When I am thru with this old house of mine,  
When no more guide lights thru the windows shine,  
Just box it up and lay it away,  
With the other clay houses of yesterday;  
And with it, my friends, do try if you can,  
To bury the wrongs since first I began  
To live in this house, bury deep and forget,  
I want to be square and out of your debt;  
When I meet the Grand Architect Supreme  
Face to face, I want to be clean.

“Of course I know it’s too late to mend  
A bad builded house when we come to the end;  
But to you who are building, just look over mine  
And make your alterations while there is time;  
Just study this house, no tears should be shed,  
It’s like any clay house where the tenent has fled.  
I have lived in this house many days all alone,  
Just waiting, and oh, how I long to go home!

“Don’t misunderstand me; this old world divine,  
With love, birds and flowers, and glorious sunshine,  
Is a wonderful place, and a wonderful plan,,  
And a wonderful, wonderful gift to man.  
Yet, somehow we feel when the cycle’s complete  
There are dear ones across we are anxious to meet;  
So we open the books and check up the past,

And no more forced balances—this is the last.  
Each item is checked; each page must be clean,  
It's the passport we carry our Builder Supreme.

“So when I am thru with this old House of Clay  
Just box it up tight and lay it away;  
For the Builder has promised when this house is spent,  
To have one all finished with timber I sent,  
While I lived here in this one. Of course it will be  
Exactly as I here have builded; you see  
It's the kind of material we each send across,  
And if we build poorly, of course 'tis our loss.

“You ask what material is best to select  
'Twas told you long since, by the great Architect.  
'A new commandment I give unto you,  
That you love one another, as I have loved you.'  
So the finest material to send up above  
Is clear straight grained timber of Brotherly Love.”



## WHEN DAY IS DONE

•

“Did you ever stop when day is done,  
At dusk, before the night's begun,  
And sit and think of the day gone by,  
The things you've done and the reason why?  
Did you ease the burden of some soul in need?  
Did you perform some kindly deed?  
Have you done the best that was in you?  
Have you played your part the whole day through?  
If you have, none has a right to complain,  
And you'll know somehow you've not lived in vain.”

# The Old Dinner Bucket

★

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

★



WAS IN THE kitchen not long ago, watching a happy little mother singing her love-song as she fixed the lunches for the children to take to school. I said to her, "Sarah, they ought to have dinner buckets. There's not much real substance in those lettuce-leaf sandwiches, pimento sandwiches and a little slice of tomato. It is small wonder that lots of the grown-up children have so many diseases and look so pale and wasted." She smiled and said: "Josiah, you are old-fashioned, and may be getting old."

I guess I am old-fashioned, for I love to live again those care-free boyhood days, before there ever came a gray hair on my temple, or the horrors of a world war had left its scars on my mind and soul.

My old dinner bucket was about ten inches high. It had a close-fitting top that came off with a "POP", like the pulling of a cork. Mother would clean up a quinine bottle and put molasses in it, and then she would get another bottle and fill it with milk. In the bottom of the bucket mother would lovingly pack away lots of things—turnips, sometimes beans, and at other times cabbage; always a juicy sweet potato, with the candy running out. And I would go running gleefully away to school with the bucket bouncing up and down, and often the stopper would get out of the molasses bottle and get all in the cabbage, beans and turnips. But, my, it didn't hurt it; just sweetened it!

We had three recesses in those days. Most of the day was made up of recesses; one at 10 o'clock in the morning, an hour at noon, and another recess in the afternoon. My bucket hung on the second nail, and from my school desk I would watch it by the hour, one eye drowsily on a book and the other on the

bucket. Brack Fugate's bucket was on the first nail. I would take my bucket out at every recess, and pull the top off with a "POP" that delighted my soul, and then delightfully sniff the odors that came out of the steaming bucket. Why, there was more real substance for making a man in one whiff from that bucket than there is in a whole box full of these light-weight, modern sandwiches. I would sit there and eat, and watch the little girls playing ladies around the roots of a big oak tree, and they were perfectly contented to make little dolls out of pine-straw and play with little bits of broken glass. But children have changed now. You have to bring home a talking doll and a whole arm full of "store-bought" toys to please them.

Well, I don't know where that old dinner-bucket went. I have lost it somewhere in these forty-odd years, and mother is gone—the one that so lovingly fixed the bucket with such tender, maternal foresight. She fell asleep down in Mississippi a few years ago, singing:

“My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run,  
My hardest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.  
Oh, come, angel band,  
Come and around me stand.  
Oh, bear me away on your snowy-white wings,  
To my eternal Home.”

My friends, as we sit around the breakfast table this morning, I am so happy to tell you that I have found God's dinner-bucket and in it the Bread of Life. It satisfies all the hunger of my manhood's soul, and supplies all the need of my life just as that old tin dinner-bucket did in boyhood's carefree hours.



## THE BURDENS

★

“If all the days were fair  
And every dream come true,  
There'd be no need for prayer,  
Or faith to guide us through.

“If trouble never came  
To test us or affright,  
Courage would be a name,  
Success, a cheap delight.

“If every day brought mirth  
To mortals as they plod,  
If Heaven could be on earth,  
There’d be no need for God.

“ ’Tis when the storms assail  
And when we’re sorely tried,  
When all resources fail,  
That God is at our side.

“Through darkness and through pain  
When other aid has flown,  
And all our strength seems vain,  
He makes His presence known.

“And so from hurts that grieve,  
From anguish and despair,  
Come courage to achieve  
And faith to conquer care.

“We rise to greater heights  
Beneath the lash and rod,  
Those troubled days and nights  
Nearer draw us to God.”



## SMILE

“When the day seems dark and dreary  
And your thoughts are prone that way,  
When your body is so weary  
Of the burdens for the day,

“Just straighten up and breathe real deep  
And open the window of your soul,  
The sun will then begin to peep  
And fill your thoughts with rays of gold.”

# MY TREASURE

By ELLEN WILSON

I sold my conscience to the world;  
The price I thought was good.  
My conscience—'twas a useless thing;  
I needed clothes and food.

But when 'twas gone, my joy went, too,  
And peace had flown away.  
The things the world gave in its place  
Were broken in a day.

And then the way grew steep and dark,  
My feet began to slide,  
I did not know which way to go,  
For I had lost my guide.

I bought my conscience back again—  
My conscience worn and old!  
The world demanded thrice the price,  
Since I to him had sold.

Just all I had I paid for it,  
And took the poor thing back,  
And turned me to my empty home  
Yet did not feel the lack.

It nestled in my heart again,  
And held my life as true,  
And showed me right and wrong as clear,  
As if it had been new.

I have my conscience back again;  
The world may keep its gold,  
For peace and joy have flown back, too,  
And never shall be sold!



"If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,  
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery  
made,

If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,  
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

"If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,  
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,  
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,  
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

"You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen  
If there's fire beneath the boiler and of ambition's strong  
machine,  
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed  
that's grand,  
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand."



## I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES



"I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And has prepared a place for me,  
And crowns of victory He gives  
To those who would His children be.

"Then ask me not to linger long  
Amid the gay and thoughtless throng,  
For I am only waiting here,  
To hear the summons, 'Child, come home.'

"I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all,  
I know His blood now speaks for me;  
I'm listening for the welcome call,  
To say, 'The Master waiteth thee!'

"I'm now enraptured at the thought,  
I stand and wonder at His love,  
That He from heav'n to earth was brought  
To die, that I may live above.

"I know that Jesus soon will come,  
I know the time will not be long,  
'Til I shall reach my heav'nly home  
To sing with joy the heav'nly song."



**“Memorial Day”**



**"JOSIAH HOPKINS" (Wm. B. Hogg)**

The above picture was taken in Chicago, 1930, just before Josiah's and Sarah's 25th wedding anniversary.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

★



IT WASN'T long before Virginia's wedding that Josiah and I decided it would be much better for us to live in Chicago as his work was with Mr. Rader in the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle, and he would be there broadcasting and preaching all the time.

We had to part with the ninety chickens first, and I hated to do it, for they had been so much pleasure to us all as well as some profit. Josiah wrote the kind Florida friend who had sent them to us, explained that we couldn't possibly keep chickens where we were going to live, and he wrote back to ship them back to him. It took several days to get the chickens all crated up to move, but they were finally ready and on their way back to their Florida home. I expect they were glad to get back to the warm sunny climate of Florida too, for they had been in the ice and snow at Memphis.

Then, we packed up all our household belongings, sent them in a big moving van to Chicago, and we—Josiah, Martha, Milly, Bud and I followed in our car.

We were leaving behind our two married daughters, Virginia and Mary, and their two husbands, besides many dear Memphis friends. It wasn't easy to go. But, Josiah had told us of the wonderful folks that we would learn to love in old Chicago and love them dearly. And he was right. We were received in royal manner at the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle by Mr. and Mrs. Rader and their great staff of officers and workers.

Mr. and Mrs. Rader were living close to the edge of Lake Michigan, and when we were invited to have dinner with them in their lovely home, I looked out of the window of the dining room and thought I had never seen such a beautiful view in my life, as Lake Michigan in all its beauty and grandeur. I'll never forget the visits we had in the Rader home, and how Mr. Rader would laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks at the stories Josiah would tell him, especially the stories about the Southern negroes.

It was an eye-opener to me to see the marvelous work of the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. The two-hundred voice choir lead by Merrill Dunlop was worth going many miles to hear, and the huge pipe-organ played by Lance Lathan would make you feel that you were in Heavenly places. Then, the great Missionary department under the wise council of Bro. Eicher, was another revelation to me. Bro. and Sister Eicher had spent many years as missionaries in India and had gone through many hardships for the Gospel of our blessed Lord. Mrs. Eicher told me about being shut up in the bath room one day in India with that most deadly of all snakes, the cobra. He was between her and the bath-room door. She said she prayed for God to give her strength to jump over the snake and get to the door before he sprang at her. And, with super-human power she said she jumped, opened the door and escaped! Very few of us realize the hardships and privations that our missionaries have to go through with, and, yet they are so in love with their work and the Master whom they adore, that they can hardly wait to get back to the field, when they are on a short vacation in the home-land.

Then, there are others who come up so vividly before me as I think of this great Tabernacle. There was Mrs. Lance Lathan, who with her husband, lead numbers of boys and girls to Christ, and whose work with young people of Chicago will ever remain their greatest monument.

There were Clarence and Howard Jones, two brothers whom God showered with such wonderful musical talents. Clarence is now a missionary in South America, speaking and playing over the radio to thousands every day. Some of the neighbors I'm sure will remember the Sunday afternoon two years ago when he played so wonderfully on his trombone for us in the Country Church. He was here for a short time in the United

States. Some of the most thrilling and inspiring music I have ever heard used to come from Howard's cornet and Clarence's trombone. It was truly a treat to hear coming over the air a great hymn played, with Merrill Dunlop at the piano, Lance Lathan at the organ, Howard with his cornet, and Clarence Jones and Clifford Benson with their trombones. One of these blessed days, I hope the Lord will let me hear these fine young men playing together around His Throne. Clifford Benson was another wonderfully gifted young Christian man.

Wilhemine and Harriet Rader, two young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Rader, were talented and gifted above the ordinary and were used of God in the work in Chicago in a marvelous way. Another daughter, Pauline, is a missionary now too with her husband in India.

Other friends whom I cannot fail to mention while thinking of the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle were Mr. and Mrs. George Zeimer and their fine son, George, Jr. Their friendship meant so much to all of our family. Mr. and Mrs. Zeimer have a great work in Milwaukee now, at the Milwaukee Gospel Tabernacle, and God is greatly blessing them there.

Josiah and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary while Josiah was preaching for Mr. Rader at the Tabernacle in Chicago and broadcasting over Radio Station WBBM in Chicago. Our 25th wedding anniversary came on August 24th, while we were having a wonderful summer vacation at Lake Harbor, in Michigan, one of the most beautiful summer resorts I ever saw. This delightful resort, with Lake Michigan for a swimming pool, large tennis courts, a fine golf course, and other added attractions was turned over to Mr. Rader and all the Tabernacle folks, and especially the missionaries (and there were many) for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Johnson, who live in Hollywood now, were the kind, generous friends who made possible such a gift. They have been especial friends of Josiah's and mine through the years, since we first knew them there.

For several days before our 25th wedding anniversary day came, the young folks at Lake Harbor, headed by Miss Wilhemine Rader, were very busy decorating the large tabernacle on the grounds, with branches and wild flowers for the celebration. Folks for miles around and even Chicago came to Lake Harbor that night for the anniversary, and to see us

march in and hear the same wedding ceremony that had united Josiah and me as husband and wife twenty-five years before. It was a beautiful "wedding," even if I do say so! Three of our children, who were at Lake Harbor, were our attendants—Martha (Miss Peachy Applewhite"); Milly ("Miss Maggie Purdue"); and William ("Bud Hopkins"). Bro. Zeimer read the wedding ceremony, and Mr. Ralph Rader, Mr. Rader's brother, sang "Oh, Promise Me". The girls even fixed me a beautiful bride's bouquet to carry as I marched down the aisle with Josiah to the strains of the wedding march. After that, we were ushered into the big dining room of the Cafeteria, where our Lake Harbor friends had prepared refreshments with a large white wedding cake in the middle of the table. Then, as a climax to that wonderful night, we were presented with a "chest" containing fifty silver dollars!

I can never forget that night. It was one of the "high lights" in Josiah's and my life together! How often he and I have spoken of it, and how he remembered and loved every detail of the celebration! Such loving kindness will always be remembered.

Some of the most thrilling days at the Chicago Tabernacle were when Mr. Rader would start on one of his trips around the world to visit the various mission stations where the missionaries from the Tabernacle were stationed. Crowds would follow him to the station to say good-bye while the Tabernacle band would play, and the folks all sing "To the Regions Beyond."

Josiah was left in charge of the work in Chicago, and he always seemed so happy and glad to call for gifts among the thousands of listeners on the radio and in the big Tabernacle to carry on this great missionary program in Mr. Rader's absence. Then, when Mr. Rader would return and tell us all about the wonderful amount of good that was being done by our missionaries at their foreign posts of duty, it would thrill our hearts and make us all double our energies to send more gifts and more missionaries.

Josiah has often said that Paul Rader was the greatest missionary preacher in the world. His heart and soul was really filled with love for the great masses who have never heard of Christ, and was so anxious for every man and woman and

child to hear the Gospel Story once anyway, as he used to say. There must have been many souls to greet this great man in Heaven from the "regions beyond" who had heard this Story through his efforts.

(To Be Continued)



## SUPERLATIVE WORDS

★

The greatest word is God.  
The deepest word is Soul.  
The longest word is Eternity.  
The swiftest word is Time.  
The nearest word is Now.  
The darkest word is Sin.  
The meanest word is Hypocrisy.  
The broadest word is Truth.  
The strongest word is Right.  
The tenderest word is Love.  
The sweetest word is Heaven.  
The dearest word is Jesus.

—The P. H. Advocate

## PRAYER

★

"O Lawd, give Thy servant this mornin' de eyes of de eagle and de wisdom of de owl; connect his soul with de gospel telephone in de central skies; luminate his brow with de sun of Heaben; Pizen his mind with love for the people; Turpentine his imagination; grease his lips with possum oil; loosen his tongue with de sledge hammer of Thy power; 'Lectrify his brain with de lightenin' of de Word; put petual motion on his ahms; Fill him plum full of dynamite of Thy glory; 'Noint him all over with de kerosene oil of Thy salvation and set him on fire—Amen."

[Actual prayer delivered at Red Rock, Miss.]

# The Cost of the World War

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

★

[The following article was written by Josiah in 1931, when he was at the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. I thought it would be particularly interesting at this war-darkened time.]

★



THE RECENT four years of bloodshed should have taught the world the lessons of the horrors of war, but like all other wars it is fading out of our memories, and the world is speeding up the preparations for another war, the horrors of which no human mind has ever dreamed. When one sees in cold print the total cost of the recent World War, the human mind may not comprehend it, but this statement made by a congressman at Washington may bring these figures into such a solution that our minds can digest them. The total cost of the recent World War represents a sum of money sufficient to buy a five acre farm for each family of the twenty-seven participating nations. Then, in addition to the farms, it would provide for each family a \$2500.00 bungalow, \$1000.00 for furniture, a good automobile, farm implements, a team of horses and a wagon, and a milk cow. Then, in addition to all that, there would be enough money left to give each town of two thousand population among these twenty-seven warring nations a million dollar high school, and to each town of twenty thousand population a ten million dollar university. And there would be a sufficient sum left, if invested at five per cent, to perpetually pay the salaries of the nurses and teachers in all the schools and colleges of the twenty-seven nations; and then there would be enough left of this interest to pay the salary of the President of the United States forever. Now that is WAR. But the next war is going to make the World War look like a battle with atomizers and popguns!

\* \* \* \*

I am reminded of a question that has been often asked me as an ex-chaplain in the United States Army; that is, what

was the funniest thing that I saw during the war. Two things always come up in my mind. One is an experience I had on the transport, Carona, when we thought we had been hit by a torpedo, but which proved to be a false alarm. I don't know whether I have space in this series of meditations to recount that experience, but I should like to tell the other one which I have in mind.

I was convalescing in a hospital in France and in the same ward there was a New England officer, a courageous fellow, who had a very serious machine-gun wound, and he had great trouble making the grade back to health again. The physician in that ward suggested to me to try to brighten up this officer, and as soon as I was able to move about I would go over and sit by his bunk and try to make him smile, but it was a very difficult task. He was disfigured for life, for his wound was in the face, and he dreaded the time when we would have to go back home to begin life with such a handicap, should he ever live through it all. There came a day when we were able to hobble about the wards of the hospital together. We were walking down the corridors of the hospital. All you doughboys remember how they were built—off at right angles. We came to one ward where it was so full that some of the patients had to lie on beds out in the corridor, and on one of these beds lay a man wearing more adhesive tape than I had ever seen on one human being. He was a colored soldier from the South, and was about the worst discouraged person I had seen. When I spoke to him, he recognized my Southern accent and said, "Howdy, Boss."

I asked him, "What in the world's the matter with you?"

He said, "White folks, I'm about the worst wounded man in the whole war!"

I noticed a smile on the face of my officer companion, and I realized that here was my chance to give him a good treatment of real Southern fun. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that we were laughing at the colored man. That was far from our minds but his attitude told the whole thing; his expressions were so different that one could not refrain from laughing, in spite of the fact that he was in a precarious condition.

So, I continued, "How in the world did you get torn up like this?"

The tears trickled down his cheeks. He said, "Gentmen, the worst thing you ever heerd since you wuz born in this world! You see, I was a ahmunition bearer. You didn't know Captain Withers, did yuz?"

"No, I don't think I ever met Captain Withers," I said.

"Well, suh, he's a awful hard man. He's from the South, too. So I toted ahmunition up to the front on a mule, a mighty pretty little mule, sort of dun colored. The little mule I called Ella. Shore was a pretty little mule." And he choked with sobz. I encouraged him to go on, and he finally continued:

"As I wuz a-sayin', they wanted some more ahmunition. Oh, they shore wuz careless with shooting arms! It's a wonder to me everybody wan't killed out; they jest shot every which a-way, and I couldn't bring up enough for the machine gun company. Me and this pore little mule jest a-gwinin' back-arnds and for-arnds. So Captain Withers he say, 'Isom, more ahmunition.' I say, 'Boss, you look a-yonder; they're shootin' across that place whar you want me to go.' And Captain Withers say to me, 'You old hypocrite! You is allers talkin' about Heaven. Here you're actin' like you is scared to die. Thought you said Heaven was yore home!' I tell him, I say, 'Yassir, Heaven is my home, but the Lord knows I ain't homesick!' "

We chuckled, and he went on. He said, "I says to him, I says, 'Ef you send me 'cross that there place whar they's a-shootin' at with them cannons, I'll tell you whar my blood's gwine to be. Gwine to be right on yore hands! That's whar its a-gwine to be at.'" But the Captain, apparently, was obdurate. He insisted that Isom go. Isom said, "So, me and Ella we started, and jest like I told him, we hadn't gone over two hundred yards until one of them divilish arrowplanes, they seed us, and it seems like they do 'spise to have anybody bring in ahmunition! They shore is curious about ahmunition. He came over. I wan't payin' no attention to him, me and Ella, but, you know what he done? I see'd the thing a-comin' down. 'Course I couldn't get away from it. It looked like it's body wuz as big as a flour barrel. But it hit de ground off a piece, and you could have put a automobile in the hole that thing blowed out. 'Course, didn't none of the bomb hit us, but might jest as well, 'case it blowed some dirt all over me,

and it shore scared that pore little mule. Ella kinda histed up on her hind legs, folded her front feet, and then swung away. Yassir, that mule wuz as unconscious as she'll be when she's a dead corpse! She didn't know nothin'! 'Course, I couldn't go nowhars with a mule that done histed on me, so I jest laid right down by the mule and says to her, 'That's whar I'se gwine to stay at. You can go, but that's what I'm gwine to do! "

I said, "What did you do, Isom?"

He said, "Do? Law-me, I never had no chance to do nothin'. That man drapped another one of 'em things a little-more closer. This time it blowed dirt in that mule's ear. You say you is from the South, Boss? Well, you know how tender mules is about their ears. So, that mule rize. She couldn't stand it. and when she rise, I jest throwed my arms around her neck. I said, 'Honey, save yoreself and me!' And away we went. That little mule and me a-holdin' to her, and we'd been gwine several minutes till I says to myself, 'I better look and see whar this mule is gwine to.' I histed my head up, and you know one thing? That mule had got turnt all wrong. She didn't know whar she wuz gwine. She wuz takin' me jest as straight towards them German lines as she could go. I said, 'Uh, oh, I ain't lost nothin' in them German lines!' And you know what I done?"

I said, "Well, what on earth did you do?"

He said, "I dive off that pore little mule into a barbed wire, Yassir. I's garmed up with barbed wire. I'se ruint with barbed wire. That's why all this here stuff is stuck on me. From head to foot I'm jest messed up with barbed wire."

"Oh," I said, "That's terrible!"

He said, "I done put in to get a wound stripe for each one of these hear tore places on me. There ought to be about a hundred." He was chuckling. He said, "I'll be kivered up with wound stripes, won't I?"

Well, I didn't tell him he wouldn't get a wound stripe for it, but I said, "Well, what became of the mule?" By the way, my officer friend by this time was just about collapsed. It was just what he needed to break the tedium of his melancholia. He said, "What did become of the mule?"

"That's what I wuz a-fixin' to tell you. You know, down South, they charge the mules to the hands workin' on places,

and I says to myself, 'They's gwine to charge that there mule to me.' So, I looked up from this mess of barbed wire whar I wuz at, and see'd the mule. She wuz way off, gwine right on. And when I see'd her, I said, 'Aw, oh, it ain't no use.'" Then he stopped.

I said, "What do you mean, 'it ain't no use?'"

He said, "Did you know mules pretty well?"

I said, "Yes, I know them fairly well."

"Well," he said, "when I see'd the mule, she had done twis' her tail, and, Boss, when they do that in the South, it ain't no use. So, I said, 'The United States done lost one mule!'"

My officer friend went back to the ward very much improved by hearing this story!

(Reprinted from "Armistice Day Memories")



## MY OLD BIBLE



Though the cover is worn,  
And the pages are torn,  
And though places bear traces of tears;  
Yet more precious than gold  
Is the Book, worn and old,  
That can shatter and scatter my fears.

This old Book is my guide;  
'Tis a friend by my side;  
It will lighten and brighten my way;  
And each promise I find  
Soothes and gladdens my mind  
As I read it and heed it today

To this Book I will cling,  
Of its worth I will sing,  
Though great losses and crosses be mine  
For I can not despair,  
Though surrounded by care,  
While possessing this blessing Divine.

