

Test, who hath not
dealt so with any
nation - Ps. 147:20

Contest.

1. Home.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell-
Whoever named it, named it well!

A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health,

A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin, and grief, and shame,

A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair,

A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife,

A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave,

A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

3. Labor

4. Respect for property

5. Religion.

Robson

You are starting, my boy, on life's journey, along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations- each city with evil is rife.
The world is a stage of excitement, there's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness, have courage, my boy, to say No!

In courage, my boy, lies your safety, When you the long journey begin;
Your trust in a heavenly Father will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing, as streams from a rivulet flow;
But if you'd be true to your manhood, have courage, my boy, to say No!

Be careful in choosing companions, seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial, ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted the taste of the wine cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness, have courage, my boy, to say No!

Before there was a ray of light,
Before there was a day or night,
Before a prayer was ever prayed,
Before the world was ever made,
Before there was a moon or sun,
Before the moments had begun,
Before there was a now or then,
Before there was a where or when,
Before there was a here or there,
Or anything or anywhere,
Before there was a single trace
Of anything but boundless space-
And what is it that there we find?
Lo, it is God, the Master Mind.

*electric light, telephone, typewriter, ^{talking machines} ~~sawing machines~~,
automobiles, ^{flying machines} radios, television, atomic and hydrogen
bombs, linotype*

*14 presidents
31 states with a population of 25 million
48 150 million*

Benson

10/8/46

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The Blood- Washed Traveler.

I saw a bold-washed traveler, in garments white as snow,
While traveling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and demons convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison- a dungeon dark as night-
And yet I heard him shouting, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

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Boys & Toys

Little boys
are made of noise,
electric trains,
and model planes,
of bubble gum,
and beating drums,
of ball & bat,
and things like that.

Little girls
are made of curls
of ruffled clothes
& bright hair bows,
of baby dolls,
& jacks & balls
of bracelets, rings
and pretty things.

How strange when childhood
tastes so vary
That boys & girls grow up &
marry.

This poem was handed to us by Mrs. W. P. Clower of Rainelle. It is a prophecy by Mother Shipton who was born in Norfolk, England, over 500 years ago. She died in Clifton, Yorkshire, England, in the year of 1449. This prophecy runs as follows:

And now a word in uncouth rhyme
Of what shall be in future time;
For, in those wondrous far-off days,
The women shall adopt a craze
To dress like men and trousers wear,
And cut off all their locks of hair.

They'll ride astride with brazen brow,
As witches do on broomsticks now.
Then love shall die and marriage cease,
And nations wane as babes decrease.
Then wives shall fondle cats and dogs,
And men live much the same as hogs.

A carriage without horse shall go,
Disaster fill the world with woe;
In London, Primrose Hill shall be,
Its center hold a Bishop's See.
Around the world men's thoughts shall fly
Quick as the twinkling of an eye.

And waters shall great wonders do—
How strange, and yet it shall come true.
Then upside down the world shall be,
And gold found at the roots of trees.
Through towering hills proud man shall ride,
No horse or mule by his side.

Beneath the waters men shall walk;
Shall ride, shall sleep, and even talk;
And in the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, as well as green;
A great man then shall come and go,
For prophecy declares it so.

In water, iron then shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found in streams and stone
In a land that is as yet unknown.
Water and fire shall wonders do,
Many things will be as new.

The States will lock in fiercest strife,
And seek to take each others life;
When North shall thus divide the South,
Then tax and blood and cruel war
Shall come to every humble door.

Then when the fiercest fight is done,
England and France will be as one.
The British olive next shall twine
In marriage with the German vine.
Men shall walk beneath and over streams—
Fulfilled shall be our strangest dreams.

All Englands sons shall plow the land,
Shall oft be seen with book in hand.
The poor shall now great wisdom know
And water, wind where corn shall grow
Great houses stand in far flung vale,
All covered o'er with snow and hail.

In nineteen hundred, twenty-six
Build houses light of straw and sticks.
For then shall mighty wars be planned.
When pictures seem alive with movements free
When boats like fishes swim beneath the sea,
When men like birds shall scour the sky;
Then half this world, deep drenched in blood shall die.

But those who live to see this through,
In fear and trembling this will do;
Flee to the mountains and the dens,
To bog, and forest and wild fens—
For storms will rage and oceans roar,
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore.
And as he blows his wondrous horn,
Old worlds shall die, and new be born.

