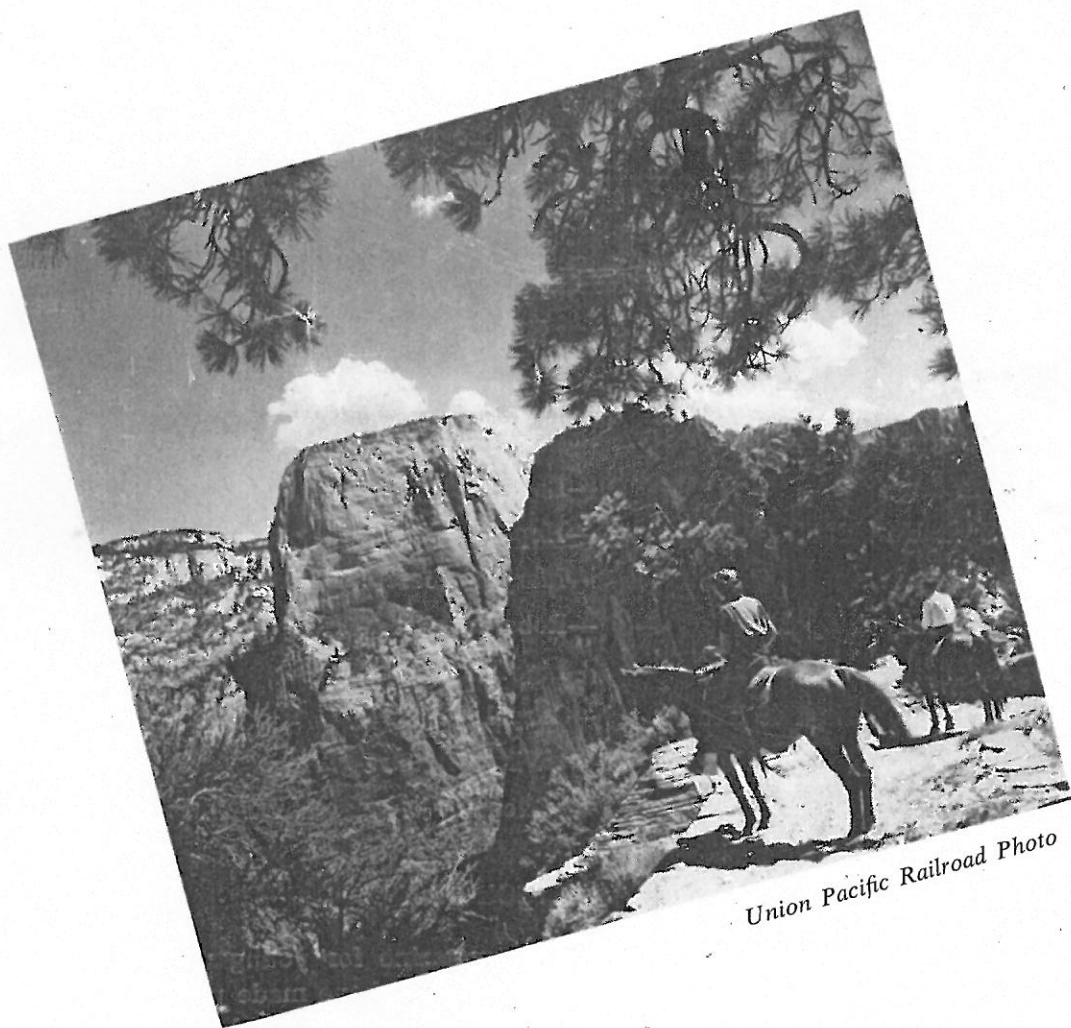


August, 1959

# Aim

*The magazine for young people*



Union Pacific Railroad Photo

**Not failure, but low aim, is crime**

—J. R. Le...

# Aim The magazine for young people

Dedicated to the promotion of higher ideals and more challenging spiritual goals among the young people of the Church of God. Published under the direction of the Young People's Department of the General Conference, AIM is the successor to *The Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call*. Subscription rate, 12 issues (monthly) \$2.00 per year in the United States, and Canada. Foreign, \$2.30. Clubs of 6 or more, \$1.50 (U. S. and Canada only).

Volume XXIV, Number 16

**Donna D. Faubion, Editor**

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and dependency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield*.

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## Acknowledgement

In this first edition of AIM, the magazine for young people, we wish to express our appreciation to all who have made possible this forward step in our publication work. We are confident that the new periodical will better serve our cause, thanks to the sincere prayers and diligent efforts of those who have worked so hard to bring this plan to reality. The Young People's Committee and every contributor have earned our deep gratitude. Special thanks go to Brother Bill West, of St. Joseph, Mo., who gave unstintingly of his time and talent in preparing the drawings from which our engravings were made.

