

# Samson's Foxes.

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NO. 5

## The Size of Heaven.

Heaven's dimensions are at last known and each one may take pencil and paper for himself and figure out exactly just how much room he is going to have in his celestial abode. To be more exact, the dimensions of heaven has been known for many generations, but no aspiring genius has risen until now to reduce them to figures that can be appreciated by the majority of people.

The basis of the calculations found in the bible, Revelation, xxi., 15, says; "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and the height of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs are 7,920,000 feet, or 1,500 miles, and the cube of this must be taken in order to obtain heavens total dimensions or 469,793,088,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. That is as far as one can go accurately without coming into conflict with some one else's individual opinion, but with what has already been given each one can figure approximately just how crowded heaven will be.

## PROVIDES FOR PLENTY OF ROOM.

A single calculation may be shown in order to prove how easy the process really is. The meeting place of the angels would probably be most spacious and would require at least half the total space. Deducting another fourth for the streets and open places, and there is left 124, 198, 272, 000,000,000,000 cubic feet for the actual dwelling places of the angels.

A room twenty feet square contains 8,000 cubic feet. If we assume that the dwellings of heaven are divided into rooms of those dimensions there would be 13,024,534,000,000,000 rooms. The present number of inhabitants in the world is computed to be near 990,000,000. Assuming for the moment that this number has always existed in the world each day, and that there are three generations in a century the number of inhabitants for each century would be 2,970,000,000.

## NO DIMINUTION MADE FOR SINNERS.

Of course the number of centuries that the world has existed and will continue to exist is purely conjectural, but assuming that to be 1,000 centuries, the world's total inhabitants would be 2,970,000,000,000.

But not to leave the possible inhabitants of other worlds out of account, ninety-nine might be added, giving a total of a hundred worlds like ours with 297,000,000,000,000 inhabitants. Dividing the total number of rooms by the total number of inhabitants, there would be

almost five rooms twenty feet square and with a twenty-foot ceiling for each person.

Of course this calculation has made no diminution on account of the sinners who have failed to get to heaven. Chicago Ledger.

## "What Can Such a Child as I Do?"

ONE day, a little boy, belonging to a Sunday school in town, met one of his friends, to whom he mentioned his expectation of a visit to his relatives in the country.

"Well," said his friend, "and what are you going to do in the country for?"

"O, I shall run about and play in the fields, and enjoy myself very much."

"Well, so much you are going to do for yourself; what else do you expect to do?"

"Why, I can help the farmers, perhaps."

"Well, so much for yourself and farmers; but what, my little friend, do you expect to do for your heavenly Father?"

"What me!" replied the child in astonishment; "what can such a child as I do for God?"

"You can do much. Now, I'll give you a bundle of tracts, take these, and when you go into the country distribute them."

"O, to be sure, sir; I can do that!" And he received the tracts.

Now, here was seed sown; let us see the result. The boy, thus armed, went into the country, as he had anticipated. After being there a day or more, a boy living in the neighborhood asked him if he would help him gather the cows together, and bring them home at night.

"Oh!" thought the juvenile missionary, "there will be a good chance to give one of my tracts." So off they started for the cows.

The child (for he was no more) took out one of the silent preachers, saying "Here's something for you."

"What is it? looking it over; what is it?"

"It is something good to read," said

the lad.

"But I cannot read. Never mind, I'll take it home: they can read it there."

Some days after the country boy met his city friend. "Well," said he, "that little book you gave me made a great stir at our house, I tell you."

"Did it, though? How do you mean?"

"Why," he replied, "they read the tract, and then they read the Bible, and when Sunday came they made me get out the old carriage and it up, and then we all got in that could, and the rest got on before and behind and rode off to church. That tract's done great things, I tell you."

Subsequently, it was ascertained that this one tract was the means of converting twenty souls. "Do you scatter the seeds?"

## An Unexplored Mine.

AN African woman came into possession by some means of an English Bible. She and her people had heard a little of the great Gospel; they knew something of what the Book was; and the woman was filled with delight in its ownership.

But, alas, it was written in a strange tongue, and those who could interpret it were far away. Still something must be done with so rare a treasure.