—EDMUND PILLIFANT

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★

By SARAH HOPKINS

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE



T WAS ALONG about this time when Chicago was filled with gangsters from what was known to us all as "the underworld." Many crimes were committed, and people began to be afraid to be on the streets of that great city any time, especially at night.

Josiah had an experience himself, with some of these gangsters. It was not long after that famous Valentine's Day massacre, when two factions of the gangsters under different leaders were fighting each other. I think there were fourteen of them killed that day on the streets of Chicago. I'm sure lots of the neighbors remember reading about this wholesale murder in the papers, at that time. This, of course, made the citizens of Chicago more nervous than ever. One night Josiah had to go on the electric train out to Milwaukee to preach for Bro. George Zeimer in his tabernacle there, and it was very late that night when he got back to Chicago.

As he was just going to take the "El" train in the famous Chicago "Loop" out to Evanston where we lived, he heard a shot across the street, and a man fell to the sidewalk. Josiah, thinking he could be of some help, rushed to the poor wounded man. But, just as he did, he was ordered to hold his hands up and pushed along the sidewalk with two guns, one on each side of his back. He said he tried to explain, with his teeth chattering, to them, that he was only a preacher coming back from his preaching service, but every time he opened his mouth one of 'em would say, "Shut up!"

Finally, one of the men said to the other, "I believe we've got the wrong 'guy'." And, after they gave Josiah what they

called "the once over", they turned him loose. But, Josiah said he was so weak and scared after that experience that he could hardly walk up the steps where he caught the "elevated" train home. And, neighbors, you should have seen the black and blue marks on his back made by those two guns! It was certainly a unique experience!

It was while we were living in Chicago and Josiah was preaching at the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle that he was invited to hold a two-weeks' meeting for Rev. Oswald J. Smith of Toronto, Canada. In Dr. Smith's letter to Josiah asking him to hold this meeting he said, "To make it more attractive for you, I'm asking you to bring your wife with you, and we will pay all her expenses too." I had never been to Canada, and the thought of getting to go with Josiah gave me a great thrill of joy.

I'm sure as I look back on it now, that Josiah and I never spent two happier weeks in our whole life together as those two spent in Toronto, Canada. Dr. Smith and Mrs. Smith and their warm-hearted church people gave us a hearty welcome that I shall never forget. I thought then that the Toronto people reminded so much of the people of the South, my own people, and that naturally drew me very close to them.

So many young newly married couples used to go to Niagara Falls on their honey-moon trips. Josiah and I were too poor to take that trip when we were married, but when we went to Toronto we had the great pleasure of making the trip we had always wanted to make—the trip to Niagara Falls. And, I'm sure we couldn't have appreciated Niagara Falls as much on our honey-moon as we did on this wonderful visit, and I'm sure too we were just as much "in love" then as we were at the time we were first married.

It was while we were in this meeting with Dr. Smith that Josiah received a telegram from Mr. Paul Rader asking him to please hurry back to Chicago, as he wanted to send him to Los Angeles to take charge of the work he had started in this beautiful city. This came as a great surprise to us, for we thought we would make Chicago our home for a long, long time.

Then, too, our three youngest children were in school there. Martha ("Miss Peachy Applewhite") was a senior in Northwestern University; Mildred ("Miss Maggie Purdue") was a senior in Roycemore, a school for young girls; and William

("Bud Hopkins") was just beginning High School there. And, besides, we were looking forward to the arrival soon of a little grand-son or grand-daughter, to be born to our oldest daughter and her husband. And, sure enough, it wasn't long after that that a telegram from Memphis came telling us that our first little grand-daughter had arrived—Virginia's baby. And, her name was "Virginia Dale", after her two grand-mothers!

I'm sure those of the neighbors who are grand-parents will never forget the thrill of seeing your first grand-baby. It's very much the same feeling that you had when you held your own first baby close to your heart. Josiah wasn't at the house when the telegram came, and when I finally reached him by telephone, he said I was laughing and crying too when I told him all about it. He hurried home to help me get ready to take the train to Memphis. When I left, he cried too because he couldn't go with me to welcome the little darling into the family. But, afterwards, when Virginia and the baby could visit us, what joy Josiah had in playing with Dale, and especially rocking her to sleep when Virginia wasn't looking.

Josiah came out to California first and found a great work started by Mr. Rader at 123 N. Lake Street in Los Angeles. The building was soon too small to seat the crowds that poured in to the services. Therefore, with that earnestness and energy that always characterized Josiah's work, he started enlarging the building and made of it the large auditorium that it is today. After Martha and Mildred had each graduated from their schools, "Bud", Martha, Mildred, and I came out to Los Angeles to be with Josiah and to make our home here. It wasn't long after that that our daughter Mary ("Miss Gerina Mason", the school ma'm) and Mike, her husband, followed us to California.

But, as it is so often the case Satan is always on the lookout for works and places and men that are accomplishing a great deal in the Kingdom of God, and this was no exception. You could almost see his handiwork beginning, and how he did fight this tabernacle on Lake street, where men and women were finding Christ as their Savior by scores. The damage that was done was very great, and caused the failure of this tabernacle. But, God still had His Hand on Josiah, and had a greater work in store for him to do—in fact, the greatest

work of his life. We cannot understand how God's plan for our lives will shift suddenly from one path to another, but some day He will explain it all to us! Wonderful day! But, if we are in His Hands, we know that "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord and the called according to His purpose."

One day, sitting in the California sunshine on a bench at Hollywood and Vine, while the street-car bells were clanging and numbers of cars were passing every minute, when he had seen his hopes and dreams fail at the Lake St. Tabernacle, Josiah said God's Holy Spirit whispered in his heart, "Build a little country church here, where men and women can come back to the simple faith of their fathers and mothers, and where people can get back to neighboring with one another and singing in the old-time spirit the praises of God." And Josiah said he answered aloud, "A country church of Hollywood?" And the Lord seemed to answer, "In Hollywood!"

He came home and told me about it and asked me what I thought of it. I said, "Well, it surely does seem strange, but it sounds good to me, if you have the faith to start it. I'll help you all I can."

"We'll have it a radio church and call it 'The Country Church of Hollywood,'" Josiah said. "It will be a little church, but I believe the Lord will help us to make it a blessing to a lot of people."

And, the little Country Church of Hollywood started off just like the Childrens' Home in El Paso, Texas, was started, without any money, but with an extra amount of faith.

The next morning Josiah went down to the radio station, KFAC, to talk to the officials of the station about his idea. He told them about his idea of the little country church, as well as driving the memory horse, "Dan." At first they said they didn't believe it would work. It sounded a little ridiculous and out of place to have a country church in Hollywood. But, finally, they said they would give Josiah two weeks of radio time free, and if he received any letters of encouragement from the people, they would give him more radio time until he could get a start. I've often thought of how much the Country Church of Hollywood owes to those good men of KFAC!

Rudy Atwood ("Bro. Rudy Simmons") was with us from the very first broadcast and played the piano. The boys who

made up the first "Goose Creek Quartet" were Kenneth Nelson, John Rumbles, Dave Kleinsasser, and Howard Loucks. Mr. Rumbles passed away shortly after he started singing for us. Kenneth Nelson is now singing with our very good friends, The Crew of the Good Ship Grace. Paul Leonard ("Slim Williams") brought his "Buglers from Five Forks" with him, and they were with us from the first. "Slim" hadn't started whistling for us then, but I had two real birds, two canaries, at home. One was named "David" and the other "Bing". And Josiah and I carried David and Bing down in the cages morning after morning to the broadcasts, so the neighbors could hear their sweet songs. But, the trip to KFAC Studio must have been too much for them, for when the time came for the broadcast, they wouldn't sing a note!

Then, one happy morning Josiah came home bringing two letters! Letters from neighbors who had heard the morning meeting, and each letter had one dollar in it! Josiah read those letters over and over again. And the next morning there were eight letters in the mail, and we were overcome with joy!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## UNANSWERED PRAYERS

By MARTHA GRENFELL

★

Dear Lord, for prayers unanswered,  
I give Thee thanks today;  
I fear to think what might have been,  
If granted my own way!  
When my request I offered,  
While seeking for the light,  
Dear Lord, I failed to realize  
I did not ask aright!

Some prayers were granted quickly—  
The answer, "Yes!" was plain;  
For other prayers I waited long—  
They sought some selfish aim;  
But there were prayers unanswered,  
And now I clearly see  
That in Thy wise and tender love  
Thy way was best for me!

# "I HAVE TREASURE IN THE SKIES!"

By LESLIE HAMILTON BALL



Though the world is filled with dread  
Look up now and lift your head!  
This is not a time to sigh!  
Our redemption draweth nigh!  
Mars may grind his spears and axes  
Wars gone by still swell the taxes;  
Banks may break, and assets freeze  
In depression's chilly breeze—  
Still the saint exultant cries,  
"I have treasure in the skies!"  
There no wizards of finance,  
Politics, or circumstance,  
Juggle values which we gave  
Self-denying toil to save.  
Never shall we store above,  
Too much courage, patience, love.  
Falling prices steal our gain,  
Make our labor here in vain;  
Fruits of earth ungathered rot.  
"Buy the truth, and sell it not!"  
Things created have their day;  
Even heaven will pass away;  
But the works of love divine  
Shall to endless ages shine.

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

★

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

★

Neighbors, this book, "Talks on the Book of Revelation," was written by Josiah seven years ago. I feel as we reprint this, that there are probably several things that he might have changed, should he have rewritten it, for each year in these past seven has brought more light on Bible prophecy. However, we believe that the studying of this book will be of great help to all. It has blessed thousands. Our own "Professor Gandy" (John Knox) has often told the neighbors that it was the reading of this book, "Talks on the Book of Revelation," by Josiah, that was the means of his conversion, months after Josiah himself had been with His Lord. We pray that as we reprint this book, chapter by chapter, that it shall continue to draw men to Christ.

—SARAH HOPKINS.

★

## THE FIRST TALK

### THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOOK

#### REVELATION 1:1-3



THE BOOK OF REVELATION is one of the most peculiar books in all the world. It is the cornerstone of Bible truth. In Zechariah 4:7, the Word speaks of the stone of truth, the capstone. That is exactly what the book of Revelation is. One should think of the Bible as a building. The foundation is the Pentateuch of Moses. The next story is the covenant dealings of God with Israel; the next story, the liturgy, the Psalms; after that, the prophetic visions; then, on top of that is the four Gospels; then, the Book of Acts. Away up toward the top of the sky-scraper, one finds himself in the lovely Epistles, and on the very pinnacle, one finds the book of Revelation.

The books of Daniel and Revelation are fundamentally and vitally different in the fact that Daniel was a sealed book, It

said, "Seal this book till the time of the end" (Daniel 12:9). However, Revelation says (22:10), "Seal not the prophecy of this book, for the time is at hand." The book of Daniel has been sealed until the end time, and we are just now beginning to find out its meaning, but, remember that Revelation never was locked up. John had hardly finished writing when things that he wrote began to unfold. But, Daniel wrote away back in the times when one could see but dimly the panorama of coming events. I believe the Holy Ghost is now letting men find out what Daniel describes, because we are in the last days. The Holy Ghost sealed Daniel, and the Holy Ghost is unsealing it as He opens it up to the minds of men.

There are three schools of thought regarding the book of Revelation. You can always pigeon-hole a preacher by his attitude toward Revelation: (1) The futurist; (2) The historic; (3) The preterist. Most preachers are preterists; they believe that somebody by the name of John wrote a religio-political book of consolation to the Jews so they would come back to their home—some of it true, some untrue, but highly symbolical of politics and religion.

The next is the historical school. They believe that it has all been fulfilled, most of it is all over. Many of them say that the Catholic Church in its past history was all portrayed here, fulfilled and unrolled. In other words, it is human history. They are getting closer to the truth, but their mistake is in putting it all in the past.

The school that we shall follow is known as the position of the futurist. Dr. Ironside is a futurist; G. Campbell Morgan is a futurist; Dr. Mark Mathews is a futurist. The term means that the fulfillment of Revelation is yet to be.

This is a unique book in that it pronounces a blessing on everybody that reads it, believes it, and keeps the saying in it. The book begins with a benediction, and it closes in the 22nd chapter by repeating this blessing.

The college professor was wrong who told me to leave Revelation alone, because it was a sealed book. Why, it was not sealed but kept wide open. God not only kept it open but urges us to read it and promises a blessing for such. There never has been a man or woman since John wrote it under the

breath of the Holy Ghost who has read it through sincerely or heard it read prayerfully that did not get a blessing. Would God tell you to read a book you could not understand? Suppose your little girl should ask for a book to read, would you give her a copy of Calculus or of Pure Logic or Pure Ethics? God would not say blessed is he that reads it, if one could not understand it. My Heavenly Father loves me, therefore my heart leaps with joy that He has given me this book. I believe the Holy Spirit is hovering over this book to interpret it to anybody who will honestly read it with an open mind.

The book is not "The Revelation of St. John, the Divine". That name has caused a lot of disturbance among preachers. That name is wrong; it is not in the original. It is not the revelation of John, but it is the Revelation of Jesus Christ. The word, "revelation", comes from the Greek word, "apocalypsis" (the reason it is sometimes called the Apocalypse), which means "taking the veil off"—the unveiling of Jesus Christ. He is the theme of Revelation. You will see Him unveiled in three ways: (1) You will see Him in this dispensation among the churches, like the center of a golden lampstand; (2) You will see Him in the next dispensation as the returned and glorified King; and (3) you get glimpses of Him all through the book as the bleeding and rejected Lamb waiting to come back to reign.

Have you ever thought of the Bible as an unbroken circle? The circle starts with the Pentateuch, God's dealings with His covenant people, then the Psalms, Prophecy, Gospels, Acts, Epistles, Revelation. Revelation dove-tails with Genesis and completes the circle. You can never understand until you know Genesis.

In Genesis, there is the creation of heaven and earth, and in Revelation, there is the creation of the new heaven and the new earth. In Genesis, it speaks of the creation of a Paradise with a blessed river, which is the tree of life on earth, and in Revelation, it speaks of the River that is pure as crystal, gushing out under the Throne of God, and on each side of it the Tree of Life. The first man and his wife, to whom God gave dominion over the fowls and fishes and the earth, are spoken of in Genesis. In Revelation we hear of the second Man and His Bride having dominion over the world redeemed by His Blood.

In Genesis, it tells of the first typical sacrificial lamb; in Revelation, it tells of the bleeding Lamb on the Throne.

In Genesis, it tells you of the beginning of sin caused by a serpent; in Revelation, it tells you of the ending of sin by the Blood and the casting of the serpent into the lake of fire. We read of the first murder, the first polygamy (Adam had one wife—polygamy came in with paganism), the first drunkard, the first dictator, the first of all kinds of sin, and we find that all who sin and refuse salvation by grace are banished from God's presence. We read in Genesis of the rise of Babylon; in Revelation, we witness its fall. In Genesis it tells you how death, sin, sickness, crime, and disease started, how pain began, how sorrow and toil started. The book of Revelation never closes until you see God wiping the tears away and taking the redeemed above the curse into His blessed presence, where they never dig a grave, and nobody ever heaves a sigh! Glorious Genesis and Revelation, a complete circle!

The Holy Ghost cannot make revelation plain to you until you know your Bible. You notice in the first verse it reads, "He sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John." Signified means "to use symbols". One is helpless in geometry without a blackboard or a piece of paper. There is not a symbol used in the book of Revelation that is not used somewhere else in the Bible and explained. That explains the fact that nobody yet has given us the perfect interpretation of Revelation. If someone knew every symbol and every meaning in its minuteness and would throw the skylight of his soul open to the Holy Ghost, he would write the complete, perfect explanation of Revelation.

What is the origin of Revelation? It started with God. God gave it to His Son, and told His Son, Jesus, to send an angel to tell John, who in turn was to tell the servants of the Lord down through the ages. God drew off the veil of the second Member of the Godhead and viewed it Himself; then, God told Jesus! "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave Him"—God revealed Christ to Christ, Himself!

God revealed to His Son His Calvary program and the redemptive plan. Do you remember the incident when God told Abraham to take his little boy for a walk? Have you ever seen Calvary in that? And they walked three days. Rather significant, isn't it? For three days was Christ in the ground!

Do you catch the significance, now? It was on that identical spot that the temple was built later, and where Abraham built the altar upon which sacrifices were offered for years to come. As Abraham lifted up his hand to sacrifice Isaac, God stopped him and said, "I won't let you do it, but I am going to do just that! Your doing it will avail nothing. I have to redeem man. No father's love can do it; it will take a divine love." Then, Abraham told Isaac all about it.

That is just exactly what happened when the Father revealed to the Son the whole plan of Calvary. Why, they may have talked about it for a million years; there is no telling how many times Jesus Christ and Jehovah, the Father, sat and talked it all over. That adds depth of meaning to the words, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass."

The first three verses gave us the introduction to Revelation. The next part of the first chapter is a wonderful vision. As you get into the second and third chapters, you see things that are going on in this dispensation. As you get into the fourth chapter, you leave this dispensation; the Church is raptured, that is, taken up in the air, and the word, "church", is not used any more. From the fourth through the last chapter of Revelation, you see things that are yet to come to pass. The fourth chapter starts, "After this I looked." The Church Age is over. "As I looked, a door was opened in heaven." The redeemed were gone. That is the way God is going to end the first part of the drama of His golden age. Like a beautiful pageant out on the hillside with girls in white with garlands of flowers, the curtain is drawn back, and the announcement is made, "This is the prologue." The first thing you know the pageant of the ages is going to take place, and the prologue will be the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and you and I will be gone—if we are ready. "To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin unto Salvation."

# LOST DIAMONDS



“A diamond in the rough  
Is a diamond—sure enough,  
For, before it ever sparkles,  
It is made of diamond stuff.

“Of course, some one must find it;  
Or it will never be found,  
And then, some one must grind it,  
Or it never will be ground.

“But when it’s found, and when it’s  
ground  
And when it’s burnished bright,  
That diamond’s everlastingly  
Just flashing out its light.”



“In my little home town  
Where we’re all very poor,  
There roses and hollyhocks  
Grow right up to the door.  
The neighbors will greet you  
And call your first name,  
The clothes do not count  
The greeting’s the same.  
I like it this way  
In the people I see  
But mostly because  
They say ‘howdy’ to me.”

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★

By SARAH HOPKINS

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX



THE OFFICIALS and members of the broadcasting station, KFAC, began to be just as interested in our morning broadcast as we were, and were just as anxious to see how the radio listeners liked it. When the morning mail came, they would sit around in the Studio and watch us open each letter, and rejoice with us when the pile of letters grew larger and larger each day.

We didn't have any little church at that time, so we visited around among the other churches. The pastors of different churches were very kind to us and invited us to come and "put on" our broadcasts for their people on week nights. So, Josiah, the quartet, Brother Rudy, Slim and myself would all drive out together where we would enjoy the fellowship of these good people and have a good spiritual time, too. We also had with us a fine young lady, who was a harpist—Miss Mary Edith Smith—and she and Mr. Thomas of KFAC went with us to these church meetings. Our daughter, Mary, who was then "Miss Flutie Belcher, teacher of the Red Onion School," on the broadcast, would go with us, and play for the service whenever Rudy couldn't go with us. The first pastor to open his church to the little Country Church was Dr. Stewart P. MacLennan, of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. We have always appreciated this so very much, and today Dr. MacLennan is one of our warmest friends.

Jimmie McMaster, Josiah's nephew, was with us then, and Jimmie would carry the little church bell, which was a loco-

motive engine bell that had been given to us by the Southern Pacific Railroad, in his little car. Sometimes Jimmie would arrive after the meeting started, but we'd ring the bell anyway, to show the neighbors how the bell looked and how it sounded. Bro. Guy McConnell, one of the Goose Creek neighbors, had obtained this for us, and you can still hear that little bell ringing every morning at 8:00 o'clock on the broadcasts and for the Sunday services, and at the weddings in the little Country Church.

About this time Josiah thought it would be a fine idea to have a "gatherin'" of all the neighbors who listened to the morning meetings over the radio. So, he and I drove around over Hollywood looking for a place where we could have our first "gatherin'." We finally found a vacant lot covered with trees not far from our little office on Hollywood Boulevard, close to Bronson. Josiah bought some lumber for the platform and asked over the radio if some men who were carpenters would volunteer to put up a platform for us. A goodly number of men answered his call, and soon we had a strong platform ready. After we had placed some pot-plants, flowers, and American flags on our little platform, we thought it looked very nice.

Then, Josiah rented enough benches to seat about 2 000 people. When I saw so many wooden benches arriving, I said, "Josiah, do you suppose we'll ever find enough people to fill these benches?"

He said, "Honey, I'll keep a-callin' the folks over the radio to come until we do fill 'em!"

I'll never forget that first Sunday afternoon "gatherin'" of the Goose Creek neighbors! They came by the hundreds that afternoon until soon the benches were all filled and only standing room was left. The thing that impressed itself on my mind about that first Sunday gathering was how the neighbors sat on those hard benches in the hot sun listening to Josiah preach for about an hour, while Josiah himself stood mopping his brow all the time he was preaching!

Josiah couldn't seem to get out of his mind that the Lord wanted him to build "that little Country Church of Hollywood," and he and I together would drive the streets and avenues of Hollywood looking for the spot we thought would

be the best. At first, Josiah thought the place for it was where we had held the first "gatherin'," and it nearly broke Josiah's heart when the man who owned the property said he wouldn't consider leasing it to us.

But, right in the heart of Hollywood, at the corner of Argyle and Yucca Streets, in the midst of a grove of beautiful trees, stood what was left of an old mansion. I'm sure it must have been one of the "show places" of Hollywood in earlier days. Josiah and I drove up in front of this place one day, and he said to me, "There's the spot, honey! I can see now why the Lord wouldn't let us have the other property. He wanted to show us this! This is where we must put the little Country Church. It will be beautiful on the side of this hill, where the folks on Hollywood Boulevard can see its little steeple pointing Heavenward!"

We got out of the car and climbed up the hill, and Josiah knelt down by one of the trees and thanked the Lord for giving us this site before we had even made any arrangements to buy it!

Of course, the first thing to do was to find out who the owner was, and if it could be bought or leased. We found that it was part of the Bartlett estate, and that the owners would allow us to lease it if we couldn't afford to buy it. Josiah laughed and told them he thought it better to lease it, as we didn't have any money at all to try to buy it.

At this time, Mr. W. A. Barr, a young business man who was connected with the Union Bank & Trust Company of Los Angeles, became very much interested in the Country Church and consented to be our business manager. And what trials "Billy" Barr had to undergo for this little Church, and what it meant to Josiah and me to have him carry so many burdens for us!

Josiah had been preaching on Sunday for the neighbors at the old Eagles' Hall Auditorium on Union Avenue, but now that we were leasing this property, he wanted some place for him to preach up here.

So, the old home on top of the hill was torn down, the lumber sold, and a big tent that seated about 1500 people was put up in its place, to take care of the people on Sunday. How hard we all worked getting the tent all ready for the first "tent-meetin'!"

But, the first Sunday in the tent was not a very "auspicious" one—in fact, it was almost heart-breaking, for after all our work and planning for a great day, it poured down rain all day! This was the day of the great La Crescenta Flood.

Josiah, undaunted by the rain on the Sunday morning that we were to "open up the tent," said at the early morning broadcast that the tent was "as snug as a bug in a rug," and still invited them to come over to the services. But, I wish you could have seen it by 10:30 that morning, the time for the morning services! Of course, everybody knows that a tent can't always be depended on in a rain, and this was really a "down-pour," and our tent couldn't stand it. The sides "caved in," and there were pools of water inside the tent. You can imagine how Josiah and I felt, when we drove up close to the tent and saw that picture! But, do you know, neighbors, that didn't keep the people from coming. Many came in spite of the rain. So, the ushers had to stand on the sidewalk and send the people back home.