—Aim staff.

## Squeaky Shoes

Humorous incidents happen even on the mission field. I think it was in an African village that a native Christian went to the village merchant to purchase a pair of shoes. He was fitted out with a suitable pair and went away happy.

Some weeks later he brought the shoes back. The merchant asked him why they were returned. "Didn't they fit all right?" The man replied that he had no complaint along that line. "But were they not good shoes?" And the answer was, "Yes." "Then why are you returning them?" questioned the merchant. And the answer was "They don't have any squeak."

It appeared that the man wanted a pair of shoes that would squeak when he walked up the aisle of the church. He wanted something that would draw attention to himself.

That type of Christian is as old as the church. Jesus tells in an illuminating way of some people whom He saw in the temple. He had seated Himself over against the treasury and His eyes were upon the worshipers as they dropped their gifts into the chests. There were some pieces of money rather large in size that when dropped just right into the horn-shaped receivers made a sound heard throughout the court. These were deposited by the rich Pharisees who were desirous of display. It was to draw attention to themselves and their boasted liberality. They were fond of "squeaky shoes."

The tribe of those who wear "squeaky shoes" is not yet extinct. When they give to any cause they want to write down their name and set opposite it the amount of the gift. When they grace a social function with their presence they are highly gratified to see their name in a prominent place in the daily paper. They go in for big type, front-page attention.

(Continued on inside back cover)

*"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied: 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'"*—Minnie Louise Haskins.

# Better Than Light

Clayton L. Faubion

THESE ARE days of darkness. It is true that to young people there is much that is pleasant and carefree, and there is hope and ambition and much to cause us to forget that we are in a time of darkness. The darkness that is about us is the darkness of uncertainty.

Many youth have only a vague idea of the significance of the phrase, "facing the future." Others may realize that the future may hold much hard work, many difficult times, and a great abundance of heart ache and disappointment, yet having not yet experienced these things, they still are not aware of the stresses that can bear upon a person in this life. And this is as it should be. We do not want our young people to face life as a flock of frightened fowl, ready to scatter at the first sudden change. We are glad to see people optimistic and hopeful, for out of optimism and hope comes the fabric of a better life.

Optimism and hope can carry one forward into the darkness of uncertain times, but there is danger unless these qualities are tempered with wisdom. A foolish optimist can find himself in very serious circumstances, but a wise one can move forward under the inspiration of his attitude, to better things. But no matter how great the hope, no matter how strong the optimism in a person's heart, it cannot do away with the surrounding darkness. The

most powerful light man can make will dispel the darkness only within a given area. Optimism and hope also have their limitations.

In these times there is great unrest in almost all circles. Politically, there is unrest among the nations and within them. Socially new customs are developing and life is taking on many strange complexities. Economically the future is unsure as new leaders propose new schemes, but everyone is seeking to gain an advantage over the rest of the populace in some way. To what may our young people look forward as of now?

Young men and women who have completed their college work are at the doorway of a new life. What lies beyond that door? Will there be employment in their chosen fields? Will there be success? Will there be a faithful companion and the establishment of a home that will not be broken? Will such things be permitted to last, or will the impending international storm break over us and dash them to bits?

Younger men and women still in college will be faced with such a picture in a few years, or possibly only a few months. Those in high school will be spared such an outlook for a little longer time. How will you prepare? When the days of preparation are over, will you be ready—and if so, for what? When you have advanced beyond the areas now so brilliantly lighted by youthful exuberance and a beautiful optimistic dream

and have found yourself standing at the threshold of darkness as the years roll before you as yet unseen, will you be ready to move out courageously into that darkness?

The responsibilities of this life are tremendous. Just the establishment of a home, the bringing of children into the world, providing for them and rearing them properly, is a greater task than anyone can be made to realize as he faces it in his future. Only in retrospect, when the light of experience illumines the years gone by, can such things be seen clearly. For you, my young friend, there is only the darkness of years as yet unknown. We must all face that darkness together and perhaps the past experiences of the elder will benefit in some way the younger.

There are many ways to face the darkness of the future. One is to depend upon parents for guidance and personal help whenever needed. But this won't last forever, and then what? Another is to blunder rashly forward in a headlong charge that might lead to success somewhere out there in the obscure unknown—or it might lead to complete disaster. The best way is that described by the guardian of the gate in our opening quotation.

