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SPIRITUAL FOOD FROM FORKS

Compiled By Duane V. Maxey

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INTRODUCTION

The following is a compilation of 44 stories and items involving forks -- table-forks, carving-forks, pitch-forks, river-forks, road-forks, tree-forks, and tuning-forks. It is my hope that you will find herein some good, solid spiritual food. However, I have not attempted prepare a fancy meal; it is refined no more than into the above-mentioned categories, or courses, if you please. The reader is invited to use his or her own spiritual silverware -- fork in, and help yourself. Not every item on the menu is likely to suit your taste, but hopefully there is so much on the table that you are bound to find much that you can, and will, take in. -- DVM

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PART I -- TABLE-FORKS & CARVING FORKS

01 -- WHAT GEORGE SHADFORD LOVED MORE THAN SEEING HIS FORK

By Abel Stevens

He had, till the end of his life, more than a hundred persons under his care as a Class Leader. At an inspection of them by Jabez Bunting it was found that "more than ninety were clear in their Christian experience, and many of them were living in the enjoyment of the perfect love of God." He found a good wife in his latter years, had a competent livelihood, assembled his neighboring brethren of the ministry every Saturday afternoon at his table, and enjoyed an enviable old age. Nor could some years of blindness interrupt his serene happiness. By a surgical operation his sight was restored. "You will have the pleasure," said his surgeon, "of seeing to use your knife and fork again." "Doctor," replied the veteran, "I shall have a greater pleasure, that of seeing to read my Bible;" and the first use of his restored sight was to read the sacred pages through three delightful hours; reading and weeping with inexpressible joy.

This old soldier of the cross, worn out with infirmities and labors in both hemispheres, had at last a triumphant end. When informed by his physician that his disease would be fatal, "he broke out in rapture, exclaiming, Glory to God!" "While he lay in view of an eternal world, and was asked if all was clear before him, he replied, 'I bless God it is;' and added, 'Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!' Two friends, who were anxious for his recovery, called upon him, and when they inquired how he was, he replied, 'I am going to my Father's house, and find religion to be an angel in death.'" His last words were, "I'll praise! I'll praise! I'll praise!" He fell asleep on the 11th of March, 1816, in the 78th year of age.

George Shadford excelled any of Wesley's other American missionaries in immediate usefulness. His ardor kindled the Societies with zeal. He was the chief "revivalist" of the times -- a man of tender feelings, warmest piety, and wonderful unction in the pulpit. Asbury and all his fellow itinerants loved him. The elder Methodists of America long delighted to recall his memory as precious. His preaching displayed no great intellectual ability, but was pathetic and consolatory, and abounded in scriptural phraseology and familiar illustrations. He was very effective in prayer. A Wesleyan preacher, who knew him in his old age, records that during the period of his own ministry in Frome, where Shadford resided, "I often experienced the efficacy of his prayers in the soul-converting influence it brought down upon my discourses. Being held in general esteem throughout the town, he had extensive access to the dwellings both of the rich and the poor, and in his visits his constant aim was to do good. His patriarchal appearance, his great simplicity and kindness of manner, and above all, his unmistakable piety, always caused his advice and admonitions to be listened to with respect. Many sought counsel from his lips, and an interest in his prayers."

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02 -- KEEP YOUR FORK

From John W. Bliss

There was a young woman who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness and had been given three months to live. So as she was getting her things "in order," she contacted her pastor and had him come to her house to discuss certain aspects of her final wishes. She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she would like read, and what outfit she wanted to be buried in.

Everything was in order and the pastor was preparing to leave when the young woman suddenly remembered something very important to her. "There's one more thing," she said excitedly. "What's that?" came the pastor's reply.

"This is very important," the young woman continued. "I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand." The pastor stood looking at the young woman, not knowing quite what to say. "That surprises you, doesn't it?" the young woman asked. "Well, to be honest, I'm puzzled by the request," said the pastor.

The young woman explained. "My grandmother once told me this story, and from there on out, I have always done so. I have also, always tried to pass along its message to those I love and those who are in need of encouragement. In all my years of attending church socials and potluck dinners, I always remember that when the dishes of the main course were being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, 'Keep your fork.' It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming...like velvety chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. Something wonderful, and with substance!. So, I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my hand and I want them to wonder 'What's with the fork?'."

"Then I want you to tell them: 'Keep your fork the best is yet to come.'"

The pastor's eyes welled up with tears of joy as he hugged the young woman good-bye. He knew this would be one of the last times he would see her before her death. But he also knew that the young woman had a better grasp of heaven than he did. She had a better grasp of what heaven would be like than many people twice her age, with twice as much experience and knowledge. She KNEW that something better was coming.

At the funeral people were walking by the young woman's casket and they saw the pretty dress she was wearing and the fork placed in her right hand. Over and over, the pastor heard the question "What's with the fork?" And over and over he smiled. During his message, the pastor told the people of the conversation he had with the young woman shortly before she died. He also told them about the fork and about what it symbolized to her. The pastor told the people how he could not stop thinking about the fork and told them that they probably would not be able to stop thinking about it either. He was right.

So the next time you reach down for your fork, let it remind you ever so gently, that the best is yet to come.

Friends are a very rare jewel, indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear, they share a word of praise, and they always want to open their hearts to us.

Show your friends how much you care. Remember to always be there for them, even when you need them more. For you never know when it may be their time to "Keep your fork."

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03 -- HOW BLIND BARTIMAEUS HELPED HIMSELF AND FORKED IN

By Daniel Isom Vanderpool

This blind man sitting by the wayside heard this strange sound coming down the road and he said, "What is that? What does that mean?" They said, "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by." The approach of Jesus awakened and stirred something in the old blind man. There's a strange something about the moving of the Spirit that awakens, fills the soul with strange unrest. This man sensed that Jesus was coming. I want you to notice that, when Jesus passes by, He brings His blessings right along with Him. His arms are full. If you will call on Him, He will give to you the very thing that you've been needing for so long. He is passing by and your soul is strangely awakened. His arms are loaded with the very blessing that you need. He always stops if He is entreated.

It was late in the afternoon. There was a great crowd; there were hundreds of people coming along, and they were leaping and shouting and rejoicing. This was a happy crowd. Yet, with all that crowd, He was ready to stop if He was entreated. All you have to do to get Jesus to stop and pay attention to you is to entreat. That was true then; that's true now.

I want you to note what this blind man did. Did he sit there with folded hands and do nothing and let Jesus come right on down the road and pass him by and go on into Jericho? No, he didn't. He remembered what they had talked about the night before in his home and he said, This is my golden opportunity. He said, I have never had an opportunity in my life like this. He said, I've been to physicians, I've been to hospitals, I've tried everything in the world to get my eyesight fixed up, but I am just as blind as I was when I started. Jesus of Nazareth is coming down the road and He makes no charges. This is the opportunity of my life. I know what I'm going to do.

When Jesus got right out in front of him, he lifted up his voice like a trumpet and cried, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." Somebody right close to him said, "Shhhhhh. Be quiet! Don't be making so much noise. Who are you to yell at Him like that?" Did he keep quiet? No, he didn't. I will tell you what he did. He just got ready for a real blast. He said, I know what I need and I know what I want and I'm not going to let up. I'm not going to quit. I'm not going to let this opportunity go by. I'm going to call on Him until I'm sure He hears me. And he lifted up his voice and gave it all he had. He cried out above the tramping of the feet and the shouting of the people, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."

Then something happened. Something will always happen if you just keep on calling. Oh, if you call once and somebody says to you, "Be quiet," keep on calling. Don't quit. If you don't make it through and don't get what you ask for the first time, keep right on. Stay right in there. Get hold of that bell rope of heaven and never turn it loose. Ring it and ring it until God answers, until God hears you, until God does for you what your poor old heart needs to have done.

Oh, I tell you, when this blind man really called good and loud, Jesus said, "I heard somebody calling My name. Where is he?" I can see Peter and John. They said, "Why, it's this blind fellow up here on the bank." They took hold of him and said, "Come on, Bartimaeus; the Master called for you." They brought him down into the highway and around close to Jesus. The whole crowd now stopped. The blind man turned those white, sightless eyeballs up toward Jesus, and Jesus looked at him in pity and inquired, "What wilt thou have?" Doesn't that sound like plenty? He said, "What wilt thou have?" Just as though to say, I have it right here. It's right here in the package. Just name it. What do you want?

The religion of the Saviour is run on the cafeteria plan. You take your tray, knife, and fork, and go around. Brother, what is it you want? What wilt thou have? Is it pardon you want? Just help yourself. If it's cleansing you want, thank God, you can have it. Is it that you want God to come and bring comfort, carry your load, lift your burden, and set you free? All right, just take your tray around. Liberty and freedom is yours. Oh, yes, He said, "What wilt thou have?"

Now notice what the blind man said. He gave one pitiful cry, but, oh, how much was wrapped up in that cry! He said, "Oh, that I might receive my sight!" He said by his attitude, I've been in this blindness all of my life. I've sought everywhere. I've longed for release. My hopes are on the very bottom. I'm not worthy. I have no money. I'm broke. He said all of that in just those few words, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." Then Jesus said to him, "Receive thy sight." And, brother! Those old, white, sightless eyeballs twitched a little bit and right there in their place came a pair of the prettiest brown eyes you have ever looked into. The light broke in and he took off leaping and shouting. He left the old blanket and the old tin cup and joined the march into the city of Jericho. We leave a lot of things when we meet the Saviour. He had met Jesus of Nazareth, who had set him free.

Listen, brother, dare to call on Him. whatever the need of your soul is, whatever the hunger of your heart is, Jesus has it. Call on Him. Call on Him. Don't let Him pass by. Call on Him. "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." A golden opportunity is yours here and now. This man cried in earnest. His heart desire was satisfied and the blessings of God came on others.