But, soon the California sun came out again, and the Lord gave us many wonderful services and great crowds under that same old tent for years after that, for later when the little church was built, we had to use the tent for the large crowds that attended to hear Josiah preach.

The long-dreamed-of little Country Church seemed to "go up" like magic when the work on it was started. Josiah again called for carpenters and other workmen who would give as much time as they could spare to help put up this little church. All seemed too happy to do what they could to make the little church as attractive as possible. There's no telling how many faithful neighbors will be remembered when the Lord gives out His rewards to those who helped so cheerfully and willingly toward the building of the little Country Church of Hollywood. Thousands have been saved under its roof and over the broadcasts that have gone out from its radio ministry. Surely, these men who labored with their hands and the women who came and brought good home-cooked dinners to them as they worked, will get their share of the spiritual reward, too!

The Corner Stone of the Country Church was laid on March 4th, 1934. That was a wonderful day in the history of the little church. People from all over the "three counties" came

with articles that they treasured very highly to be laid in the corner stone—to be kept there for fifty years. Josiah took each article—from a lock of hair to a well-worn Bible—and wrapped each carefully, laid them in the corner stone and sealed it, and it was placed where it stands today—with the names of the three trustees engraved on it.

Then, our son-in-law, Herman Michael (known as “Joey Staples” on the radio) began to string up wires around the church and then connected them with our radio station, KFAC, and we broadcasted our morning meetings and “drove old Dan” right from the Country Church.



## BEAUTY FOR ASHES

★

“To give beauty for ashes.”—Isa. 61:3.

In my youth I built a structure  
Of design both grand and gay,  
But my noble, glittering castle  
Has now turned to ashed gray.

Built in manhood many castles—  
Such are the ways of every man—  
But they, too, now lie in ashes  
Where ambition drew the plan.

But the Father—Great Designer,  
When our hopes to ashes turn,  
Gives us beauty for disaster.  
If we but His ways discern.

Now, along the beaten pathway,  
Beauty everywhere appears,  
Growing from the soil made fertile  
By the ashes of the years.

—J. E. WINANS

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

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

★

THE SECOND TALK

## THE SALUTATION

Revelation 1:4-8



THE 4th to the 8th verses of the first chapter of Revelation are the salutation or the greeting. Notice that it is addressed to the "seven churches which are in Asia." The first temptation of a person the least bit critical would be to say, "That does not mean me; that is not my letter. Send it back to Asia." Asia, at that time, was a little country forty or fifty miles across, and out of this small territory Jesus picks out seven churches. These seven churches represent the professing church in historical order down through the centuries from the time of the Apostles to the ending of the testimony of the church on earth. This book is addressed to every professed Christian in the true spiritual church. There is a difference between the professed church and the "true" church; the professed church is made up of those who are saved and those who are pretending to be: the true church is the group of only born-again believers. They are the ones who will go up in the rapture according to First Thessalonians 4:17. Not all the people who are interested in the taking up of the Saints are going to be so lifted out of the world. The matter of importance is to believe the fundamentals of true Christianity. You will be surprised how few things there are that you have to believe. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." That is the Primary Room. Then, you move out into depths like this, "You shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and you shall be witnesses." That is the Primary Department. In the High School, you can say,

"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." When you are taking the post-graduate courses, you believe that God supplies all your need, mental, financial, physical, and spiritual.

Notice from whom this letter is written. It is from the Triune Godhead, "from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come." That is Jehovah. Then, it says it is "from the seven Spirits which are before his throne." These "seven Spirits" are the seven-fold manifestation of the Holy Ghost. In this connection read Isaiah 11:1-3, "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots," and it says on Him (that is, Jesus) will be the "spirit of the Lord, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." This seven-fold spirit means spiritual perfection.

Man and all that he can do is symbolized by the number six. The numbers 666, are the highest trinity of devil and man and the superman. One six is for the Antichrist, pure humanity raised to its highest personality: another, for the False Prophet; and the other is for the devil. If you want to express man at its highest, put down "six," the Antichrist. If you want to express the organized church with God left out, write a "six" again, and you have the false prophet. If you want to express the biggest that the devil will ever do when he is at his highest and his broadest, his deepest and his deadliest, just put down a "six." What a symbol, 666, meaning Devil!

The number, 666, is going to be put on a certain group of people after the saints have been taken up, and it is going to be the most popular number on this earth. After the rapture, it is going to be the greatest honor to have this number. Women will wear it in their ear-rings; men will wear it as necktie pins. It will be popularized by the church; it will be the sign of the Antichrist and False Prophet. It will be in the palm of the hand, just as sailors often are tattooed. In revolting, atheistic, and anarchistic Russia and Italy, the salute is the showing of the palm of the hand. This number also will be on the forehead. We are beginning, more and more, to magnify education and are making a god out of instruction. However, more of this later.

This letter is coming “—from the seven Spirits (that is, the Holy Ghost)—and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth.” In this sentence you see the whole career of Jesus on this earth. Born in Bethlehem of Judea, God’s love-letter wrapped up in a fleshly envelope, He walked around here for thirty-three years to witness that He was the promised Messiah.

He is the “prince of kings on this earth.” Soon, He is going to show us how to run this old earth. God has given man six chances at it, and he has ruined every one of them. These six chances were the six dispensations. We are living in the sixth one now, and it will terminate with the 666-organization and company domination on the earth. This is man’s dispensation, showing off his education; therefore, we have agnosticism, atheism, and modernism. We are making a fetish out of colleges, building million-dollar churches, and calling home our missionaries. It is the dispensation when the devil will pull his best tricks, and it will end with the battle of Armageddon. No wonder we had a panic! No wonder we have industrial unrest! No wonder we have wars and rumors of war! No wonder governments are snapping at each other’ like dogs with hydrophobia! We are living in the sixth dispensation, 666.

The seventh one is going to be God’s dispensation. He will be King of Kings and Lord of Lords! The nations that go into the Millennium will be the nations that pay homage to Jesus Christ. To go further into that matter, read the 25th chapter of Matthew, “When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another (nations, not men) as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And He shall say to them, Inasmuch as he have done it—” Who? The nations that go into the Millennium. There is a possibility that the Stars and Stripes will never come down. However, if we keep fooling with modernism, atheism, anarchy, and red radicalism, the United States may never see the Millennium. It says that, primarily, the nations are going in on the basis of their treatment of the Jews. “Inasmuch as

ye have done it unto one of the least of these, **My brethren**" refers to the Jews.

Then, John saw Christ unveiled in His fullness, and he broke out to shouting and praising God. As he looked at Him unveiled, the Holy Ghost revealed to John that he was "looking at Christ who loved us and who washed us from our sins in his blood." If you are saved, you are really washed in His blood.

"There is a fountain filled with Blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty sins."

Have you a spot in your memory? No purely mental process can ever cause that spot to disappear, but I know something that can do it. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." When he forgives you, He forgives it all. We try to make exceptions and say, "Well, Lord, how about that sin? You had better forgive me again; there is a spot there." He does not deal with it that way; it all goes at once.

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God." You didn't know that I am a king? Somebody asked me the other day why I was always laughing. I said, "You will find out in Heaven! I won't have time to tell you now, but you are looking at a prince of God, by scripture." When I am tempted to have the blues, when the devil gets after me, I have a certain line of reading marked in my Bible with a lead pencil, and I go through this and show the devil who I am. It will do you good sometime to hand him your visiting card and say, "I want you to meet me." Here is a sample of our conversation:

"How do you know you are saved?"

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

"Have you ever thought how many mouths you have to feed?"

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

“But wait a minute,” the devil says to me, “you are just a little old tin-horn country preacher with three-fourths government disability!” Then, I pull out the card with the King’s arms on it!

I was in London once, and the King came down to see our troops pass through. As King George stood there looking at us, our commanding officer said, “Attention! Eyes right!” and I saw the king coming down the line, and as he got in front of us—I can hear it now—“Front!” One of his chamberlains handed each one of us his personal card with his crest on the corner. When the devil tells me I am a little old country preacher, run down at the heels, broken and poor, I just say, “the Bible says we are Sons of God and if sons, then heirs,”—priests and kings with God forever!



## T O M O R R O W

By F. W. WORKMAN

If today held all there was of life,  
Would it give us joy, or sorrow?  
Would we feel content, or satisfied,  
If there were no glad tomorrow?  
Yesterday’s problems, failures and cares  
But little of joy would convey.  
If the star of Hope would cease to shine  
With the chance of a better day.

If this life was all we had to live  
How hard would our daily lot seem.  
Nothing to hope for, nothing to gain,  
All our life, but an empty dream.  
But, God set the star of Hope on high  
Lest we lose ourselves in sorrow;  
Today is not all of life for us.  
In the future looms tomorrow.

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★

By SARAH HOPKINS

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN



YEARS AGO when Josiah and I were pastor and pastor's wife on the Ashland City circuit in Tennessee, a famous song-writer was having published some of her most beautiful songs. Her name was Carrie Jacobs-Bond. We loved her songs very much, and often when Josiah would go to Nashville he would bring another song of Mrs. Bond's home with him. How we did enjoy sitting in our little parsonage on winter nights singing these songs. The two I remember best were, "Just A-wearyin' for You" and "The End of a Perfect Day."

One day when Josiah came home with another one of these lovely songs, I said, "Josiah, I hope some day we'll be able to meet Carrie Jacobs-Bond face to face. I want to tell her how happy she has made one country preacher and his wife." And Josiah said, "Well, honey, one day we may. You never can tell what might happen to country folks like you and me." After more than twenty years my wish came true!

Mrs. Bond told us about how one day while Josiah was broadcasting his morning meeting over KFAC, she had been very ill and was turning the dial of her radio to find some word of comfort and cheer, when she heard Josiah's morning message, and it did her so much good she said she must call and tell him about it. We were invited to her home in Hollywood and soon began a friendship with this famous and beloved song-writer that has lasted through the years. The desk and chair that Josiah used in his study at the Country Church, known to all the neighbors as the "dug-out," were given to

him by Mrs. Bond, in loving memory of her son.

It was she who introduced us to Mr. Arthur Howard, now a trustee of the Country Church. I cannot begin to tell you how much Mr. Howard has meant to this little Country Church in many ways. He has been one of the truest and best friends Josiah and I have ever had. Josiah used to say that the Lord tore up the pattern when he made Arthur Howard. All the flowers and shrubs planted on the lot where the Country Church stands, that have brought so much pleasure to every neighbor who has seen them, were brought from Mr. Howard's beautiful horticultural gardens in Montebello, Calif. Only God can reward the wonderful service this good, kind friend has given the little Country Church of Hollywood.

And now, at this time, I'm reminded of another friend who helped us so much at this time. Miss Laura Buchanan said she could hardly think of a country church that didn't have a spring close by, and she wanted to give that "spring." The neighbors still enjoy the good cold water from "Buchanan Spring," close to the Country Church.

But, one of the most wonderful and glad surprises that ever came to the Country Church and to Josiah as "Parson" came in the shape of a telegram, and this telegram came from Washington, D. C., and was signed by the President!

Any big church in the United States would have been delighted to have received this telegram of congratulation, but when a little white country church way out on the West Coast in Hollywood, Calif., was recognized and honored by the Nation's President—well, it was almost too much for our "weak minds" to stand!

I'll never forget the day it arrived! I was sitting in our little living room at home reading. Josiah had just come home from the church where he had been writing on one of his books. He had just said to me that he was very tired and thought he would take a "shower bath" to rest him. I heard him singing as the water was running—just then the telephone rang, and when I answered it the operator said, "Is Rev. Josiah Hopkins there?" And when I answered, "Yes," she said, "Please call him to the telephone. I have a telegram for him from President Roosevelt!"

I knew I couldn't be dreaming, because it was early in the afternoon, and I was wide awake. But, it took several min-

utes for me to realize what the telephone operator was saying. And, my first thought was that some of Josiah's friends were trying to play a joke on him, but I went to the bathroom and gave Josiah the message.

When I said, "Josiah, come to the telephone quick! You have a telegram from President Roosevelt," I'm sure Josiah must have thought like I did that somebody was trying to play a joke on him, and he called back to me, "Honey, tell him 'Thomas Jefferson' can't come to the phone right now!"

"Oh, Josiah," I cried, "it's no joke! It's real. Hurry, she's waiting to read it to you!"

I wish all the Goose Creek neighbors could have seen Josiah's face when he came out of the bath-room to the telephone, clothed only in bath towels! If you can picture a face filled with bewilderment and happiness all mixed up together, then you can understand.

He asked the Telephone Co. to rush it out to us as soon as possible so we could read it together. Then, Josiah couldn't get dressed quickly enough, so that he could rush down to the church to show it to the neighbors who might be there.

I know all the neighbors who read this 37th chapter will be just as anxious to read this telegram as Josiah and I were the afternoon it was sent, so here is the exact copy as it was received:

CB132-46 Gov't--NL--The White House  
Washington DC 13

Rev. Josiah Hopkins

Country Church of Hollywood  
Argyle & Yucca Sts.  
Hollywood, Calif.

I have just learned that on Apr. 15 you will dedicate your new church. I join with your many friends in extending sincere congratulations for the splendid services you have given the people of your community together with best wishes for many years of continued success.

(signed) Frank D. Roosevelt

President Roosevelt will never know how happy he made one country preacher, his wife, and family, and thousands of Goose Creek neighbors when he sent this message by Postal Telegraph!



## HEAVENLY TREASURE

*What I spent I had;*

*What I kept I lost;*

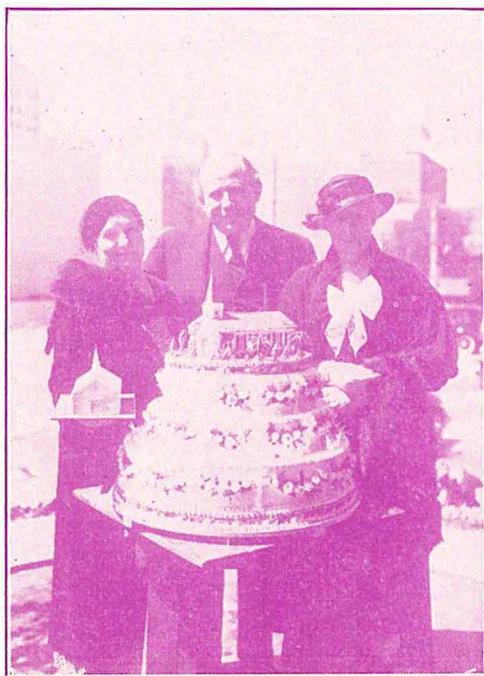
*What I gave I have!*

Old Epitaph.

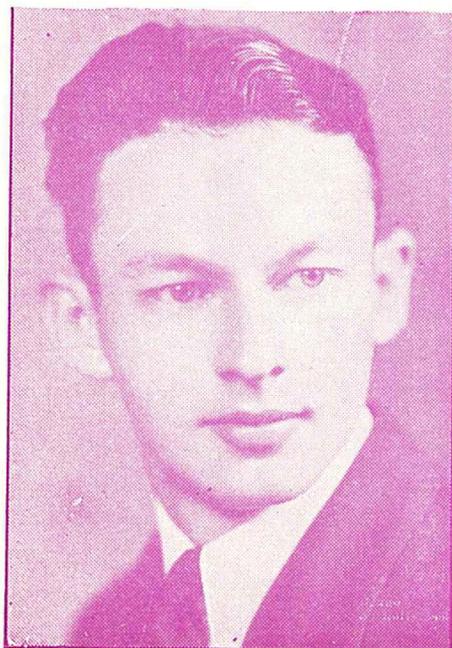
“Every coin of earthly treasure  
We have lavished upon earth,  
For our simple worldly pleasure,  
May be reckoned something worth;  
For the spending was not losing,  
Though the purchase price was but small;  
It has perished with the using;  
We have had it—that is all!

“All the gold we leave behind us  
When we turn to dust again,  
Though our avarice may blind us,  
We have gathered quite in vain;  
Since we neither can direct it,  
By the winds of fortune tossed,  
And no other worlds expect it,  
What we hoarded we have lost!

“But each merciful oblation,  
Seed of pity wisely sown,  
What we give in self-negation  
We may safely call our own;  
For the treasure freely given  
Is the treasure that we hoard,  
Since the angels keep, in Heaven,  
What is lent unto the Lord!”



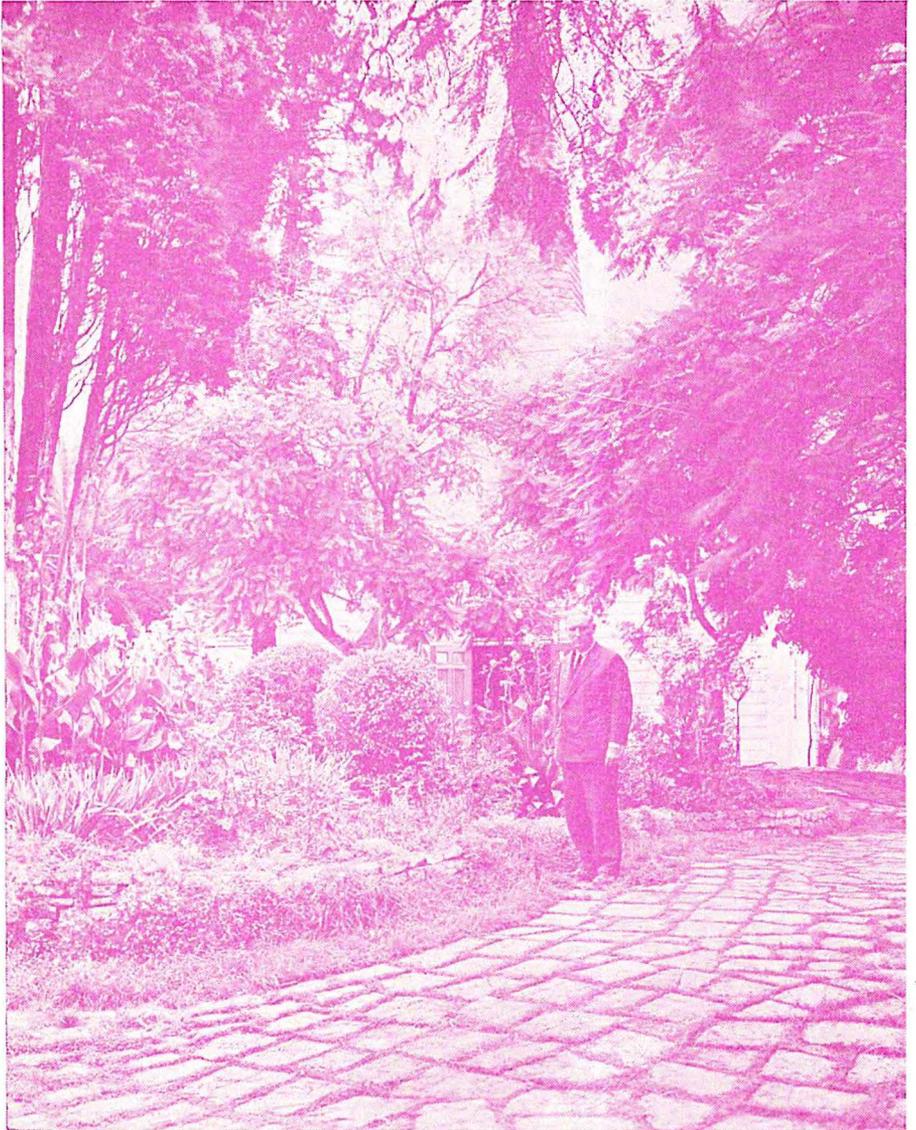
Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Josiah and Sarah



"Brother Rudy"



Wm. A. Barr



Mr. Arthur Howard in front of Country Church of Hollywood

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

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

★

THE THIRD TALK

## JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST

### Revelation 1:7-16



BEHOLD, He cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him."

Wail? Who is going to wail? One would think that they would be glad to have Him come back. Read Zechariah 12:10 and the following verses, and you will understand it. Christ is talking. He says, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for me." And also it says, "All the families of Israel will wail because of me." David's family will go off to itself and go mourning, and all the tribes of Israel will mourn separately, and the wives will get away from their houses and mourn. And the tribes will separate themselves and mourn. These mourners are the Jews when they find out what they did when they crucified Christ.

I spoke to a Hebrew friend of mine the other day, and he laughed at me. He was kind, but he said, "Oh no, the Jews are not worrying about your Christ. But I am interested, especially when you say He is coming back." The Jews are always interested in that. As I walked away, the Holy Spirit whispered to me, "The next time you talk to a Jew, read him Zechariah 12:10, 11, 12—when the tribes of Israel are going to mourn because of Him, they are going to wail over lost opportunities."

"He cometh with clouds and every eye shall see Him." What part of the Second Coming is that? That is not the Rapture,

because every eye will not see Him when He comes in the Rapture for His Saints. It is the glorious return of Christ to set up the Millennial Kingdom on this earth: then, every eye is going to see Him. That is going to be a miracle, since this earth is a sphere.

I can tell you how that could happen: in fact, it could happen tonight. There is a piece of mechanism in use at the present that would make it possible for everyone on earth to see Jesus Christ at the same time. That is television. However, the Lord may not have to resort to that. If a man can make a piece of machinery that will let you see the face of a radio speaker a thousand miles away, God Almighty can certainly make a piece of machinery that can let the whole earth see Christ at the same time. I have stood in front of such an instrument for a television broadcast. It is a most peculiar thing. There are little rays of light that flow all over you, and the light resembles that which shines through an old-fashioned window blind. The lights seem to crawl right over your face, and it is very annoying now, because television is in its infancy. As I talked, and the flashes kept coming over my face, people heard my speech, saw my face, saw my lips move. Thousands all over a great city saw it.

“I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.” Alpha is the first letter, the “A” of the Greek alphabet; Omega is at the end of the Greek alphabet. Jesus Christ says, “I was in the beginning, and don’t get worried. I will be here when it is all over.” When you hear the words, “Alpha” and “Omega”, you ought to say, “Glory to God!” It is the permanence, the indestructibility, and the eternal nature of Jesus Christ.

In Daniel 7:9 you see the Ancient of Days, Jehovah, with snow-white hair. He has been existing so long that He is called the Ancient of Days. Someone is talking to the Ancient of Days, and the Word says that it is the Son of Man. Does that mean that God has been in existence longer than Jesus Christ? If you will read on in the first chapter of Revelation, you will find in the 14th verse that here Jesus is the Ancient of Days; He has the snow-white hair. He has been existent just as long as Jehovah has. They are co-equal; They started together; They existed together; and They will be together at the end of all that this planet will experience. One cannot explain it. One cannot conceive of Three Persons being in One,

but when we get to Heaven, it will be as understandable as two and two make four. Take it on naked faith when it says Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! When Jesus says, "I am in the Father, and the Father in Me," that settles it for me. At the Baptism of Jesus, all three were there, and each doing a different thing. The Father was there saying, "This is my beloved Son"; The Holy Ghost was there descending as a dove; Jesus was there standing in the water being baptised.

This little old world is strutting now; it is magnifying education and political government; it is marching around with helmets on, shooting cannons, killing each other; making boundary lines and rubbing them out; making treaties, and breaking them. When they all get through, He will be here. He was here before they started, and He will be here when they are all through. Alpha and Omega. How that does comfort me! Every building in our great cities is either going to fall down, burn down, or rot down. It does my heart so much good when I can read it here and see Jesus smiling across the top of the centuries as He says it, "I was in the beginning, Alpha, and I will be here when Omega is said."

I wonder why the Phoenician first and last letters were not used? Or the first and last letters of the Hittite alphabet, or those of the Hebrew? Greek meant scholarship. Greek meant erudition. Before there was any learning, Jesus says that He was here, and when the last university has fallen down, and the last college professor has admitted that he is an ignoramus, then Christ will be here as Omega. He and I have a friendship that lasts through time; He and I have a love affair that will have no end; He and I are partners in an enterprise that will never fail!

