

**Funeral Sermon**  
OF  
**J. G. Swofford**  
BY  
**E. V. COX**

Temple, - Texas



PRICE 10c  
\$1.00 PER DOZEN

1909

## INTRODUCTORY.

The following sermon was delivered at the Methodist Church, March 18th, by the pastor, Rev. E. V. Cox, at the funeral of J. G. Swofford, and is printed by request. The church was filled to overflowing, many failing to get seats. After the sermon the great concourse of people followed the bier to the Granbury cemetery, where the body was interred.

The sermon was powerful and convincing, and is well worth a careful reading and preserving. It unmasks Sin and leaves it naked and hideous. Mothers, fathers, save this sermon and read it to your children; follow its precepts and Home and Society will be much improved, for it is a fearful warning, and comes as the voice of God.—EDITOR.

As is stated above, the following sermon is printed by request and my only desire in allowing it to be printed is that "others may avoid the breakers" and that God's name may be glorified.—E. V. COX.

## A Gloom of Sorrow.

A gloom of sorrow was cast over the entire town Tuesday afternoon a few minutes after 1 o'clock when a telephone message reached here stating that Sheriff John G. Swofford had killed a woman and then taken his own life. Everybody spoke almost in whispers, and people gathered in knots or small crowds and discussed the awful tragedy, even far into the night. In fact, no occurrence or tragedy, perhaps, has ever so shocked our people as this one which sent into eternity the life of a woman and so suddenly ended the career of a brilliant officer and a man who, perhaps, was without a personal enemy.

It was known that Mr. Swofford had been paying attention to a woman in Fort Worth and that the two were infatuated with each other but his inti-

mate friends had interceded with him to give up his mad infatuation and he had agreed to do so, and it was thought there would be no more of the matter, and it is now believed by his friends that had he not returned to Fort Worth, and into the presence of this Delilah that the awful tragedy would have been averted and he would now be in the bosom of his family, a sweet, affectionate, lovable wife and daughter.

The note and letter which follow were left by the deceased, the note was on his person and the letter in a private box in the sheriff's office, where it was written at 2 o'clock a. m. Sunday, before he boarded the train for Fort Worth:

"Sid Powell, Granbury—Look in the safe and find note explaining all—find notes and money on me—Farewell dear Pauline and all. I am ruined. God bless you all. JOHN."

March 15, 1909.

The following account of the tragedy was taken from the Wednesday morning Fort Worth Record:

Shortly before noon Tuesday morning three pistol shots in

rapid succession, fired in a room at 404 East Bluff street, sent Mrs. May Griffith, proprietress of a boarding house at that address, rushing to a front room on the second floor. Finding the door into the room from the hallway locked on the inside, a telephone call was hastily sent to the police station for help, to which Mounted Officer Brown responded.

### Ghastly Scene in Death Chamber.

Running his horse from the station the policeman arrived but a few moments after the shots had been fired, and using a pass key, entered the room, where a ghastly scene met his gaze.

Lying fully dressed on her back on the blood-stained bed was the dead body of Miss Genevieve Snead, and on the floor at her feet, which hung from the bed, was Sheriff Swofford, lying face downward in a pool of his own blood, with his brains slowly oozing from a bullet wound in the temple.

A hasty examination was made but both were dead. Miss Snead had been shot twice at close range, as her face was almost completely blackened with powder. One bullet had entered the face at the edge of the left nostril, and crashing its way through the brain, was imbedded in the skin just above the left ear. The other had entered the head back of the left ear and made its exit through a jagged, torn wound immediately under the right eye.

The bullet that ended the brilliant career of Sheriff Swofford was evidently fired from a revolver closely pressed against the right temple and ranging slightly upward through the head, shattered the skull and emerged about three inches above the left temple.

The revolver with which the tragedy had been enacted, a 41-caliber steel Colt's, lay on the floor near the right hand of the dead man, with five chambers empty and one loaded.

Justice Tom Maben was notified and as the distance

from the court house was but four blocks, he arrived almost immediately and took charge of the remains.

Upon searching the body of Sheriff Swofford the note above quoted was found, folded, in the inside coat pocket, but was not in an envelope. One hundred dollars in currency, held by a small rubber band, was recovered from the trousers pocket, and this, with the note and a handsome gold watch and chain, and a large hammered gold ring, were all that were found on his body.