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04 -- HOW AWFUL PREJUDICE BARRED A SAINT FROM TOUCHING A FORK!

By Amanda Smith

When on my way to California last January, a year ago, if I had been white I could have stopped at a hotel, but being black, though a lone woman, I was obliged to stay all night in the waiting room at Austin, Texas, though I arrived at ten P. M.; and many times when in Philadelphia, or New York, or Baltimore, or most anywhere else except in grand old historic Boston, I could not go in and have a cup of tea or a dinner at a hotel or restaurant. There may be places in these cities where colored people may be accommodated, but generally they are proscribed, and that sometimes makes it very inconvenient. I could pay the price -- yes, that is all right; I know how to behave -- yes, that is all right; I may have on my very best dress so that I look elegant -- yes, that is all right; I am known as a Christian lady -- yes, that is all right; I will occupy but one chair; I will touch no person's plate or fork -- yes that is all right; but you are black! Now, to say that being

black did not make it inconvenient for us often, would not be true; but belonging to royal stock, as we do, we propose braving this inconvenience for the present, and pass on into the great big future where all these little things will be lost because of their absolute smallness! May the Lord send the future to meet us! Amen.

At Ocean Grove a lady took me aside and said, "Now, Amanda Smith, I want to ask you honestly; I know you cannot be--."

"What now?" thought I.

"I know you cannot be white, but if you could be, would you not rather be white than black?"

"No, no," I said, "as the Lord lives, I would rather be black and fully saved than to be white and not saved; I was bad enough, black as I am, and I would have been ten times worse if I had been white." How she roared laughing. She was all right, but I think she just wanted to test me a little bit. Yes, thank God, I am satisfied with my color. I am glad I had no choice in it, for if I had, I am sure I would not have been satisfied; for when I was a young girl I was passionately fond of pea-green, and if choice had been left to me I would have chosen to be green, and I am sure God's color is the best and most substantial. It's the blood that makes whiteness. Hallelujah!

"The blood applied,
I'm justified,
I'm saved without, within,
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me
From every trace of sin,"

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05 -- SPEARED WITH A BONE-HANDLED FORK

By H. Lawrence Runkle

After moving to the city I worked at various kinds of work and helped at home by paying my board and the rest I used to buy clothing, etc., yet I was not allowed to go to town neither day nor night without someone being with me. This was orders from my oldest brother at home. However I began to slip away and to go to town for which I would receive a brutal beating. I have been knocked down with a stick of wood, kicked, and on one occasion my brother threw an old bone-handled fork across the table and as I jumped to escape it, it stuck in my back and I was forced to pull it out, this because of a minor infraction of what he called rules. These abuses were only tending to harden me, and I was coming to the place where I did not intend to continue taking so much of his unnecessary abuse.

The neighborhood in which we lived was not the best, and much crookedness was going on in that vicinity so one evening as a boyfriend and I were on our way home from town he suggested that I take his twenty-two pistol along to protect me on my way home as I had several blocks to go through dimly lit streets and at one time had been stoned along this same street, so I consented.

However nothing happened on my way and nothing was said on my arrival as my brother had gone to visit his girlfriend who later became his wife.

The next evening it had been raining and I went to my room, dressed and placed the pistol in my pocket with the intention of returning it to its owner. When I came down stairs my brother looked up as he was starting to put on his shoes preparatory to going out, and inquired where I was going, to which I simply replied that I was going to my boy friend's house calling him by name. I was quickly informed that I was not, and when I again stated that I positively was, he (my brother) started after me and ran me out of doors and through the rear yard, cursing and threatening me; in his angry rage he had not taken time to finish putting on his shoes, but came charging at me through the mud with nothing but his stockings on his feet, like an infuriated beast. In a flash my thoughts were directed to the pistol which I had forgotten about in my haste. The next instant I halted and with lightning-like speed whipped the gun from my pocket, whirled and threw the gun to my hip in a shooting position, with finger tightening on the trigger a brief second; I shall never forget it and my brother seemed to literally freeze in his tracks.

I was facing the man who had beat and abused me, I was no longer the boy who ran with fright; in a brief moment's time I had been changed to a young man -- cool, grim, collected, unafraid and determined. As he stood realizing his position and with a look of complete surprise on his face, I began in a voice without emotion, as one who is not afraid, to tell him I had taken my last abuse from him. He said nothing as I spoke, perhaps he was too much taken back by the turn of events, but apparently he saw something that caused him to believe me for that was the last time he ever attempted to whip me

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06 -- RESCUED FROM A FILTHY FORK BY CORNBREAD AND MILK By Mildred E. Norbeck

"I'll take milk, please," answered Evelyn, and then wished she had refused it when she saw the smeary looking glass that was given her. Swarms of flies were feasting at every opportunity on the greasy green beans, potatoes and bacon, but forcing aside all thoughts of this she picked up her fork, determining to make the best of it. To her dismay she discovered that food from the last meal was dried between the prongs of the fork. Slipping it under the table she tried to rub it off on her handkerchief, but in vain! The plate was smeary too. What should she do? Just then they passed the corn bread.

"Corn bread and milk. That's fine! I don't need anything else for a meal when I have that," she said, thus avoiding all embarrassing questions as to why she didn't care for any beans or potatoes.

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07 -- AN APE EATING WITH A FORK DOESN'T PROVE EVOLUTION By J. Warren Slote

Admitting that we are far beyond those of olden days in matters of education and material achievement, does that prove that man has really advanced? Or to put it more clearly, that he is evolving? You can educate an ape to eat with a knife and fork, and to do various other stunts which indicate a condition of high understanding. Even then, the ape is still an ape, and there is no indication that all apes will eat with knives and forks, or even that such apes as have learned that and do it when commanded will develop into men. The point is simply this: Education does not prove evolution, or even improvement in its best sense. Man's nature cannot be evolved by material development. If we are to have conclusive proof that man is evolving, we must see that he is becoming better morally as well as mentally. Who would say that mankind is better now morally than several centuries ago, or even than in the days of Egypt, or of Babylon, or of Rome? I suggest that those who so contend read history carefully, and then study moral conditions today, and conclude.

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08 -- HEART-FELT RELIGION IS ALSO FOR INTELLIGENT FORK-USERS

By Spencer Johnson

We must never get to the place where we feel that the emotional kind of religion is all right only for the "poor dupes and religious fools" or the plain common people who cannot appreciate a good book or would not be fit to attend the banquet because they would not know which fork or spoon to use first. If such a time would come, the Spirit of God would be grieved. The very experience of religion that is, "joy and peace and righteousness" would become dead and formal, and we would reap a harvest of joyless meetings, dead formalism, and frozenness.

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09 -- AN INSANE MINUTE BEFORE A TWO-TINED FORK AND SAUSAGE

By Joseph Grant Morrison

I was seventeen when I started to college. Not that I was prepared from a scholastic point of view, but because I had exhausted the resources of the little local school, and was looking for more advanced training. My father was not enthusiastic about what a college could do for a person, and rather dryly suggested that a bit more application to pitchforks and plow handles would get me farther in life. But he did not forbid me to go, only frankly declared that he had no money to put into such a senseless plan. Mother, on the contrary, urged me on, and having a few dollars which had come to her in her own right, and which she saved with downright New England frugality, she doled me out some.

Father, however, prayed earnestly for me at the family altar the morning I left. He begged the Lord to save me from "intellectual pride." It was many years afterward that I sensed what he meant. At the time I was a bit peeved over his petition, but in later years came to believe that it was a very sensible one. Mother followed me to the road out in front of the house, and stood waving her hand to me, with her gray hair blowing in the breeze. I had carefully counted out my money, and had each necessary item planned for, but for some reason I counted too close on my railroad fare, and could only buy a ticket to within fifteen miles of the town where the State

University was situated, without invading my other financial reserves, and consequently I left the train at that point and walked the rest of the way.

A cheap room was easily found, and some "down wood" along the Missouri River secured for fuel. The least expensive place to board was at the University boarding hall. The food was good and palatable, but a bit short of the desires of a hungry farm boy. My books and University fees ate into my small hoard, and just before Christmas I gave up all thought of a visit home, and realizing that my cash was dwindling, resolved to pay my board bill at the hall in advance till the end of the college year, lest I might spend it for other things, and then owe for my board. The last day of school, before Christmas holidays set in, I went to the woman who operated the college dining hall, and paid her all the money I had, receiving credit for boarding privileges till the end of the spring term. She seemed glad, and I was happy to think that I had a place to eat till school was out. But--

To my amazement next morning, I found that the boarding hall mistress had decided to take a Christmas vacation till the opening of the winter term, and had closed the hall for two weeks. There I was, a green country boy, away from home for the first time, with no money and no place to eat. This under the circumstances, was to me little short of a tragedy.

Of course, I know now what I should have done--one's hindsight is always so much better than one's foresight. And I admit that it is a distinct reflection on my lack of resourcefulness not to have thought of it then. I knew several very kind and interested church people, who would have helped me out with food in a temporary way, if I had only made my wants known to them. But I had been reared never to be under unnecessary obligations to anyone. Mother had drilled a perfect hatred of her quaternity of "enemies" into my being. These were Dirt, Debt, Doubt and the Devil. Here I was faced with the necessity of securing something to eat, for two weeks, and not a cent of money in my pocket; and I surely thought it would ruin my character and career forever to run in debt.

I was then a professing Christian. Indeed, I had served in the little local church at home as a Sunday school teacher. I had my spiritual ups and downs, but was on conscious terms of favor with the Lord, for the most part. You may be sure I did some earnest praying, as I walked back from the hall. I was already keenly hungry. My stomach was empty, as well as my purse. As I passed the bakery my mouth watered at sight of the baked goods for sale. My internal machinery growled like a dog under the porch.

