INDEX DESCRIBES HOME-COMING OF DR. TRUETT

(Continued from page 1)

that in the woods. And he was Never mind, some of these days Georgia is going to wake up

and have some roads and schools, too. They are already doing wonders in some North Georgia counties in this matter of road building.

When we crossed the Hiawassee River in the edge of Murphy, we came in sight of a town that was more enthused than it had ever been. The filling station men were trying to keep their tanks supplied for the rush of customers who had driven long distances and the hotels were stirring the big pot and the little pot to get enough food to feed the crowd. We got on over to the tabernacle and it was five minutes past eleven o'clock. Every way we looked we saw cars, cars, cars. I am hoping the camera did good work on the flank of cars which I "shot." The people were under the tabernacle and they were singing. This tabernacle is an enlargement of the grandstand of the Murphy fair grounds. They have built a tremendous shed which combined with the capacity of the grandstand provides more than three thousand seats. I have seen some mighty fine auditoriums that compare with this one. I did not learn a word, but it was evidently around two thousands dollars and they could have this so reasonably only because the grandstand was already there.

Crowds are always interesting. I suppose there was never a crowd of people anywhere that did not have its peculiar charm and attraction. Jesus looked upon the crowds and had compassion on them. He saw the crowds and He saw each soul in the crowd. Well, it was a great crowd that we beheld when we walked under that tabernacle last Sunday morning. They were standing, [illegible] the most earnest faces and heads that I ever saw. Every eye was fastened upon the preacher. It was good to know that in his heart he was deeply grateful for their attention, but that in his head he did not take it in any vainglorious sense. He was as humble as ever and as surely conscious of his dependence upon the Holy Ghost if he was to minister to the waiting throng.

"I am glad to have this great honor of presenting to his own people George W. Truett, a true [illegible], [illegible] said pastor, L. L. Sasser, [illegible] introducing Dr. Truett. That was all he said. I had never seen this man Sasser before and I know nothing of him save the fact that he has been working to get Dr. Truett to Murphy and then that introduction, my readers will agree that his introduction of Dr. Truett is convincing evidence that he is a man of fine common sense and real vision.

Right then something happened which cannot be reported. It can not be photographed. It can only be felt. When Dr. Truett stood up there was a strange stillness which swept through that great company of people. Before he opened his mouth to speak the first sentence of his kindly preface to the sermon, I saw grown men drying the tears from their eyes. The older people had not seen him for thirty-five years, the younger and middle-aged people had never seen him. But all of them, old and young, knew him. They had heard all their lives of the marvelous preacher who had come out of Clay County. Listen to his opening sentence:

"You will permit me to speak of the singing tides of memory which have been sweeping through my soul since yesterday at noon when once again I stood in this my native land—memories acute and oppressive have reminded me of faces now vanished and voices now stilled in the last sleep."

I venture to say that the three thousand people who sat there that moment were everyone made better. It is a wonderful thing in these modern days of audacious rush and confusion to see so much as one person who can put away the matter of worldliness for a moment. There were three thousand who did it last Sunday morning at Murphy! Of course, they were better men and women after that cleansing experience of self-examination.

With this quiet and reverence finding its way into the hearts of the people, he opened the Bible at the sixth chapter of John and began reading at the forty-seventh verse. It was the sixty-eighth verse which he used as the text for the sermon—"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

"You will pray for me as I try to preach," he began. "Some man may be able to preach without people praying for him. I cannot," he continued.

He had just come from his annual meeting with the cowboys in the Texas ranch country and he is in fine form for the Murphy engagement. His skin is ruddy from the summer heat and his voice is sound and clear. He seems to be in good health. He moved into his sermon Sunday with a grip on the congregation which was more marked and reminded everyone that only a complete mastery of his theme and a well and strong body and mind could combine for such victory. I must not attempt to speak here of the sermon. It was tremendous. As he stood there and preached, one could hear the echo of his voice in the mountain that borders the fair grounds. The beautiful trees of the mountain side seem to stand at attention as his winnowing words reverberated through their massive rows. The waters of the Hiawassee River hushed their tumbling noise and flowed gently past the tabernacle in a music deep and fine like the notes of some mighty organ.

