

The Fool-Killer

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THE VALLEY OF TEARS

Once, when the world was folded
Heavy with unshed night,
Hidden and unbeholden
Of God's piercing sight,
Thou didst awaken and borrow
Time from the unborn years,
Sorrowful mother of sorrow,
O Valley of Tears.

Thy unmade hills were shaken,
Thou yet-unbuilt earth,
And brooding Space was taken
With pains of cosmic birth—
With pains that went before thee,
Abreast with nameless fears,
When laboring nature bore thee,
O Valley of Tears.

Slow as the feet of the ages,
Treading the grapes of wrath;
Having such wine for wages
As no mortal hath;
Born of such bitter crying
As no mortal hears,
Thou camest, doomed and dying,
O Valley of Tears.

Then we, like insects breeding
Within some stagnant fen,
Came forth of thy blind leading,
A blinder race of men;
Of men whose voice of wailing
Is loud in heaven's ears,
But barren and unavailing,
O Valley of Tears.

Nursed at the breast of passion,
Rocked in the cradle of pain;
Eating, with lips turned ashen,
All things bitter and vain.
Here where no star hath risen,
Here where no light appears,
Faint we in thy dark prison,
O Valley of Tears.

—James Larkin Pearson.

ON PARADE

These things I see, passing in
endless file:

Night with her mantle, tread-
ing the heels of Dawn;

Love with a kiss, Hate with a
dagger drawn:

Death with a mask, and Beauty
with a smile.

And these go marching, march-
ing, all the while:

Faint-hearted, crouching Fear,
and timid Hope,

And weeping Sorrow, holding
in her scope

All things that be, of every
name and style.

But I have seen the end of this
parade—

The goal of every pilgrim on
the way—

And I shall journey, too, as
far as they,

Till all shall reach the Valley of
the Shade,

Where I shall meet, in some
sure Afterwhile,

Death with a mask, and Beauty
with a smile.

—James Larkin Pearson.

A SERMON ON COLUMBUS

The Providence Journal wants to know where we-unses would all have been now if Columbus hadn't discovered America. Oh, I guess if Chris hadn't done it somebody else would. As big a thing as America couldn't have remained lost forever. The reason it wasn't found sooner was because the people of old times were ignorant and didn't know how to look for anything. The people of the old world probably knew thousands of years ago that America was lost, but they didn't seem to care. If anybody had wanted to find it at an earlier date they could easily have done so. It was right here, and so far as we know it made no effort to get away. It was not a bit wild when Columbus and his men arrived. America hadn't done anything then to be ashamed of like she had now, and there was no need for her to run and hide like Adam and Eve did when God came walking in the garden about five o'clock one evening.

My honest opinion is that Columbus has always been given too much honor for what he did. He has been treated just as if he had done something that was very hard to do, like finding a needle in a haystack or a Democrat that didn't want office. But what he did was nothing like that. He started sailing west, and all he had to do was to just sit steady in the boat and come right on. Here was America stretched right across his path for about five or six thousand miles, and even if he had come with his eyes shut he was bound to have hit it somewhere. He couldn't possibly have missed it, unless he had turned around and gone some other way.

So I can't see that Columbus is entitled to so much credit, after all. Now if he had found an honest politician, or discovered some sense in this here "new poetry," it would have been something to brag about. But just discovering America—good Lord! Anybody could have done that.

There are plenty of sure cures for every disease known to man. They are perfectly nice, respectable cures, and the only objection to them is that they never cure anything.

DISILLUSIONED

I clip the following editorial from the pages of Charity and Children, a Baptist paper published here in North Carolina. The writer seems to be one of the disillusioned; but having lost his illusions he hasn't found anything to take their place. He believed all the flowery propaganda they fed him on during the war. He expected everything to turn out just like the official lying-machines said it would. It never once entered his mind that the whole nation and the whole world was being "strung" And so when the bottom dropped out and he saw what sort of fruit the fine promises had borne—well, he was all upset about it, and he had to get the disappointment out of his system in the manner following:

The world is deeply disappointed at the results of our victory over Germany. Millions of our bravest and best are sleeping in bloody graves, and the nations of Europe are looking forward already to the next war. We thought we were giving our boys in a holy cause—that of putting an end to war. Has that been done? We thought we were breaking the shackles from the hands of the weak nations. Has that been done? We were told that we were disarming the oppressors of mankind, but the infamous Turks are busy killing Christians and bidding defiance to their "conquerors." Where are the fruits of our sacrifice? For what did our boys suffer and die? We find the same old greed among the nations of Europe that brought on the war. They are still clamoring for commercial advantage. Broken and bleeding as they are, the old spirit of selfishness seems to be as rampant as ever. The United States made a great contribution of treasure and of blood to end the reign of autocracy in the world, and now refuses to lift a finger to hold the advantage we won at so great cost. We are less united, less brotherly and friendly than we were before the great conflict. We are allies no longer, but each nation is fighting for itself. What is to be the final outcome of it all? Is it possible that it will take another world struggle to bring universal peace? We do not believe war will ever settle anything. If we cannot live in peace without fighting for it civilization is doomed. The only hope for us in the world is in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. If that fails us there is no other way.

Well, now, that is too bad, ain't it? Just to think of a shore-to-goodness great editor being balled up like that! His first big mistake was in being too much of an easy-mark and

letting them string him along with all that bunk. I don't claim to be very smart, but that stuff didn't catch me. Not for nary single minute. I knew it was propaganda and hot air and would all fade out in the wash.

But the editor of Charity and Children is voicing the thought of many millions of good people who were caught in the same trap and who feel just like he does about it. And it is to these disillusioned millions that I would like to say a few words.

If people would study the Bible prophecies intelligently they would not need to be in the dark about these things. But the popular orthodox teaching about the prophecies is so wide of the mark that it only makes the confusion worse. There are many ways of interpreting the Bible prophecies, but there is just one RIGHT way. And there is no better proof of which is the right way than to compare them with the EVENTS as they happen. There is just one system of Bible study that has fitted the events exactly, and thus it has proven itself correct. You will not find any member of the International Bible Students who has to put up such a hopeless wail of disillusionment as Charity and Children has uttered. They understood years ago just how it was going to be, and nothing that has happened has come as a surprise to them. The Whole Truth is too big for me to try to tell in this little old paper. I can only repeat here what I have said so many times: READ RUSSELL.

THE FEMININE "SOUL"

Our Mister George Harvey, who functionates officially at the Court of Saint Jim, has got the religious world by the ear and making it turkey—trot all over the place. In a recent speech before the Author's Club in London Harvey raises the question as to whether women have "souls." And nobody seems able to answer.

Great problem!

Awful stunner!

Mighty hard question!

Yes-sir-ee!

But, sakes alive, how easy it would be if they would only exercise a little common sense. If they could only get it through their terra-cotta noggins that men haven't got any "souls" either. But that solution of the problem is so simple that they have never thought of it. The swell-headed scions of Spookology prefer to dabble in mysterious and foolish guesses about impossible theories instead of coming right out and facing the plain facts.