The only thing that I knew of to do, was to hunt for some work that I could get money for, and thus buy myself something to eat. It never occurred to me to wire home, or hunt up Uncle Sam. Urged by a desperately gaunt feeling, I set out, praying as I went. I asked for work at each printing office--I had learned to set type--but they were not in need. I tried every store in town, but to no avail. I walked several miles in the country, and tried several farmers--nothing doing. It was winter, they needed no help. By this time it was afternoon, and I felt too famished hardly to walk. But there was no use stopping. To sit down and do nothing was no way to get something to fill the aching void that I carried with me. By dint of drinking copiously of water, I kept the hunger pains down enough so that I finally finished the day canvassing for something to do from house to house and came back to my room after dark. I received no word of encouragement.

As I walked the streets that evening of that little South Dakota town, a desperately hungry country boy, I passed several homes where the lamps were lighted, the curtains undrawn, and I could see the table set with good things to eat, and the family gathered about enjoying the food provided. I stopped outside of one such home, and gave vent to my homesickness, my famished feelings of hunger and my sense of disappointment at my failure to find anything to do, and wept some bitter tears.

I had pledged myself that I would read so many chapters in Caesar during the vacation, and despite my hunger and my sense of loneliness, I faithfully kept the promise alone there in my room. I also read some verses in the Bible, one of which I speculated over a bit in a dumb way. It read, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." I couldn't fathom its meaning. I also tried again to pray, but was too weak, numb and senseless to make much headway. Finally I repeated the Lord's Prayer, and found blessed and somewhat strange comfort in the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." I fell asleep wondering where my portion of that provision was.

Starting early in the morning, with a constant prayer for help on my lips, I spent a second day looking for work, as fruitlessly as the first. It also blew up cold, for it was in December, and I shivered with emptiness, chill, profound discouragement and desolation. My faith was in total eclipse. A second night I read my Caesar, and some more verses in the Bible, one of which said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Before falling asleep I was able to pray with a tiny bit of faith. I even thanked the Lord for the experience that I was passing through, and mustered enough faith to claim a job for the coming day. Both my courage and my faith had ebbed some more by daylight, but I heated some water, and filled my poor, aching, empty stomach with a quart or more of warm water, got on my knees and begged the Lord to show me what He was endeavoring to teach me by this experience, and finally got quite happy trusting Him. I then sallied forth for the third day.

I had not gone far before a gracious sense of exhilaration began gradually to possess me. There was nothing of a physical nature that could have had this effect, for the warm water with which I had deceived my stomach soon lost its deception and there was nothing there but an aching, painful emptiness. But the exhilaration persisted, and intensified. I felt like singing. I sensed its spiritual import, and all of my disappointment, down-in-the-mouth feeling, hard luck, "forgotten man" complex left me. Indeed, as I knocked at door after door, and found nothing to do, I began actually to be happy; I praised the Lord under my breath.

One place they were just preparing breakfast. The smell of frying sausages burst through the door as a woman answered my knock. As it struck my nostrils, my whole internal being rose up and begged for something to eat. I leaned against the side of the house from sheer weakness. "Have you any work that I can get to do?" I asked. "Any chores, rugs to beat, wood to split?" "No," the woman answered, holding a big two-tined fork in her hand that dripped with sausage fat, and exhaled its fragrance. For an insane minute, I had it on my tongue's end to beg her to give me one of those sizzling pieces of home-made sausage that I could see spitting their juiciness over the edge of the huge frying pan.

But something stopped me, and I turned away, as she shut the door, and walked dizzily off the premises. Something whispered, "Your job is coming pretty soon, now." My exhilaration returned, and I even thanked the Lord for the job and the food He was about to give me. In spite of all my faith and effort, however, noon came and nothing had been found yet. One o'clock, and then two, arrived, and while hope still burned brightly, and my spiritual joy was unabated, I was getting so tired and exhausted that I could scarcely drag one foot after the other.

At half past two, I came to the Widow Austin's place, a big, fine home on the edge of town. She had a great pile of cottonwood logs in the back yard, sawed into stove wood lengths, but not yet split. As soon as I saw them, faith whispered, "There's your job!" The aged lady herself came to the door. "You want someone to split those logs, do you not?" I asked her, pointing to them. "I surely do," she replied. "I have been trying for a week to get someone; you can begin at once. As soon as you split an armful, carry some into the kitchen, the cook is just out of wood." Amen. This was comfort, indeed!

I was almost too numb, cold, dizzy and empty to swing an ax, but my heart was singing for joy, and my exhilaration of spirit seemed about ready to burst all reasonable bounds. Soon I loaded my arms and entered the kitchen. No little modern electric plate, installed in a two-by-four closet was Widow Austin's kitchen, but a great, roomy, high ceilinged affair with a huge range glowing with heat, and a big tea-kettle merrily spouting steam. The wood-box was itself a small bin. When I entered the "hired girl" was frying doughnuts. Not the little round "sinkers" with a hole in them of today, but a great twisted piece of brown dough dripping with fat from the savory kettle. I nearly fainted at the sight and the smell; my head swam. "Take one," she said, shoving a milk pan piled high with them, across the table toward me. She must have noted my desperately hungry dive toward that pan. "Take all you want--here," and she forked four of the enormous things into a smaller pan, and handed it to me. I had one in my hand, and four in the pan.

I worked there splitting wood for two weeks for fifty cents a day and my board. I kept that hired girl's wood-box piled high with wood every day, and many were the pieces of pie, doughnuts and chicken giblets that found their way to the wood yard between meals.

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10 -- ADVICE TO PREACHERS ABOUT USING A FORK

By I. Parker Maxey in "Ministerial Ethics & Etiquette"

When you need a "pusher" a bit of bread can be used to push the food on to your fork. Never use your fingers.

Never lick your spoon or fork or serve yourself with your own silver.

Never load your fork or spoon too heavily or take bites too large to control easily.

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11 -- WHITE EAGLE'S SPEECH THAT MENTIONED KNIFE AND FORK

By Charles Brougher Jernigan

White Eagle was called the silver-tongued orator in the Ponca Tribe. I shall never forget that speech. With well-rounded gestures and silver tones he poured forth a volume of Ponca oratory that we can not well reproduce. He told how the Indians were brought to the Indian Territory against their own will, and how the white men had never understood the Indian. He told how when he was a baby his mother took him to a Catholic priest who did not understand the Indian -- how he sprinkled water on his head, and kissed him, and told his mother that he had made a holy baby out of him. But White Eagle said, "Trouble was not with Indian head but his heart -- Indian had a black heart." Holy water couldn't touch it. Then he said, "The white man come along and take our children away from us all the week and make them go to white man's school, read white man's books, live in white man's houses, eat like a white man with knife and fork, do housework and farm like a white man, but white man don't know that Indian has a black heart. He sprinkle water on his head, make him learn books with his head. He all the time doctor his head. But the Indian's head not bad -- trouble in his heart. Then come the Methodists and build big church, put up a big bell that we hear every Sunday morning. Mr. Simmons preach heap big sermon -- say heap big words -- Mrs. Simmons sing mighty fine song. Sing like a bird. Play piano good -- fine music. Mr. Simmons don't know that Indian has black heart. Then come Nazarenes -- put up big brown tent -- sing, clap their hands, look happy. Mr. Martin preach hot words. Tell Indian he no good -- go to hell or be better -- Indian feel bad. Come to mourner's bench, get on his knees, PRAY, CRY, shed tears -- talk to great Spirit -- soon he jump up, face shine -- shake hands with everybody, look good. Be happy. Say Amen! Everybody cry. Then he go home -- no more smoke a pipe, no more drink whiskey, no more eat mescal bean -- read a Bible and pray. Good Indian -- heart changed. Come on, Nazarenes, come on!"

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12 -- THE FORK WAS HELD UP TO REQUEST MORE MEAT

By J. W. Morgan

While I was in the southern part of Texas my business called me to Huntsville where the state penitentiary is located. While in Huntsville I had the pleasure of meeting the chaplain of the prison and he volunteered to take me through it. And as we entered through the long hall of a large brick structure and stepped out of the back door, I noticed that I was surrounded by four walls about thirty feet high which enclosed a space about a fourth of a mile square. As I looked in front of me I saw a large grove with gravel walk-ways. Benches like those used in parks were placed here and there under the trees and around the band-stand. All along the left wall and running clear across over my head were two decks of cells. On my right was a large dining-room over which was the chapel. And as we walked on for quite a little distance we came to a laundry where a large number of convicts were employed. They also had a shoe factory, a wagon factory, a blacksmith shop, and a machine shop. I saw almost a thousand prisoners all dressed in white duck, and as I thought of their being shut in away from their families and friends, cut off from all the pleasures of life, I said to myself, surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

I was there at the noon hour and saw the men march into the dining-room which I should judge would seat about fifteen hundred. Each man went to his place and stood there until the gong

sounded, and then they all sat down at the same time. They were not allowed to speak or carry on any conversation at the table. If a man wanted more bread he would hold up his knife, if he wanted more meat he would hold up his fork. In this respect it seemed to me to be a very unusual meal.

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13 -- SALMA WAS AWKWARD WITH HER FORK

By Converted Jewess, Irene Hanley

[Salma was a young Pakistani, Moslem woman -- a doctor -- whom Irene Hanley met while doing volunteer nursing in a U.S. Hospital.]

On Sunday morning my husband and I went over and got her. She sat in church with us. It was the first time she had heard the Gospel from the pulpit. We took her to our home. We sat down to eat. She seemed rather awkward with a knife and fork and spoon.

I said, "What's the matter, Salma?"