I glanced about the big tabernacle and saw there many faces that bore testimony to life's long and mysterious dealings. These faces lightened as the preacher talked about Jesus. I was looking at a very old man, sitting near to the platform. His hands told the story of hard labor. His shirt was spotlessly clean, though he wore no coat. As Dr. Truett was finishing off in mastery of sorrow he used this rare sentence: "All the light we get on the problems of life comes from Christ." The man looked straight at the preacher and then looked at the floor and then I saw his head nod assent to the mighty truth of the preacher's statement. For an hour or, more it was like that—one instance after another of powerful preaching and of the obvious presence of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the people.

I shall never forget how Dr. Truett gripped those mountain people as he brought frequently to bear the thought of the great poets and philosophers. Tennyson, Plato, Socrates, Byron, Cowper, Milton, and Coleridge—these he quoted. And to that platform he brought Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, David Lloyd George and on and on until one felt he had given to that congregation the best that has been thought and said in all the reach of time.

I had borrowed a camera from a good friend but I am now convinced that I can no more use another person's camera than I can shave with another man's razor.

The pictures were all failures save the two which I have here tried to reprodude and they are very poor. I got some excellent chances and I only regret that I did not have the old reliable. Mrs. Truett was there. Following the benediction the people pressed to speak to Dr. and Mrs. Truett. It was a sight. I trust before the ten days passes that every mountain boy and girl who attends the services will have an opportunity to speak to him.

Of the fine people in Murphy I can say very little because we rushed away as soon as we had lunch I would try to speak more of the local situation but for the fact that I may get to visit the meeting later and then add thsee touches. Mr. Abbott and a group of Louisville people are going to Murphy this week to talk with Dr. Truett about the final details of the oLuisville meeting and I hope to make the trip with them. And I pause here to say that Dr. Truett is looking forward with great pleasure as he told me Sunday, to his visit to Georgia for the meeting at Louisville. I urge the folks within a radius of one hundred miles of Louisville to get the roads in shape and also the cars because they are both going to be used beginning September 3rd.

We left Murphy Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and drove to Hayesville where Dr. Truett was born and on to the birthplace of Dr. McConnell and into Hiawassee. After some water from that wonderful place we went into the Union Cemetery and feasted our eyes on those mountains, listening to the music of waterfalls and the antiphonal of birds. We stood at the head of the Hiawassee and Ocoee Rivers and all that. Those who have been there understand and those who have not can never learn what it is till they go it for themselves. We saw L. B. Johnson at Hiawassee and he asked us if we were going to venture to drive the Buick and Chrysler through the admonishing as that only Nash and Dodges were hard enough to take the hardships of that trail. It would have done you good to see those motors as they lifted up to the top of the world and then how they held [illegible] down once again to earth. I forget what the Chrysler people say about their product. It is good, what ever it is, but not as good as the Buick and I fully agree with the manufacturers that "when better cars are built Buick will build them." Now they are saying of that about their car. What would I have said if I had had the chariot up there?

A great preacher is up in the hills preaching the gospel this week and the people are happy. If you live within motor reach of Murphy, you'll be certain to go before the meeting closes sometime next week. If you can not go, you'll be certain to remember them in your prayer. And when Dr. Truett sets to Louisville in September, you'll certainly honor him.—Christian Index, Atlanta, Ga., August 14, 1924.

