

Temperance Column

A SALOONKEEPER GOES TO HEAVEN

Millard A. Jenkins, in The Christian Index
It was when I was pastor at Tattnell Square Baptist Church, Macon, Georgia. Our church building adjoining the campus of Mercer University was only under way, and we were holding our service in the University chapel.

I saw him as I was preaching, sitting in the congregation, a distinguished looking man; and I wondered if he were some educator or jurist, or office-holder who had dropped in, as such was often the case.

At the close of the service, when I greeted him, I was startled to hear him say, "I am Green-Eye Johns." I had heard that name, the operator of a saloon and gambling hell in that city.

Why had he come? It was evident an act of Providence had brought him here. Tears welled in his eyes as I talked with him, and then he requested that I come to his house next morning.

It was a day never to be forgotten. I tried to make the way of salvation plain, and that his complete repentance for sin and surrender to God was necessary.

In the evening I left him still smitten by conviction over the enormity of his sins. Early next morning he was ringing my doorbell.

"Come in," I said, "and tell me about it."

"It was 1 o'clock this morning," he said. "I was reading Scripture you marked for me when the light came. Now I want you to come and help me get my wife saved."

I went and that day again salvation came to that house. I had the joy of baptizing them into the fellowship of our church.

A few days later I went to their home and saw a big furniture van hauling away mahogany furniture.

"What's all this for?" I asked. "Are you moving?"

"No," said he. "I've a long time sold liquor, but I've observed that money made in that way leaves its curse. I'm getting rid of what I have that was purchased by liquor money, so that it will leave no curse on me and my family."

Down in the city one day I met him. He was all smiles. "What happened now?" I asked.

"You know Mr. Block, the brewer of our city. He met me awhile ago, and made me a big offer. 'Johns,' said he, 'you are the best saloon man in town. If you will quit that blankety-blank preacher and go in with me, we will make plenty of money. I will fit you up a saloon and stock it with \$6,000 worth of liquors, furnish all the money needed to run it, and we will divide profits half and half. What do you say?' I said, 'That blankety-blank preacher, as you call him, is my kind now. I've turned away from my sins and am on my way to heaven, and by the grace of God I am done with liquor and the Blocks and the devil forever.'"

He moved away and engaged in the syrup business. A couple of years later I had a letter from his wife telling me he was ill. I went to see him. He was nearing the heavenly homeland. After a couple of days spent with him and when I was taking my leave, he reached out his fevered hand and said "Good-bye! I'll soon be in heaven with the Lord; and, when you come, there will be an old saved saloon-keeper waiting to give you a royal welcome."

A week later I received a telegram telling me he had gone on to be with the Saviour. And I said, "Thank God for a Gospel to preach that saves like that."—National Voice.

THE HIDDEN LIFE

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abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Dr. Callis, my co-worker in the Jamestown, North Dakota, camp this summer, told of an incident which illustrates in the most remarkable way the truth we are attempting to teach here. He said that down in Missouri there was a mother whose son had been in training in the air corps of the army. He had reached the time when he could have no further furlough and when he was just about to be shipped out of the country. He was privileged to fly his airplane over the village of his home and from the plane take a last look and wave a final farewell to his mother and the home folk before leaving to face the danger of the front. The mother said that as she saw that plane speed away, she was overwhelmed and crushed. It was as though the sun had been blotted out of the horizon. The burden was unbearable, and who of us cannot sympathize with her in such an experience under such circumstances. She said she staggered up the stairway to find the place of prayer and be alone with God. See her now as she comes to the head of the stairway facing an unbearable load and suffering unspeakable sorrow. She said as she reached the head of the stairway, the Master met her and spoke to her, saying, "Trust him to me." She responded instantly in the spirit of utter commitment and humble trust and said that the Master took the burden and put grace and comfort into the sorrow, putting a great steady calm in her soul and made her victory to correspond to the standard we are setting forth in this meditation. I say, glory to God, it is still true that "earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." It is further true that we can "cast all our care upon Him for He careth for us."

Precious soul, there is a place in the hidden and committed life with God where we may be saved from anxious care, where all the friction of worry and distrust may be eliminated, and where the calm of perfect submission with all at rest and with the comfort and assurance of a trust that takes out fear may possess our inner selfhood and result in the kind of triumph that

adorns the doctrine of God, our Saviour. Hallelujah!