In the ninth verse, the Lord is preparing to draw the curtains back. John says, "I John." He identifies himself. He is the Apostle John, "who also am your brother (brother in Christ), and companion in tribulation." They beat John, hounded him, drove him around, and when he wrote this book and looked down through the centuries, he doubtless knew that we would be in tribulation also. Has anyone abused you for Jesus' sake? If so, you had better prize that experience, for it is a mighty good credential. Has anyone ever thrown rocks at you because Christ is in you? If so, you should prize that beyond a college diploma, for He said, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute

you and shall revile you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely." Don't forget that He said "falsely." Do you know what the word "blessed" means in the New Testament? It is the Greek word, "machroi", which means laughingly happy! "Machroi", laughingly, gloriously happy! That is hard to do among a shower of brickbats! He says further, "I am your companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." Patience comes from a Latin word, "patior", which means to suffer. John means suffering in gentleness and silence.

"I was on the Isle of Patmos on the Lord's day." Find the Isle of Patmos on the map. It is a little island out in the Mediterranean Sea; it is nothing but rock where the hot sun shone down and possessing no vegetables. Domitian, the emperor of Rome, exiled John to this island when he was ninety-six years old. I have read in some of the writings of the Latin fathers that John would go around from place to place, exhausted from his many persecutions and holding up trembling hands, would say, "Little children, love one another." Tradition says that he was thrown in a pot of boiling oil when he was ninety-two years old, and the Lord so preserved him that the oil did not so much as scorch him! If they had not exiled John, we might never have received this blessed book of Revelation. There is going to come a time when you will thank God for the persecution; it will bring out a lot of the sweetness in your life. Do you know how attar of roses is made? They crush rose leaves. The sweetest perfume of a Christian life comes out under persecution.

If John had been doing only the apostolic work or ordaining deacons and putting his hands on the heads of the people in benediction, he would have been doing a great work, but without Satan's persecution, this old world might have had to go on without the book of Revelation. I do not believe the world has lost anything by the persecution of any saint. What religion we have that is spiritual has brought us the Truth. Do you know how the Gospel got to the western coast? Pioneers came in covered wagons, living on a little muddy water out of some water hole, following the trails across the plains. The original thirteen colonies were settled by pioneers who were driven from Europe, most of them for religious convictions!

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Do not confuse "the

day of the Lord” and “the Lord’s Day.” They are different things. The “day of the Lord” is the day of the Lord’s judgment on this earth. That has to do with the pre-millennial coming of Jesus Christ. Some terrible things are going to happen in “the day of the Lord.” The “Lord’s Day” is the first day of the week, that is, Sunday. Have you ever thought of the real reason for the change of the day of worship from Saturday to Sunday? In the first place, Jesus was in the tomb on the Sabbath, and in the 28th chapter of Matthew, first verse, it says, “When the Sabbath was past, came Mary Magdalene and another Mary to see the sepulcher,” and Jesus Christ was resurrected in the night after the Sabbath was past. Now that, if there were nothing else would be significant to me. It is the day of my Lord’s resurrection. There is much meaning in the phrase, “When the Sabbath was past,” for that meant that the old law, the old Sabbath, and the whole old regime were past also. When Jesus arose on the first day of the week, He inaugurated a new era of the New Testament, this blessed dispensation in which we are living now. It also says in the Bible that on the first day of the week the disciples gathered to break bread. That is the day on which they had their sacrament of the Lord’s supper. In First Corinthians 16:2. Paul says, “On the first days of the the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.” On that day they brought their offerings and tithes to the Lord. The writers for the first 300 or 400 years of the early Christian Church referred to the day after the Sabbath as the Lord’s Day. I believe those men back there close to Jesus knew what they were talking about. Therefore, I am content to take the first day of the week as the day of worship for this New Testament Dispensation of Truth.

John saw someone like the Son of Man in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, representing the churches, Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea. Jesus right in the middle of them! What a picture? Today, Christ is in the midst of his churches! He had on a long priestly robe, representing the High Priest making intercession. He wore a golden girdle. Gold is the symbol of divinity. He saw Jesus girdled with divinity and ready to serve the church. All of His blessed power is at your disposal. “Ask and you shall receive.”

John describes His voice as "like the sound of many waters." Have you ever heard the roar of the Pacific ocean? John heard the voice that is going to open every grave. He is coming from Heaven with a shout, and He is going to break open the graves of the believers, and they will rise to meet the Lord. A thousand years later that same voice is going to unseal the tombs for the sleeping unsaved, and He is going to say, "Come forth," and they are coming out before the great White Throne. What a voice! This is the voice that is going to stop the Battle of Armageddon. It says that He is going to slay the Antichrist with one word.

The other day, I read of a loud speaker that if it were put off 2000 miles from this earth and properly magnified would explode the earth with the whisper of a child! They have loud speakers now that can raise your hair a mile away. That is just man playing with his toys. Christ is going to say one word and slay the Antichrist. John says, "I heard that voice." If he had not been in the Spirit, it would have killed him. He had to be enswathed in the Spirit so that he could see Jesus and live. If a man without spiritual eyes would see Jesus, it would burn his eyes up like a piece of bacon rind on a red hot stove! God had to fix John's ears up to hear the voice of God, and had to touch his eyes so the divine story would not sear his brain. John says of Jesus, "His eyes were as a flame of fire." He had eyes that pierce to the secrets of the soul, eyes that see the hidden sin that is in your life, eyes that see through ceilings, through thick brick walls and see the deep unfathomable place of your being!

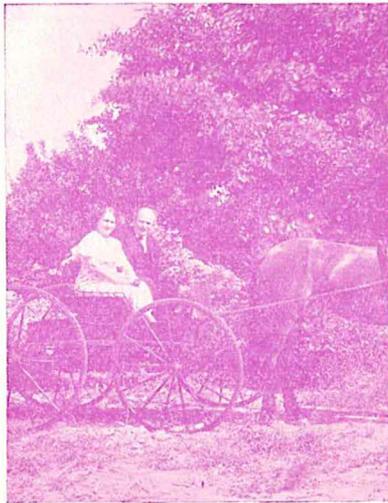
"His feet were like brass." Remember that in the Bible every symbol is explained. Brass is always used symbolically for judgment. Those are the feet that are going to walk over some things on this earth. The Bible speaks of the "winepress of the wrath of God." Do you know how they trod the winepress, how they walked on the grapes with their bare feet? Thus Christ is going to walk over some things after a while; it will be the winepress of the wrath of God. God pity the men and women who are going to be left here in that winepress when the feet of the blessed Christ, who is the Prince of Peace today, will walk over this earth in judgment.

Mark the effect of this vision on John. Paul and John were effected very much alike when they saw the Glory of our Lord.

When the curtain was drawn back and Paul looked on the Lord, he says of this experience, "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, as I journeyed to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O King, I saw in the way a light from heaven, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice." He saw what John saw—and he heard the same voice. Both fell prostrate at His feet. John says, "I fell as dead." John saw Him without any such reaction down here walking along the Via Dolorosa to Golgotha. But, when John and Paul saw Him in the splendor of the heavenly glory, they both fell beneath the weight of the glory of that vision.

That is the way we are going to see Him some day! We shall see the nailprints in His Hands and the thorn marks on His brow, but also, we shall see Him in the splendor of the regal glory of the City that is beyond the curse. What a beautiful vision is in store for the children of God!

(To Be Continued)



Dan, Josiah and Sarah

## THE DUEL

By EUGENE FIELD

The gingham dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat;  
'Twas half past twelve, and, what do you think,  
Neither of them had slept a wink!  
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate  
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,  
There was going to be an awful spot.  
(I wasn't there—I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"  
And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"  
And the air was streaked for an hour or so  
With fragments of gingham and calico.  
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!  
(Now mind you, I'm simply telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue  
And wailed: "Oh, dear, what shall we do!"  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
And utilized every tooth and claw  
In the awfulest way you ever saw—  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew,  
(Don't think that I exaggerate—  
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat  
They found no trace of the dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away;  
But the truth about that cat and pup  
Is that they ate each other up—  
Now, what do you really think of that?  
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★

By SARAH HOPKINS

## CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT



THE DAY THE Country Church of Hollywood was dedicated, Mr. Bill Baker of Ojai, Calif., brought us a huge cake weighing 150 pounds, to help with the celebration. It was the biggest cake that Josiah and I ever saw, and I expect many of the neighbors who were there that day could say the same thing. I remember saying that I couldn't understand how Mr. Baker could make a cake that weighed so much, taste so good, and look so pretty too. I could remember the failures I made on cakes many times smaller! Josiah wanted all the neighbors present to have just a taste of the cake, so some of the ladies of the Ladies' Aid cut the beautiful cake into tiny little squares, wrapped them in tissue paper, and gave them out as long as they lasted. God bless Mr. Bill Baker for his wonderful kindness to our struggling little Country Church!

For different reasons there was only one left of the old Goose Creek Quartet, and that one was Howard Loucks, known on the radio as Raz Simpkins, the miller. The three new ones who came to take their places were Bill Days ("Lem Gupton, the hack-driver"), Ralph Day ("the blacksmith") and Max Smith ("Prof. Snyder, the singing school teacher"). Bro Rudy still played the piano, and got better all the time. Bro Rudy, as Josiah would say, was surely an "up and coming young man!"

It was about this time that Josiah said to me, "Sarah, I believe I'll go down and talk to Mr. Wiley, manager of radio station KHJ, and see if it will be possible for us to put on our broadcast on the West Coast over KHJ. We might be able to get a sustaining program."

It was a happy day for us when Mr. Thomas Lee and Mr. Ellsworth Wiley of KHJ made it possible for us to broadcast

the morning meeting of the little Country Church all up and down the West Coast over the Don-Lee System, directly from the little Country Church.

I'll never forget that first broadcast either. We were all waiting, everybody in his place. I think the quartet boys even had their mouths open to sing when the little red light went on, but, we kept waiting and waiting, and the little red light never did go on! Finally, somebody came running down to tell us we weren't even "connected up" with KHJ at all! You can imagine how disappointed we all were, for Josiah had announced to all the neighbors that they would be able to hear us up and down the Coast that morning and to be listening for us. Through some misunderstanding the Telephone company had failed to connect their lines with KHJ, but by the next morning everything was fixed, and we started on this new broadcast.

The neighbors seemed to greatly enjoy these morning meetings, and thousands of letters began to pour in. I must stop here and pay a tribute to the faithful office staff who have meant so much to the Country Church through all these years. Nobody stops to thank the "letter-writers" of the church, but what an important part they play in any church, and especially is it true of the little Country Church. Miss Helen Harbert and Miss Hazel Prewitt (now Mrs. Carter) were with us when our little breakfast room was the office of the little Country Church. Miss Mildred Wilson came with us when Hazel had to leave us. Josiah always felt that he was especially blessed in having one of his own daughters as his secretary. Our daughter, Martha, known on the radio as "Miss Peachy Applewhite," has been the "letter writer" at the Country Church and was Josiah's secretary from the very beginning.

When Josiah was pastor of a little church in Ashland, Tenn., and was taking his Theological work at Vanderbilt in Nashville, he heard a very famous quartet in Nashville that he couldn't stop talking about. He was so enthusiastic about these men and their wonderful voices that when we moved to Mississippi, he wrote and asked them to come and sing in his church. The bass in this famous quartet was Wade Lane. Years afterward we met Mr. Lane, known as "Strolling Tom" in Los Angeles, and he consented to lead the singing in the little Country Church and on the broadcasts. Josiah and Mr. Lane were friends for many years, and Josiah would laugh and say Wade was the "lowest down" bass singer he ever heard!

One of the "big" days of the Country Church was the first Vesper Service in the Hollywood Bowl, Sept. 30, 1934. And on that day we gave our first coast to coast broadcast on the Columbia Broadcasting System. Oh, that was a never to be forgotten day! It was on a Sunday afternoon at 4:30. Josiah had announced it in the big tent and on the West Coast Don-Lee chain for several weeks, and we had sent out, free of charge, tickets to eighteen or twenty thousand who had written for them.

What a beautiful sight it was to see those eighteen thousand or more neighbors greet us when Josiah and I walked out on the platform after "driving Dan to the meeting!" Then, behind us on the platform was the great choir of neighbors directed by Mr. Lane, and the Salvation Army Band added to the music of the meeting. Of course, the Goose Creek Quartet sang, Bro. Rudy and the Buglers played. Josiah preached a short forceful sermon ending with a story of the "Dough-boy's Last Ride," which so many of the neighbors remember so well.

What a wonderful, wonderful day! In the midst of the grandeur of the occasion, I looked down at the front seat, and a little hand was waving at us, and a baby voice was saying, "Hi, Nannaw! Hi, Grampa!" That little three-year-old darling was our little grand-daughter, Dale, enjoying it all as much as we did.

In the year following this first bowl service, we had two young men join our ranks, and take the place of two of the quartet boys who had to leave. The first to come was A. L. Harlan, who afterward became known so well on the broadcasts and so popular with all the neighbors as "Obediah Snodgrass, the blacksmith!" When Obe first came to the church, he asked Josiah to please never give him anything to say, as he thought he could never do it. And now, what would we do without Obe's "homey" comments?

The next young man to join us was none other than John Knox, the beloved "professor Gandy." The five years that John was with us seemed so short that it hardly seems possible that he was with us that long, but his testimony shall last throughout Eternity! And, today I'm sure that he and Josiah have laughed and cried together, if there are any tears in Heaven, over what has happened at this little church. What a meeting it must have been when John saw Josiah again!



Left to right: "Prof. Snyder, Ray Simpkins, the Blacksmith, and Lem Gupton"



Left to right: "Jeff Batts, Obe Snodgrass, Ray Simpkins  
and Prof. Gandy"



Left to right: "Lem Gupton, Prof. Snyder, Obe Snodgrass  
and Ray Simpkins"

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

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

★

THE FOURTH TALK

## JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST

Revelation 1:17-20



UPON READING VERSE 17 of Chapter 1, we are struck with the effect of the vision of Christ upon John. He says: "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." How different is this experience from the time when the apostle laid his head upon the breast of his Lord! There can be but one explanation of this change in the appearance of the Christ. When Jesus was resurrected or when He ascended from Olivet, or upon His arrival at the former seat of heavenly glory and power, some indescribable change took place in His appearance. Do you recall John's words in verse 10 of this first chapter, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day?" The apostle had to be spiritualized before his eyes could look on the beauty and radiance of the Son of God and yet live. Surely his brain, yea, his whole body was so filled with the Holy Spirit that he was enabled to behold the Glory of the Lord without being destroyed by the incandescence that glowed in his brain as he beheld the Revelation scenes and the Triune Godhead in unveiled splendor and uncovered divinity. Small wonder that a triple blessing awaits all who hear the story of the unveiling of God, who tell it, and who keep "those things which are written therein."

"Fear not: I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and death." In all the transcending changes that have taken place in the discarding of the grave clothes for garments of eternal glory; in exchanging the crown of thorns for that of universal sovereignty; in loosing His hold

on the broken reed that was placed in mockery in His hands by the scoffing soldiers to take up the scepter of unlimited power in all the cosmic universe, in all these transformations His love and tenderness remain the same! Here He is comforting John with the words often used during the days of His flesh, "Fear not!" Oh, that His tender voice could drive all the haunting fears from the hearts of the world today!

In one sweeping sentence Jesus carries our dizzy infinite minds across the abysses of time and eternity. He declares, "I am He that liveth." The ageless Life of the uncreated Son, Life that defied mortality, time, the spears, nails, and rigors of His mortal body, was not affected by His tabernacling in a human body, but burst the grave, shaking off the shroud, and arose from Olivet to resume His place in the "ivory palaces" of the Eternal City. Oh, what Life! And this is the life that He loved to call "abundant."

Then, He takes up the horrifying word that casts such a paralyzing spell upon mortals saying, "And was dead." How different that terrifying word sounds on His lips! Yet, He was "dead" for three days! Where was the Eternal Spirit of the Christ when He was under the sentence of the dread term, "death"? No one who enjoys a reasonable use of even the feeblest faculties of the human brain could possibly believe that the divine Son of God lay in that rock-hewn tomb three days! Could granite walls imprison Him who tied in the wedlock of atoms the minute particles of His prison walls? No! The universe was still His own! It may have been while His human body lay helplessly wounded to so-called death that He preached to the spirits in prison (1 Peter 3:19). Let us be content now to know that He holds in His pierced hands the keys of hell and death! Yes, high above this little planet doomed for a time to suffer death and decay, He held in triumph the keys that are symbolical of hope and fear. Fear for every soul that may dare to hope that Hades can hide them from the final judgments of God! Hope for all the saints who ever fell asleep or who will ever fall asleep, pillowing their heads upon the Christian's hope in Christ as Saviour, Mediator, Redeemer, and Coming King! Yes, hope blossoms into assurance that the cruel locks on the tomb are powerless to hold the sleeping dust of Christian bodies as long as the Lord of Life holds in His wounded hands the key that will one day unlock every grave. "O

death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. 15:55).

"Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter." Notice the three divisions in the command to John to write: first, the things which John had seen; second, the events which were then taking place; third, the scroll of time yet to unfold. Many scholars divide the subject matter of the Book of Revelation into the same division as follows: first, Chapter 1:1-20; second, the church life of that time, namely, the seven messages to seven typical churches, Chapter 2:1 to Chapter 3:2. It is of at least some significance that the word, "church", is not mentioned in chapters five through eighteen. The third division by this method is from Chapter 3:22 to the end of the book. It may not be out of place here to mention my favorite division of this marvelous book. Mr. W. J. Erdman says that the book falls naturally into a division of SEVEN SEVENS. The first is the seven churches (from the beginning through the 3rd chapter); the second, the seven seals (4:1 through 8:1); third, the seven trumpets (8:2 through 11:19); fourth, the seven personages (12:1 through 14:20); fifth, the seven vials (15:1 through 16:21); sixth, the seven dooms (17:1 through 20:15); seventh, the seven new things (21:1 through 22:21).

Verse 20: "The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand and the seven golden candlesticks." The word, "mystery", is of great interest to earnest Bible students. It ordinarily means something not understood. The editor of the Scofield Bible says, "In scripture a mystery is a previously hidden truth, now divinely revealed, but in which a supernatural element still remains despite the revelation." The author here is not referring to the book, Revelation, but is using the word, "revelation", in the common sense of "an explanation." Some of the great Bible mysteries are as follows: the kingdom of Heaven (Matthew 13:3 to 50); Israel's blindness today (Rom. 11:25); the mystery of the translation of living saints at the end of this dispensation (I Cor. 15:51, 52 and I Thess. 4:14-17); the mystery of the New Testament Church as composed of Jews and Gentiles, yet one body (Eph. 3:1-11); the mystery of Christ as Absolute God, yet in a human body (Col. 2:2-9); the mystery of the seven stars (Rev. 1:20); and the mystery of Babylon (Rev. 17:5-7).

Notice that instead of giving us an explanation of the mystery of the seven stars as the seven angels in the churches mentioned, we are still in uncertainty as to the identity of these seven angels. The most probable explanation is that they were outstanding saints known in those churches at that time. For example, John spent much time in Ephesus, so it would be easy for me to know him as the angel of the church of Ephesus.

There has been much discussion of the meaning of the "Seven Churches." For nearly eighteen hundred years it was the common belief that the seven churches meant nothing more than the churches or groups of believers in the seven cities mentioned. Then, a group of devout men set about finding a key to unlock this mystery under the guiding of the Holy Spirit. They began a study of the actual meaning of the names of the cities. For instance, "Ephesus" was found to mean "acceptable"; "Smyrna" meant "perfume pressed out"; "Pergamos" meant "married and elevated"; "Sardis" was found to mean "continual sacrifice", etc. These scholars compared the conditions in those individual churches with the meanings of the names of the cities where they were located. The result was amazing. Therefore, they were led to conclude that, while there was a message intended for the churches themselves at the time the Revelation was given to John, there was an additional meaning in the messages to these seven churches. They also describe the condition of the professing church to the end of this dispensation. Ephesus, then, became to these godly men, the description of the Apostolic church from Pentacost to the persecutions under Nero, and each name of a city mentioned in connection with a church described the succeeding church eras down to the church of the last days before Christ's coming, that of the church of the Laodicea.

Let us remember that the word, "church", in the language in which the New Testament is written was "Ekklesia" or the called out ones." That does not mean "called out" from some denomination, but rather "called out" from the world. The implication here is the teaching of scripture that a born-again believer has not, nor can have, any real partnership or fellowship with a world that is doomed to death and destruction. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world" (1 John 5:4). Yet, there will always be the false who will "come out" and affiliate itself with the true. This is clearly taught in the

parables in Matthew, 13th chapter. The TRUE church always was and always will be a group in the "called out ones" that really are new creations in Christ Jesus. Some one has pointedly said that the true church in this world is the hope of it, but the world in the professing church is the shame of it.

Let us turn back to verses 12 and 13 of the first chapter, "And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks: and in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man." This in a glorious picture of Christ amidst the churches of that day, or the "candlesticks", and in the church down the centuries. While we know that today He is seated at the right hand of the throne of God, we must also realize that through the Third Person of the Godhead, the Holy Spirit, He is still with us as really as if we heard His footsteps by our side. He is not an absentee Lord but an ever-present Saviour in all the Glory that John beheld in this beatific vision. His "golden girdle" still attests His undiminished divinity and consequent power to do the things today that He did when He left footprints in the sand on the shores of Galilee. "The white hairs" are yet symbolical of His timeless being and changeless nature. His flaming eyes are now looking "within the cup", reading the hearts in pulpit and pew, delving deep into the purposes that throb in the bosoms of church officials and boards in every denomination. Still, there is nothing hidden from His searching eyes! His feet are glistening now in brazen beauty reminding us that He will one day tread down all that is false and eventually walk in judgment over this tragic earth. His blessed voice with "the sound of many waters" is still calling across the centuries, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, that everyone of us may hear that voice today! He is still in the true church, refining and polishing His own for the day of which Malachi spoke when he said (Chap. 3:17), "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

## FACING LIFE

"I would not ask, for those I love  
That they be spared from pain;  
Into each heart some tears must fall,  
Into each life, some rain.

"I only ask, for those I love,  
Who are so dear to me,  
That they be given strength to face,  
The things that are to be.

"That they go forth with head upflung,  
And shoulders bravely braced;  
And with a smile upon their lips  
They face what must be faced."