After consultation, a day was set, notice was given, and at the appointed hour the Bible was laid on the stump of a tree in an open place. Then the natives began to assemble, took their places in a circle about the spot, and after waiting for a time in reverent silence, quietly dispersed.

Can it be doubted that the Father who seeketh those to worship Him who shall worship Him in spirit and in truth, was there with them, and accepted the poor maimed service which was all that they had to offer Him?—The Gospel in All Lands.

Heart-life, soul-life, hope, joy and love are the true riches.—Beecher.

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A poor old woman living in Ireland came home one evening tired and hungry, after a hard day's work, on the table she found a cold, boiled potato and a cup of cold water, her only food. She looked at it a moment. Then with tears streaming down her face, and with clasped hands, she lifted her eyes toward heaven and exclaimed, "All this and Jesus too.—Selected"

Dear reader, don't forget that God is ever near and ready to help you.

## Here—There.

**"BLESSED** are the poor in heart, for they shall see God."

In the storm, as well as in the calm, In adversity; as well as in prosperity. In darkness, as well as in light, in sorrow, as well as in joy, In death, as well as in life. On earth and in heaven, "They shall see God."

For the lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Oh! how deep was the sorrow of our hearts as we stood around the bed of death, and saw the death-dew gathering on the foreheads of our expiring, loved ones, and witnessed the last pang, the last struggle, the last gasping for breath, and when we realized that the spirit had taken its flight, leaving only the empty casket behind—Oh! the anguish the loneliness and the darkness that filled our souls—it seemed like all joy expired and all light was extinguished, and the shroud of midnight-blackness enclosed us. We would hear their voices and see their sweet faces no more. Our lips would meet no more. We would clasp them in our arms and pillow their heads upon our breast no more. The bitter cry of a lacerated soul broken forth, "Why, oh God! why?"

But if we could only have seen when our precious lambs and christian kindred went out, that they went out not alone, but folded in the arms of Him who has said, "I will never leave thee," and borne aloft to mansions of everlasting bliss. If we could only have heard the heavens singing with the shouts of welcome by the vast armies of the skies, and the abundant entrance accorded our loved ones into the 'everlasting kingdom.' If we could only have seen them united there with the blood-washed that have gone up out of great tribulation, and to such as constitute the "Kingdom of heaven." If we could only have heard their sweet voices uniting with heavens multitudes in chanting the anthems of the redeemed, and realized that they were safe with Christ, in the realms of endless glory, where pain, tears death and sin can never come we would have bowed in humble submission and gra-

atitude and praise to our kind, heavenly Father, for the wisdom and love He manifested in the transport of our loved ones from a world of care and toil to the eternal rest of heaven. It is not far, a few more steps, and then, O child of God! We will hear His voice bidding us come up and with Christ, to see and be with our loved ones and part no more forever. Here is sorrow we asked, "Why, Oh God! why?" but there in joy we'll "know, even as also we are known."

"There is my house my portion fair. My treasure and my heart and there my abiding home.

For me my elder brethren stay. And angels beckon me away and Jesus bids me come. J. W. Bell, colporteur, Culberson, N. C.

## REDEEMED.

**T**HE white-haired minister stood within the altar rail, which was surrounded by weeping penitents. He sang:

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream,  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him.

The entire congregation joined in the chorus "Turn to the Lord and seek salvation." "Yes, come" he cried for "all things are now ready.

"Come, for to-day is the day of salvation." You who know how sweetly He saves; is there no lost one among your friends?" Looking backward upon the crowded assembly, young Mable Johnson started as she saw a white, despairing face, and great dark eyes swimming in tears. "Ellen Campbell!" she thought. "And she had not been in church for three years, not since——, poor girl!"

A moment later, and she stood beside the sorrowing one, her hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't you want this dear Saviour for your friend Ellen?" she said. "Yes, oh, yes," the girl answered, too much in earnest to even wonder that Mable should speak to her.

"Then come to the altar," she said. "I'm afraid I'd keep others back. Won't He hear my prayers here?"

Ellen answered, "You dear girl, Christ came all the way from Heaven to save you. Won't you come to His altar to meet Him?"