From the body of Miss Snead a diamond ring encircling a sapphire, and a large golden locket, set with a medium-sized diamond, bespattered with blood, was removed. Her large alligator skin purse, containing a \$5 bill, a silver Elk's button, two cameo pins and a small golden cross and a bundle of letters were taken in charge by the justice.

W. H. Swofford, an uncle of the sheriff, arrived on the scene shortly after the tragedy and took charge of the remains; ordering them removed to the George L. Gause under-

taking parlors, to which place the remains of Miss Snead were also taken.

J. G. Swofford was the son of Rev. G. W. (Webb) Swofford who came here from Free-stone county, and who was pastor of the Granbury M. E. church during 1888-89, but resigned a short time before the expiration of the second year on account of ill health and removed to Paint Rock, Texas, his son going with the family. J. G., however, soon returned to Hood county and in 1891 was married to Miss Nannie Thrash, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. P. H. Thrash, who still reside in Hood county. One daughter, Miss Pauline, was born of this union and is now 16 years old.

The deceased was 38 years, 2 months and 19 days old and served as deputy under Sheriff T. H. Hiner in 1895-96, and also under Sheriff S. P. Snider during 1897-98, and under Sheriff J. L. Sandlin three terms, 1900 to 1906, when he was elected sheriff by a large majority. He was elected for the second term (1908) without opposition.

The funeral was held at the Methodist church by Rev. E. V. Cox at 2:30 p. m. Thursday, after which the body was buried in Granbury cemetery.

The Commissioners' Court met Thursday after the funeral and appointed Sid Powell to fill out the unexpired term of J. G. Swofford, deceased.—

Reproduced from The Granbury Graphic-Democrat of March 19th, 1909.

## SERMON.

John Gaston Swofford, son of Rev. Gaston Webb and Mrs. M. J. Swofford, was born Dec. 27th, 1871, in Freestone County, Texas. He was converted and joined the Methodist church in Granbury in 1886, having been baptized in infancy. He was married to Miss Nannie L. Thrash November 19, 1891, in Granbury. To this union was born one child, Pauline. He has been in the active service of the county for about fourteen years. His friends, who are legion, say that he was a fine gentleman, socially, morally, physically, financially, spiritually. That he was a good man, neighbor, friend, citizen, husband, father and churchman. This much said to his credit up to about one year ago. This brings me up to his death and now he is in the hands of God, and in God's hands we leave him, as 'tis not man's privilege to delve into the future nor into eternity.

A song was sung:

And must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say.

How careful then ought I to live;  
With what religious fear!  
Who such a strict account must give,  
For my behavior here.

A prayer offered.

The following extracts from  
his last statement was read:

"To Nan and Pauline, Sunday, 2 a. m.  
You will find on me about \$200 currency,  
and \$250 notes and papers in  
grip. \* \* \* \* \*

I want Nan to be appointed to take  
full charge of my estate and sell it  
and use it as she sees best. Also I  
want her appointed to take charge of  
Pauline's part of my father's estate  
and I have fixed power of attorney  
for my mother to deed all lands in  
Concho county, Texas, as per letter  
of request from Joe.

"I don't blame any one for my end  
except myself and Genevieve, and I  
should have known better than to  
trust her, but I did not and you see  
the result.

"Nan is the best girl on earth and  
has done all she could for me, but to  
no avail and I am not going to pun-  
ish her and Pauline any more, 'tis  
too mean.

"I appreciate the many kind words  
spoken to me by my friends and  
there never was a man who loved

his friends more than I do, but I  
have sinned against them and am  
no longer entitled to live and call  
them friends. \_\_\_\_\_ re-  
fused to loan me \$100 yesterday and  
that was enough for me. If I am  
not worthy to borrow \$100, I am  
not worthy to live.

"I ask the forgiveness of God, my  
dear family and friends. I am an  
honest man but have let my lust for  
women ruin me, and cause me to  
loose sight of my family, friends and  
business. and I am no longer of any  
use in this world.