Young people who face the future with their hands in God's loving hand are looking into the darkness with serene confidence that all will be well. Security is a word with only one meaning to them—safety for now and for always in God's tender care. Such confidence does not breed foolhardiness or rashness of action in pursuing one's objectives; yet it foretells any tendency to quaver or to falter in the way.

Every person needs an anchor—something solid to which he can trust his security, especially in time of storm. Riches cannot provide such security always. Good health, a strong body and latent ability to do things successfully may not be enough. The ability to accomplish and to gain through shrewdness in dealing with others



will not always avail. But there is one anchor that is unfailling, which will always hold and keep us secure. Our faith in God is that anchor. But how can I impress you with the significance of what I want to say?

Here again retrospect serves us with better understanding. One who has passed through the waters knows the feeling of God's hand guiding him gently, but firmly on. Youth, who have not passed over, must be like the children of Israel standing at the brink of the sea commanded to be still and see the salvation of the Lord. Believe me, it is there, as it was when Moses lifted up his rod.

We would not want you to get the idea that under God's leadership there will be no stones in the road, no steep hills nor raging torrents. This is not some mystic dream far removed from reality. God leads you through life—not away from it. He places heavy burdens upon you to make you strong. He lets you suffer pain, so that you may have compassion on those who suffer. He permits you to lose one battle, so that you will trust Him more faithfully and thereby win a greater, more important one. He exposes your foolishness by letting you blunder along by yourself, so that you will then turn to Him and trust His wisdom to see you through the most serious dangers.

Your hand in God's hand is better than light, for light can penetrate only a short way into the darkness, but God's omniscience spans all time, both forward and back. When we are led by Him we know that we will not lose the way, neither fall in the steep place or be swept away by the flood.

Your hand in God's hand is safer than a known way, for no matter how well you may know a given way, sudden storm or the ravages of time can change it. But when we trust in God to lead us, He will take us in the way that is best for us. It may not be the way we would choose, for we would take the way

of ease and comfort. But it will be the way that will lead us to our goal, in His Kingdom.

When shall we place our hands in Gods' hand? After graduation from college? Upon entering college? Upon leaving high school? When? Are not the days now so filled with all the pleasures of youthful living that we need not concern ourselves with the dark days of the future? Is there not time to take this advice when the weight of responsibility rests more heavily upon us?

Again we must ask, will you be prepared for life when you stand at the dark doorway of the future? For what will you be prepared? And are you not now, really, standing but a step away from that door? Could you not be thrust through it at a moment's notice and suddenly find yourself needing God's hand to guide you through the darkness? Is it not wise to let Him hold your hand, even now?

This is your time of preparation. You have wonderful op-

portunities in these days, for now, more than ever, there is emphasis placed upon youth evangelism and Christian guidance. More and more Christian young people's groups are being formed. Your chances to learn more of Christ and of the Heavenly Father are increasing all about you. This is the time to learn of Him for when comes the crisis it will be too late, perhaps, to seek Him.

And how about a good Christian high school or college? Do you not feel that such an institution can help you substantially in preparing for those dark days? Will not the fellowship and instruction, along with the devotional service and the influence of communion with the Father while among others who also are seeking Him, enable you to place your hand in His with the greatest confidence? Why not plan now to enter one of our schools this fall? Plan now and prepare to face life with your hand in His, for it is, indeed, better than light and safer than a known way.

### Against His Inclination

Dad tried his best, when I was young,

To fix it in my mind,

That "as the tiny twig is bent

So is the tree inclined";

And when he'd lay me 'cross his knee

On punishment intent,

I used to cry, "Say, Dad, look out,

Or I'll grow up all bent."

But years have come and years have gone,

With many a care and trouble,

With many a load that for a time

Has bent me nearly double;

But always I've sprung back again

Before it was too late—

For, though he made me bend a bit,

'Twas Dad who made me straight!

—Wallace Dunbar Vincent



# The Ambitious Age

**T**HERE IS no such principle as impossibility in the concept of youth—unless it might be the inability to make the weekly allowance cover everything. The quest for doing the unaccomplished, for exploring the unknown, for seeing the unseen—these are goals indeed! And they belong to the young people.

Few young people know the feelings of contentment. Restlessness presses on every side. It is not just a physical restlessness; it is a condition that is prevalent in every respect of teen-agers' lives.

The impossible has charm to curious young people; it has appeal. The mountain that has never been climbed, the lake bottom that has never been touched, the team that has never been defeated—what more enjoyable challenge is there for teen-agers?

The late President Eliot of Harvard is said to have held as his motto through life:

*It can't be done;  
It never has been done;  
Therefore I will do it.*

He was youthful. He had not lost the zeal of youth. His aim was ever higher!