"In my country we do not use silverware," she explained apologetically.

"Well," I said, just eat the way you want to."

"No," she objected, "I must learn if I'm to stay in America."

So, very clumsily, she attacked the food with a fork and knife and spoon. I know she would have been graceful eating otherwise, because she was so petite and neat about herself.

One day I gave her a Bible. She clasped it to her bosom and kissed it. "O," she said, "this is the most wonderful gift I've ever received."

She is a very dear child -- very modest. She wears no makeup. She does not cut her hair. She is a strict Moslem. Her parents are very strict. When she first came to America she kept the feast of Rammadon, kneeling on a little carpet and praying. The first year she was here she fasted in the month of Rammadon, but the second year she did not fast. God was drawing her heart. She wore around her neck a little locket with a piece of the Koran embedded in wax inside -- a fetish, of course. (Christians are as bad, some of them. They wear crosses for fetishes. They would probably not admit it, but they somehow feel there is a little bit of protection in them. But let that be as it may.) It was not long until the locket was no longer around Salma's neck.

One day after Salma heard me tell about going down to a holiness camp in Florida, she said, "You know, I would like to go. I think I would fit in with your people."

I said, "You do?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"What makes you think so, Salma?"

"Well, Auntie," she said, "you don't wear makeup, do you?"

"No, I don't. I haven't worn makeup since I became a Christian."

"You don't cut your hair either, do you, Auntie?"

"No, I don't."

"You see," she went on, "I do not wear makeup and I've never cut my hair. Sometimes the doctors tease me that they are going to take scissors and cut off my long braids, but I've never cut my hair. Auntie, you don't wear jewelry, do you?"

"No, Salma."

"Neither do I. Real orthodox Moslem girls do not. So I think I would fit in with your people. And I notice you are modest in your dress."

I feel that I am modest, but I noticed she was extremely modest. She would not bare her ankles for anything in the world. Once I started to tell her about a beautiful place and to describe it to her. It was not more than a quarter of a mile from the beach. Her face clouded a little. I said,

"What's the matter, Salma?"

"Auntie. . ."

"What's the matter? Something troubling you?"

"Auntie, you said it was near a beach?"

"Yes."

"Auntie, do you put on a swim suit and go swimming in front of men?"

"O no, child. Is that what was troubling you?"

"Yes, Auntie, do you do that?"

"O no, thank God! Since the Lord saved me I would never do that."

Her face brightened, "Auntie, I'm so glad. Neither do we."

I thought to myself, "The Lord have mercy on so-called Christian women and girls here in America who do not give the hair, dress, and mixed bathing question a second thought, but accept

the current worldly practices. And here is a little Moslem girl who has not had light at all, who in her own darkened conscience holds these things as wrong."

Salma came to our home regularly. She was our little girl. We were her auntie and uncle. She left for England after a few years and was studying there for her Royal Boards. Then she went to Scotland. Her letters are beautiful, full of trust and reliance on the Lord, always thanking me for prayers. No one else had ever prayed for her. Our friendship has lasted. Thank God!

This was one day at the hospital. All the same day the Negro woman was saved, a Jewish man was saved, a Chinese man was saved, and my dear little Salma was introduced to the Lord.

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14 -- AFTER RABBI KOHN STOPPED DRUMMING WITH HIS FORK

By Converted Jewess, Irene Hanley

Presently, one of the rabbis began drumming on his plate with the end of a fork. "You know, I'm glad I'm a Jew," he said. "The Christians believe in three Gods, but we Jews believe in only One."

Our host spoke up and said, "No, Rabbi Kohn, you're wrong. The Christians don't believe in three Gods. They're not idolaters. They believe that God is three -- God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. You're wrong, you're wrong."

In my heart I was thrilled. I said, "Lord, can I witness now?"

But the Lord said, "Not yet."

"The Christians believe we have to have a mediator or high priest to come to God," another rabbi remarked, "but we Jews believe we can come directly."

Again our host spoke up. "They're right. We do need a mediator. Sin has separated us from God and we do need a high priest."

"Now, Lord, now?" I asked eagerly.

But the Lord said, "Not yet."

Finally our host's son put in, "But, Dad, after all, who was Jesus? He's just another dead Jew."

I said, "Lord, now? Now can I tell them?"

"Yes, now."

I sprang to my feet and exclaimed, "I can keep still no longer. I want to tell all of you that I'm a Jew, but I'm a Christian. I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart. He is not another dead Jew. He lives! He lives!" And I sang the little chorus to them in Yiddish.

Then I told them how I had been saved, how long I had been saved, and what He had done for me. For nearly forty-five minutes I preached Jesus to this great group -- kind Jews who never once stopped me, but listened to me with hunger. As a result, I have had access into many of the homes of those to whom I spoke. Many, many times since, I have stopped at the home of this kind rabbi and his wife. I have stayed with them overnight. They have told many Christian people in their little town that little by little they are being drawn to Jesus the Messiah. Not long ago the wife said to me, "Every time you come to see us we feel we are one step closer to the Lord Jesus Christ."

As yet I have not heard of them becoming believers, but it is good to trust the Word and leave them in God's hands.

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15 -- FATHER BARNEY'S REMARK WHEN HE LAID DOWN THE CARVING FORK By Milton Lorenzo Haney

Father Barney was a princely old man lying back of the fight, but was wise and quiet. I kept preaching to the church, but Father Barney would come and insist that I open the batteries on sinners, saying the church was now all in harmony and ready for a great work. I insisted that I greatly loved to preach to sinners, but the Lord yet held me to preach to the church, and assured the old man that the first hour the Lord would let me, I would go for the sinners.

Father Barney was rich, and a dashing business man a lumber merchant. I saw his old white head down at the altar pleading for mercy with other leading men, and God came and cleaned up the altar! His son-in-law was an old school teacher, but had broken down in health, lost heart, and Father Barney thought he was shiftless. He lived in a shell of a house between Father Barney's and the new church, but they had no intercourse whatever. Week after week, month after month, he passed the home of his only daughter, as a stranger. She had a large family and they were very poor, and their house a skeleton. But the next morning after Father Barney got saved, God had some chores for him to do at once. So he went straight to this home of poverty, in tears, made up with poor Bill, kissed his daughter and the children, and they all wept together. But before leaving he said to Bill: "I have everything you need to make this house comfortable. Make out your bills and come over to the lumber yard and get what you want." So before winter Bill's house was a place of comfort, and he was saved, though the state of things which had existed had made him an infidel. His wife and older children were saved, and Father Barney had a happy heart and home.

A few days after he was brought out into light I was invited to dine with him, and we were seated at his table. The old man lifted the knife and fork to carve the turkey, and laid it down. Sitting back in his chair he said to me, "Brother Haney, if you had let us fellows have our way, we would have all gone to hell together!"

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16 -- WHY ONE METHODIST PREACHER DROPPED HIS KNIFE AND FORK

By P. Douglass Gorrie

In the spring, Bishop Roberts left home to attend the Annual Conferences. The following interesting anecdote is related of him in one of his journeys:

"Early in the year 1819, Bishop Roberts, on his way from Pennsylvania to the Conference in the South, arrived on Sabbath morning, in Fincastle, the County seat of Botetourt County, Va. Having no acquaintance in the place, he called at a public house, and took breakfast. On making inquiry in relation to the arrangements for the Sabbath, he was told that there was but one meeting-house in the town, and that the Rev. Wm. Cravens, a Methodist minister, had to preach there at 10 o'clock, and also the Rev. Mr. Logan, a Presbyterian minister, at 11 of the same day. At the sound of the bell, the bishop went to the church, and took his seat among the hearers. According to arrangement, Mr. Cravens preached, and Mr. Logan followed. The Rev. Edward Mitchell, a Methodist minister, who lived a few miles southwest of the place, was called upon to close. When the congregation was dismissed, Mr. Roberts inquired of Mr. Mitchell, how far he lived from the town, and in what direction. Being politely answered, he then said to Mr. Mitchell, if he would wait until he could get his horse from the house at which he had put up, he would go along with him. To this, Mr. Mitchell readily consented. As they left the town, Mr. Mitchell, who was fond of conversation, and always desirous of giving it a religious turn, commenced talking about the preaching they had heard. Mr. Cravens having insisted on the doctrine of restitution, he wished to know of the stranger, what was his opinion of it. Mr. Roberts stated that he did not object to the doctrine in the least. Mr. Mitchell still wishing to turn the subject to the best advantage with the stranger, said, very pointedly, it was one thing to consent to the truth, and another to practice upon it. Mr. Roberts discovering that he was not suspected, was willing that Mr. Mitchell should give what direction to the conversation he might think proper, and modestly replied, with his usual peculiarity to such questions as were proposed to him. When they arrived at Mr. Mitchell's residence, Mr. M. said to him, 'There is the stable, and the hay, and corn, and my rule is, that all who come to see me, must wait on themselves.' To this, the stranger raised no objections, and put up his horse. When he had done, the dinner was ready. Mr. Mitchell, as was his custom, asked a blessing, and when seated, resumed the conversation, and took the liberty of inquiring of the stranger where he was from, and to what place he was going. On these questions being answered, he was next asked what was his name. To which the bishop replied, My name is Roberts.' 'Any relation to Robert R. Roberts, one of our bishops?' asked Mr. Mitchell. 'My name is Robert R. Roberts,' said the stranger. At this, Mr. Mitchell involuntarily dropped his knife and fork, and gazed a moment speechless at his visitor, and all at once the thought struck him, that his appearance, conversation, and general deportment, were those of a minister of the Gospel, and it was a matter of astonishment to him, that he had not thought of his being a clergyman before.