Ellen rose instantly, and tears fell from her eyes unused to weeping, as Mable Johnson and Ellen Campbell knelt at the altar. As Mabel's voice rose in earnest pleading "that Jesus of Nazareth would reveal Himself to Ellen's her Savior that she might be able to trust Him," the tear-drenched face by her side instantly brightened.

"It is done," Ellen whispered. "The lost



of sin is gone. Jesus is my Saviour." "Will you tell the people? All will be glad."

Mable answered, "He said ye are My witnesses."

With her face shining as with the light of Heaven, Ellen Compbell stood among the witnesses. "I've been redeemed," she said, "the blessed Christ has come into my poor sinful heart and cleansed it. He will never leave me any more."

There was a glad song of rejoicing, and the unseen angels carried home the glad tidings that the lost was found.

But what is this?

Jack Dowling, a drunkard, the despair of all, is on his feet.

"Is there any hope for me?" he said. "I heard somewhere:

While the lamp holds out to burn

The vilest sinner may return,  
and that's me, and I'm alive, thank God."

"Yes thank God, my brother, said the minister, holding out his hand to the prodigal, who had come to the altar.

"Christ Jesus left His throne for you. He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

Even while prayer was going up for his deliverance, he sprang to his feet, saying, "I've got it. I've got it. Jesus is mine. Now I can quit drinking.

"You all tried to coax me, but I just couldn't. Now, God helpen me, I will

"I didn't have no faith in you, because I saw you trample down that poor girl for one false step, but when that pretty Mable, who has everything, went to try to help her, then I knew it was of God, and that there was hope for me. I'm just going to give all up to Him, and do just what He wants me to."

Years have gone by, and Mr. Dowling, an honored and trusted leader of the church, and Ellen Compbell, one of its most beloved and helpful members are living trophies of the divinity of Christ the Redeemer.—SELECTED



## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We are much interested in the welfare of

the children, and invite correspondence from our little readers to this column.

We place this department in the care of our daughter, eleven years of age; address her thus—Halcy, "Samson's Foxes," Culberson, N. C.

Arvada, Wyo. Apr. 9, 1902.

Dear Halcy:—I write this to the paper to express some of my thoughts. We do not go to school now, but, when we are at school we study reading writing arithmetic; grammar, geography and physiology.

I have saved and sanctified. We have meetings every Sunday.

There are not many of us but we are workers for God. From E. L. CRESWELL.

What a happy thought it is to us to know that the seed of righteousness is being sowed in the heart of one so young. Continue to hold forth the gospel banner for you are promised a crown and in it a star. Write again.

Arvada, Wyo. Apr. 9, 1902

Dear Halcy:—I thought me to write to the dear little paper. We do not go to school now. My studies are reading, writing, spelling and grammar. I am nine years old. I am a little christian girl, and have three brothers. One is eleven, one ten years and the other three months old. Good night.—PERAL CRESWELL.

We are very glad that you have joined our little band of writers and that you have put yourself in the care of Christ while so young. We hope to here from you again.

## The Hen and the Egg.

It takes everybody to know everything, and a little questioning reveals a vast amount of ignorance in those who think themselves very wise. A French writer tells the following story.

A young man from the provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God—God is only a word." After staying several years at the capital the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, were seated in a bay window reading together. The young man approached them and asked, "What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir; we are

reading the history of God's chosen people.

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you, sir, do not believe it!"

"Once I believed it; but after living in Paris and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, Sir, was never in Paris. I have never studied philosophy. I only know my catechism, but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes!"

"A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen."

Which of them existed first—the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question but that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?"

"Beg your pardon, Miss; I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is, then, an egg that did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see, Sir; that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well, there is a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me, now who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, Sir. I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came."

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world; and this being we call God. You who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God."

The young philosopher was silent. He quietly took his hat, and departed, if not convinced of his folly at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child.

How many there are who, like him professing to be wise, seem very foolish, speaking evil things they know not of, denying things they have never investigated. How many scientists can tell why the leaves of an apple tree are arranged in spirals around the stem, the fifth leaf standing directly above the first? Or, why in millions of bushels of ears of corn ears is ever found with an odd number of rows? Can chance count?—REV. H. L. HASTINGS.

## A Granmother's Rules

**S**OMEbody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not do? Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do first the thing you don't like to do and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.—Presbyterian Record.

## A LESSON

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgement ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again."

