

My Favorite Stories

CARL GOERCH
 In the year, 1886, this item in the newspapers: Earthquake snocks were sent to towns in North Carolina as well as in other parts of the country. Many people were frightened. The Charleston, S. C., is said to have reported to have lost Capt. J. A. Bolich came to the little item it brought

back memories of long ago. He was 14 years old at the time of the quake and visiting his uncle, Ben Bolich, at Denver, which is near Rock Springs Camp-meeting grounds in piedmont North Carolina. The camp-meetings always concluded on the second Sunday in August. The Rev. M. V. Sherrill was preacher-in-charge. He was a distinguished looking man with a black beard and, unless we're mistaken, he was Frank Sherrill's grandfather.

the camp-meeting, Mr. Sherrill decided to keep it running a while longer as a protracted meeting. He wasn't exactly satisfied with results. A lot of devout church members were in attendance, but there also were a number who never had made a profession of faith. As a matter of fact, only three converts had come forward. Mr. Sherrill felt that if the meeting could be run a while longer, much better results would be obtained.

When the time came to close So the meetings went on. On the

TWO ESCAPE BLAST THAT WRECKED HOME



A FIREMAN SURVEYS the wreckage in the bedroom of the blast-torn Los Angeles home of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Markey where Monica, 2, held by her mother (left), was asleep at the time of the explosion. Although her crib was shattered and partially covered with flying glass and sections of collapsed wall, the baby escaped with slight injuries. The mother, knocked down, rushed to her aid. (International)

night of September 1, Mr. Sherrill preached a powerful sermon. He told those who were still unsaved that they were traveling down the road to hell just as fast as they could go. He urged them to come forward and give their hearts and lives to the service of God.

But they didn't come. Then Mr. Sherrill called upon a fine old layman, Mr. John Q. Howard, to lead in prayer. Mr. Howard was recognized as a past master at praying. When he threw back his head, closed his eyes and opened his mouth, words came forth which made the welkin ring with their eloquence, force and sincerity.

Mr. Howard started praying, and his prayer went something like this, according to Captain Bolich: "Oh, Lord, we are a sinful people. There are those among us whose necks are stiff and whose hearts are cold. They refuse to bow to thy will and thy power. Oh, Lord, this earth of ours, which we think is so great is only thy foot-stool. Place thy foot upon it. Shake it and make our sinful people realize that thou art master of all things. Shake it so that they will know that you are displeased with the way they are living."

And so on, for about ten minutes. Finally he said "Amen!" and sat down.

It seemed impossible that anyone could resist a prayer like that, but when Mr. Sherrill renewed his invitation, none of the sinners came forward.

And then it happened!

The earth began to tremble. The arbor began to rattle and squeak. For a moment the congregation sat there absolutely stunned. Then they let out one collective yell and proceeded to get out from under the shaking arbor.

There were three different tremors, each of which could be felt distinctly. The last one was the most violent of all. After that, there was quiet and silence. The people waited for about fifteen minutes, fearful that God's shaking of the foot-stool would be continued. But it wasn't, and they all began to breathe more easily.

"Will everybody please return to their seats!" shouted Mr. Sherrill.

Slowly the people went back into the arbor. They looked at Mr. Howard with undisguised awe and admiration. One old lady was heard to whisper: "I ain't at all surprised. I've always told you that he was the best-praying man at

these here meetings."

A hymn was sung. Then Mr. Sherrill slowly rose to his feet. Without any preliminaries, he said: "We now will be glad to take into the church anyone who comes forward and makes a profession of his faith."

As Captain Bolich recalls it, 64 men and women went rushing up the aisle to shake hands with the preacher. They begged to be taken into the church before Mr. Howard could get started praying again.

After the services, people gathered around Mr. Howard and shook his hand. Here, indeed, was a man to be honored, respected and feared. When he sent up petitions to the heavenly throne, there was no delay in getting an answer. Yes sir, Mr. Howard was a great man; no question about that.

And his greatness lasted for two days. During that period of time, many people visited him and begged him to send up prayers in

behalf of their own affairs. They knew for a fact that any man who could be the direct cause of the earth being shaken, could certainly do such things as cure a sick mule or find a lost cow. At the end of that time, the news of the Charleston earthquake became known, and thereupon Mr. Howard's prestige waned somewhat.

English is the language of Liberia which was founded by Negroes from the United States.

Greetings for Christmas

We would like each shining ornament on your Christmas tree to reflect joyous Season's Greetings and our best wishes for a very Happy New Year.

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Season's Greetings

May the "Peace that passeth all understanding" enter into your heart at Christmas. In the spirit of Him, whose Natal Day we celebrate, may you find the hope, faith and courage to hold steadfast to the bright promise of a world in which peace and good will shall reign forevermore.

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Season's Greetings To All Our Friends

KAISER'S

Merry Christmas Ahead

It looks like it's going to be the happiest holiday ever—filled with the pleasures that only the Yuletide season can bring... a deep down glad spirit, warm and loving hearts.

May you enjoy this Christmas with unlimited good health and good spirit.

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