"Mr. Mitchell, after having composed himself a little, asked the bishop why he had not made himself known to them when he first entered the town, and preached for them. To which the bishop replied, that it was his intention so to have done: he had traveled rapidly, the day before, in order to enjoy the holy day of rest among them, but on learning the arrangements that had been

Sabbath day there, he thought it best to attend the house of God as an humble hearer of the word of life, and thus have the privilege of worshipping with the people of that strange land, in the capacity of a private Christian."

From the above, it will be seen that the bishop was always averse to the act of proclaiming who he was, on his arrival at any place. The following extract, being the substance of a narration given by Bishop Roberts to Bishop Morris, will serve further to illustrate his course in this respect.

"Bishop Roberts, once traveling on horseback, along a road with which he was unacquainted, inquired for a quiet house of entertainment, where he might spend the night, and on recommendation, went to one without knowing the character of the man that kept it, but who he subsequently learned was a local preacher of his own denomination. He obtained leave to stay all night, and supper was provided for him. Shortly after which, the landlord lit a candle, placed it in the lantern, and when about going out of the house, said to the bishop, ' If you wish to retire before we return, you can take a bed in the adjoining room; we are going to a meeting.'

"Bishop. -- 'What sort of a meeting is it?'

"Landlord. -- 'It is what we Methodists call a class-meeting.'

"B. -- 'I should like to go along, if it would not be intruding.'

"L. -- 'No intrusion at all. We allow serious persons to attend class-meetings a few times without becoming members, if they wish.'

"They proceeded together to the meeting, which was well attended. The class-leader was a young man of much zeal, and little experience. After speaking to all the members, he came to the bishop, when the following conversation ensued:

"Leader. 'Well, stranger, have you any desire to serve the Lord, and get to heaven?'

"B. 'I have such a desire.'

"L. 'How long have you had this desire?'

"B. 'I cannot say precisely how long now, but for many years.'

"L. 'Well, do you think, old gentleman, that you know anything about the enjoyment of experimental religion?'

"B. 'Yes, brother, I trust I do know, and have known a long time what experimental religion is, though I acknowledge I have not been as faithful as I should have been, and consequently have not made that progress in religion which it was my privilege to have made. Still, I have a good hope in the mercy of God, through Christ, that I shall be saved in heaven at last.'

"The leader closed the exercise himself, in the usual way, and the bishop returned with his host in silence. After they had been seated a short time, a small table was placed in the room, with a Bible and hymn-book. The landlord, after deep study, looked at the Bible, then at the bishop, and again seemed to be in a deep study. After a few more side glances, he rose and started towards the table, then stopped, cleared his throat, and went to the door and spit; then turned again toward the table, but finally stopped and said the bishop, 'Old gentleman, you appear to be a man that knows something of religion; it is our practice here to have family worship; perhaps you would be willing to read and pray with us?'

"B. 'I have no objection, brother, if you wish it.'

"He proceeded to read, sing, and pray in his own impressive manner. The landlord then took a candle, and showed him his room; and started out, got to the door, and stopped, turned round, hesitated, and finally remarked, 'Old gentleman, if it would be no offense, I would like to know your name.'

"B. 'No offense at all, brother, my name is Robert R. Roberts.'

"When the bishop related this anecdote to the writer, he added, 'And they paid me well for telling my name; for they detained me two days, and made me preach several times.' I wished him to tell me how the young class-leader looked about the close of his first sermon, but he declined making any comments."

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17 -- SHE HAD NO FORK AND USED HER TONGUE!

By James Blaine Chapman

Later we stopped at a house to spend the night. McHenry politely asked the man if we might buy some wood from him with which to cook our meat. But the householder just as politely informed us that his "woman" would cook our meat. We placed it in a little tin pan which we used as a frying pan and the woman delightedly placed it on the stones above the fire and proceeded to kindle the flame and to watch carefully over our meat. But McHenry made a mistake by suggesting that perhaps the meat needed more salt. The woman had no fork or knife or spoon, so she quickly reached in with her hand and picked out a piece of the meat and gave it a liberal lick with her tongue and smilingly informed us that there was sufficient salt. When we ate the meat a little later McHenry was confident that the piece I took was the one the woman licked, and while I knew he did not know that it was, I knew also that I did not know it was not.

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18 -- WHAT THE PREDESTINARIAN SAID WITH MEAT ON HIS FORK

By Early Methodist Preacher, Peter Cartwright

I arrived at the place of the quarterly meeting, and found the few scattered members, six in all, and about eight who were not members, and these comprised the whole settlement, save one

family who lived close by, the head of which was a great persecutor of the Methodists. He said he had moved there, in that new and out-of-the-way place, especially to get rid of those wretched people called Methodists, but he had scarcely got into his rude cabin before here was the Methodist preacher, preaching hell fire and damnation, as they always did.

On Monday morning I went over to see him. He was a high-strung Predestinarian in his views; believed, or professed to believe, that God had decreed every thing that comes to pass. After introducing myself to him, he presently bristled up for an argument. I told him I had not come to debate, but to invite him to the Savior. He said he could not receive any thing from me, for he cordially despised the Methodists. I told him if God had decreed all things, he had decreed that there should be Methodists, and that they should believe precisely as they did, and that they were raised up by the decree of God to torment him before his time, and that he must be a great simpleton to suppose that the Methodists could do or believe any thing but what they did; and now, my dear sir, you must be a vile wretch to want to break the decrees of God, and wish to exterminate the Methodists; that if his doctrine was true, the Methodists were as certainly fulfilling the glorious decrees of God, which were founded in truth and righteousness, as the angels around the burning throne; and several admonitions I gave him, and, by the by, he had some feeling on the subject. I talked kindly and prayed with him, and left.

After I left he began to think on the topics of conversation, and the more he thought the more his mind became perplexed about these eternal decrees. When he would sit down to eat, or ride, or walk the road, he would soliloquize on the subject. After cutting off a piece of meat and holding it on his fork, ready to receive it into his mouth, he would say, "God decreed from all eternity that I should eat this meat, but I will break that decree," and down he would dash it to the dogs. As he walked the paths in the settlement and came to a fork, he would say, "God from all eternity decreed that I should take the right-hand path, but I'll break that decree," and he would rush to the left. As he rode through the settlement, in coming to a stump, or tree, he would rein up his horse and say, "God has from all eternity decreed that I should go to the right of that stump or tree, but I will break that decree," and would turn his horse to the left.

Thus he went on till his family became alarmed, thinking he was deranged. The little settlement, also, was fearful that he had lost his balance of mind. At length, deep conviction took hold of him; he saw that he was a lost and ruined sinner, without an interest in Jesus Christ. He called the neighbors to come and pray for him, and, after a long and sore conflict with the devil and his decrees, it pleased God to give him religion, and almost all his family were converted and joined the Methodist Church, and walked worthy of their high and holy calling.

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19 -- FEEDING ON ASHES WITH A KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON By Beverly Carradine

But whoever tries to find satisfaction and happiness outside of God, is doing nothing in the world but feeding on ashes. Sinners in their amusements; backsliders with their idols; worshippers with ritualism and ceremonialism; people with lip worship and manmade doctrines; are all alike breakfasting, dining and supping on a diet of ashes. The hero worshipper, demagogue follower,

Pope exalter and deifier, whether in Catholic or Protestant circles, is simply a gormandizer of ashes. A man absorbed in the red-tapeism and machine work of the church is but sitting down to a table that, so far as soul satisfaction is concerned, is covered with dishes that are full of ashes. A person symbolizing, spiritualizing, mysticizing and mystifying the scriptures fairly away from the hungry soul is, in his highly wrought conceits and notions, drawing up his chair to a banquet of white and gray ashes. In a word, whoever strives to be happy, satisfied and blessed in any way except with Christ in the heart and God in the life, is doing nothing more, and accomplishing nothing wiser and better than a being who sits down with knife, fork and spoon to satisfy the pangs of hunger, with an old ash heap piled up high before him!

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20 -- WHY ALL WERE SILENCED AFTER JOHN SMITH LAID DOWN HIS FORK

By Robert A. West

John Smith, the revivalist, was a Yorkshireman, a native of Cudworth, a village near Barnsley, in the West-riding of Yorkshire... An anecdote was related in the hearing of the writer by Rev. James Methley, and is also mentioned by Mr. Treffry, which annihilated in the minds of all who heard it whatever feelings were entertained adverse to the course adopted by this holy man. While he was stationed in the Windsor circuit, he was attending an anniversary at Canterbury, where his friend and school-fellow, Mr. Methley, was stationed. At this time Mr. Smith's labors were almost super-human, and his constitution was manifestly giving way under them. It was resolved by his brethren, that he should be affectionately remonstrated with, and Mr. Methley was deputed to introduce the subject. At the supper table a favorable opportunity presented itself, and Mr. Methley opened the matter to him. The friendship between them was strong and ardent; they were both men of noble, generous natures. Mr. Smith laid down his knife and fork, and listened to his friend with affectionate respect; then, bursting into tears, he replied, "I know it all. I ought to put a restraint upon myself. But what can I do? God has given me such a view of the perishing condition of sinners that I can only find relief in the way I do -- in entreating them to come to Christ, and wrestling with God to save them." And then, his feelings overcoming him, he paused a few moments, and added, "Look around you, my dear friend and brother; do you not see sinners perishing on every hand, and must they not be saved? O do not seek to turn me from my purpose; for while I thus see and feel, I am compelled to act as I do." All were silenced, and all were melted into tears; -- Mr. Methley being so overcome that he was compelled abruptly to leave the room. "Never," said Mr. M., his eyes filling with tears at the recollection; "never shall I forget that evening. Often was I applied to afterward, as known to be his friend, to use my influence to arrest his self-sacrifice; but I could not do it; my mouth was closed; I dared not say a word; the expression of his countenance that evening remains with me to this day."