## THE END OF THE ROAD

(Words and Music by Lizzie DeArmond and Elton M. Roth)

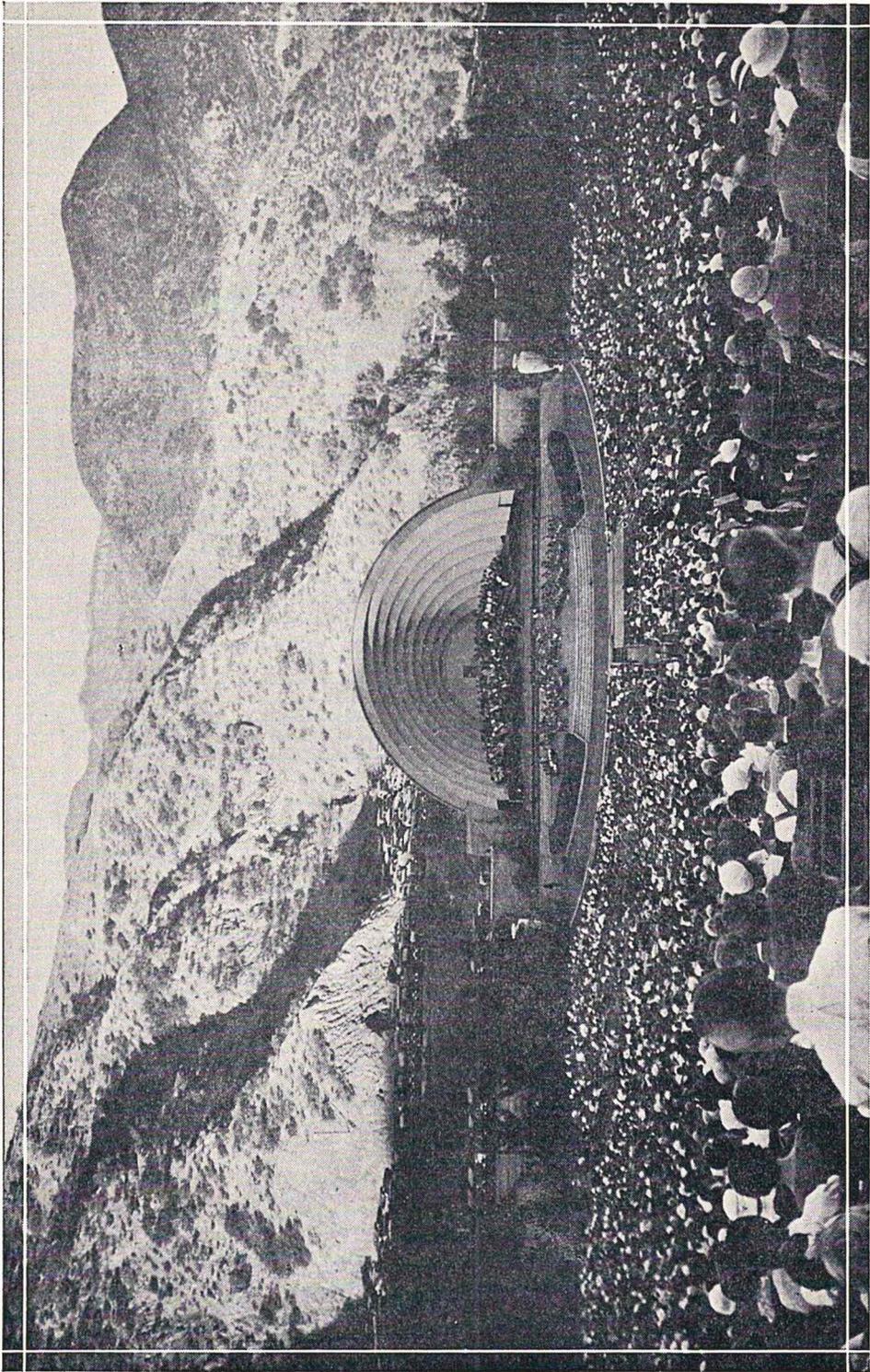
When I come to the end of the long, long road,  
The shadows will flee away,  
And I'll stand in the glorious light of God,  
Where dwelleth eternal day.

Looking back o'er the years that were hard and drear,  
The hand of the Christ I'll see;  
While my heart will go forth with a song of praise,  
Because of His love for me.

When I come to the end of the long, long road,  
And trials will all be past,  
I shall look in the face of my dearest Friend,  
Safe home in His heav'n at last.

(CHORUS)

When I come to the end of the long, long road,  
To the land of eternity,  
When I come to the end of life's long road,  
The face of my Lord I'll see.



First Gatharin' in Hollywood Bowl

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

★

By SARAH HOPKINS  
CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Before I go any further into the story of the start and continuance of the little Country Church, I want to mention some of our most faithful friends and employees. Mrs. Davey has been our hostess from almost the beginning of this work, and has meant so much to Josiah and me. Her charming manner and graciousness has endeared her to many of the neighbors, and has added so much warmth and hospitality to the church. And, we were certainly privileged to have working for us across the years a father and son who loved every inch of the ground upon which the little church stands. Mr. Bert Holman and Verne Holman helped in the actual building, and Josiah himself couldn't have tended the garden and grounds with any more love and care than they have done these past years. Mr. King and Roy White spent many and many a day, along with Verne and Mr. Holman, putting up the beautiful rock terraces and walks that we have.

Near the beginning of the year, 1935, we began to print "The Goose Creek Bugle." Many of the neighbors, I'm sure can remember this paper, for we sent it to thousands and thousands, across the nation as well as in Southern California.

We were most fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Marilyn Bunche as editor of the "Bugle." Miss Bunche later became business manager, also. We owe more than we can ever say to her for the weight she had to carry for this little Church. She helped to carry the Country Church through many a "hump!" And I'm sure you neighbors will be interested to know that Miss Bunche recently became Mrs. Arthur Howard!

About June of 1935, Josiah started his 1:00 o'Clock Bible lessons on KFAC, and in September giving out the call of Romans 10:9 from the "Dugout." Josiah spent hours on his knees before his Bible for this broadcast, and God's blessed Spirit could be felt when he would come on with his, "Good afternoon, neighbors!" He started, as so many of you remember with the Book of Genesis, and went almost to the middle of the Book of Deuteronomy in these Bible lessons. It was his dream to be able to go through the entire Bible. Although he had many commentaries on the Bible, down in the "Dugout," he believed that the Holy Spirit, after all, was the best teacher, and he wanted to broadcast the entire Bible, verse by verse, under the direct tutelage of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, Josiah was not to be disturbed when he was preparing for this broadcast!

And, what sweet music it was to all of our ears when we would hear over the air the "knock on the door." We knew that another one had stepped out on the promise of Romans 10:9! Mrs. Davey would take each call as it came in over the phone, come around to the "Dugout," knock, and slip the name under the door. When, the last part of 1936, because of his illness, Josiah had to give up this broadcast, over 900 had called in, accepting Romans 10:9!

Sept. 29, 1935, we had another Vesper Service in the Hollywood Bowl, with possibly an even larger crowd than we had before. It was broadcast up the coast. Bob Gordon ("Jeff Batts") was now singing with us, as top-tenor, having taken Lem Gupton's place. "Jeff" started singing at the little church just about the same time that "Prof. Gandy" did, and it was so wonderful that he could step right into the "Professor's" place, when he was called Home, a few short months ago. The quartet that sang, accompanied by "Bro. Rudy" that afternoon in the beautiful Hollywood Bowl was "Jeff Batts," "Prof. Gandy," "Obe Snodgrass," and "Raz Simpkins," a fine group of young men!

Neighbors, I must tell you of a funny thing that happened as the result of our broadcasts. Josiah had asked me to give, over the air, the recipe for old-fashioned Ambrosia. I did this, saying by all means to use the fresh cocoanut. Several days later a neighbor wrote in saying that on that day she attempt-

ed to make some, and had gone to a nearby market (one of the largest in the city) to get fresh cocoanut. When she asked the man for one, he said, "What in the world has come over every body? We've been carrying fresh cocoanuts for years and always had plenty on hand. This is the first day in the history of the store we've had a run on cocoanuts! What's happened?"

The lady told him what had prompted her to buy one, and he laughed and said, "I wish that Sarah Hopkins would let us know when she's going to give a recipe!"

Everything was not "a bed of roses," for there were many trials that we had to face. Although we had a coast-to-coast broadcast as well as a West Coast one, we had no way of financing these, except through the gifts and the prayers of the neighbors who attended the services of the Country Church and the KFAC broadcasts. The radio time over the Columbia and the Don-Lee Chains were given to us, but we had to take care of the expenses connected with such. Many and many a time we've been faced with tremendous overhead, but the Lord saw us through it all! He supplied each need, and we believe He will always do so, as long as we trust in Phil. 4:19!

Just about this time Josiah and I had to face the greatest battle of our ministry. As is always the case, wherever God is blessing and many are finding Christ as their Personal Saviour, Satan soon follows with his deadly darts, trying to do all in his power to stop the on-going of Christ's Kingdom. All through Josiah's ministry the devil of jealousy had done so much damage. Although I've never seen a preacher go out of his way more than Josiah to help other preachers or anyone else as far as that is concerned, so much jealousy followed him. Now that the little Country Church was well known, we were certainly good targets.

Some men whom Josiah had personally helped in many instances, tried in every way possible to wreck the work that God had given Josiah. Certainly only Satanic power could have prompted the vicious attacks and lies. Josiah didn't come from the part of the country that would sit quietly by while his name and those of his family were slandered. But, neighbors, God gave us both the grace to overcome it all, and taught us

the joy of leaning upon Him more than ever before. We never knew how many wonderful friends we had, until God allowed such a testing. Josiah ever had a delegation of big, two-fisted Texas cowmen come all the way from Texas, for the sole purpose of asking him if there was anything they could do to settle the situation once and for all! But, that's not God's method. He has a way of escape, and He can cause His child to come out with flying clors.

Although the strain of such a period of testing was unbelievably heavy upon us, yet I think I never heard Josiah preach with such power and the spirit of love. One night up in the old over-flow tent Josiah preached on the apostle John, and his text was "Little Children, Love One Another." As I watched him portray this blessed saint, I knew that God had given Josiah an understanding and meaning of the word, "Love," that he could never have understood without deep suffering.

I'm sure that you will be glad to know that one of the men who caused us so much anguish wrote Josiah a short time before his death, and asked forgiveness. And since his death, in the past year, he also asked my forgiveness.

Neighbors, He CAN sustain you in each trial and give you strength to bear each heartache!

(To Be Continued)



## THE BIG LITTLE CHURCH

By WALLACE DUNBAR VINCENT

A simple country church it was,  
Without pretense or steeple—  
Common and plain as it could be,  
For plain and common people;  
No carpet had the bare board floor  
To set th' uncushioned pews on,  
And when one trod the aisle you knew  
He had his Sunday shoes on.

No stained-glass windows split the sun  
To rainbow rays a-glitter,

No mighty organ rumbled chords  
To set our hearts a-twitter;  
The light streamed in through dusty panes  
With poverty's confession—  
The wheezy, little organ did  
But deepen the impression.

No burst of rousing eloquence  
On theologic themes  
Would ever echo from those walls  
Or shake those aged beams;  
The parson preached on subjects old  
As Adam, Noah, and Moses—  
No microphone invited him  
Whose path had known no roses.

But, in the tiny vestibule  
Was always some one cheery  
To greet me with "Good morning, friend!"  
Balm to my spirits weary;  
And, as I walked adown the aisle,  
Someone was sure to beckon,  
And whisper, "Won't you sit with us?  
We've lots of room, I reckon."

And though the hymnbooks were but few,  
I never had to seek one—  
'Twas handed me e'en if from pews  
Afar they must bespeak one;  
And when the parson prayed, he talked  
To God—not to us mortals—  
A state of things I've sometimes failed  
To find past marble portals.

And when I pondered o'er the thought:  
"Why was that wee church blest  
With pow'r to cheer the sudden soul,  
And bring the weary rest?"  
This answer came: A church is strong  
Or weak in all its parts,  
Exactly in proportion to  
Its roll of loving hearts!

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

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

★

## THE FIFTH TALK

### Message to The Churches

#### Revelation 2



HERE SURELY MUST have been a message to the groups of Christians in these several churches at the time that John wrote this marvelous book, but there is every reason to believe that Christ, who was seen in the first chapter of Revelation standing amidst the churches, was interested in all the groups of real and professing Christians down the ages. The first verse of the book declares that God gave the Revelation of Jesus Christ to Christ, Himself, expressly "to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass." This plainly adds the element of futurity to the contents of the message; that is, it deals not only with the present conditions in the churches mentioned, but with the churches of the future also. The only question left to us is to determine how far into the future does its prophetic rays pierce. The natural conclusion is that Christ, standing amidst the churches (the seven golden candle-sticks in Chap. 1:13, 14) and declaring that He was Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, would naturally include all churches until the end.

The names of the cities where these seven churches were located are very interesting to an earnest student of the book. Ephesus means "desired" or "accepted"; Smyrna means "myrrh" or a "sweet savour"; Pergamos, "marriage"; Thyratira, "continual sacrifice"; Sardis, "remnant"; Philadelphia, "brotherly love"; and Laodicea, "rights of the people."

It is more than a coincidence that the literal meaning of the names of the seven cities describe the seven eras of the

Christian church. From the Crucifixion of Christ in 33 A. D. to 100 A. D., is commonly known as the Apostolic Period; from 100 A. D. to 316, the Martyr Period; from 311 to 590, the Pagan Roman Period; From 590 to 1517, the Papal Roman Period; from 1517 to 175, the Protestant Period; from 1775 to 1850, the Revival Period; and from 1850 to the present, the Falling-away Period. Now, take the translated names of these seven cities where the seven Churches of Revelation, chapters two and three, were located and place the literal meaning by these seven periods of church history. Here is what you will have:

Ephesus—"desired"—33 A. D. to 100 A. D.—Apostolic.

Smyrna—"myrrh"—100 A. D. to 316 A. D.—Martyr.

Pergamos—"marriage"—311 A. D. to 590 A. D.—Pagan Rome.

Thyatira—"continental sacrifice"—590 to 1517—Papal Rome.

Sardis—"remnant"—1517 to 1775 A. D.—Protestant.

Philadelpia—"brotherly love"—1750 to 1850—Revival Period.

Laodicea—"rights of the people"—1850 on—Falling Away.

## EPHESUS

When one takes up the message to each church, additional light is thrown on the full meaning of the message of Christ to the church of the ages. Notice first the message addressed to Ephesus. Remember that the apostles were living through the first part of this era, and after their deaths the influence of their holy lives lingered like a halo over every group of believers. Tradition tells us that each one, save John, died a martyr's death, and that the writer of Revelation was thrown into a pot of boiling oil, but God preserved him for the blessed work of recording this last book in our Bible. Many of the persons who made up this first division of the church had seen the Lord, had heard His messages, and had even felt His hot breath upon them as He said, "Receive the Holy Ghost." Surely, many of them were present on Olivet when He ascended into glory and went to the upper room in Jerusalem to await the falling of the tongues of flames upon them. This apostolic group saw the church at its high water mark.

Note the message to this church: "I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience, and canst not bear them which are

evil." Sin and hypocrisy in any form was easily detected and thoroughly hated. Their tireless service of testimony and the proclamation of the gospel brought words of praise from Christ. Yet, the latter part of the period, removed a few decades from the burning passion that characterized them immediately after the ascension of the Lord, found the zeal of this church cooling somewhat. This explains the condemnation, "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Martyrdom had frozen the hearts of the more timid ones, paganism had made inroads into some homes where saints had lived and suffered the price of discipleship of Jesus. Speedy repentance was offered as the only hope to individuals and the whole body of believers to save them from losing their glory as the apostolic church.

It is worthwhile to notice the presence of persons who were known as Nicolaitanes, and they were hated by the true believers. There is no historical record of such a sect. We find abundant information about the Scribes, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and in secular history, the Essenes, the Epicureans, the followers of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, etc., but nothing about Nicolaitanes. When we take the word to pieces to determine its meaning, we find that it is derived from two Greek words, one which means to "rule", and the other, "people". So, we naturally conclude that this sect was made up of persons who attempted to dominate the common herd, or laity. To my mind, this marks the beginning of ecclesiastical domination, or the monopolizing of the rights and privileges of the gospel by a self-selected and impowered group. It marks the rift that grew into a chasm later in church history and divided the clergy from the congregation.

In this first, or apostolic, the Ephesian church, we find the Nicolaitanes mentioned simply by their "deeds" (Chap. 2:6), but by the time the church had come to the period known by the name Pergamos, the Nicolaitanes had grown bold and prominent enough to have a "doctrine" (Chap. 2:15).

To the over-comers of this first group, God offered the privilege of eating of the Tree of Life. How fitting was this reward for those saints who placed no price upon life itself in their loyalty to the Prince of Life!

Before we take up the study of the next church, we should keep in our minds the probability of a three-fold mes-

sage in each of these statements addressed to the seven churches: first, to the group of professing believers, real and false, who actually made up the "ekklesia", or "called out ones", in each city named; second, to the churches that would make up the different eras of the Christian churches through the dispensation; also, a third, the message to all the individual groups that would make the mass of professing Christians during each era of the church on this earth. Certainly, there were during each era of the church some individual congregations that were like the group at Ephesus, others like Pergamos, and on down to luke-warm Laodicea. It will give us more balanced interpretation of the seven churches to keep this three-fold message in mind during the study of each one of them.

### SMYRNA

Now, let us take up the message to the second church, that at Smyrna. This was the suffering church, or the period of the greatest martyrdom in the history of Christianity. How significant is the name Smyrna, literally meaning, "perfume pressed out." How the cruel oppression under the pagan Roman emperors pressed out the sweet incense of the lives of these people who made up the body of Christians during this era! The next says (verse 9), "I know thy tribulations and poverty (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan." So they suffered persecution from persons falsely claiming to be Jews as well as from Roman emperors. This double message is manifest in the reference to the announcement that some would be cast into prison which is political punishment as well as the religious persecution by the Jews.

There is a peculiar reference in the message to this church expressed in the enigmatical sentence. "And ye shall have tribulation ten days." History informs us that there were ten Roman emperors who issued ten edicts of persecution from Nero to Diocletian in this church era. There is a historical record that 5000 Christians were burned in one night! Do you wonder that the Lord said to this church in substance: "Do not fear their tortures to death. I suffered a cruel death, and I know how to comfort you and sustain you in such an hour! Neither fear what happens after death. I was dead, and am

alive again. I will be waiting on the other side of the grave to lay upon your scarred brow a crown of life!"

Incidentally, Smyrna was the only church against whom He uttered no condemnation! This little group in the city of Smyrna was pressed until their holy lives yielded up sweet incense to God. The era from 100 A. D. to 316 A. D. witnessed such a general persecution of the followers of Christ that the term, "Myrrh" or "incense", characterized the period. In every era of the Christian faith there have been groups who have paid the Smyrna price for their experience. Persecution has always multiplied believers and fanned the flames of their zeal. Truly, "the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church!"

### **PERGAMOS**

As we read on in the second chapter of Revelation, we hear the rustle of the pages of church history turned by the hand of Prophecy. Pergamos means literally "married and elevated". Let us examine the contents of the message to this group to see where is the connection between the conditions in Pergamos and the era in church history that immediately followed the persecution of the Roman Emperor, Diocletian, in 316 A. D. We find in history that three men were pitted against each other for the possession of Rome, the fast-growing capital of the world. They were Maxentius, Galerius, and Constantine. Constantine won by pretending to see in the sky a cross bearing these words, "In hoc signo vinces," meaning, "By this sign, you conquer." He immediately baptised his whole army, we are told, by sprinkling them with a limb dipped in water. Constantine married the sword to the cross and did for the devil what Nero and Diocletian could never do with the sword alone. This so-called Christian emperor began to rule the church by promoting ministers to be bishops and by conferring civil as well as ecclesiastical power on his favorites. These crowned bishops later placed in the hands of one of their number the scepter of pope and named him the successor to St. Peter! Thus, we find the meaning of "Pergamos," literally, "when the world was married to the church."

Then, too, it was in this period that the council at Nice was convened. About 320 A. D. a man named Arius, who was a member of this council, raised the question as to whether Christ was literally God or very much like God. It is interest-

ing, at least, to know how the debate was settled at Nice. When it looked as though Arius would win, and the church would have its creed that Jesus was only like God and not God, an aged monk, clad in a leopard skin arose before all the excited clergy and, laying aside his skin-cloak, exhibited the scars he had received from claws and teeth of the wild beast who had torn him when he had been cast into the arena for his faith in the divinity of Christ. He cried, "Do you think for one moment that I would suffer scars like these for a mere man, however god-like? No, but I would do it all over for Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my God!"

The council leaped to its feet and voted overwhelmingly what we know as the Nicene creed that fixes in its historic phrasing the statement of the divinity of Christ!

The man who opposed Arius in the debate at Nice was Athanasius. When the council had recorded its faith in the divinity of Christ, Constantine called Athanasius before him and demanded the vote be changed, saying, "The world is against you."

The intrepid Athanasius answered his challenge with the words, "Then I am against the world." That statement caused his banishment and persecution under the iron hand of imperial Rome. Jesus glanced across the tops of the centuries and seeing all these things unfold sent this message to the group of Pergamos and to the churches of the ages. "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, and where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name." He must have seen the debate and vote at Nice! Then, He adds, "Even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr." Could Athanasius have been Antipas?

Here we see in the message to Pergamos the doctrine of the hated Nicolaitanes, the doctrine of the renegade clergy married to the Roman empire under Constantine, that Christ was only man!

The doctrine of Balaam is condemned in the message to this church at Pergamos. Read Numbers 22:2 to 25:8 to find the meaning of the doctrine of Balaam. It manifestly is a lack of determination to do God's whole will together with a compro-

mise with the enemies of Jehovah. This latter defection leads to the offering of sacrifices to God's law.

To the overcomer is offered a double reward, to eat of the hidden manna and the gift of a mysterious white stone containing a new name. The meaning is that God will provide an eternal gift of life to the victors through Christ, life that means as much to the eternal spirit of man as the divinely provided manna meant to the bodies of the Israelites in the wilderness. To those who suffered the humiliation of a clerical debate as to the true name or nature of the Lamb of God, He will give the true meaning of the name that is above every name, and with it an identification that will be personal, and one that the child of God will possess through all the endless cycles of eternal bliss!

(To Be Continued)



## HOUR BY HOUR

“God broke our years to hours and days,  
That hour by hour and day by day,  
Just going on a little way,  
We might be able all along  
To keep ourselves heartwhole and strong.  
Should all the weight of life  
Be laid across our shoulders and the future rife  
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face  
At just one place,  
We could not onward go;  
Our feet would stop, and so  
God lays a little on us every day.  
And never, I believe, on all the way  
Will burdens bear so deep,  
Or pathways be so steep,  
But we can forward go, if, by God's power,  
We only bear the burden of the hour.”

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

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

★

## THE SIXTH TALK

### Revelation 3.

APOLEON BONAPARTE said, "History is a fable that everybody believes." While some historical records are colored by prejudices of the historians, there is much more that is reliable. The era included in the years, 500 A. D. to 1600 A. D., is memorable because it gave the church its first political pope, witnessed the development of the mass and the worship of the Virgin Mary.

Constantine had made the church rich and powerful; in this period (500-1500 A. D.) the twin armies of real spirituality, power and riches, bore disastrous fruit. It is easy to explain the origin of the papacy (the elevation of a bishop to supreme pontiff or pope). The apostle Peter never dreamed of such power and never gave evidence of such a thing unless it was during his defection when he grasped a sword on the night of Jesus' trial and cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest. One naturally asks who is then responsible for the office of a Holy Father in the ecclesiastical system.

In the early Christian church there was an equality in believers; the record in Acts tells us that they had all things in common. Among these were the apostles who had been with Jesus during his earthly ministry, had witnessed the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, and had been personally selected for their fitness. The Lord said of this group, "Have not I chosen you?" The Blessed Master left nothing undone to root out any feeling of supremacy, going so far as to wash the disciples' feet and declaring, "He that will be great among you, let him be your servant." We find no basis

in the New Testament for a pope, not even the oft-quoted passage where Jesus says to Peter, "Thou art Peter and on this rock will I build my church." The Greek word for little rock is "petra." Jesus laid hold on the similarity of Simon's other name, Peter, to enforce the basis of organization of the true church and to announce its permanence. The fact is, what Jesus meant was the very opposite idea, namely, that His church would not be built on any mere man, or human organization, but on a profession of simple faith in Himself as "the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

In the first century after the crucifixion, each group of believers, known as an "ecclesia" (the called-out ones), had at least one to whom they looked with respect and reverence because of his age, holiness, or scars for Christ's sake. Naturally, the more thickly settled communities had larger groups and more generally beloved saints, and in this way some cities acquired more voice on the deliberations when councils were held. The bishops in such cities were given exceptional homage. Rome was the capital of the world, and its bishops unquestionably had preeminence in deliberate bodies. As spirituality decreased, the thirst for power and riches increased.

