

### A THRILLING STORY FROM ALASKA (Concluded from last issue)

I began to get happy. I shouted as loud as I could, "Glory to God!" I danced around that old log cabin and praised God. I got the door open, got out and on top of the hard snow. The sun was shining. The whole woods seemed to be alive; the treetops were clapping their hands, and everything seemed to be praising God. My spiritual eyes had been opened; I was looking upon a new world. While nature seemed to dance, glisten and sparkle, the blessing in my own soul was more wonderful; I was filled with the glory of God; such peace, such ecstasy, such a manifestation of God's presence, is simply beyond language to describe. The impression made upon my mind is indelible. My whole life was changed in a moment. "Old things had passed away; behold, all things had become new." I knew the truth; I have experienced the new life in Christ. I am sure of the "New Birth." I know the supernatural power of God; I am not deceived; it is no delusion. I used to think that religion was a delusion; I know now that it is a Divine reality. But words fail me to express it. "It passeth understanding." But so real to those who enjoy it. I found the richest mine in Alaska. An inexhaustible mine; the more I take out the more there is left; the deeper I dig, the richer the vein.

Now I am anxious to share it with the whole world. "Oh, that the world might taste and see the riches of His grace." The riches of earth, such as gold, silver, and precious stones, are but for time—a little while—then they fade away. But the riches of heaven that God pours into the soul, these will last forever. They do business in the other world on these riches. The more of these heavenly riches you compass here, the richer you will be over yonder. My brother, my sister, do not wait until you are old; accept this free gift today. "Today, if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." I was 64 years old when God met me in that lonely cabin. How narrow was my escape! How fearful to contemplate! Hear the plea of one who knows, DO NOT DELAY.

It might be of interest to the reader to know how I got out of the old cabin. About June 1st, the men came back from their gold hunt up the river. They knew me and where I had stopped, and so looked me up. They came to my cabin and were in a sorry plight. Their toes, nose and hands frozen, besides half starved. One of them had a small camera and he took the picture of my cabin, where God met me.

In a few days we came to Prince William Sound. No gold had been discovered, so we shipped for Seattle.

I made my home in Seattle for four years, and visited the towns near there, telling the wonderful story of my deliverance. Many marvelous things transpired in that four years that are of thrilling interest to me, but can not be told here, as my tract will be too long.

It is now nearly fifteen years since both my physical and spiritual eyes were miraculously opened. But I dwell upon that hour with pleasure. It is refreshing and sweet to me. I know better now than ever how marvelous is God's grace, and how terrible the soul that is lost. This was not given to me to hide under a bushel, but to pass along, that others who are blind to God and His adorable Gospel (good news) may have their eyes open. Paul said, "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance

among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me." (Acts 26:18).

I am now nearly 79 years old. I have given this message to thousands; now I put it in tract form that it may have permanent, and I trust, lasting value. If my friends, and especially those who owe me money (and I have more than \$200,000 standing out; outlawed in the courts of this world, but not outlawed in the courts of heaven), will help me, I would like to distribute at least 100,000 of these tracts each year until God calls me home.

This great message burns in my heart. I want the whole world to know that God will meet a needy man; that God will fill his soul, and change him in the twinkling of an eye; that God's Word is true; there is a supernatural birth. To get into this world, we must be born into it. To get into the other and better world we must be "born again." I know, for I have been "Twice born."

I am now (1913) an old man with limited strength, and no money, only the little I am able to earn. But I so much desire that this loving message shall go forth. Will the reader pass it along? Let some one else know how an old man, in a lonely cabin, shut in by the snow, blind in body and soul, was miraculously delivered by God's mighty power. My brother, my sister, He will do the same for you if you will seek Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for He will ABUNDANTLY pardon." (Isa. 55:6, 7).—S. M. Rugg.—Selected by Mrs. D. J. Calhoun.

#### WHAT'S A LITTLE TROUBLE?

From the Baltimore Sun

What's a little trouble,  
What's a little care?  
Try a bit of healing  
With a bit of prayer!  
Somehow, from the sorrow,  
From the bitter cup,  
Grace of heavenly mercy  
Seems to lift us up.

Things are always failing,  
Things are often wrong:  
Try a bit of cheering  
With a bit of song!  
The long road is not endless,  
The roughest places seem  
Sometimes smooth as velvet  
Or like love in dream.

World don't end with shadows,  
Things don't crash with tears;  
Always some sweet beauty  
Lifts us up and cheers!  
What's a little trouble  
But a thing to meet  
With confidence and courage—  
They're mighty hard to beat!  
—Sel. by C. S. Page

The inner question of men's hearts for centuries has been, "What must I do to be saved?" Some think by attainment; God says by atonement. Some declare by character; God says by the cross. Some maintain by courage; God says by Christ. Some assert by trying; God says by trusting. Christ's answer is crystal clear: "Ye must be born again."—Dr. Charles L. Feinberg, Professor Dallas Theological Seminary.

## Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

### THE LIQUOR SITUATION

Roger Babson, noted commentator and economist, has recently said that liquor is the greatest curse in America. The American Association for the Advancement of Science has just said that the problem of alcohol has become one of the major perplexities of our civilization.

When the campaign for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was on, the liquor people claimed that repeal would solve all the problems of the nation, moral and financial, and bring about a virtual millenium.

Repeal was accomplished. How was it worked? Let us compare promises with results:

They promised that repeal would bring about a reduction of taxes. Taxes have been increased.

They promised that repeal would end unemployment. It has not done so. The unemployed now number 11,300,000—after five years.

They promised that the saloon would not be permitted to return. But the saloon, sometimes called by some other name, is back, with all of its old-time evils, and then some more. The number of saloons in 1918, just before Prohibition went into effect, was 177,000; the number now is approximately 465,000. And the modern drinking place is a worse place than the old one.

They promised that bootlegging and moonshining would disappear overnight. But we see bootlegging and moonshining still thriving, unabated. During the past year 4,443 automobiles were seized, there were 29,447 arrests for violations of the Federal liquor laws, and \$3,965,380 worth of property confiscated. Secretary Morgenthau reports that there were 25,884 illicit liquor arrests during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, and 11,047 illicit stills seized.

Only a few months ago the greatest bootleg conspiracy of all time was unearthed in New York City, 103 persons indicted, including wholesalers, policemen and government agents. As a result of these bootleg operations the government was defrauded out of taxes to the amount of \$1,800,000. Bootlegging goes merrily and profitably right on.

Altogether repeal has failed. Not one of its promises has ever been fulfilled.—W. W. Gaines, in National Voice.

#### IN MEMORIAM

A mother's gone, you've said the last good-bye,  
And laid the well loved form to rest,  
With words of praise and soft sweet lullaby  
Of songs she knew, and loved the best.  
The sod's restored and flowers are planted  
here and there,  
Perchance a tiny rose is set, or bunch of  
maidenhair.  
Her last request's fulfilled, and so you say  
There's nothing left but tend the flowers  
from day to day.  
Ah, no, dear heart, a better task awaits you  
still,  
"Twill last your whole life through,  
If you their wishes would fulfill,  
It's: Carry On, as she would have you do.  
S. C. PAGE,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.