"I hope my friends will help my  
wife and Pauline to get the diamonds  
from the one who holds them for  
Genevieve, for she won't need them,  
and I don't want Mrs. Snead to have  
them, as she has ruined me. She  
is the meanest woman on earth and  
there is nothing she would not do for  
a dollar. (I know.)

"Now Nan, I want you to forgive  
me for the wrong I have done you,  
for I got in to it unconsciously and  
gradually until I could not get out.

"Give my love to mother, brother  
Joe and sisters Etta, Mattie and Eu-  
nice, and my dear old mother-in-  
law—God bless her—I love her for  
the many kind deeds done for me.

"I honestly don't know of a person  
in the world I hate. Of course I  
don't like some 'dear people' who  
have lied on me, but enjoyed it and  
will have to answer for it.

"As to my official affairs, I have

tried to be honest and fair to all, and have never taken anything that I did not think was mine. \* \* \* \*

"I want to say that I am not insane, but just feel that you are all ashamed of me, and that you don't care to mix with me, and so I am going to get out of the way, and as a last request I ask the Commissioners' Court to appoint Sid Powell to fill out my term, and that he is the best man I ever knew, and I want him to keep Hugh Smith.

"Well, I will quit, 'tis now 2:30. I ask you all to be honest with and protect my wife and daughter, for they need the protection of a man.

"So farewell to all in 'Dear Old Hood,' and the world. I am the once happy man who worked hard for position and gain and let a girl ruin me. Boys, please take warning and be good. I am no longer for this world, but please speak of me kindly.

"I am your friend and servant,  
"J. G. SWOFFORD."

### Friends, listen to the Scripture

"Who rejoice to do evil, and delight in the forwardness of the wicked; Whose ways are crooked, and they frowned in their paths: To deliver thee from the strange woman, even from the stranger which flattereth with her words; Which forsaketh the guide of her youth and forgetteth the covenant of her God.

For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life.

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. For they sleep not, except that they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.

"For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. But the end is bitter with wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell. Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life, her ways are movable, that thou canst not know them. Hear me, now therefore, O ye children, and depart not from the words of my mouth. Remove thy way far from you, and come not nigh the door of her house: Lest thou give thine honour unto others, and thy years unto the cruel: Lest strangers be filled with thy wealth; and thy labours be in the house of a stranger; And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed.

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother: Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instructing are the way of life. To keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a strange woman. Lust not after her beauty in thine heart, neither let her take thee with her eyelids. For by the means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread; and the adulteress will hunt for the precious life. Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned? So he that goeth in to his neighbor's wife; whosoever toucheth her shall not be innocent. Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry; But if he be found he shall restore sevenfold; he shall give all the substance of his house. But who so committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul. A wound and dishonor shall he get; and his reproach shall not be wiped away. For jealousy is the rage of a man; therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance. He will not regard any ransom; neither will he rest content, though thou givest many gifts.

"For at the window of my house I looked through my casement. And behold among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding. Passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house. In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night; And behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart. (She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house; now is she without, now in the streets, and leth in wait at every corner.) So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, anad cinnamon. Come let us take our fill of love until the morning; let us solace ourselves with love. For the Goodman is not at home, he is gone on a long journey: He hath taken a bag of money with him, and he will come home at the day appointed. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteneth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life."

You have never been to such a funeral occasion and now as sensible people listen closely. I'm not going to be in a hurry. I'll clear my skirts of your blood today. It is only an earnest desire to help you to be a Christian that I so plainly speak. I asked permission of Mrs. Swofford to use this occasion to warn men and women of their sins and she readily consented if I thought it would help to save them from such a terrible end. You had just as well recognize that God rules and reigns; that His eye runs to and fro throughout the whole world beholding the evil and the good; that His watchmen are standing on the walls; that His secret detectives are alert; that His blood hounds are scenting your trails; that what you sow you will reap; that the fallen angels are hissing at your heels; that the Devil is laughing and mocking at your ways. Be sure your sin will find you out.

You may not be held responsible for the act of suicide but you will be held responsible for the life you lived that led to it.

God declared that He was so

tired after making this world that He had to take a day of rest and also declares that He loved those of His own image so much that he made ALL for man. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms are perfect and God himself declared after beholding the wonderfulness and beauty of the same that He was well pleased and that it was good.