This led to widening of the difference between clergy and laity, or ministers and common people. Soon, all the privileges of the church were in the hands of ministers, and the word, "minister", began to lose some of its real meaning, "servant", and became more and more to mean a holder of special privilege and ecclesiastical power. The logical development in such a system, particularly when persecution died out, and the mere profession of Christianity became a badge of honor, was to create a head for the system—hence a pope!

This development of a cap-stone in the church organization reached its highest point in the seventh century or about one hundred years after this period began.

With a human head of the church on earth, it was an easy step to elevate the mother of our Lord to a place of divine power as the sacred Virgin, who would naturally have easy access to her own Son, now seated at the right hand of the throne of God. This worship reached its climax around 1500 A. D. For fifteen hundred years Mary had been only a woman ;

now she became a goddess!

With a human head to the church and the mother of Christ becoming divine, it was an easy and logical step to attribute to the bread and wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper attributes that would lift it above common bread—hence the doctrine of trans-substantiation, or the changing of the bread and wine into actual flesh and blood of Jesus! Keep in mind that this, too, had to be done by the accredited clergy, thus keeping the breach between the common people and the ministry fixed in its impassable width. This is the origin of the Mass, when the changed bread is lifted up and worshiped as the actual flesh of Christ. Of course, this created a "continual sacrifice", not the doctrine that "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many", but a continual crucifying of the Lord.

### **THYATIRA**

Now that we have examined the historical record of the time from 500 to 1500 A. D., and noted the development of the power of the clergy, the doctrine and deeds so condemned as that of the "Nicolaitanes", let us turn to the study of the message to the church at Thyatira and the warning and promise to this group.

The word, "Thyatira", means "continual sacrifice". This of itself is significant! In the theory that the messages to these seven churches is a triple message—one for the churches then existing; to similar groups down the ages; and, also, to the whole church as the pages of history unfold—Thyatira typifies the era that will develop a continual sacrifice.

Christ's message to this church commends the works, charity, service, and faith. Such a system of sacrifice would naturally produce charity and all manner of social and religious "works"; it would create faith in the project and patience under ecclesiastical domination on the part of the common people. But note the warning about a woman, called here "Jezebel", after the notorious wife of Ahab who stirred him up to do more to provoke the Lord to anger than all the kings and men that preceded him. Many faithful students of the Bible declare that this is a reference to the undue elevation of the mother of our Lord to a place of equality at His side in Heaven.

It is interesting to the student of this blessed book of Revelation to note that each reward that is spoken of is in keeping

with the particular temptation of the period. When the church offered salvation through works and power for loyalty to the ecclesiastical system, the Lord offered spiritual power over the nations and the gift of the morning star! When the spiritual power had waned, and the church had been secularized, owning billions of dollars worth of property, ruled by a pope in Rome who made and unmade kings, and the common people were crushed under unbearable taxation and ecclesiastical domination, out of Heaven came an unassuring message to "him that overcometh and keepeth my words". Yea, when the power of the world was all but sweeping the true church out to sea, God offered to the awed and bewildered church real power on the basis of faithfulness to Him and the permanence and brilliance of the star of the morning!

## SARDIS

The third chapter of the Revelation begins with the message to the church at Sardis. Let us again refresh our memory by recalling the position taken by the writer concerning the content and purpose of the messages to these seven churches: there was, first, a message to the churches by these names existing at the time of the delivery of the Revelation to the apostle John; second, there was included a message to every similar group of professing Christians through the centuries; and, third, there was a forecast of the seven periods through which the church on this earth would pass before the Lord's return.

The reader is impressed with the presence of two groups in this church at Sardis: one is described as "living but dead"; and the other group spoken of as "a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments". The former group characterized the cold, dead ecclesiastical organization known as the church, but with the fires of passion all but died out and their spiritual thermometer dropping dangerously near the zero point.

This condition has always existed in many groups of professing Christians since the apostolic era, but this came more and more to describe the state the church as a whole up until the period arrived in church history known as the Protestant Era. Thus, we have no fear in applying the name "Sardis" to the church on earth from about 1517 A. D. to 1775 A. D. It is

more than a mere co-incidence again that the word, "Sardis", means "remnant". This is a period when the "remnant" came out of the professing church and became the "ecclesia" or "called out ones". The word, protestant, is derived from the verb that means "to protest" and means a protest against the secularizing of the church and the consequent influx of the world into the body of true believers.

This period is known in secular history as the "Era of Reformation". While there had been individuals who had written their convictions about the apostate condition of the church, it was left to Martin Luther to make the break with the Catholic Church that started the Reformation. Wycliffe is called the "morning star" of the Reformation, but Martin Luther was the "blazing sun" of that period. Luther was a sincere priest who wanted the inner witness of an experience of regeneration. He went to his father confessor for instruction and was told to go to Rome and do penance. He went there seeking the witness of the Holy Ghost in his heart. When he did not have this assurance in his heart, he asked another priest. He was told this time to climb Pilate's stair-case in Rome on his knees. When he was about half-way up, he prayed, "O Spirit of God, illumine me!" God heard his prayer and spoke this verse to his heart, "The just shall live by faith". He believed that he was saved not by works, lest any man should boast, but by faith in the work of Jesus Christ! He immediately began to preach this doctrine and defied the world and the organized church. Thus, actually began the Reformation!

Note the promise of this group of the faithful, the gift of white raiment and to walk in the fellowship of God, and the promise that, although the ecclesiastical authorities may excommunicate and damn them for heresy, God would not blot their names out of the Book of Life.

(To Be Continued)

## WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?



“We shall do so much in the years to come,  
But what have we done today?  
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give today?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak today?”

“We shall be so kind in the after while,  
But what have we done today?  
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,  
But what have we brought today?  
We shall give to truth a grander birth,  
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.  
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,  
But whom have we fed today?”

“We shall reap such joy in the by and by,  
But what have we sown today?  
We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built today?  
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,  
But here and now we do the task?  
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask—  
What have we done today!”



## TEACH US TO WAIT



Why are we so impatient of delay,  
Longing forever for the time to be?  
For thus we live tomorrow in today.  
Yea, sad tomorrow we may never see.  
We are too hasty, are not reconciled  
To let kind nature do her work alone.  
We plant our seed and, like a foolish child,  
We dig it up—to see if it has grown!

—Phoebe Cary

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

## CHAPTER FORTY



THE NEIGHBORS were always so kind in helping with anything and everything connected with the little Country Church. There's never been a time when we haven't called for a "workin'" or a "helpin'" in some way, shape, or form that there haven't been some neighbors to sacrifice of their time to come out and help us. They would do this not only out of love for the little church, but for the Lord.

It was always something worth seeing to visit the office on "Bugle Day". I just never could get Josiah away at such a time! He'd rather hang around, talking and laughing with those who had come out to help the office get the Bugle ready for mailing than to eat! He used to say they were helping him get up his sermons, but I'd always tell him that he just wanted an audience to hear him talk!

But, what a faithful group of neighbors used to come so regularly to help us out, and how we have thanked God for them. We just couldn't have gotten along without Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Carr, and many others. What loyal and blessed friends they have been across the years, to Josiah and to me.

And, right here, I must say something about the wonderful men the Lord gave us as ushers! Josiah has so often said that they were some of the best friends he ever had. And, how true that was! They worked so quietly and so efficiently "behind the scenes," but will reap a major portion of the rewards of the work that this little church has done. I can see them now, as they stood on duty in the old "overflow tent" on the

hill-top! Rudy's father, who has since joined Josiah at Jesus' feet, Mr. Atwood, Mr. Rugg, Mr. Harshman, Mr. Erickson, Mr. Weichman, Mr. Legg, Mr. Witherspoon, Mr. Hoagland, Mr. Hall, and so many others who were willing to help out the little church in such a sacrificial way. Also, we regret so much that Josiah couldn't have known some of the fine ushers who are so faithful to the little church now, as for instance Mr. Lord, Mr. Paulson, Mr. Milford, and others. May God bless every one of them!

Just about this time, the Lord sent Bro. Thompson to us, and what a red-letter day in the Country Church it was, when He sent him up to see Josiah. Josiah might have used poor judgment in human nature in some instances but not when Bro. Thompson was concerned. When Josiah came home the day he had met Bro. Thompson, he said the Lord had surely sent someone to help him, who was "pure gold". And, how right he was! How faithfully and diligently he has labored in love, winning men and women to Christ!

Bro. Thompson's wife, Emma, was with him when he first came to the Country Church, but the Lord has since called her to be with Him. How thankful we were to have known her, even for such a short time.

On March 17th, 1936, we had a very wonderful little addition to our family. Virginia, Josiah's and my oldest daughter, had another precious little girl. This one was named Donna, and those of you who were able to see her this last summer when she visited her "Nannaw" know what a little darling she is.

I wasn't able to be in Memphis when Donna arrived, because of the death of a very dear aunt of mine, Miss Addie Marshall. She had been living with my sister, Mrs. L. K. Key, in El Paso, Texas, and I was attending her funeral when little Donna was born. Isn't that the way of life, neighbors—the joys and sorrows all tangled up together! One seldom comes without the other. "Auntie", as I always called her, has been such a wonderful woman, a great Latin teacher, and a staunch lover of her Lord and Savior. After her funeral, I went on to Memphis to greet my little grand-baby.

The following summer (1936), Josiah felt that he wanted to go back south for a visit, to see all our loved ones. I said,

“Josiah, it will be like an oven in Mississippi and Tennessee this summer! Can’t we wait until this fall?”

He said, “Honey, I feel that I might never have the opportunity again. So many things can happen. The heat won’t bother me, if it won’t bother you.”

This was Josiah’s last opportunity to see all those he loved so dearly, and the old spots and towns that brought back so many memories to him. The following fall he had to have an operation, and January of 1937 God took him home.

What a blessed time we had on that trip, in spite of the heat! We went on the Southern Pacific and Rock Island railroads, and just before we crossed the Old Mississippi River going into Memphis, we saw this sign, “Honey, You’re in Memphis Now—Down in Dixie”. Josiah and I “tuned up” together, and we held hands with tears streaming down our faces, remembering the wonderful and sad times spent in old Dixie.

Josiah played by the hour with little Donna. But, as he said, the hours were just too short. How glad I was that he was able to see the new little grand-baby, as well as visit with little Dale, Virginia, and Oscar, for this last time. How strangely precious every moment seemed to us on the visit, although we couldn’t quite understand why. One night, Virginia and Oscar took Josiah and me to dinner on the roof of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis. There was an orchestra that played while we ate, and it seemed that on that night they played all the old southern songs that were so dear to us. Josiah and I stood it pretty well until they started playing “Dixie”, and the lumps came up in our throats, and we just about disgraced Virginia and Oscar! Whenever anything would touch Josiah, all he’d have to do would be to give me one look, and I’d start “tuning up”, too, as he’d say.

Also, while we were there, the outstanding radio station in Memphis, WREC, that had carried our programs, asked Josiah and me to visit them. We put on a “ride with Dan” over the air, and they were so lovely to us. How we enjoyed that!

Then, we went on down to Hazelhurst, Miss., Josiah’s hometown. And, what a welcome there was for him! So many of his old friends had passed away or left town, but there were a great many left to greet him. His only living sister, Mrs. Joe

Marchetti, ("Sis. Johnnie," as we called her), still lived in the same home she had lived in for so many years. It was the same house in which his mother had passed away. There were many memories that flooded our hearts and minds as we stayed there that night. Incidentally, neighbors, a big old ambitious Rhode Island Red rooster wake us up, at 4:00 A. M. the next morning—crowing under the house right under our bedroom!

The time was so short, and there were so many friends and loved ones Josiah wanted to see, but could only spend such a few short hours in Hazelhurst. But, the last thing Josiah did just before leaving the little Mississippi town that had been "Home" to him for so long, was to lead a man to Jesus Christ. One of his old friends, whom he hadn't seen for years, whom he had known since he was a little boy, was very low, expected to die any day. When he heard that Josiah was in town, he sent word that if Will Hogg (for that was Josiah's real name) would come and talk to him, he'd accept his Christ as his personal Savior. He had known about Josiah's conversion, about his entering the ministry, and had probably watched him from a distance across the years. As you surely would know, neighbors, Josiah rushed over to see him and had the privilege of seeing him gloriously converted. Shortly afterward this man passed out into Eternity—but no one could make Josiah believe that he went out alone. He had his hand in God's Hand!

(To Be Continued.)



### "A BRAKEMAN'S PRAYER"

Oh Lord! Now that I have flagged Thee, lift my feet from off the rough road and plant them firmly on the deck of the train of Salvation. Give me for my hand lamp, the Bible, let me make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of thy love, let all the Semaphores along the line show the white light of hope. Have all the switches closed, especially those which lead onto a Blind Siding, so that I may make the run of life without stopping and when I have finished the run of life and on scheduled time drawn into that great dark City of Death, may thou, the Superintendent of the Heavenly Universe, say with a smile, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come up and sign the payroll and receive your well earned check for eternal happiness."

Author Unknown.

## THE RUNAWAY

When I was but a little boy I thought I'd run away.  
I didn't like the dreadful things they'd say to me  
that day;  
I didn't like the scolding Mother gave her precious lad,  
Or what she said she'd do to me the next time I  
was bad;  
I thought I didn't like the house, the neighbors,  
or the street—  
My little world seemed full of folks I didn't want to meet.  
And so that afternoon I slipped away and hid—  
But I went home at suppertime, and I am glad I did.  
I hid out in a neighbor's barn and watched where  
I could see;  
I thought I'd see my mother come and search about  
for me,  
I thought for sure there'd be a fuss, I thought  
there'd be a crowd,  
But no one poked around the yards or called my  
name out loud;  
Nobody seemed to know I'd gone, nobody seemed  
to care,  
And that old barn seemed filled with things I  
didn't know was there.  
And by and by I couldn't stand the lonesomeness,  
and so  
I slipped back home at supper, and the folks just  
said, "Hello."  
They didn't ask me where I'd been; my mother's  
eyes weren't red—  
I'd been away all afternoon and not a tear she'd shed!  
They talked the way they always talked, and now,  
as I recall,  
They never even knew that I had run away at all!  
But I have lived a lot since then and learned from  
day to day,  
When troubles come, the little men will try to run  
away;  
They think that they can hide from care, but this  
old world goes on,  
And people busy at their tasks will never know  
they've gone.

—Edgar A. Guest

“Once there was a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village, He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never put His feet inside a big city. He never traveled two-hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself.

“While still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth, while He was dying, and that was His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave, through the pity of a friend.

“Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the center-piece of the human race, and the leader of the columns of progress.

“I am far within the mark when I say—that all the armies that ever marched, all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as that ONE SOLITARY LIFE.”

Author Unknown.



## THE CLOCK OF LIFE

The clock of life is wound but once,  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop—  
At late or early hour  
Now is the only time you own;  
Live, love, toil with a will—  
Place no faith in “Tomorrow” for  
The clock may then be still.

—Mrs. J. J. Van Keuren

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE



BELIEVE it was about this time that Josiah had conferred upon him an honor that meant a great deal to him. The American favorite, Will Rogers, was killed in an air-plane accident, and his death brought sorrow not only to this nation, but to many millions in other countries as well. A day or so after his death, Mr. Joseph P. Schenck, president of the Fox Motion Picture Studios, called Josiah on the phone, and said that the Fox Studios (where Will Rogers had worked) were having their own special memorial service on the studio lot, and they wanted Josiah to hold this. Mr. Schenck very graciously told Josiah that Will Rogers had seldom missed a broadcast from the little Country Church of Hollywood, and that he often would repeat to the people at the studio some of the stories or illustrations that Josiah had used on the air, and he had said that the little "mornin' meetin's" helped to start the day off right for him. Josiah often said he considered the privilege of speaking at this memorial service for Will Rogers one of the outstanding honors he had ever received.

After we came back from Josiah's last trip to the little towns we had called "home" for so long—Hazelhurst and Brookhaven, Miss.—and Memphis, Tenn., where we saw Virginia and Oscar and our two grand-children, we began a new series of broadcasts, in addition to the regular Country Church mornin' meetin's. Although we had had a sustaining coast-to-coast broadcast over the Columbia Chain for several years, this was the first coast-to-coast sponsored program we were on.

It was called "The Goose Creek Parson," and was sponsored by Super Suds. This same program had been broadcast on the West Coast, sponsored by The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. "Super Suds" was owned by the same company, therefore this program was just an enlargement of the broadcast we had sent out over the West Coast in the spring.

This program ("The Goose Creek Parson") was the first coast-to-coast sponsored program to come from KNX, the new Columbia outlet at that time. We had, before this, been broadcasting over KHJ. Whenever we went down to the station, KNX, to broadcast this little 15 min. program, we felt mighty peculiar. neighbors, you may be sure, for they would tell us it was the only program at that time, directly coming from KNX, that reached the entire United States.

Josiah had been in splendid health until the beginning of the fall of 1936. At least, he seldom ever complained, and did enough work for six men. It was then that he began to suffer so terribly, and two doctors (Drs. Steinberg and Lissner) felt that an operation would soon bring him back into active work again. Because of the work he had to do, they suggested two operations, one immediately and the other as soon as he was physically able to stand it. They operated on him the early part of October, and he stood the operation well. Although he was very weak and still very much of an invalid, being under a nurse's care constantly, Josiah was soon able to do some of his accustomed work. We felt very fortunate, indeed, that Dr. A. P. Gouthey, a great friend of Josiah's and mine, was able to come and take over the preaching for us. Josiah was only able to stay a short time at the services when he could come. It would almost break his heart to have to go away from the "overflow tent," where he'd preached so many times under the anointing of the blessed Holy Spirit, after only a short greeting or so to the neighbors.

I'll never forget Josiah's last birthday party. A group of those who had worked so faithfully at the little church and some of our new-found friends who helped us on the Super-Suds broadcast, gave Josiah a surprise birthday party, and presented him with a beautiful robe. Josiah was, I think, more proud of that than if they had presented him

with a million dollars! It was truly a beautiful sight to see Josiah leading them all, just before they left our house, in "Bye and Bye" and "We Shall Rise."

Exactly one month before the day of his funeral, Josiah had the very precious privilege of performing Obe's and Mary's wedding ceremony. To you neighbors who might not know, "Obe and Mary Snodgrass" are really Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Harlan. Josiah was in his glory that night, joining together two people whom he loved so greatly in such happy wedlock.

However, on that same night, we all had a disappointment. A wire came just before the wedding ceremony, saying that our contract with Super Suds would not be renewed. I do want to say right here how much we all appreciated the love and friendship of Nellie and Jack Mullen, of Benton and Bowles Agency, which had handled this program for Super Suds, and Mr. Paul Rickenbacker, then manager of KNX. Josiah loved them very much, and in so many ways they showed their love for him. Neither one of these men would tell us of this wire until after Obe's and Mary's wedding. And there was such genuine sorrow over the break that had to come between us and them. However, they needn't have been worried over Josiah's sake for when he found out the news that night, he sighed a sigh of relief and said, "Oh, how thankful I am that God allowed me to fulfill my part of the contract with them. I don't know what God has in the future for me, and I couldn't have promised anything for what lies ahead, anyway!"

Another scene that comes to my mind occurred a week before Josiah went to the hospital for the last time. KNX was having its inaugural ceremony, marking its official recognition as the Columbia outlet in Los Angeles. Josiah was invited to say a few words of greeting on the program which was to last for several hours, along with Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, and many radio artists. I remember these two men especially, because they were so cordial to Josiah. When Josiah went to the radio station, as he told me later Mr. Cantor walked up to him and said, "Hello, Josiah, where's Sarah?" And, also, he told him that several months before he had been ill, and the broadcasts from the little Country Church had meant

a great deal to him. He even repeated one of Josiah's illustrations, mentioning that it had especially touched him.

The other day I ran across the "Script" (that's what they call the program all written out, neighbors) for that broadcast, and how vividly it all came back to me. Although Josiah was really too weak to stand, he refused to sit down for his few words of greeting on this program when everybody else was standing. In the studio that night after the announcer had said, "We are happy to present at this time, a great personality who, for many years, had occupied a unique place in the heart of Hollywood. Here he is—the beloved Goose Creek Parson, Jos'ah Hopkins"—Josiah and the quartet came out. I can almost see now that picture of Josiah with those fine old boys behind him. "Professor Gandy" (John Knox) was there that night singing with the quartet, as were Obe, Jeff, and Lige. I found Josiah's short little message, neighbors, and I thought you might enjoy reading it, especially at this beginning of the new year of 1941. Here it is:

"Good-evenin', neighbors, this is Josiah Hopkins, the Goose Creek Parson.

"We're shore havin' a big sullibration here tonight. An' fer a mighty good reason, with folks fur an' wide ajinin' hearts, an' a-wishin' each other well. That's my idear of real neighborin'.

"Yes, radios has made us all neighbors—an' I'm powerful glad fer our lives git awful narrow when we live jest to ourselves. Turnin' that little nob on a radio is sorta like openin' a door to a fairyland; at your command, the musicians, the singers, and the entertainers—they all bring you their best.

"There's another thing about radio that teches me; now like tonight—they'll talk and give us music from New York (beyond Obion County) then we here in Hollywood and Goose Creek can talk and send music and singin' the other way. Folks, jest so faith can cross into the great beyond, and bring back whispers of the infinite to our own hearts!

"I shore wish you all well—that you'll live long and prosper—and a happy New Year to all!"

(To Be Concluded)

## THE NEW YEAR

★

A Song for the Old,  
While its knell is tolled,  
And its parting moments fly!  
But a song and a cheer  
For the glad New Year,  
While we watch the Old Year die!  
Oh, its grief and pain,  
Ne'er can come again,  
And its care lies buried deep!  
But what joy untold  
Doth the New Year hold,  
And what hopes within it sleep!

A Song for the Old,  
While its knell is tolled,  
And the friends it gave so true!  
But, with hearts of glee  
Let us merrily  
Welcome the bright, bright New!  
For the good attained,  
For the heights we gained,  
We will not the Old despise;  
But a joy more sweet,  
Making life complete,  
In the golden New Year lies.

A Song for the Old,  
While its knell is tolled!  
With a grander, broader zeal,  
And a forward view,  
Let us greet the New,  
Heart and purpose ever leal!  
Let the ills we met,  
And the sad regret,  
With the Old be buried deep;  
For what joy untold  
Doth the New Year hold,  
And what hopes within it sleep!

—GEORGE COOPER.

# A MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES

## THE SEVENTH TALK



### Revelation 3

**I**N THE FORMER CHAPTER we noted that the "Sardis" period of church history witnessed the reformation climaxing in the protest of Martin Luther against salvation by works and his proclaiming, even under threat of death, that the "Just shall live by faith." Europe was filled with Protestant leaders such as Wycliff, Luther and Calvin, but the creeds of Protestantism written during the era which we know as the Sardis period of church history were cold and, in the absence of warm-hearted leaders, witnessed the refrigeration of the professing church. The writing of a creed is like mixing gelatin—it soon cools and congeals: it is sweet to taste but has not warmth and life, and, therefore, no power in it. Protestantism was honey-combed by worldliness, state-craft, and politics, and the people were in many cases about as bad off as they had been during the period before the reformation.

Such conditions always bring forth spiritual leaders under the anointing of God who pay the price of leading the common people back to fundamental truth. In an Episcopal church home at Epworth, England, God raised up a real mother who gave birth to nineteen children, but who, nevertheless, found time for the religious instructions of each one of them. A meager salary and the hardships brought on by heartless creditors created just the atmosphere where real faith is born. Out of this home came John and Charles Wesley. Through great sacrifice John was sent to Oxford University, and there, by the providence of God, he was brought in touch with a group of young men who sincerely

sought holiness of life. This little group of earnest young men became the flowering plant of a revival that shook the eighteenth century.