Universal experience bears testimony to the truth of the above words uttered by Him who speaks "as never man spoke," and a pungent illustration is found in the following contained in "Sabbath Reading—." "I think it was in Canada, where a certain farmer sold butter in pound rolls or prints to a certain baker. The baker, on receiving the butter, weighed it and found each pound to be of short weight. The baker immediately complained to the authorities, and soon the farmer was summoned to appear before the magistrate to answer to the charge of short-weight. During the trial it was found that the farmer was guilty. The judge asked the farmer if he had any scales to weigh with; the farmer replied:

"Yes sir."

"Have you any weights?"

"No sir."

"Then how can you weigh your butter without weights?"

The farmer again replied: "Please your worship, I buy my bread of the baker in pound loaves, and I use one of the loaves to weigh my butter."

The farmer was justified and the tables was turned against the baker.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

**H**OW strange and yet how true it is; that somewhere in the human frame, without exception, there is a universal craving for **OG** what this world can never give. All are alike, whether christian, professed infidel or undecided sinner. Human ambition has exhausted all earth's resources, and in no one single instance, has this craving been satisfied, even when death, at a ripe old age, has ended the struggle. This craving belongs to something in man that is not human, nor material, or surely this world would satisfy it. We understand this something to be the soul. The soul never looks backward, but always forward, and knowing that this world cannot satisfy it, proves that the soul's unadapted to this world. And this looking forward indicates that there must be a future beyond this life.

Speak of pain, death or hell and the soul at once recoils, proving that to this the soul is not adapted. Speak of anguish, sorrow, banishment or despair, and the soul at once shudders, which proves that to this the soul is not adapted. Speak of crime, depravity, cruelty, corruption or debauchery and the at once shrinks, proving that to this the soul is not adapted. Speak of joy

happiness, peace, purity, holiness, love and everlasting glory and the soul grasps, at once the idea, proving that to this the soul is adapted; proving, also the truth of the Bible, that man was created in the image and likeness of God, and that there is an eternal dwelling place of happiness for the soul; though man has fallen, through sin and become estranged from his Creator. Yet this craving is the hungering of the soul for restoration to its Creator and for its rightful inheritance in the city of God.

And our Father, God, in the fullness of His love has, in the person of his son (Jesus Christ), atoned for the sins of the whole world, and purchased full redemption and perfect restoration for every soul to its Creator—God, and the joy, peace, happiness, holiness and endless glory for which it craves.

This full restoration to every craving soul is awaiting in Christ, all who will come to Him and believe. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

"And the Spirit and the bride say come and let him that heareth say, come, and let him that is athirst, come and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present for two small,

Love, so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—J. W. Bell, Colporteur.

Culberson, N. C.

## What a Hundred Men Could Do.

**"G**IVE me a hundred men," says Wesley, "who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I will shake the world, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, and such alone will overthrow the kingdom of satan and build up the Kingdom of God on earth."

He got his hundred men and he shook the world with an earthquake mightier than can be produced by a million of easy-going, nominal Christians, afraid of the Holy Ghost, and apologizing for their own distinctive doctrines.

I wish I had power to reach every Methodist on the round earth. I would say; Cease living on the heroism of your fathers, quit glorying in numbers, sacrificing to statistics and burning incense to the General Minutes. Down upon your knees, and seek and find for yourself the secret of the power of the fathers—a clean heart and the endowment of power from on high; then arise and unfurl the banner of salvation full and free. Then, in double-quick time, charge upon the hosts of sin and conquer the world for Christ.—DANIEL STEELE.

When Christ was about to leave the world He made His will, His soul He committed to His Father, His body bequeathed to Joseph; His clothes fell to the Soldiers; His mother He left to the care of John; but what should He leave to his poor disciples who had left all for Him; Silver and gold, He had none; but He left them what was infinitely better, His peace "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."—Mathew Henry.

Want is a growing plant whom the coat of Have was never large enough to cover.—Selected.

A man may as soon fill a chest with grace, or a vessel with virtue as a heart with riches.—Phil. Brooks.

Who is the richest man? He who is content with the least, for contentment is nature's riches.—Socrates.

All that is perfect is double; each face has two profiles, each coin two sides.—Amiel.