Used to wonder just why father never had much time to play.
Used to wonder why he'd rather work each minute of the day.
Used to wonder why he never loafed along the road and shirked;
Can't recall a time whenever Father played while others worked.

All I knew was when I needed shoes I got them on the spot;
Everything for which I pleaded, somehow father always got.
Wondered, season after season, why he never took a rest,
And that I might be the reason, why, I never even guessed.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler, did not understand just why;
Saw his body growing frailer, then at last I saw him die.
Rest had come; his tasks were ended, calm was written on his brow;
Father's life was big and splendid, and I understand it now.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Did you ever think as you strive for gold,
That a dead man's hand a dollar
can't hold,
You may pinch and tug, strive and save,
But you'll lose it all when you
reach the grave.

Did you ever think as the hearse goes by,
That it won't be long till you and I
Go riding out in the big plumed hack,
And never remember coming back.

Then while you are here do all the good
you can,
To all the people you can, in all
the ways you can,
So that you may be known as

A PRINCE AMONG MEN

A vision the hands of the Saviour

By them were the multitudes fed;
I see them outstretched to the children,
A blessing were laid on each head.

In pity they lifted the fallen,

By them were the suffering healed;
They served at the tasks of the humble,
The sweetness of labor revealed.

They lead now the way to the city
Whose Builder & maker is God;
They'll never unclasp till we enter,
Thro' highways His footsteps have
trod.

wonderful hands, hands of the Saviour
nailed for my sake to the tree;
Hands that were used in service to
others
Hands that will ever lead thee.

REGULAR SERVICES

Sunday school 9:30 A. M., Leo K. Tucker, superintendent
morning worship service, 10:45; evening worship service, 7:30
conducted by the young people; prayer meeting, Wednesday,
7:30 P. M.

PLEASE DO NOT MISS A SINGLE SERVICE

WALTON MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1944

ORGAN PRELUDE. The people in devout meditation.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

HYMN No. 76—"There's a Wideness."—The people standing.

THE APOSTLES' CREED, repeated by all, the people still standing.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, repeated by all, the people seated and bowed, or kneeling.

ANTHEM.

RESPONSIVE READING, Forty-First Sunday, "The Helper Of The Afflicted."—The people standing.

GLORIA PATRI.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRESENTATION OF TITHES AND OFFERINGS.

INVOCATION.

SERMON.

HYMN No. 233—"Jesus Calls Us."—The People Standing.

BENEDICTION.

DOXOLOGY.

ORGAN POSTLUDE.

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PLEASE DO NOT MISS A SINGLE SERVICE!

IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN

The Republican seed- it sprouted and grew
In the simple minds of quite a few,
And many a man has busted a dyke
And made up his mind to vote for Ike.

They've promised a lot, and they'll promise more.
Let's look and see what they did before.
Twenty years have passed and yet
Those Hoover days I'll never forget .

When Hoover was in, I lived on a farm,
A dollar bill looked as long as my arm.
I did not see then a ten dollar bill-
And if Ike is elected, I doubt if I will.

When Hoover was in, things were really tight.
The rabbits were scarce and the fish wouldn't bite.
The men were too ragged to go anywhere
And the women ^{wore} flour-sack underwear.

Remember, men, when you cast your vote,
If you vote for Ike you'll cut your throat.
Would you rather have a life of ease,
Or hard-time gravy and black-eyed peas?

Ever since nineteen hundred and thirty-two
The Republican Party has been in a stew.
They've called the Democrats nasty names,
But the banks have stayed open just the same.

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." Ps. 100:2.

GLASGOW METHODIST CHURCH

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, PASTOR

Glasgow, West Virginia

October 20, 1952

The Ralph M.

IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN

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In the simple minds of quite a few,
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A dollar bill looked as long as my arm.
I never saw a ten dollar bill-
And if Ike is elected, I doubt if I will!

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The rabbits were scarce and the fish wouldn't bite.
The men were too ragged to go anywhere,
And the women wore flour-sack underwear.

Remember, men, when you cast your vote,
If you vote for Ike, you'll cut your throat.
Would you rather have a life of ease
Or water gravy and black-eyed peas?

Ever since nineteen hundred and thirty-two
The Republican Party has been in a stew.
They called the Democrats nasty names
But the banks stayed open just the same.