The male of all creations in the three Kingdoms are the prettiest, strongest and best, but for God to develop the highest in man, He must needs reverse the order, and now woman is the prettiest and stands the true and faithful emblem of all God's highest thoughts, for God's covenant with her has stamped her forever as the emblem of all that is good and pure and when she dares to break this covenant then she goes down in disgrace and shame and there is nothing too mean for her to do.

He lives and moves and has his being and you will have to appear before the Great Judge in the Court House in the sky and today I want to arouse you; awake thou that sleepest, put on your armor, gird thy

loins, get your sword and march to battle. Angels are hovering in the sky to help you overcome.

My soul be on thy guard—  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

Sin is awful. Sin has brought this, my childhood playmate of other days, to this disgraceful hour. Sin has dragged himself like an angel of light (but never of mercy) across the threshold of this young and brilliant career and he has gone down in shame and disgrace.

SIN IS:—

Afflicting, allowing, awful.  
Blighting, blasting, blackening.  
Crushing, cramping, contemptible.  
Dark, dismal, doubting.  
Deceptive, designing, damning.  
Disgraceful, distressing, disagreeable.  
Elusive, evasive, evil.  
Frightful, freakish, fearful.  
Gleaming, glaring, gloomy.  
Heinous, hateful, hellish.  
Inflictive, injective, inventive.  
Jarring, jeering, jilting.  
Killing, kindling, knifing.  
Lingering, lecherous, lustful.  
Mean, miserly, miserable.  
Nagging, naughty, nasty.  
Outrageous, outlawry, ousting.  
Painful, pitiful, putrifying.

Queer, quelling, quenching.  
Ruinous, rasping, raving.  
Sorrowful, saddening, suffering.  
Terrific, troublesome, treacherous.  
Universal, uniform, undermining.  
Vicious, vexing, vile.  
Whorish, wretched, wrong.  
X Y Z.

A heart to heart ministry of eighteen years has brought me in touch with men and I've in many ways been acquainted with the work of a sheriff. My uncle was sheriff of Hill County for about twenty years and his son is now. And after having many members of my church to fill this public office I'm somewhat prepared to say that few men have more severe temptations than a sheriff. His work is almost absolutely with the criminal and is barred many times from church privileges, and seeing so much corruption at the court house of "Injustice" by many leading lawyers and professed Christians that he has and must be an extraordinary man to stand against the wiles of the wicked

one. Leniency many times seals the doom of many a soul. Publicity will cure many an evil and make the lawbreaker and disobedient stand erect and be a man.

God says it is hard for a rich man to get to Heaven because riches bring fearful temptations, responsibilities and opportunities.

This is a terrific hour; your friend lies dead before you—his wife and daughter and brother are here now. If God will loosen my tongue I'll clear my skirts today of your blood and put you in your proper place and catalogue you either on God's or the Devil's side. I would not say anything to ruffle the feelings of anyone here today, but here lies before us a man who has violated all the commandments of the Decalogue and the result is that the natural consequences of wrong doing have overtaken their victim just as they will do you. It's true that you may sin and do well for a while, but like Cain you may go on and even prosper, but like Cain you will be an outcast and a yagabond all your days and go through

life with a scrowful and a downcast look and a heavy heart. God does not want this, but He does want you to be good, and great and make this a better world and help to lift the world back to God.

Man is mean but when woman stoops to sin then man in his worst form is an angel compared. Woman has her sphere and man his, and both must fill their own and the moment that either one dares to usurp the realm of the other then the price of character is in the balance. For woman to ride astride is a small matter but it causes her to lose her modesty and real sense of genuine refinement and this comes to lead so easily to something that is a little worse until directly her very face begins to wear a coarse expression and then designing men read it and the entering wedge for a low idea of Motherhood and a dislike for children asserts itself and a true wife performs no longer the functions of a real woman. This leads quickly to "High Society" where all kinds of indulgences are consented to and