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21 -- A TRUE CHRISTIAN HAS A KNIFE, FORK, FOOD, AND LODGING

By Beverly Carradine

To be a true Christian is to have a knife, fork, something to eat, a bed, and above all a cordial welcome at many a lovely and excellent home. Sin cannot and does not pay this way, but

Christ can. We have never in our life heard of the doctor's room, or the lawyer's room, in any home in the land. But the "preacher's room" is a household word.

It began with a woman in Shunem, who as she observed the holy life of Elisha said to her husband, "Let us build a room for him, and put in it a bed, stool, table and candlestick." This is the first record of the prophet's chamber or preacher's room, but who can count them today? There are family circles that talk about the absent man of God. They write to him and send him word: "When are you coming? we all want to see you!" This is part of the pay of Christ.

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22 -- IT IS UNCOUTH TO USE ONE'S FORK AS A TOOTHPICK

By Beverly Carradine

The style of eating is coarse, the speech blunt and rude. The finger nails are cleaned in public, often during divine service; the hand is sometimes manipulated as a napkin, sometimes as a handkerchief, and the fork used as a toothpick.

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23 -- SHE WANTED TO POKE OUT BOOTH'S EYES WITH A FORK

By Mrs. Colonel Carpenter

Once, Mrs. Lawley found one of her small sons sitting on the floor vigorously attacking the Founder's photograph with a fork. 'Darling, whatever are you doing?' she asked, picking up the photo. A defiant little man looked up and declared, 'I'm poking his eyes out because he takes my papa away.' Then Mrs. Lawley felt she had a special work to do. She picked up the photograph, and mourned over the 'poor, dear General': then tenderly told her little son it was for Jesus' sake, and to save the poor, wicked people, that the General took dear papa away on long journeys. In turn she pointed each of the children to the Saviour, and so fostered in their hearts the love for Army service that they joined her in devotion of their father to the War.

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24 -- THE CRY OF WHITEFIELD'S BROTHER AS HE DROPPED HIS KNIFE AND FORK

By Albert P. Graves

It is said that Whitefield at one time dined with Lady Huntingdon: an unconverted brother of his was present. During the dinner hour, Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon had a religious conversation. Such was the nature of it that this brother's attention was arrested, and he was so deeply impressed that all at once he dropped his knife and fork, and threw up his hands and cried, "I am lost! I am lost! I am lost!" "Thank God!" said Lady Huntingdon. "Why? Why do you exult over my lost condition?" "O, I can not help it," she says; "I am so glad you are lost -- so glad!" "But why, why, do have such ecstasies over my lost condition?" "Simply because Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and save that which was lost. Now, sir, if you have found out that you are lost, there is some hope of your being saved."

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25 -- UNMATCHED KNIVES/FORKS WITH LESS THAN \$5 TO START MARRIED LIFE

By Jarrette E. Aycock

One afternoon I found a place. After I had paid the rent for one week, paid the preacher and purchased the license, I had less than three dollars and a half with which to launch out on the sea of matrimony.

The place I rented was a small one-room apartment, with a tiny kitchenette, on the second floor of an old residence. It was cheaply and meagerly furnished. There was an old worn mat on the floor and no curtains at the windows. The green shades were torn. The old chairs had been broken and fastened together with bailing wire. The bed was a four-posted iron bed, and the knobs gone from the posts. The dishes were unmatched and cracked. The knives, forks and spoons were odds and ends. No two were alike.

One side of the table was fastened to the wall, and the other side was nailed to a stick that rested on the floor. The water conveniences were poor, and a two-burner plate resting on an orange box was our cook stove.

This was what I had to offer my bride, who had left a beautiful modern home.

The day after we were married I took her to the little apartment, opened the door, and, holding her by the arm, I walked in. I watched every expression on her face, and had she turned on me with scorn, it would almost have killed me. She took it in with a glance and then, turning to me with a smile, said, "Well isn't this dandy! And this is our little home!" When she said that my joy was complete. If my bride was happy, nothing else mattered.

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PART II -- PITCH-FORKS

26 -- IMPALED BY A SIX-TINE PITCH-FORK

By Pearl Perry Poe

I needed some hay. I had a wagon that I put double sideboards on to hold the hay. I had borrowed my farming outfit from my brother Oscar, even the mules. As I was going out of our yard I noticed a limb of a tree that was in the way. I asked my wife to hand me the axe. I chopped the limb off and let it drop into the wagon.

Down the road, I came to a place where the dirt had washed away almost to the road. I stopped the team and lifted the brush. In so doing I also lifted the six-tine pitch fork and it fell back with the points of the tines up. As I dropped the brush in the ditch, the team jumped. This jerked me out of the seat and I fell with my back on that pitchfork. I stopped the team, but could not pull the fork from my back.

I drove down the road almost a quarter of a mile to get my neighbor to pull it out. He tried and failed. I said, "That is in my backbone." I sat down, put my hand on my backbone, and told him to put his foot against my hand and pull. Together we pulled it out. We could see where the rust had been pushed back on three of those tines which had run into me over one and a half inches. I was advised to go to a doctor.

Another of my neighbors saw the condition I was in and soaked a cloth with turpentine and bound it over my wounds. By this time I was getting pretty sick. The men lifted the sideboards, put a chunk under them, and I lay down in the wagon box to drive on to town. While I was going, thinking of the doctor, the Lord said, "If you had not listened to the counsel of the ungodly, this would not have happened. 'For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' " I wept and said, "That is so, Lord." Before I reached town, I knew that no doctor could help me. I was paralyzed from my hips down. I drove the team in front of a store and called. The clerk came out. I told him the groceries that I wanted and that I was paralyzed from my hips down. I did not go to see the doctor. I had the man, from whom I was getting the hay, to throw it in, and I worked myself up on top of it. He filled the wagon and piled it high. I drove on home. I had no use of my limbs at all.

Wife had heard about the accident, but did not know how serious it was. She came to the barn as I drove in. She put the team away and asked, "How are you going to get down?" I said, "You reach up and take hold of my hands and pull, and hold me so that my head will not hit the ground." She did and that is the way I got off the wagon. I sat up, put my hands on the ground, and pushed myself backwards to the house. For three months that was the only way I could go -- push backwards and let my feet drag.

During that time a plague of cutworms came. Remember Jonah and the cutworm? I did. They took my cane, my corn -- all of it, and got in my melons. I pushed myself from hill to hill and sometimes found as many as four worms in a hill. I put powder around the hills to keep them out, then the striped bugs came, and I had to go from hill to hill, pushing myself backward, putting London Purple and moth powder on to check them.

One day I pushed myself about a quarter of a mile to a plum thicket, and there prayed, "Oh, Lord, if I cannot be my best for You and have Your blessings and be in Your will, let me die right here in this old wild plum thicket," and I meant it, for I would rather have died than live out of God's will. From that time I began to mend. It was not many days until I could move my feet, then I could stand on my knees, but with much pain in my back. A little later I could stand up by holding to something, and soon I was walking, but was still feeble.

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27 -- NOT A FORK OF HAY FROM STINGY CHURCH FOLKS

By Harmon Allen Baldwin

But some one says, "If a man does God's will God will always supply all his needs." Such talk as that is an easy way out for the man who will not give of his cash to help support the gospel.

It puts all the responsibility on the servant and lets the one who should give, and does not, go scot-free. There are two sides to the question.

The writer in one place, after a trip around the circuit, drove his faithful horse into the barn for the night. There was not a fork of hay or a quart of grain to give him, and while Duke looked over toward the manger and pawed the floor, we looked into his big, kindly eyes and wept. "Old faithful fellow, you can have nothing tonight." But why should this poor beast go hungry? Let us not attempt to locate the blame, for that is not our question. The matter in hand is the depression which we naturally felt. If we did not yield to a complaining or fault-finding spirit, our tears were but the result of natural pity and did not show a corrupt heart.

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28 -- TALMAGE'S REMARKS ABOUT GOD WITH A RED-HOT PITCH-FORK

Quoted by George Beirnes

Dr. Talmage says, "There are two kinds of sermons which I never want to preach. One is that which presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile, that men may do what they will against Him and fracture His every law, and put the cry of their impertinence and rebellion under His throne and then, while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart, He takes them up in His arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek saying, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thunder-cloud with a red-hot pitch-fork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony rather than a God of loving, kindly warning, seeking to save the lost from coming wrath, a God who has no pleasure in the death of the wicked and delights in showing mercy and dealing with men in grace."

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29 -- CALUMNY LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK THE TIDE WITH A PITCH-FORK

By Adam Clarke

...calumny... as stones thrown against the east wind, to prevent it from blowing, the efforts of a man who went to the sea-shore to keep off the tide by his pitch-fork.

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30 -- HOW THE PRONGS OF A [PITCH?]FORK WERE USED TO MAKE A SIFTER

By Early M. E. Preacher, Peter Cartwright

When my father settled in Logan county there was not a newspaper printed south of Green river, no mill short of forty miles, and no schools worth the name. Sunday was a day set apart for hunting, fishing, horse-racing, card-playing, balls, dances, and all kinds of jollity and mirth. We killed our meat out of the woods, wild; and beat our meal and hominy with a pestle and mortar. We stretched a deer-skin over a hoop, burned holes in it with the prongs of a fork, sifted our meal, baked our bread, ate it, and it was first-rate eating too. We raised, or gathered out of the woods,

our own tea. We had sage, bohea, cross-vine, spice, and sassafras teas, in abundance. As for coffee, I am not sure that I ever smelled it for ten years. We made our sugar out of the water of the maple-tree, and our molasses too. These were great luxuries in those days.