Dr. Paul Rees, in one of his great messages at the camp meeting at Gaines, Michigan, in August, gave us a new definition of worry. He said, "Worry is the high rate of interest we pay on the troubles we borrow." God help everyone of us to know how to avoid the high rate of interest that the enemy of our soul would exact from us and live constantly within the limits of "His keeping."

*I am in my Father's keeping,
I am in His tender care;
Whether waking, whether sleeping,
I am in His care.*

—Christian Witness.

Letters from Our Pastors

Presque Isle, Maine,
February 18, 1946

Dear Highway Friends:

A brief report of the Lord's work at the Tabernacle here in Presque Isle. We were very fortunate in coming and feel sure we were sent of the Lord to work among these fine spiritual people. Brother Rogers gave the people some fine preaching, and proved a grand pastor. Everywhere I go I hear such fine reports of his labor of love. Let us not forget the one to follow us on our field of labor. I noticed such a fine spirit of Christian love in Brother Trafton in his farewell sermon. When he spoke so kindly, lovingly of Brother Mullen, and said, "He is a man of God, let us pray for him, stand behind him." And he so often writes making mention of the fine work of Brother Mullen. Well, the people here have been so kind, considerate, faithful, in giving of their means, in attendance, in prayer. We are greatly blessed in having young people who assist in the Sunday School, Young People's, with the music, and in so many ways. There is a fine revival spirit on. No set time for closing, and God is in our midst. Souls getting right with God in our services, and through the radio broadcast. To God be the glory. I think of the good people at Killam's Mills and Salem, praying for them in the Holy Ghost. I must say I am satisfied in knowing the will of God. Pray for us. God answers prayer.

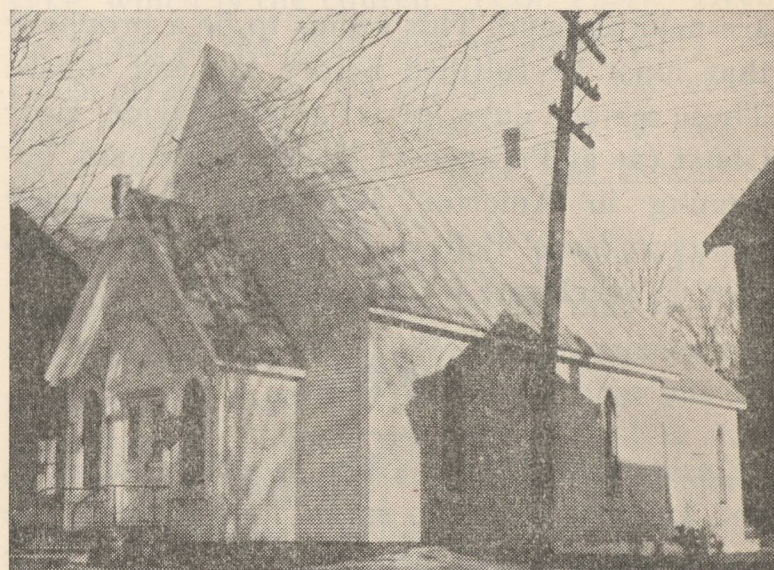
In His love,

H. O. McGEORGE

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH OUR CHURCHES

On Dec. 3rd, 1888, at Matherson's Hall, a band of people met to organize a Reformed Baptist Church in Hartland. Rev. Mr. Colpitts gave the right hand of fellowship to 15 men and women who promised to go forth to win and gather precious souls for Jesus and on Nov. 16, 1892, nearly 4 years after our present church was built and dedicated, Rev. J. H. Coy being pastor. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. G. W. MacDonald, of Saint John. Rev. Mr. Colpitts, Rev. G. B. Trafton and Rev. John Gravinor preached throughout the day.

On Jan. 4, 1914, the church was re-dedicated with a much-needed annex built at the rear. Rev. M. S. Trafton, of Fort Fairfield, and Rev. H. S. Dow officiated. Last year our church was repainted and a new basement wall put under it as well as new neon lights installed. And with our present pastor, Rev. A. D. Cann,



we wish to say after 56 years, our watchword is the same. We go forth to win precious souls for Him and we honor those who have borne the burden in the heat of the years that have passed.

E. B. MacMULLEN