John Wesley came dangerously near ending his career because of the failure of a missionary project in Savannah, Georgia. He went back to England in disgrace because of indiscretions and his enforcement of discipline, although there was no question of honesty or morality involved. If it had not been for his meeting with Peter Bohler, a Moravian missionary saint, John Wesley's name might never have been known, but he was led by the Spirit of God to go to a prayer meeting in Aldersgate Street Church. While Peter Bohler read Martin Luther's preface to the Book of Romans, John Wesley's heart was strangely warmed, and he felt, perhaps for the first time, a real heart assurance that the death of Christ on Calvary was a personal transaction between the Lord and his own soul.

## PHILADELPHIA

It is more than an accident that Martin Luther's writing in the former period of church history should kindle a divine spark in the soul of the man who led the awakening during the period in church history known as the church of Philadelphia. There is no way to estimate the benefit to the world of the Wesleyan revival and every time I pass a Methodist church, whether it be a humble mission or a great metropolitan temple, I feel moved to take off my hat in memory of the power of God that swept through the Wesleys to bless the world. Oh, that Methodism could turn back the pages of history, taking with it its wealth, the brilliant personnel of its ministry, and the millions of its members—take them all back to the eighteenth century when Methodists were consumed with a passion to live a holy life and spread the Gospel throughout the world! Standing on the sky-line of the eighteenth century, we can still see John Wesley, a preacher's boy, with his clean-cut, earnest, scholarly face crying to us "the world is my parish."

When I was a student at Vanderbilt University, I used to walk into the Wesley Chapel for a few moments of devotion. At that time I was a circuit-rider, walking my charge because I had no horse or buggy, "living by Faith," as the neighbors

say. I would walk two miles down to the station at Chatsmansborough, take the Tennessee Central Train for a twenty-five mile ride to the station in Nashville, then walk a mile and a half over to the Vanderbilt University campus. After this long trip I used to love to go into the quiet and reverent atmosphere of Wesley Hall, and I would sit for long periods of time and look at the beautiful paintings of John Wesley that hung just behind the pulpit.

On one of these occasions I slipped into the chapel quietly and was shocked to see a young man lying there full length on the floor beneath this picture of Wesley. He cried again and again, "John Wesley, tell me what to do! They tell me what to do! They tell me that some of my Bible is not divine; others tell me we are saved by education. Spirit of John Wesley, speak to me!"

The mistake this young man made—he was a young theological student—was his appeal to the spirit of John Wesley instead of to the Holy Spirit of God. He left the room, and a little later, the ministry.

John Calvin wrote a creed that gripped the mind of Europe, but like all other creeds, "it had not power to create life"; and the Calvinistic church grew cold during the Sardis period. However, they found a great spiritual leader in the golden voice and noble soul of George Whitfield. It is said that no man, since Christ hung on Calvary so swayed the hearts of his audience as did George Whitfield. He and Wesley were great friends until theological questions separated them. Wesley was an Armenian; Whitfield, a Calvinist. The Armenian doctrine teaches that one is saved by the free act of his own faith, and that one has the ability to depart from it. In short, Armenism represents the possibility of apostacy, a falling away from God. Calvinism teaches that the source of salvation is in the person of the Holy Spirit who puts into the heart of the believer saving faith, and who is able to keep him from falling. In short, it represents the impossibility of apostacy. However, it is interesting to us to know that under the brooding person of the Holy Spirit these two young men from Oxford University went out to stir a century, one with his eloquence, the other with his organizing ability, and both with definite spiritual experiences.

Had Whitfield possessed the ability to conserve his work that John Wesley had, the century might have been characterized by the Whitfield revival rather than the Wesleyan awakening.

We must not forget in the study of the great awakening to pay homage to the sweet singer, Charles Wesley. He averaged the production of an outstanding hymn for every three days of his long and useful life.

While the world will never be the same after the revival under the Wesleys and Whitfield, the fires soon died out, and the next period of church history known as that of "Laodicea" was ushered in and placed upon the calendar of the world.

Let us notice for a moment before we pass to the next period some of the contents of this message to the church of Philadelphia. Notice the reference to a "Key of David." This evidently refers to the covenant-keeping character of God. Wherever God makes a covenant, He holds in His hand a key that will one day unlock all the blessings and benefits that will come from Him. Time makes no difference with God, and, as the scroll of human history unfolds, every century, every decade, and even every day finds that old earth moving closer to the fulfillment of every prophecy. The covenant made to David was that "of his kingdom there would be no end, and that his descendants would sit upon the throne of Israel in Jerusalem." We know that Jesus hung upon a cross when He was on earth, that He sits in His Father's throne in Heaven now, and that He will have to come back again if ever He actually sits on the Throne of David.

In verse ten of the third chapter of Revelation, it refers "to the hours of temptations which will come upon the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth," and there is added, also, a very significant warning in the next verse, "Behold I come quickly." These verses definitely indicate that, when the period of church history known as "Philadelphia" comes in human history, the tribulation that will fall upon the earth, and the subsequent return of Christ is drawing very near.

Notice the promise of God to the over-comers of this period. The first reward is to "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." This was a most comforting message to that period when everything seemed to be crumbling, and the spiritual church seemed an outcast

on the earth. God promised to each individual the fixedness of a pillar in the temple of God. At that time when the followers of Wesley were called "Methodists" in derision, and Calvinists were hounded and hunted, and Calvin, himself, was exiled, God also promised that He would write upon them His name and the name of the city, the New Jerusalem! No one is certain what that means, but to me it carries the thought that when Christ is revealed in the fullness of His victory and the indescribable glory of His real Lordship of the universe, He will give to His faithful followers a share in the new glory and power, "when His righteousness shall cover this earth, as the waters cover the sea."

### LAODICEA

We come now to the period described as the "church of the Laodiceans." Note the change in the person to whom this message was sent; it is not to the church in Laodicea, nor to the church of Laodicea, but to the church of the Laodiceans. It implies that they had made the church or had brought the church of God down to their human level.

If the message to the other churches suggested an outline of church history, this church of the Laodiceans is descriptive of the last days of this dispensation. It describes a time of luke-warm church life—"neither cold nor hot"—and the awful sentence is uttered, "so then because thou art luke-warm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." It seems to be a divine repudiation for lukewarmness. If the churches were all cold, there would be room for the convicting power of the Holy Ghost to create a great revival as was done in the former period in the eighteenth century. However, there is enough heat in a lukewarm church to keep it from feeling backslidden and enough coldness to keep it from power. The message also indicts the church of this last period for its boastfulness and self-satisfaction—"because thou sayest I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked." What a picture of the general professing church today! Countless millions worth of church property and no revival power! Great church colleges and universities many of whom are teaching modernism and some even atheism! There are

churches burdened with mortgages on the buildings while missionaries are being called home from "the firing line."

Thank God for the hope that is in the twentieth verse of the third chapter, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." This is not only a promise to individuals and to church groups that if they will let him in, He will come in, but there is also a faintly hidden warning here that the day of His coming is at hand. In no other of these messages does He place Himself at the door close enough to be knocking. This one posture of Jesus should make every reader ask himself the question, "Am I ready for His coming?"

The Lord says that He will sup with the one who lets Him in. That means that the Lord will sit down at his table, however bare and however meager the food, but He also adds that He will allow the one at whose table He sits to sup with Him when the Lord, Himself, is the host. This last promise is suggestive of the time so near in this church period when the true church will sit down at the Lord's table. as He says in the Gospels. and sup with Him again in the new dispensation which we know now as the Millennium.

The promise to this church period is that the overcomer will not only sit at the table to sup with the Lord, but will also sit with Him in His throne! This passage is especially interesting because it tells of the location of Jesus now in these words, "Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and I am set down with my Father in His throne."

Those who through faith in and the presence of the Holy Spirit can live a victorious Christian life in this day of indifference, worldliness, and atheism have the promise of sitting with the overcoming Christ in His own throne when all the earth and cosmic universe crown Him Victor and King. With what tremendous force does the warning benediction fall when we read at the close of the message to the seven churches these words:

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the church."

(To be Continued)

## RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR



“Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of God.

“Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way) but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

“Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest, (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. Put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

“Pour into the whole love and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in the fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year will be a certainty.’

# THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITH JOSIAH

By SARAH HOPKINS

★

## CHAPTER FORTY-TWO



UR LAST CHRISTMAS with Josiah was a beautiful one indeed. We all seemed to realize the great love we had for one another in a special way. Although there was the shadow of Josiah's second operation coming up the first of the year, I don't believe we ever had such a Christmas as we had that year of 1936.

Josiah was far from being well and strong, and the doctors had advised him to do as little as possible, but he wouldn't let anyone do his Christmas shopping for him that year. He bought every gift himself, and said that he was having the time of his life. And, it seemed that he couldn't buy enough for those he loved. Lots of times I'd say, "Josiah, you should not be spending so much this Christmas," but he'd say, "Honey, you just leave me alone now . . . I wish I had a million dollars to spend on you and the children this Christmas. What I'm getting is so little to show you all my love."

After the holidays, Josiah was anxious to go ahead and have his operation. He was so insistent that the doctors finally said they would check to see if his heart and his general physical condition could stand it. They said his heart was just like a young man's, and set the date of January 5th for him to go to the hospital.

January 2nd was the fourth anniversary of the little Country Church, and the memories of those years seemed to flood afresh through our minds and hearts . . . years with days of joy, but also with days of sadness and heartache. On Sunday, January 3rd, Josiah said he just had to preach that Sunday

morning! He called up the doctor and asked if he could, and Dr. Steinberg said for him to be careful, but to go ahead. Dr. A. P. Gouthey was so wonderfully carrying on the preaching and broadcasting for Josiah. When Josiah called him and told him he wanted to preach that morning, Dr. Gouthey told him how thankful he was the doctor said he could, and that he'd be right there to listen to him.

That Sunday morning was a very rainy day, and instead of having service in the tent upon the hill, it was held in the little church. It was so fitting that it should be that way, for Josiah loved this little church more than any of us will ever know, and he said that morning that if this should be the last time the Lord would ever allow him to preach, how thankful he should be that it could be in the little church that God had so sweetly and tenderly placed upon his heart to build.

Unfortunately, it happened that most of us in the family were sick with colds or the flu, and I had quite a bad cold that morning. Martha ("Miss Peachy") drove Josiah down to church that morning. She told me later that the service was the sweetest she had ever been in—that there wasn't a dry eye in the church that morning, that there was such a melting and moving spirit throughout the whole service, and that it seemed like Heaven was just a step away.

Going home from church that morning, Josiah told Martha that there was only one thing he would have changed about the whole service, and that was to have had the children and me all there. He said that it was one of the very few services he was ever in, when he hadn't felt any criticism or coldness in the heart of anyone in the church. During Josiah's ministry, and especially in the last few years of his life, there had been so much jealousy and criticism, and so often it had weighed him down heavily, but I do thank the Lord that his last service was free from that. Josiah said that everyone in the little church that morning helped him preach, and their heart's were full of nothing but love.

That morning Josiah's text was, "How Old Art Thou?" As soon as he came home, he took out his dictaphone and spoke this message again into this machine, and we had a booklet made of it, entitled, "How Old Are You?" I laughed and cried, with Josiah, as he let me hear it from the dictaphone records.

How fitting that he should have said these words that morning,

“Our hearts have heard with gladness that great Bible promise, ‘He hath put eternity in their hearts.’ This passage enfranchises all who know God! It tears from our body the galling chains of time and death, and it makes us citizens of eternity! Of course, every soul is eternal. There is no destruction of matter. How could there be annihilation of personality? We apparently destroy an object by reducing it to smoke and ashes. Time doubtless could reconstruct the article which we burned and, in a synthetic form, hand it back to us again. How much more does the soul of man, made in the image of God, defy destruction? The difference in the eternal future of human souls is merely that one group will know God forever, and those who know Him not in this life will never know Him. So, it is an eternity with or without God! When a human soul is born again by coming into personal contact with Jesus Christ as a Savior, he immediately throws off the shackles of the slavery of time and literally has eternity in his heart. How foolish of such a person to be whipped by a few wrinkles or a few gray hairs or stooping shoulders! And the one who has never been born again has never really lived one day! . . . Don’t let time enslave you. Do not let gray hairs nor wrinkles disturb you. With God in your heart, you can laugh at time and years and even death. Doubtless, this is what Paul had in mind when he cried in exultation, ‘O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?’”

Tuesday morning, January 5th—the day when he was to go to the hospital for the last time—Josiah called up Dr. Gouthey again, and told him that he wanted to take the 8:00 o’clock broadcast. Dr. Gouthey was so very gracious and delighted again that he could do it.

I’m sure there wasn’t a heart that heard the little “Mornin’ Meetin’” that Tuesday that wasn’t touched. The blessed Holy Spirit seemed to permeate everything connected with the broadcast that morning. I was so glad that Josiah sang “We Shall Rise”, for, as he said, if that should be his last message over the air, he wanted to go out singing “We shall Rise.”

The young ladies in the office across the street from the church were listening over the radio there to this broadcast, and Miss Bunche (who is now Mrs. Arthur Howard) suddenly

told them to come to the window for a moment. She told me later that it was a most beautiful sight. From where they were, sunbeams seemed to be centered and focused upon the little church, like beams from Heaven. She said she and the girls would never forget that sight.

That night we took Josiah to the hospital, and he was in the best of spirits, so bravely as always trying to keep from worrying too much. Martha and I took him down that night, and we stayed with him a few moments, but left early because we knew he needed a good night's rest. Just as I started to get into the elevator to go down-stairs, I noticed I had left my gloves, so I went back. Josiah was standing in the closet where he was hanging up his clothes, crying like his heart would break. He had been so cheerful in front of Martha and me when we left that I couldn't understand it. I said, "Why, Josiah, what in the world's the matter?" He said, "Honey, it just came all over me when you left, that I'd never come out of this hospital, and I didn't want you to leave me."

I told him that I was going to take him right home, doctors or no doctors, but he finally persuaded me that he had just been upset needlessly, and that the sooner he got this operation over the better it would be. And, he was so anxious to get back into the harness of work again. I did leave him there, but with a heavy heart.

He came through the operation wonderfully. When I came up to the hospital the next day, he was sitting up in bed. I said, "Josiah, you haven't had any operation!" And he said, "Isn't it wonderful! I feel just fine."

He was in good condition up until just the day of his death, which was only seven or eight days after his operation. Thursday morning, January 14th, I came to see him, and he didn't look a bit well—in fact, when I first saw him my heart sank, but he assured me that the nurse said his pain was to be expected, because the tube draining the poison was removed. He didn't get any better during the day, and finally about five o'clock that afternoon the nurse told me that I'd better go home and get some rest. Martha picked me up in the car. She was going in to see Josiah, but he seemed to be resting just a little, so we went home to get a cup of coffee and to return immediately. We had just started eating a little dinner about

6:00 o'clock, when the telephone rang. It was Dr. Steinberg. He said Josiah was worse and wanted me to come as quickly as I could. I immediately started getting my hat and coat on. I hadn't even had time to go out of the house, when the phone rang again. Dr. Steinberg said to Milly ("Miss Maggie Purdue"), "Tell your mother there's no need for her to come now, God has just taken your father home."

The next hours, days, and months were like a haze, but how I thank God for the wonderful friends and neighbors who stood by with their prayers and love. He alone knows how they sustained us all through this shock.

The funeral was held over until Monday when Virginia (our oldest daughter) and her husband, Oscar Hurt, could arrive from their home in Memphis, Tenn. Josiah's funeral was a wonderful testimony to the life he had lived for Jesus Christ. The thousands that attended and came to the little Country Church that day did so not only because of their love for him, but because through his preaching and life had been lead to Christ or drawn closer to Him.

Several weeks after his funeral, Dr. Gouthey called me up, saying that people were so anxious to know what we were going to do about the carrying on of the work of the little Country Church. The ushers and many friends were asking me the same thing. But, neighbors, my mind and heart seemed such a blank at that time, I just couldn't make any decisions. After I had finished talking to Dr. Gouthey, I fell upon my knees before the Lord. I was all alone in the house that night, and I cried unto the Lord to show me what to do. And, just as plainly as if He had stood right before me, the Lord whispered to my heart that if I'd keep the doors of the little church open and the broadcasts still sending out their message, that He'd be with me and go right with us.

Four years have passed since that night, and the Lord has sustained this little church! He has never failed us, and never will. This little church is set upon this hilltop in the heart of Hollywood, to stay until Jesus comes again!

(The End)

## ABOVE THE LAW

By Berton Braley

The most law-abidingest  
People there are  
Will shatter the statutes  
When driving a car.  
The honestest driver  
Once sot in his seat  
Is very consistently  
Certain to cheat.

He stretches the limit  
Whatever it be,  
When road signs say 20  
He does 23;  
On all kinds of highways  
He pulls the same tricks,  
Where 30 is posted  
He hits 36.

If placards say 40  
Is legal to drive,  
He watches for coppers  
And goes 45.  
Whatever the limit  
He's bound to do more,  
When signs tell him 50  
He makes 54.

There's one thing might cure  
him  
Of getting so gay;  
If judges in traffic court  
Sternly would say  
"A 30-day sentence  
Instead of a fine!  
—And though I say 30  
You'll do 39!"

"If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a shrub in the valley—but be  
The best little shrub at the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

"If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass  
Some highway to happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—  
But the liveliest bass in the lake.

"We can't all be captains; some must be the crew;  
There's something for all of us here.  
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is the near.

"If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,  
If you can't be the sun, be the star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—  
Be the best of whatever you are."

# Talks on the Book of Revelation

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

★

THE EIGHTH TALK

## THE CHURCH TRANSLATED

### Revelation 4.

**R**EVELATION 4:1. "After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven; and the first voice which I heard was as if it were a trumpet talking with me; which said, come hither, and I will show you things which must be hereafter."

The fourth chapter is one of the outstanding chapters of the Book of Revelation. You can realize that there is a change of scenes from what has been going on in the earth to a pag-eant in heaven.

The chapter begins with the words, "After this." After what? It is after the church age which we have studied in the preceding messages under the names of the seven churches from that of Ephesus to the church of the Laodiceans. Between these two characteristic church conditions lie all the church activities from the ascension of Jesus to the end of the present Dispensation of Grace. We know that the time of the church period typed by that in Ephesus was the church of the Apostles and their immediate successors, or from the year, 33, to about the year, 100. We know with reasonable assurance that the period of church history described by the term, "Laodicean," began about 1860, when the revival fires killed by the Wesleys and Whitfield had begun to die out. However, we do not know the time of the closing of this last period of the church on earth. If we knew that, we could work out a chronology concerning the rapture and give a reasonable date for the second personal appearance of Christ on this earth.

But God has left the closing of the Laodicean church age to His own will, and no man knows the time of the peculiar experience of the church which is called the "rapture" by Bible students.

The word, "rapture," literally means "seizure" or a "taking out." This doctrine is held by many devout Bible students and is based upon such passages of Scripture as I Thessalonians 4: 16-18:

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Nothing could be plainer than this passage which draws a very clear description between the rapture of the dead and the catching up of those "which are alive and remain." Then the Lord went into detail about this peculiar experience for a certain group of born-again Christians, saying in Matthew 24:3-42:

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

"But as the days of Noe 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 also the coming of the Son of Man be.

"Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

Here, Jesus refers to this experience as the coming of the Son of Man. We may safely conclude that the coming of Jesus again will be the actual taking of the living who have been born-again along with the bodies of the Christians who have died through the centuries; and the second phase will be the actual, visible, bodily appearing of Jesus on this earth

at some time following this first phase. Devout Bible students who have made prayerful study of the closing scenes of this dispensation use the Greek word which means the "appearance" of Christ for the first experience which is commonly known as the "rapture," and the "unveiling" of Christ for the second period when He shall personally appear on the earth again. This is commonly known as the Second Coming of Christ. Incidentally, the word for unveiling in the Greek is "apokolupsis," and that is the term that is commonly applied to the Book of Revelation, the "unveiling" of Jesus Christ. That will become literally true when the heavens part, and our glorious, returning Lord becomes visible to every eye. The Bible teaches that while the rapture, or the sudden taking out of a certain group of Christians at the end of the church age, will be known only to a limited number, the personal appearance of Christ will be seen by every eye on the earth.

If one can keep these two phases of the Second Coming of Christ clear in mind, many confusing passages of Scripture will be better understood.

Now, we can understand more clearly the opening words of the fourth chapter of Revelation, "After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven."

Thank God for that open door! That is the way out for all the troubled and harassed hearts of this earth, and how welcome will be that open door at the end of a church condition described by Jesus in Matthew 24:9-13 with these words:

"Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake.

"And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another.

"And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.

"But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

Now, we are in a place to understand what Jesus meant when He said, "He that endureth to the end, shall be saved." They shall be saved by the opening of this door described in the first verse of Revelation, the fourth chapter. There is no reason to wonder, now that we think of these truths, that Jesus warned those to whom He spoke and said that two men shall be sleeping in one bed, and one would be taken, and the

other left; two women would be grinding at the mill, one would be taken and the other left. It is no wonder that He closed this description of the rapture with the warning words of Matthew 24:42,

“Watch therefore; for you know not what hour the Lord doth come.”

We can now also understand the parable of the foolish virgins in Matthew 25 who took their lamps and had no oil with them, clearly implying that the oil, used here for the Holy Spirit, was the one thing lacking that kept them from being with their Lord. How the church should hunger and thirst for the Holy Spirit in these last, trying days so that nothing may be lacking should this taking-out time come upon us!

Jesus says that this time is coming unexpectedly, in fact, so quickly that one on the house-top at the time of the rapture would not have time to call the other members of the family to repentance. There is no other way to face this experience than to do what Jesus said when He cried, “Be ye also ready, for at such a time as ye think not, the Son of man shall come.”

Remember, now, the activities in Revelation are changed from the earth to scenes in Glory, because the implication is that the earth with the people who were not ready to be taken out in the rapture has been left to the terrible scourge of the tribulation which no human tongue could possibly describe, but the thread of the story following God’s people continues in heaven.

Notice in the second verse of the fourth chapter that John says, “And immediately I was in the Spirit.” God had to spiritualize John again to get his optic nerves and brain cells fortified for what He was about to see and for the glory that was to be poured through his brain.

He beheld a throne, and One, to whom he gives no name, was seated upon it. He described this Occupant of the throne in these words:

“And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

“And round about the throne were four and twenty seats; and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold.”

Notice that the appearance of the One upon the throne suggested jasper and a sardine stone. Jasper is immaculately white: sardine stone is red. One naturally thinks of the holiness of God as described by the jasper stone, and the sardine stone suggests the blood which is to be brought into the story in the next chapter. The rainbow was round the throne. Thank God for its completeness! In this world we see only the segments of rainbows. No one on this planet ever sees a complete rainbow unless it be an aviator looking down on falling rain drops, or some explorer of dizzy heights who has the same privilege of altitude. Yes, you see the complete rainbow only from great altitudes. When we get to heaven we will be so high above the falling teardrops of this old earth, that we can see a complete iridescent circle around the throne of God!

The twenty-four elders have always interested me. I wonder who they were? Seventy-two, which was a sacred number among the Jews, is six times twelve. Then, there were twelve apostles, and one wonders from where these two twelves of elders come? Have they always been there? Or are they made up of twelve apostles and some other twelve, for instance, the saints of this age or of the patriarchal age? But, anyway, John saw them there and tells us of their functions and their white raiment. Their activities seem to be not only to wear the crowns of gold, but to cast their crowns before the throne and cry, "Thou art worthy, oh, Lord, to receive glory, and honor and power." Oh, that we would use our time and our money and any talent that we may have, as those white robed elders used their crowns—simply lay all at His feet.