women will hire their carriages and go through the rain and snow to "Club Meetings" and "Cards" and games of "Forty-two" and allow their husbands to go home and do the cooking and dish washing only to find that their children are left for negro servants, to their neighbors or turned loose in the streets to grow up with the wild bunch. You sow wild cats, you will reap wild stock. Then they sleep late next morning, don't arise with the husband nor children and the first thing you know sin in worse forms has taken hold upon that home and directly a happy home is a home of "Sardis" and then follows unhappiness and discontent, jeering words, harsh expressions, and finally separation and divorce. Fine houses well furnished, fine carriages and horses well equipped; fine dogs and guns, summer outings; gay clothings and all such do not add to a happy home if the wife is not a genuine wife and mother, they only add fuel to flames, for when the husband has toiled hard all day and spent his last dime to make a happy home and only comes home to find

the wife and the children scattered or the wife absorbed in some "High Society" novel and meets with no kind welcome, then he seeks the low restaurant or the gambling table for a recreation and if she will not perform the functions of a real wife then he goes elsewhere.

John says he got into this trouble "unconsciously and gradually," that the decoy of the woman was so subtle that he was bound hand and foot before he knew it. He cried like a whipped child when he talked of his good father and mother and his conversion and his love for the church and how much he wished that he was back—but oh! oh! oh! sin, sin, sin.

A few evils I want to mention. Neglect and indifference is the bane of the church. You sit at home, attending to household duties—seeing after chickens and lounging while your pastor speaks to an unfilled house—you are the curse of the church and you had better awake. If the Methodists alone would be in their places every Sunday then this church would not seat the

congregation. If you think that the God of the heavens is going to listen to all the little excuses you are rendering then I feel sure that you will be found wanting in the last great day. You may go on and prosper, but look out for your child. Little foxes destroy the grapes. Sin, like loathsome disease in you may be curable but transmitted to your wife and child, never. This is the ground on which a boy was lately expelled from a Northern University. God sets a high value on genuine manhood and the laws of all forces must not be violated—physically, mentally, morally, socially, financially nor spiritually. The unspeakable disease in this boy might be cured but if he transmitted to another boy then that boy was incurable was the decision of the faculty. They who sit on street corners spinning low and vulgar yarns that they'd not have their wives, mothers, nor children to hear for the world and indecently commenting on women as they pass up and down the streets. They who drink vile liquor and ship it into our midst for im-

pure motives to debauch our young are anarchists pure and simple. They whose places of business are so profuse with vile oaths that a respectable man hesitates to enter and to let his children go are next to death with the real parent. A profane man is the greatest nuisance that any community has to put up with, for there is less excuse for profanity than any one of the sins of the catalog. They who handle the cards are leading to unhappy homes, to idle children, neglect of the wife and the church and running a risk of becoming a gambler, and gamblers are always thieves and liars. This is the very principle of gambling. They who go to the dance; who are they?—are they at the prayer meeting, do they lead sinners to Christ, are they faithful to the church, do they associate with the preacher, do they sing in the choir? Sometimes they sing in our choirs and sit on the front seats and even in the "Amen Corners" to cover up their evil deeds and intentions, designing and cunning ways, but they will soon be found out and will be compelled to take

a lower seat in the proper time, do they pay to help keep up the benevolence of the church? No, no, 'tis they who rob women of their virtue, by late hours of too social mingling, late hour buggy riding, moonlight hay rides and moonlight picnics. 'Tis the old bachelor, who rides in rubber tired buggies (you girls better scorn the old bachelor, who is a ladies' man, he is a treacherous seducer). God made woman and man to marry and have happy homes and when the old bachelor is content to live a bachelor something is wrong, and if you will watch him he takes trips too often to Fort Worth. God does not want a double standard—one for man and one for woman—and when you women are content to live the life of an honorable "Old Maid" than to marry such a man then you will have gone a long way to bringing the line of mediocrity to bear and to elevate the race, but so long as you are content to let the men demand purity of you and you not of them so long is sin and trouble and unhappy homes to be found. The women who ride with pug dogs and scorn

to nurse a baby,—their feet have already taken hold on hell. Those whose "mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud: under his tongue is mischief and vanity: He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor; he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. He croucheth, and humbleth himself that the poor may fall by his strong ones. He hath said in his heart God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it." The home (a type of the heavenly) is the most sacred place on earth. Woman, the prettiest, sweetest, best, brightest and happiest, who holds the key to a happy home, why livest thou? Men have approached me this week and have said: "I'm living in Hell." Oh, preacher, why preach thus—a warning! a warning! A WARNING! It takes a tragedy like this many times to arouse a town.