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PART III -- RIVER-FORKS AND ROAD-FORKS

31 -- SAMMY SPARKS' HALLOWED SPOT NEAR EAST FORK

By Samuel F. Sparks

Last Sunday afternoon I climbed the mountain that stands like a silent guard over the valley in which I spent most of my childhood.

The little Walnut tree is still standing on the summit where God first definitely spoke to my heart. Tears coursed down my face as wife and I joined hands and fell on our knees before the Lord who, on this spot, had called me to preach when I was a lad nine years of age.

As we arose from our knees and viewed the valley at our feet, I relived that beautiful July afternoon of many years ago.

I was a barefoot boy in overalls going across the mountains to bring home the cows. In my pocket I carried a copy of "God's Revivalist," the only religious paper in our home for three decades.

The little saddle mare I was riding was tired from the long climb, and welcomed a rest upon arrival at the mountain top.

It was then that I viewed green fields of growing crops, winding streams, short horn cattle and a white flock of sheep in the fields and on the hills around me. My childish heart was filled with ancestral pride and secretly (and I think I said it out loud) I hoped I would some day be a lawyer like my Daddy and have farms like his.

It was a peaceful afternoon. The birds fluttered in the near-by woods. The air was stirring in a cool, refreshing breeze. Old Topsy (the little black saddle mare) lazily ate the tender grass, and the world seemed at peace. Lazy clouds were here and there in the blue sky. East Fork and Williams Creek joined a little way from me toward the west and both looked like silvery ribbons entwined to make a giant bow for a verdant corsage.

Topsy was still panting, so I took the "Revivalist" and began to read and look at the pictures. I had seen Mother read it and cry. I had watched her save dimes to fill coin cards for the Bible School's Annual Thanksgiving Dinner. I had seen her disregard other pieces of mail and hungrily feast upon the contents of the priceless little paper.

Daddy and the work hands on the farm usually referred to the "Revivalist" as "Mother's paper," (Would to God Daddy and the work hands, too, had heeded the truth "Mother's paper" contained.)

I became curious. I would see Mother cry. Then she would laugh and cry at the same time. I never knew what she was going to do, for while I secretly watched her rejoice, I would say "I don't understand Mother sometimes," but I know she knows the answer to my question. Then I would hear her say, "Well, bless the Lord!" and it had a ring to it that made my heart beat until it seemed it was coming up into my throat.

Daddy, a backslidden evangelist of more than twenty years, opposed any religious progress in our home. He criticized, and freely said slurring things about holiness and holiness people, but, "Mother's little paper" had holiness all over it and it made her so happy, and its messages helped to lighten her heavy load. So as soon as I was old enough to detect the attitude of Daddy and the spirituality of my Mother, I came to the conclusion that holiness couldn't be too bad; after all, Daddy fussed and Mother shouted. Daddy raved and Mother prayed. Daddy worried and Mother trusted.

So, anybody with an ounce of judgment and reason, and sense enough to come in out of the rain could see one had religion and the other didn't.

Now, I was too young and immature to understand why Daddy felt so about religion. I couldn't even have told you what a backslider is. But I wanted to have a good look at Mother's Little Paper myself. I wondered if I'd cry like Mother when I read it. I was sure I wouldn't take Daddy's attitude, so I stuffed it into my hip pocket to read when I got away from everybody. So if I cried and shouted and had a spell like Mother did on wash-day (The Revivalist came on Monday, usually) then no one would hear me. (That even sounds like a lot of grown-ups).

I sat there looking at the pictures and reading the children's page and finally came to the Missionary Section. There was a great crowd of children and native workers pictured together and there were crude buildings in the background. I thought they had terribly funny clothes, and then I figured that was the way they were used to dressing.

I began reading. Somehow, I forgot the farm, forgot the sheep, the cattle and silvery trees. I forgot the whole world except Africa. Before I knew hardly what was happening tears began to flow for it was dawning upon my mind and soul that there were millions upon millions of people who had little or no clothing, no home, no food and most tragic of all -- No Jesus! A little child was pictured with outstretched hands saying, "Won't you help us?" I thought -- and spoke out loud, "Millions who have never heard the name of Jesus!" My heart was aching! I cried harder than ever, and there on that mountain top in eastern Kentucky, that afternoon God broke my heart for a lost and dying world.

The Power of God seized me. I staggered and fell to my knees with one arm around that little Walnut tree and the other raised toward the sky I promised God if He would let me live I would tell the world of Jesus!

I rode down the hill, preaching as I went. Startled cattle looked at me and started up the trail home. I imagined I was preaching to thousands. I prayed and sang until I was so weak I could hardly stay upon my horse. By the time I reached home, tears and dust had made my face and hands a mess, but within my heart I had a secret that was more precious to me than all the wealth of Boyd County, Kentucky.

I sang as I did the chores. I lay awake at night thinking about my strange and unusual experience over in the cow-pasture. For several days I rejoiced as I rode over that mountain for the cattle at milking time. It became a hallowed spot and I spent many a happy hour getting acquainted with the Lord as we talked together about the work I would do when I grew up to be a man.

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32 -- FACTS THAT FASTENED IN HIS MIND AT THE FORK IN THE ROAD

By George Peck

The old soldier [Methodist Itinerant, Anning Owen] sometimes made chance shots which did great execution. On one occasion he fell in with a gentleman, like himself; traveling on horseback, to whom, as was his custom on almost all occasions, he broached the subject of religion. He found the stranger to be skeptical, and he entered into an argument with him upon the claims of revelation. So far as he could judge, his reasoning produced no impression upon the mind of the gentleman. They came to a fork in the road where they bade each other a civil adieu. The itinerant preacher, as though seized by some sudden inspiration, turned hastily about and called out: "See here, my friend, I have two more things to say to you which I wish you not to forget." "What are they?" demanded the stranger. "Hell is hot and eternity is long!" was the answer. Several years elapsed, and the interview with the stranger had passed from the mind of Mr. Owen, when after meeting, perhaps a quarterly meeting, he was accosted by a gentleman, who referred to the conversation by the way and asked him if he did not remember it, adding: "Those two things which you wished me not to forget fastened themselves upon my mind, and I never got rid of them until I sought and found the Saviour." He had then been for years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had desired to meet with the man who had so mysteriously been the instrument of his conversion, not knowing who he was or where he could be found.

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33 -- HOW SATAN WAS DEFEATED AFTER THE MEETING AT BURNING-FORK

By Lela G. McConnell

We were opening a work in Magoffin County. People arranged for me to speak in the courthouse in Salyersville on a Saturday afternoon. A fine, interested crowd attended. Saturday evening and Sunday morning services at Burning Fork were blessed with three seekers. My dear friends, Alma and Fanny Prater, took me to their home for Saturday night and Sunday dinner. I started back over the hot, dusty, 15-mile trail to Caney. There I would catch the train to go home. Rarely did I travel alone, but this time it was unavoidable. The enemy sorely tormented my tired

body and mind, and the fat, lazy horse was a trial. The devil said, "Nobody cares. You don't even have enough money to bury you."

I cried, prayed and struggled for some time, and tried to get the old horse to hurry along. Finally, I called out, "Mr. Devil, I belong to Jesus, and He will see me through." Instantly the promise came, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10). My tears dried, and I rode the rest of the journey with the comfort of the Holy Ghost filling my soul. I came into Caney, thanked the man for the use of his horse, then ran down the railroad through the dark to the hotel in Cannel City, where I stayed all night. The next morning, I took the early train to Frozen Creek, and walked the two miles to Mt. Carmel. Many of our teachers and pastors could relate similar experiences. Travel was difficult in those early days, but their courage and faith have never failed through dangers seen and unseen.

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34 -- AN EXCERPT FROM "THE FATAL FORK IN THE ROAD"

An Editorial By I. Parker Maxey

Almost every organized evangelical group that has risen to promote salvation among the lost of earth has come sooner or later to a "fork in the road" that has proven fatal to its spiritual ongoing. Trends are gradually built up as they have approached this "fatal fork" that have led them down the wrong road. I am talking about methods of advancement in outreach and growth...

The two methods of Kingdom work have been much in evidence down through history. Many denominations and groups are in existence today that have made the switch, "having begun in the Spirit," they are now pursuing the way of the flesh and what we have termed a "humanistic program." The Spirit has long since departed. They are no longer marked as having Spiritual power. It is now the carnal that is evident rather than the Spiritual. The carnal has outweighed the Spiritual until it is now in predominance and the emphasis is the building up of a visible body or organization in place of the Bridehood of Christ.

When this happens there is always another shift that takes place. Holy Ghost power and leadership are replaced with a Church sponsored entertainment program, contests are entered into in an effort to increase attendance; church kitchens and social halls and sports programs appear. Bible standards of holy living are lowered to make "the way" less offensive to carnal people. Music trends toward the sensual and the things of the world are lusted after. People of great talents and personalities are sought after. They have come to the "fatal fork in the road" and have followed man's way instead of God's. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 16:25

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35 -- A RIGHT TURN AT THE FORK THAT DEFEATED NAPOLEON

By Elmer Ellsworth Helms

And whence? He was far away the night before and pushed with all his power to arrive. While still miles away he came to a fork in the road and was just taking the left fork when he sighted a shepherd boy in a field hard by. That left fork went to Waterloo through a deep ravine which now was deep mud. He never could have gotten his artillery through. He said to the shepherd boy, "Is this the best road to Waterloo?" The boy for answer simply pointed to the right, and taking the right road, Blucher arrived just in time to turn the tide of battle, save the day and win the battle. Destiny hung, swung, on a shepherd's boy pointing to the right rather than to the left. If he had pointed to the left! As it was, Blucher just barely arrived in time. If he had been thirty minutes later, Napoleon would have won. Wellington had been crying, "Blucher or night." It was Blucher.