Notice that here in the fourth chapter there is no blood visible and no mention of the Lamb of God. The only intention of anything that would look like mercy against the background of God's holiness and justice is that veiled allusion to a red color in the sardine stone.

John saw, clearly, lightnings proceeding out of the throne and hear the thundering and voices. He saw, also, seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, and it tells us that they are the seven spirits of God. What a picture of the justice and the holiness of God! One thinks of Mt. Sinai when reading the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Revelation. One can hear the thundering commandments and see the flashing of judgment and behold the flashing "lamps." This picture to us

is of the seven-fold incandescence of the Holy Spirit flashing throughout the universe, searching out sin and condemning it. John saw, also, before the throne a sea of glass. I have never been satisfied with what little I know about this peculiar and interesting part of the scene. Students of prophecy have many theories about this, but we have very little knowledge that is certain. Every time I read the sixth verse and come to the word, "sea," I want to think of tempests and surging waves, but the phrase that follows it, "of glass like unto crystal," rebukes any thought of restlessness and drives from me any association with any sea this broken-hearted planet has ever known. It is good for us to remember in our study of this book to recall that Revelation is highly symbolical, and that it was symbolized or signified to John, according to the first verse of the book. All through the Bible the sea is used to denote restlessness and particularly the masses of people who know not God. One of the promises towards the close of the book in Chapter 21 is that in the remaking of this planet there will be no more sea. I cannot refrain from associating with this sea of glass a peace and tranquility in heaven with not even the faintest zephyr of disturbance to ripple its crystal surface. What must it mean to be in a city where a sea can be so calm, never a worry, never a care. Oh, wonderful City of God!

Notice particularly the descriptions of the four beasts full of eyes before and behind. One was like unto a lion, another like a calf, a third had the face of a man, and the fourth was a flying eagle. We read in the eighth verse that these beasts had six wings each, and that they rest not day nor night crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Their function is to praise the Triune God-head. Note the three ascriptions of praise: "Holy" for the Father; "Holy" for the Son; "Holy" for the Holy Spirit. When they were praising God, they spoke of the past in the words, "which was", and the present in the words, "which is", but also spoke of the future coming of One of the God-head and used the words, "and is to come". A student of Revelation must keep in mind that the book, "Revelation", is the unveiling of Christ in His past, present, and future ministry, and that much is said about His second return to this earth. I have found that the word, "beast", would be more clear to us if it were translated, "living creature". These symbols of a lion,

etc., may possibly suggest some of the characteristics of that to which they are likened; for instance, the lion might suggest strength; the calf, sacrifice; the man would suggest a high order of intelligence; and the flying eagle, ability to move gloriously to superlative heights.

When you read this marvelous chapter several times, you are impressed with the majesty of the Throne of God, but you are made to wonder if there is any hope for a sinner before such a throne? On the throne sits One in immaculate white with only a suggestion of a crimson stain. Above Him is a complete rainbow suggesting the fulfillment of every promise to the human soul. Around the throne twenty-four elders are casting their gold crowns at the feet of the throne upon the slightest hint of praise from the living creatures. Above the throne is the flashing light of omniscience. Out of all the glories, the praises, and adoration in and around the throne, lightnings were flashing, and thunders were sounding! What hope would an uncleansed sinner have before a throne like that? Remember that the fourth chapter is a prelude to the glorious fifth in which the Lamb of God appears before the Throne, bleeding from sacrificial wounds. To me, the fourth chapter is a resume of heavenly eons of praise and adoration, but absolute justice and immaculate holiness, up to the time of Calvary. There is no cross, no blood, no Redeemer in Revelation 4. This horrible thought all but paralyzes my brain! What if God's dealings with the human race had ended with the fourth chapter of Revelation! Thank God that in the fifth chapter we find that the song of our fathers and mothers is true:



“There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emanuel's vein,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my guilt away.

“But the drops of grief can n'er repay  
The debt of love I owe.  
Dear Lord, I give myself away  
'Tis all that I can do.”

## MY FATHER PLANNED IT ALL

“What though the way be lonely,  
And dark the shadows fall;  
I know where'er it leadeth,  
My Father planned it all.

“The sun may shine tomorrow,  
The shadows break and flee;  
'Twill be the way He chooses,  
The Father's plan for me.

“He guides my halting footsteps  
Along the weary way,  
For well He knows the pathway  
Will lead to endless day.

“A day of light and gladness,  
On which no shade will fall,  
'Tis this at last awaits me—  
My Father planned it all.

“I sing through shade and sunshine,  
And trust what'er befall;  
His way is best—it leads to rest;  
My Father planned it all.”



## FAITH

“I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea  
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;  
I will believe the hand which never fails,  
For seeming evil worketh good for me:  
And though I weep because those sails are tattered,  
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,  
'I trust in Thee.'”

“I will not doubt, though all my prayers return  
Unanswered from the still, white realm above;  
I will believe it is an all-wise love  
Which has refused these things for which I yearn;  
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,  
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing  
Undimmed shall burn.”

# "TALKS ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION"

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

★

## NINTH TALK

### REVELATION 5



IN THE DELTA of the Mississippi River, that marvelously fertile spot between the Yazoo and the Mississippi Rivers, alluvial soil left by rich overflow deposits is found to be thirty feet deep in spots. For countless centuries the Father of Waters has annually left a fresh layer of fertile soil washed down from the hills. For about two thousand years the streams of blessings have flowed from Calvary, leaving incalculable blessings over the earth where its blessed waters have been allowed to go. Many who have not tasted of the live-giving water have walked over the blessings it has left.

One has but to travel through some of earth's spiritual deserts to realize what Christianity has left in our land. In non-Christian lands children are sold like live-stock; women have little or no rights; there is no pity for the underprivileged, the sick, the insane, or the orphaned. In such lands there are few smiles; life is dull and drab, and often an unbearably bleak existence. In lands where the Gospel has been known for any length of time, it has left its blessed deposit in ethics, morals, education, politics, and a fuller life as a whole. Notwithstanding, a large percentage of the so-called Christian people have refused to drink of this life-giving river but content themselves with enjoying the blessings it has bestowed all about them.

We find it all but impossible to think back behind Calvary, yet the fourth chapter of Revelation takes the startled soul

back to the pre-Calvary ages where absolute Justice ruled the universe. There was no Redemption, no Lamb of God, no atoning blood!

When we read this fourth chapter we find that there were two almost hidden sources of hope in this scene that is characterized by celestial beauty and holiness and justice: one is the color in the sardine stone; another is the analogy of the rainbow. The all but hidden red in the sardine stone hints at a purpose deep in the heart of Him on the throne, and the rainbow surely meant a promise that lay in the heart of God.

The description of the Occupant of the throne, as One "who is, who was, and is to come", points out either that it was Jesus or Jehovah with the plan of the promised Messiah uppermost in the Triune Godhead.

If there are Grace and Redemption here in this fourth chapter, they are heavily veiled in joint symbols. How terrible if God had revealed no more of His love!

How bleak and barren would be our life today without a Calvary! How must a soul feel who has no hope! Yet, there are millions on this planet today who have never heard that Jesus died to give eternal life to lost souls. There are thousands, too, all about us, on whose souls the night of hopelessness has settled, because no one has ever shown them the real gospel of Grace as a way out and up!

Doubtless, the fourth chapter of Revelation was given to John as a world with no Calvary, only a promise. Every sacrifice, every tabernacle and temple symbol pointed to the Lamb of God—but only in promise. Think of the millions before Christ who lived and suffered and died without the "better thing" (Hebrew 11:40) that is ours today!

John says in Revelation 5:1 that he saw "A Book" in the hand of One who sat on the throne in chapter four. He adds that the book was "written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals". John saw, too, a strange angel crying with a loud voice for one to open the mysterious book. No one was found worthy to open or even to look into this book of mystery, not even to open its official seals.

The key that unlocks this mystery of the book in the hand of Him on the throne is one word in the fifth verse, "Redeemed".

The twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus tells how an inheritance or a person may be redeemed or bought back. The one

who redeems, the redeemer, must be a kinsman (Leviticus 25:48, 49; Ruth 3:12, 13; Galatians 4:4; Hebrews 2:14, 15); be must also be able to pay in full (Leviticus 25:27; I Peter 1:18, 19; Galatians 3:18). The New Testament, in following out this figure of one who is to buy back or redeem the person or the inheritance, speaks of humanity as "sold under sin" (Romans 7:14), under sentence of death (John 3:18), and also points out that the purchase price is not money or property but the Blood of the Redeemer who died in our stead (Galatians 3:13; 2 Corinthians 5:21; Matthew 20:28).

Now, we can see that the "Book" in God's hand is the mortgage against the human race! This fearful document was forced into God's hand when man fell in the Garden of Eden. Satan pressed that document into His hand. Satan was once the wonderful being called in Heaven, "Lucifer, son of the morning". Isaiah 14:13, 14, recites the course of his fall:

"Thou has said in thine heart, I WILL ascend into Heaven,  
"I WILL exalt my throne above the stars of God;  
"I WILL sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the side of the north:

"I WILL ascend above the heights of the clouds;  
"I WILL be like the most High."

Five dagger-like thrusts of a stubborn will into the heart of God! God immediately sentenced the first sinner to be brought down to hell. When Adam and Eve sinned, Satan, meaning "The Accuser", cried out to the justice of the Godhead:

"You thrust me out for sin: these creatures, even of your love, must be condemned by your absolute justice!"

The mortgage was written "Within and on the backside". Within was the itemized list of lost souls and inheritances; on the backside were the witnesses in all the cosmic universe. The document was sealed by the omnipotent, omniscient, and eternal God-head. The penalty for sin was eternal banishment from communion with God, the DEATH of the Bible. Physical death is but a resultant incident in the eternal exile of a soul from God and His home.

The strong angel in this scene has searched the universe for a redeemer, one who can meet the conditions of this terrible document. He must be able and willing to pay in full! He must give a life to satisfy this mortgage's demand. He must suffer not for one soul, but for all the souls that will ever live on

this planet under the curse of its sin. He must offer a sinless soul to take the place of the sinful souls of humanity. It must in the document!

also be a soul and a life worth all the souls and lives included

Through all Heaven this angelic searcher went crying until every recess of the celestial regions echoed with his cry, "Who is worthy to open the book and to loose the seals thereof?" Throughout the earth and beneath went this messenger in his fruitless search. No redeemer was found among all the created beings in the entire universe. The messenger returned to announce to the throne of God his failure.

What folly for one self-centered or self-righteous person today to think himself able to satisfy the demands of God's justice and righteousness by self-denial, human works, or human goodness, when one of Heaven's strongest angels has searched the universe for such a being! This archangel's failure has forever precluded any substitute for redemption by the Lamb of God.

Do you wonder that John wept? Not only for himself did he weep but for a hopeless humanity. There was no way out. If this angel could find no redeemer, then humanity, including his own soul, was lost. Down through the ages this cry has been often heard. In Eden Adam and Eve wept as angels drove them from the garden and God's companionship; we hear Moses begging that his name be blotted out from God's remembrance in the hope of Israel's forgiveness (Ex. 32:32; we find Paul crying, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable" (I Corinthians 15:19). What hope have the teeming millions on earth if Christ be only another man, and this mortgage is still unpaid? What hope have you here today if Christ be not your own personal Saviour?

"Weep not!" It is the voice of one of the twenty-four elders robed in white and crowned with gold. These words of comfort come not from human lips alone nor only from angels in glory, but from one who had sat in the councils of the great Throne Room of Glory! Many voices seek to have our souls take their ease, to eat, drink, and be merry, but they are voices of devils or of poor, finite, suffering, miserable souls of this little earth. Here is news from the midst of the throne that is circled by a rainbow and radiant with eternal light!

The comforting elder continues, "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof." The Messiah promised down through the centuries from the blood-line humanity of Adam, Seth, Abraham, Issac, and David had been found. One who would come down to thie earth as a human "kinsman", flesh of the human blood-line, but also a Divine Redeemer.

An infinite person. capable of infinite sufferings, sinking His omnipotence, omnipresence, and divinity into one sacrifice, was the only redeemer who could pay in full the mortgage that was held in the hand of Eternal Justice. One who was absolutely holy was the only substitute that could offset the sin of the human race! A way had been found to satisfy justice, redeem humanity, and pay that terrible mortgage!

Suddenly amidst the glories of the Throne Room there appeared a Person that was stained with blood, as a lamb had been slain. His seven horns and seven eyes inform us of His complete and absolute power and His position as the second Person of the Trinity. This wounded, bleeding Redeemer approached the Throne and took the book, or the mortgage, out of the great hand of God. That act signified that He assumed all the debt involved in the cancelling of that mortgage. He took the book, He took all the sin and all the shame and all the suffering of every man and woman of the human race from Adam to the last person that will be saved. What an inconceivable mass of guilt and shame rolled onto that wounded Lamb of God as He stood as the Redeemer of the human soul!

Instantly, every heavenly personality in the scene burst into praise. The twenty-four Elders fell down before the Lamb as they had been falling before the Throne, having every one of them harps and "golden vials full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints". As the harps sweetly accompanied; and the prayers of the saints of all ages from this blessed moment arose like the perfume of rare flowers in the Throne Room of God, the Heavenly Host burst into a new song. Remember, it was absolutely new. Never had its sweet story been told on any planet in the universe. Never before had the universe heard the story of redemption. God, Himself, has paid the debt of humanity with the blood of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. John has preserved for us the words of this wonderful anthem, "Thou are worthy to

take the book and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

What a reason for rejoicing! Jesus had redeemed the whole lost race of men, regardless of the color of the pigment of their skin, the depth of their depravity, or the denseness of their ignorance. Oh, that every tribe and nation could learn to sing that song today! However, we can never hope to hear it universally sung until Jesus Christ comes back in His second glorious advent to sit upon the Throne of David and to reign for a thousand years.

Notice that these Elders cried out that redemption had made it possible for them to be kings and priests, that they would reign on the earth. The fulness of the meaning of this marvelous statement will never be known until our celestial joy begins in the meeting of saints in the air, soon to be followed by the millennial reign of Christ upon this earth.

The angels innumerable, the living creatures around the Throne, and the Elders robed in white join in the redemption chorus, until all the universe echoed with their anthem of praise, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour and glory and blessing."

The song spreads in ever widening circles of praise, until every creature in Heaven, on earth, under the earth, and such as are in the sea lifts up his voice to praise the Lamb of God for redemption. Every particle of matter found a tongue to praise its God; every star flashed its message of praise. The whole universe praises the Lamb of God, saying, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

If only the story could be closed here! But, the seals were taken from the mortgage, officially redeeming humanity, but one by one, and then dropped in their seven world judgments upon the godless and unrepentant nations on earth. Notice there were seven seals making a perfect mortgage of man that left him no hope, but all seven were torn off, thereby completely and perfectly canceling man's debt and enabling him as he personally accepts Jesus, the bleeding Lamb of God and the Redeemer of his soul, to say,

"Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe,

Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow."

(To Be Continued)

## I KNOW THY SORROW, CHILD

★

“I know thy sorrow, child; I know it well  
Thou needst not try with broken voice to tell.  
Just let me lay thy head here on My breast,  
And find here sweetest comfort, perfect rest;  
Thou needst not bear the burden, child, thyself  
I yearn to take it ALL upon Myself;  
So trust it all to Me today—tomorrow,  
Yes, e'en forever; for I know thy sorrow.

“Long years ago I planned it all for thee;  
Prepared it that thou mightst find need of Me.  
Without it, child, thou wouldst not come to  
Find this place of comfort in this love of Mine.  
Hadst thou no cross like this for Me to bear,  
Thou wouldst not feel the need of My strong care;  
But in thy weakness thou didst come to Me.  
And through this plan I have won thee.

“I know thy sorrow and I love thee more,  
Because for such as thee I came and bore  
The wrong, the shame, the pain of Calvary.  
That I might comfort give to such as thee,  
So, resting here, My child, thy hand in Mine,  
Thy sorrow to my care today resign;  
Dread not that some new care will come tomorrow.  
What does it matter? I know all thy sorrow.

“And I will gladly take it all for thee,  
If only thou wilt trust it all to Me.  
Thou needst not stir, but in My love lie still,  
And learn the sweetness of the Father's will—  
That will has only planned for the best—  
So, knowing this, lie still and sweetly rest.  
Trust Me. The future shall not bring to thee  
But that will bring thee cheer still to Me.”

## HELLO, TULIPS

★

Hello, tulips, don't you know  
Stocks today are very low?  
You appear so bright and glad,  
Don't you know that trade is bad?  
You are just as fair to see  
As you were in times when we  
Rolled in money. Tell me how  
You can look so happy now?

Hello, tulips, white and red,  
Gleaming in the garden bed,  
Can it be you haven't heard  
All the grief which has occurred?  
Don't you see the saddened eye  
Of the human passer-by?  
By his frowning, can't you tell  
Things have not been going well?

Hello, tulip, in the sun  
You are lovely, every one  
But I wonder why don't you  
Wear a sad expression, too?  
Can it be you fail to see  
Things aren't what they used to be?  
This old world is all upset,  
Why don't you begin to fret?

And they answered me: "Hello,  
Nothing's altered that we know,  
Warm the sun, and sweet the rain,  
Summer skies are blue again,  
Birds are singing and we nod  
Grateful tulip prayers to God.  
Only mortals fret and strive.  
We are glad to be alive."

—Edgar Guest.

## SERMONETTES BY JOSIAH



The richest folks in the world are those who have found out what Paul meant when he said, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." That is the real plutocracy of the world.

\* \* \* \*

We have heard the sighs of the world with the ears of our souls, and we have seen its tears with our spiritual eyes; God help us to minister in Jesus' name to hungry souls.

\* \* \* \*

Is there any place in your life where God could build the fences up? Is there any more gentle spirit that could be developed in your heart? Are you a little too hard? Are you a little too critical? Is the world appealing to you just a little more? Do you notice a little rift in the lute of praise, the hymn is not so sweet and beautiful as it used to be? Are you losing something? If you are, you'd better stop and ask God to examine your heart.

There is only one thing that can make you white, and that is the Blood of Jesus Christ. There is only one thing that can keep you in victory, and that is the power of the Holy Ghost. You cannot be God's happy child in victory, with unconfessed, uncovered sin in your life. God bless you when you enlarge your prayer life.

\* \* \* \*

Remember, the light comes first, then the chains fall off, then the doors fall open, then God puts you on the highway. But, remember, it is prayer that opens the doors.

\* \* \* \*

It is awfully hard not to look at life through a knot-hole. The sunbeams are dancing on the pinnacles of the eternal hills. The only way to see them is to get a panoramic view. A doodle-bug does not see much; an eagle sees more. The higher you are, the more you see. We need an eagle eye, to look through our little surroundings and see the world.

Just as soon as we can quit looking at plaster and chicken wire and a few people that are critical, and get our minds on the great sky-line of those front-line trenches, our hearts will begin to expand. Get a vision of the work of God, to get the Gospel to a lost world!

The microscope does not hurt a diamond; it only reveals its beauty.

\* \* \* \*

John the Baptist was one man who was dead to self, had no plans, just lost in God's will. Oh, I want to be like that! No plans but His plans. No dreams but His dreams. No way but His way.

\* \* \* \*

"He must increase; I must decrease." The trouble with most of us is that we are saying, "Christ must decrease, but I have got to increase. I have got to have a big car. I have got to live in a better house. I have got to have more for myself. I have got to have my feelings respected more. My business has got to increase."

\* \* \* \*

You do not have to be saved for God to love you. Then, what difference does being saved mean? You get where He can show His love, that's all. You cannot keep God from loving you, but you can keep Him from showing it. How He would love to show His love to you! Oh, how He would love to bless you! How He would love to make every promise true in your life! But, a lot of us are so cantankerous He just can't do it. If you will just get where He can show His blessings, He will do it.

\* \* \* \*

God will not give you His precious things to throw away. He has given you one, and you are throwing that away—your soul and the privilege of living.

\* \* \* \*

It looks as though the devil knows just how to hoodoo us. He gets us scared, he makes us doubt God's promises. Some of you are scared to have faith, you are afraid it will cost you something. Remember, God said, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you."

\* \* \* \*

Let us get down before God. You do not have to be backed off the board. Poor little old shop of yours, just about closed. Don't quit! Get down on your knees, call Long Distance. Come on back, poor little old girl, out of work. They have fired you, they have cut your salary, they have left you without a break in the world. Come on, don't you quit! Bigger things than your problems have been put over without any money. God can do it. When Jesus left the early church, He did not leave them ;

dollar. It was a broke bunch, they were poor. Yet, they have left us the heritage of the ages. Come on, now, put your hand up there and catch hold of God's hand. Let us go back into the game of living, for the glory of God.



## THE CONTENTED MAN

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

"How good is God to me," he said,  
"For have I not a mansion tall  
With trees and lawn of velvet tread,  
And happy helpers at my call?  
With beauty is my life abrim,  
With tranquil hours and dreams apart;  
You wonder that I yield to Him  
That best of prayers, a grateful heart?"

"How good is God to me," he said;  
"For look! tho' gone is all my wealth,  
How sweet it is to earn one's bread  
With brawny arms and brimming health.  
Oh, now I know the joy of strife!  
To sleep so sound, to wake so fit.  
Ah yes, how glorious is life!  
I thank Him for each day of it."

"How good is God to me," he said;  
"Tho' health and wealth are gone, it's true;  
Things might be worse, I might be dead,  
And here I'm living, laughing too.  
Serene beneath the evening sky  
I wait, and every man's my friend;  
God's most contented man am I—  
He keeps me smiling to the End."

## Some of the "Fur-Piece" Neighbors who Visited The Country Church

APRIL 1—10TH

Mrs. Frank Walla, Sioux City, Iowa  
Mrs. J. J. Suljberger, Muscatine, Iowa  
Mrs. Edna Bradle, Johns, Ill.  
Perry Clippell, Lyons, Oregon  
Mrs. K. C. Bowman, Salem, Oregon  
Mrs. J. Boxer, Johannesburg, South Africa  
Mrs. Ida Pedersen, Luck, Wisconsin  
K. E. Vwisik, Rotterdam  
Hugh and Jack Alison, El Paso, Texas  
Mrs. John Harper, Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
Mrs. N. C. LeCain, Miama, Fla.  
Mrs. Germella Hill, Chicago, Ill.  
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hyatt, Marcellus, N. Y.  
Mrs. Nellie Buchanan, Sioux Falls, S. D.  
Mrs. T. Huxtable and Hazel Bell, Peoria, Ill.  
Mrs. Ogden Mars, Chicago, Ill.  
Melvin Lundgren, Portland, Oregon  
Mrs. M. White and Miss Hanson, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Clara Scott, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Mary Fudge, De Soto, Iowa  
Mr. and Mrs. Claude Gruber, Palmyra, Pa.  
Mrs. Allen Tribby, Marshalltown, Iowa  
Mrs. Minnie Cundeff, Rhodes, Iowa  
Mrs. Marie Parton, Pennsylvania  
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rahn, Mat. Lake, Minn.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Skoglund, Salem, S. Dakota  
Edith Wallen, Elm Creek, Nebraska  
Mrs Sara E. Swanson, Cadillac, Mich.  
Mrs. S. B. Ogdien, Enid, Okla.  
Miss Hilda Schultheiss, St. Louis, Mich.  
Mrs. Fern Galle, Reciville, Iowa  
Mr. and Mrs. H. Royal Crain, Iowa City, Iowa  
Mrs. A. M. Marion, Elgin, Ill.  
Mrs. Lloyd Anderson, York, Nebraska, and Marjorie Anderson  
Mrs. Bunny Jones, Edwardsville, Kansas  
Mrs. E. C. Russell, Willcox, Ariz.  
Eileen Gregory, Kansas City, Kansas  
Mrs. A. L. Anderson, Kalispell, Montana  
Mrs E. C. Sward, Lincoln, Nebraska