It's hard to give up the things I've got,
A home, a car, two chickens in the pot.
I'm not going to throw them away

If Ike is elected, I'll move to the farm,
I'll plant some 'taters behind the barn.
I'll borrow my neighbors roasting ears
And try to get by for four more years.

"It's time to change," the Republicans say,
Change back, they mean, to the ~~same~~ ^{same} old way.

Before you fall for all their wooing-
Just ask yourself- "Say, boy, how am I doing?"

And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he waited near,
 And waited patiently about
 Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
 His head upon her arm,
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid -
 You'll keep me from all harm."

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"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The eager children cry.

"O Mary loved the lamb, you know,"

The teacher did reply.

658
 460
 198
 136
 620

And you each gentle animal
 In confidence may bind
 And make them follow at your call,
 If you are always kind.

Sarah Josepha Hale.

"I even told my passenger (Gen. Patton) of the time
 I called "A - A -" in the office at Krasner
 Square. "General Eisenhower brought me right away;
 I told Patton, "and asked where I had acquired
 that striking language. He smiled mockingly when I
 said from Dwight D.
 Eisenhower."

LIVE THE WAY YOU PRAY

I knelt to pray when day was done
And prayed, "O Lord, bless every one,
Lift from each saddened heart the pain,
And let the sick be well again."

And then I woke another day
And carelessly went on my way,
The whole day long I did not try
To wipe a tear from any eye.

I did not try to share the load
Of any brother on my road,
I did not even go to see
The sick man just next door to me.

Yet once again when day was done
I prayed, "O Lord, bless every one."
But as I prayed, into my ear
There came a voice that whispered clear:

"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray,
Whom have you tried to bless today?
God's sweetest blessings always go
By hands that serve Him here below."

And then I hid my face and cried,
"Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied,
Let me but live another day
And I will live the way I pray."

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53
47
8

1287
311
375
434
47

Kenneth
Thomas
Laura
Grace
Vera

Christmas was forbidden in England
for 18 years, and in Massachusetts
for 22 years.

No more turkey; no more bear-
Christmas-gluttony now it's a

No more pudding; no more pie,

No more drinking to bright eyes,

No more singing; no more laughter!

No more mistle-toe hereafter.

SELF-CENTERED

Everybody has heard of the old man who made this prayer:

Lord, bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more.

Farther down the street was a childless couple who prayed:

Lord, bless us two,
And that will do.

Around the corner lived an old bachelor whose prayer was:

Lord, bless only me,
That's as far as I can see.

Another has given us the substance of selfishness in this poem:

I gave a little tea party this afternoon for three.
'T was very small, three guests in all -
I, myself, and me.
Myself ate up the sandwiches while I drank all the tea
'T was also I who ate the pie and passed the cake for me.

Test. "Eber, Peleg, Reu." - 1 Chron. 1:25.

This passage of Scripture is taken from the genealogy of the patriarchs ^{period of the world's history} and it is the shortest verse in the Old Testament. It contains 3 words and 12 letters. It represents three generations - the grandfather, the father, and son. This is true of all ages.

Names. Their derivation. Johnson, etc. Occupations. Miller, Smith, workman, Carpenter - In Bible-times

1. Eber - regions beyond. Selfishness is one of the dominating characteristics of human nature - Self centered. The Jews. The regions beyond. Lord, let me live, etc.
2. Peleg - division.
 - (1) Factions, Church at Corinth, Mr. Saffrey Reader
 2. Rightly dividing the word of truth
3. Reu - friend of God. Enuch. Can two walk together, except they be agreed? Ye are my friends, etc.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes, or no,
There's not a life, a death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

The face you see. my age.

Bud Robinson

*Samuel Edwin Purman
From June 5, 1871 - Died Sept. 17, 1960*

Lord, to Thee I'm coming now;
I am sinful, weak and blind;
While in humble faith I bow,
May I find free salvation find.

Chorus.

Lord, I take Thee for my all;
Trusting Thee, I cannot fall;
While Thy Spirit's call I heed,
To Thy glory, He will lead.

Thy Spirit's Call

Mrs. P. W. Arbogast
alt.

"Till West Virginia's Dry"

(Arranged by Ella Poe McLane for State W.C.T.U.)
(Tune--"Bringing in the Sheaves.")

I.

Come ye loyal workers: join the temperance army,
Shout for Prohibition: now our battle cry,
Forward be our watchword, in the mighty conflict,
Keep the hosts advancing, 'till West Virginia's dry.