Oh ye good men, manly boys, pure women, and fair maidens, awake. Is old rumor, who has put many tongues to wagging telling any part of a truth? Then arouse, shake thyself, rub thy sleeping eyes and come forth to conquer or to die. If you have any smaller ideas of right and wrong than is here expressed, then if you would take a gun and destroy your own life perhaps it would be better for the community. You are a worthless vagabond and mistletoe upon society and the quicker you get out of the way the better for the world. Your low ideas and suggestions though sown now will entail untold trouble to real coming mothers.

Thus far I've dealt with sin. It's a dark picture. It will ruin and damn any soul and you are no stronger than at your weakest point and so "unconsciously and gradually" any one will go down that dares to follow sin.

God who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust and who looks at the se-

cret motive and intent of the heart will be justified when we all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, for then as now we will be compelled to say, **JUST! JUST! JUST!** God did all He could through his good wife, daughter, neighbors, relatives, friends and his pastor to save this dear man from such a death. You say, "Oh, I'll never come to that, I am too strong. I can keep my body under subjection; I can hide my secret sins" — **God sees and knows it all.** Neither could you have made this dear man believe a few months ago that his life would end thus. Now while you have manhood and strength arouse from the lethargy into which sin is trying to delude and drag you; turn your back upon it forever. You will suffer remorse for days and days but your conscience will be clear and God will make it all right if you trust all to Him. Some of you may feel that you have gone too far. No! no! a thousand times, no! God is ready to forgive the vilest sinner that comes to Him. He who would forgive the adulterous woman and prodigal son will

forgive you. The religion of Jesus Christ is come to meet such emergencies as this. A wholesome application of His power will surpass all the "Keely Cures" in the world combined. His blood cleanseth from all sin.

"As long as the light holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

Christ who has conquered death, hell and the grave stands beckoning you to come to Him and says "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"—the very thing that you need. Fly to Him. He knows how to help you, and it's been proven time and time again that the Devil never helps any one in the time of need, but only laughs when your calamities come. Christ settles all troubles—from the smallest to the greatest things that cross your paths. If your business is not as it ought to be, if your own life is unhappy; if your home is unhappy; if for any reason you do not have a full measure of God's grace in your heart then let Him come as the

King of Kings and Lord of Lords and you will soon see that the Lion of the Tribe of Judah will prevail and this old world that now seems so hard and so full of trouble will be another world to you and you will have a foretaste of the heavenly and will wonder many times why you were contented to live in the low lands when there is so much beauty on the hill tops. Men, let's be more faithful; let's be more guarded; let's be more careful with our boys and girls. Oh let it be said when a man points to us as Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., it is synonymous with Christian standing and for everything that is right, pure and good. If there is secret sin lurking in our midst let's quit ourselves like men and women commissioned of God to drive it out. We can do it and if we can, we must and will.

You all have a great deal for which to live. Mrs. Swofford as well as all mothers here have a golden opportunity to warn others. The church and Christ bid you all, regardless of your sin, to come to Him and He will give you rest and

bear your burdens. We need your help, not your criticism. You who are trying to drag the church down, quit it and come help us to help thy father's and mother's church, which is the only moral force and saving institution to lift this sinful world back to God. The angel with flaming sword stands at the garden gate of your soul brushing back beasts by night, and birds by day; heed His call, raise thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh strength—"The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." God invites you in many ways to come to the Beautiful City, where sickness, sadness, sorrow and suffering are no more, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away. You'll be so overcome with the rapturous beauty and the New Jerusalem that you'll join the celestial choir in singing. "All hail the power of Jesus name, let angels prostrate fall," and unto our God

be dominion and power and might for "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Come ye sinners, poor and needy, and join the church militant so we can all go sweeping through the gates and hear our Lord say, "Well done good and faithful servant" for "thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Therefore, (more so than ever for when we have such a fearful illustration right before us, it behooves us to gird ourselves anew and live the better), my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."