MEMORIALS

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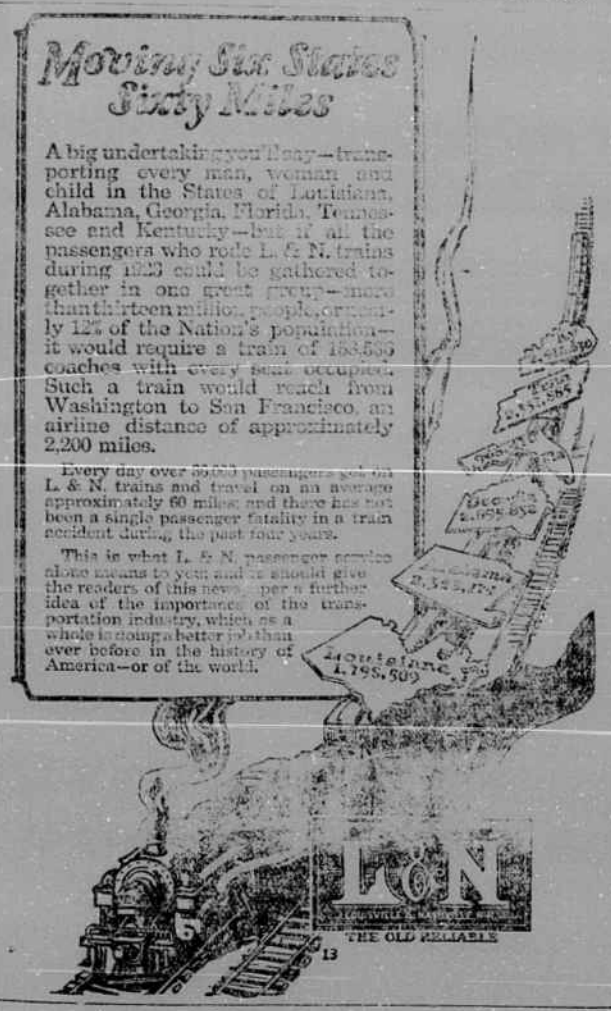

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Presbyterian Church

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1924
WORSHIP— 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.
MORNING:
"The Place of Prayer"
EVENING:
"The Great Invitation"
Christian Endeavor 6:45
Young People's Service
Sunday School—10 A. M., J. H. Dillard, Supt.
ATMOSPHERE OF WORSHIP
WELCOME TO ALL

Subscribe To The Scout

Additional Locals

Among the visitors who have been here during the week from Atlanta have been the following: W. T. Hopson, F. M. Davis, R. C. Rogers, C. R. Evans, C. H. [illegible], R. L. Lyle, and Mr. Whitaker, Dr. B. B. Hobbs, Dr. F. Ferrell; and from Hayesville the following: Jack Grant, Sam Jackson, Bertha McClure, Emma Curtis, Madeline Penson, Aubrey Rankin, L. C. Evans, H. H. Setzer and Dr. Anderson and family.

Mr. T. T. Johnson, of Sylva, was a business visitor here this week.

Mr. J. K. Jenkins, Secretary of the Arms in the Alabama State Service attended the Truett Meeting here last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Axselson, Mrs. Thelma Jackson and [illegible] Mr. W. B. Mulkey were among the Marble visitors here the week.

Miss Rena McCutcheon is visiting her aunt, Mrs. N. B. Adams.

Mr. Boly Johnson and family, of Etowah, Tenn., spent the past week-end here with Mr. R. F. Williams. Jesse and Mary Bell Williams who have been spending the summer at Etowah returned with them, and Hadley, Robbie and George Taylor will return shortly.

Mr. R. C. Garrett, district supervisor of the Southeastern Express Company, with offices in Asheville, was a business visitor here Tuesday.

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Blogram—No, who is the lucky man?

Scoutgram—His father.

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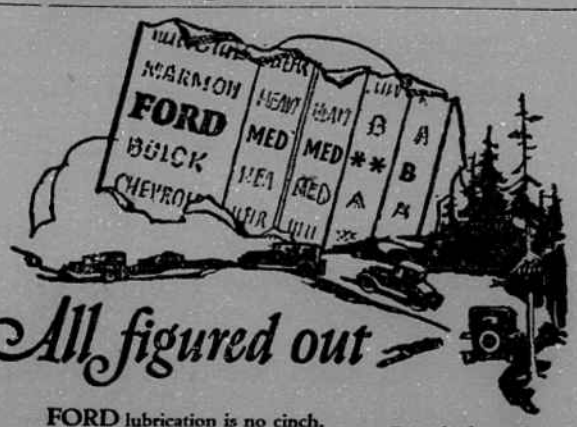

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