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36 -- THE FORK IN THE ROAD OF REPENTANCE AND CONFESSION

By Beverly Carradine

Our only hope of escape is by the route of repentance and confession to God, and of reparation to man.

In one of the writer's pastoral charges a woman found herself at this "fork." She had wronged several members of her family, and her tongue as well as heart seemed full of bitterness and gall.

In a powerful morning service she suddenly arose from her seat and rectified one of these wrongs. Whereupon such a scream escaped from her lips as made the blood fairly tingle in all who were in the church. There was an accent of partial relief in it, but it also declared an agony, as well as a gathering of strength to do a harder thing. It was the first cry of travail, with other wails to follow.

With her face deadly pale, she, after a minute's pause, commenced speaking again, and rectified a second great wrong. When immediately she screamed again. In looking around I found tears streaming down many faces among the people. All knew that the Holy Ghost was working with the woman, and she was obeying.

After another pause, in which she grasped a large wooden pillar to steady herself, she opened her lips and rectified the third, and greatest, and last wrong of her life--and with the concluding word of her confession gave such a piercing cry of relief, of unspeakable rapture, of a perfect overflowing rest and joy, that not only was the entire congregation moved, but men and women in every direction burst into tears.

After hearing that glad shout of the soul, and looking upon the beaming face of the devil-delivered woman, no better proof was wanted that day by the crowd that it pays to obey God, and get right with those whom we have wronged, and who have ought against us.

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37 -- PAST FORK AFTER FORK, HE TOOK THE WRONG ROAD

By Beverly Carradine

Meantime Dr. Graves raged on. He even tried to have a revival. But only a handful came out to hear him, the church was dark, cold and empty, and the meeting ended, as it began, without any life, and was felt by everybody to be a flat failure.

Meantime a few of the Holiness people let slip from their tongues a heart-sickening prophecy. The speech finally reached the ears of Dr. Graves. It seemed to exasperate him. A few days later, while in attendance upon the annual convention of his church, he said openly on the streets of the town:

"The Holiness people say that God is going to take my life very soon. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, while striking his breast, "I never felt healthier or stronger in my life!"

Within a month's time he was in his grave!

He took the wrong road early in life, and though God in mercy brought him to fork after fork where choosing aright he might have recovered himself and gotten back to duty and happiness, yet, with a persistency that was amazing and horrifying, he would invariably decide against conscience, the Gospel teaching and the strivings of the Holy Spirit; and so taking the way that was not right, followed a course which led him continually farther and farther from God.

His friends erected a tombstone over him, and carved upon it a flattering epitaph. But the sentence that many felt would have best described his life is to be found in the caption of this chapter:

"He took the wrong road!"

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38 -- FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH AT THE FORK IN THE ROAD

By William Lester Boone

Years ago I heard of an old man in the Kentucky hill country who lived in an isolated but comfortable cabin shared with his only close companion, a faithful yellow dog. His pedigree and parentage were of doubtful discovery, but his loyal companionship to the old miner was undisputed knowledge in the entire countryside. Each morning as the old man walked to work at the mines with his lunch pail under his arm, the yellow dog trotted along at his side. They were inseparable companions. Wherever the old man went -- to work, to the neighbors, or to the store -- the dog was in his company.

Dogs were not allowed at the work site, however, and each day as the two reached a fork in the road, they paused together at a certain spot by the side of the road. There they would part for the day after a pat on the faithful head or a ruffling of the ears. There the grass was worn and trampled down where, five days each week, the yellow dog would patiently wait for the end of another work day and the subsequent appearance of the old miner. On those occasions when

overtime work, a friendly visit, or after work business caused the old man to return later than the accustomed time, the dog never left his appointed watching place, even when the tardiness reached into the late evening or night hours. Rain or shine, stormy or fair, he could be depended upon to greet his master with a wagging tail and a wet-nosed nuzzle. Then the two of them were off to the pleasant cabin where food and rest awaited both man and beast.

On a certain day the old miner became ill on the job, eventually succumbing to his sickness. Friends cared for his needs and saw to his burial. Weeks passed and some neighbors began to wonder about the location and care of the old yellow dog. In all their concern over the old man in his sickness and death, no one had thought to look about the well-being of the animal. An inspection of the cabin revealed no trace of the dog or had any close neighbors seen him around their places. Then acting upon the remembrance of the two companions' daily ritual at the crossroads, the searchers made their way to the waiting place. Surely enough, the dog was there, waiting for his master, only he did not hear or see the approach of the searchers. Mutely testifying to his canine loyalty and faithfulness were some yellow fur and a pitiful pile of bones.

He had not left his post of duty. He had not deserted his vigil, even for needed food, but stayed and waited for the appearance of his master. His great heart beat out its final cadence looking, listening, waiting, and expecting. He did not know enough to reason that his master would want him to leave, to go find food and shelter and care. He was too dumb to preserve his life, but his loyalty leaves humans in awesome salute. Such unstinting faithfulness from a beast causes us to see just how far we have fallen from the character with which God originally endowed us. Animals portray by instinct many commendable traits that humans fail to exhibit with the comparatively lofty instruments of morality and reason. Only a fallen nature could place self-interest above fidelity to God's character and purpose.

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39 -- THE FORKS OF LIFE'S ROAD

By Lida Brandyberry

Each person in life comes to "THE FORKS OF THE ROAD," and whether he travels the broad way which leads to Hell or the narrow way which leads to Heaven, all depends upon his individual choice and decision. Jesus says:

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leads unto life: and few there be that find it." Matthew 7:13-14.

How thankful I am that at the age of seventeen, coming to "THE FORKS OF THE ROAD," a definite decision was made to live the Christian life. From every point of view this choice has many times compensated me beyond any words to describe.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS

"Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice in the night;
"I'm a pilgrim awearied and spent is my light;
And I seek for the palace that rests on the hill
But between us a stream lieth, sullen and still.
"Which way shall I take for the bright golden span
That bridges the water so safely for man?
To the right? To the left? Ah, me, if I knew!
The night is so dark and the passers are few.

CHORUS

"Near, near thee, my son, is the old Wayside Cross,
Like a gray friar cowed, in lichens and moss;
And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span
That bridges the waters so safely for man."

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PART IV -- FORKS IN TREES

40 -- THE FARMER, THE MOWING SCYTHE, AND THE FORK IN THE TREE

By Leewin Bell Williams

Growing Inbred Sin Out. -- Many years ago a farmer at the close of the day hung his mowing scythe in the fork of a small tree. For some reason it was forgotten, and there it stayed until the tree grew around the blade of the scythe. Now there is a large tree, the handle of the scythe long ago rotted off, but there is the blade sticking through the tree. In all these years the tree has not been able to grow the scythe blade out.

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41 -- THE FORK OF AN OAK BECAME ABSALOM'S CROWN

By Beverly Carradine

The head of Absalom caught in the branches of an oak with leaves fluttering about it, when he aspired to have it encircled with a band of gold, sprinkled with gems, is a ghastly commentary in the handwriting of Nature, on the woeful end of certain wrong earthly ambitions. Let me crown thee, said the Oak, with grim humor, and, catching poor Absalom's head firmly in a fork of its limbs, it garlanded him with some dry foliage, while the feet of the aspirant after high honors dug into and dangled in mid-air.

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42 -- REST IN THE FORK OF A TREE

By Gerald Tolbert Bustin

Drummond told of two painters, each of whom painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake far up in the mountains.

The second spread upon his canvas a thundering waterfall with the fragile bow of a tree bending over the foam. At the fork of the branch, almost wet with the cataracts spray, sat a robin on its nest.

The first was only stagnation; the second was rest.

"There is a point of rest
At the great center of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;
A little child might slumber undisturbed,
Without the ruffle of one fair curl,
In that strange, central calm, amid the mighty whirl."

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PART V -- TUNING FORKS

43 -- THE BIBLE IS GOD'S CHANGELESS TUNING FORK

From 2700-Plus Illustrations Compiled by DVM

Yes, the Bible gives to man the guidance he needs because it is God's unchanging Word -- good for every age and every generation. I once read about a musician who went to see his aged music teacher. During the visit, the elderly mentor struck a tuning fork and said, "That is 'A.'" Just then, from the floor above came the voice of a singer. "She sings sharp," said the old teacher. He paused for a moment, then lifted the tuning fork again. The second time he struck it he said, "But this 'A' -- always has been, always will be -- 440 vibrations per second. It will be the same 5,000 years from now." And that's the way it is with the Word of God: it is constant and unchangeable.

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44 -- TRUE HOLINESS EXPERIENCE IS IN TUNE WITH GOD'S TUNING FORK

By Glenn Griffith

I'll tell you, if that experience of yours won't take it, put the heat to it. HALLELUJAH! I'M FEELING GOOD WHETHER THE DEVIL IS OR NOT! I'll tell you that. PUT IT IN THE FIRE!

They heated that to a white heat, and swung it out there on those chain-hoists, and on the anvil. Big old, Harry, while the tool-dresser held it, got a big old sledge and he began to beat that thing. He beat it and beat it into shape, and beat all the cockle-burr turns out of it, and straightened it out, and said, "Put her in the water." He shoved it in the water and the thing sizzled and fried and steam went up, and he looked at it a little bit, and pulled it back out of the water, and after that got

a ball-peen hammer and struck it like a tuning fork. He said, "She won't take it. It hasn't got the right sound. Stick her back in the fire." [Hallelujah! from the audience]

HOW MANY KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! Oh, brother, if that experience of yours isn't working, test it a little bit! See whether it's in tune or not! Why, the Bible even mentions sounding brass and tinkling cymbals over there in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. I tell you, old-fashioned testimony has got the right SOUND to it!

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THE END