CHORUS:-

'Till West Virginia's dry, 'till West Virginia's dry.
Keep the hosts advancing, 'till West Virginia's dry.
'Till West Virginia's dry (by faith we bring it nigh)
Keep the hosts advancing, 'till West Virginia's dry.

II.

The Saloon we'll banish from our State forever,
Hear the children singing, banner lifted high,
Joyous are their voices, happy are their faces,
Keep the hosts advancing, 'till West Virginia's dry.

Chorus:

III.

And the youths and maidens, with their zeal and
courage,
United for the battle, the enemy defy,
From hillside and from valley; from city and from
village,
Keep the hosts advancing, 'till West Virginia's dry.

Chorus:

IV.

Rally all ye faithful, rally to the conquest,
Shout the glorious message, victory is nigh,
Prayers will soon be answered, God is leading onward
Keep the hosts advancing, 'till West Virginia's dry.

Chorus:

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UNANSWERED YET

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain these falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep your incense burning there;
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storm prayer stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere!"

WHAT IS IT ALL?

What is it all when all is told,
This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold,
The fleeting joy or bitter tears?
We are only here a few short years;
Nothing our own but the silent past;
Loving or hating, nothing can last.
Each pathway leads to the silent fold,
Oh! what is it all when all is told?

What is it all? A grassy mound,
Where day or night there is never a sound
Save the soft low mourn of the passing breeze
As it lovingly rustles the silent trees.
Or a thoughtful friend with whispered prayer,
May sometimes break the stillness there,
Then hurry away from the gloom and cold.
Oh! What is it all when all is told?

What is it all?- Just passing through-
A cross for me and a cross for you.
Ours seem heavy while others seem light,
But God in the end makes all things right;
He "tempers the wind" with such loving care.
He knows the burden that each can bear,
Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold,
Ah! that is all when all is told.

THE WORLD IS MINE

TODAY upon a bus I saw a lovely maid
with golden hair;

I envied her—she seemed so gay—and
wished I were as fair.

When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her
hobble down the aisle:

She had one foot and wore a crutch, but as
she passed, a smile.

O God, forgive me when I whine;

I have two feet—the world is mine!

And then I stopped to buy some sweets. The
lad who sold them had such charm.

I talked with him—he said to me,
“It’s nice to talk with folks like you.

You see,” he said, “I’m blind.”

O God, forgive me when I whine;

I have two eyes—the world is mine!

Then walking down the street, I saw a child
with eyes of blue.

He stood and watched the others play;

It seemed he knew not what to do.

I stopped a moment, then I said.

“Why don’t you join the others, dear?”

He looked ahead without a word, and then

I knew, he could not hear.

O God, forgive me when I whine;

I have two ears—the world is mine!

With feet to take me where I’d go,

With eyes to see the sunset’s glow,

With ears to hear what I would know,

O God, forgive me when I whine;

I’m blessed, indeed! The world is mine!

—Author Unknown

MURMURING AND COMPLAINING

God loves us and is interested in our welfare both spiritually and physically. 3 John 2. But He is not pleased to have us murmur and complain about our lot, for this does no good.

God knows best. The children of Israel forgot all the great things God had done for them in bringing them out of Egyptian bondage and murmured about the food He provided for them on the way. Read Ex. 16:2, 3, 7, 8.

This displeased the Lord and since they were not satisfied and complained about His loving provision for them He gave them what they wanted with the result that many of them died immediately. God knows what is best for us and it pays to gladly follow His plans and not whine and complain. He plans to work all things out for our good. (Rom. 8:28). Read Num. 11:4, 5, 13, 31-33; Ps. 78:27-32

Let us be obedient to God and look on the bright side of our condition, for—

“God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with Him.”—“The Desire of Ages,” by Mrs. E. G. White, p. 225.

If we cannot improve our condition then let us hold our head up, trust in God, and face our situation with courage and daily prayer to our Creator, for our condition may not be nearly so bad as many others who are carrying on bravely with a smile. We can say with the apostle: “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” Phil. 4:13.

And now may God help us to “be strong and of a good courage” (Jos. 1:6), is the writer’s humble prayer.

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God pity parents in this day,
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The Lord's Prayer.

9 After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

10 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven.

11 Give us this day our daily bread.

12 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

13 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from ~~evil~~. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

---Jesus. Matt. 6: 9-13.