The years of youth are filled with ambitions. These are the years when the boy pictures the most spacious ranch with him as boss, or the wealthiest business with him as owner, or the prettiest wife with him as companion. These are the dream-filled days—days when the girl pictures herself as the mother of two darling children, or the tender of a beautiful flower garden, or the central figure in a glamorous parlor of her creation. No time in life is more filled with ambitions.

One word in everybody's vocabulary belongs chiefly to the youth. That word is *aim*. No other age group is quite so captivated by aims as the young people. Tomorrow—not today—gets first place with them.

He who has no aim has nothing. No one goes further toward accomplishment than he who aims. So, it is good that teen-agers dream, have aims, build "castles." Without such realities, vitality would vanish.

Youth and all its vitality find aims to be uppermost. Thus, it is indeed fitting to indicate this element in the title of a youth magazine. That is why this publication bears the name *Aim*.

Twelve to twenty is a time of great expectancy. And he who expects much is nearer attainment than he who expects little. Where there is no aim, there is no will!

But from twelve to twenty is a span that is dangerous—dangerous because logic can be overrun by experimentation. Reason can be smothered by fancy. Spirituality can be crowded out by indulgence in frivolous pleasures. Eternity can be overlooked by clinging to transient things.

Youth's aims are naturally materialistic. With proper guidance, though, they include things of spiritual worth. To know the Lord in youth is to see great things in store for the future. This is youthful expectation that will blossom forth in full glory in days to come.

*Aim*—This is the name of your magazine. Its attainment is only as great as its readers' ambitions. It depends upon its readers for assistance. It is a young magazine with great hopes and shares youth's ambitions with its young readers. It is the magazine for the ambitious age. Sights that are set high can shoot this publication over the top! The influence of *Aim* can be broadened to reach multitudes of young people who need assistance in setting their goals.

The ambitious age is the teen-age. *Aim* is intended to help this group fix its goals. If you are a teen-ager, *Aim* fits your need because you are in the ambitious age.

# Bernie -- A Christ-One

Bernie's parents had always been proud of him. He was the kind of boy who gave them reason to be proud. Even by the time he was eleven everyone had learned to respect him... and it was then that Bernie met Jesus. He played games and had fellowship with other boys of his race at a downtown mission in one of our great cities. There he heard and realized for the first time that the Messiah had come, and that He rose from the dead so that he, Bernie, might live eternally with Him. And there, at the mission Bernie invited Him to dwell and be a reality in his life.

At twelve, Bernie got himself an afternoon job. He worked in a downtown market and was paid a man's wage. Indeed, his em-

ployer would have been glad to have had four men who worked as hard as Bernie did. Every school holiday that came along, this twelve-year-old was working. But for himself? No—Bern had a Master now, for whom he was glad to do anything, because he realized how much had been done for him.

If you met Bernie and heard him testifying simply and humbly of the Saviour he loves, you would never guess by his sincerely happy smile and cheerful manner that things got at all rough at times. He doesn't think so—he is grateful to the One who loves him, and he's glad to be counted worthy to suffer for the Lord.

Sometimes when Bernie comes home from school or work he

finds the door bolted. His family have faced Bern with the choice of cutting off all his Christian contacts or leaving school and living on his own.

You see Bernie's parents are good-living non-orthodox Jews, but the influence of his orthodox grandparents has caused them to persecute him because he has become a "Christ-one."

That word "persecute"—we had better look it up in the dictionary, because it's a little foreign to most of us, isn't it? I just wonder how much we Christians take for granted and how often we think of those who in the face of much suffering "as a good soldier, endure hardship for Jesus Christ." Bernie is a Christ-one who is counting. Are you?—His.

## Name Contest Winner



Perhaps you would like to get better acquainted with the winner of the name contest. It was through her entry that this magazine received its name. Who is this young lady? She is a 5'2", dark-eyed brunette, named Lenora Stucker. Lenora is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Stucker who live on a dairy farm east of New Auburn, Wisconsin. She is sixteen and the eldest of eight children. Lenora attends New Auburn High School where she will be a junior this fall. She is an honor student and has made the honor roll at New Auburn High and Spring Vale Academy, where she attended her freshman year. She plans to return to Spring Vale for her Senior year of school.

Lenora has always been active in her local church. She attends the Tillinghast Church of God

east of New Auburn. She has served as secretary-treasurer of the Sabbath School, helped with Vacation Bible School and has held all the offices of the local F.Y.C. group. At present she is secretary of the local F.Y.C. Lenora is also a member and secretary of the 4-H club which meets each month at the church.

Although Lenora thinks of Wisconsin as being her home, she has not always lived there. For some time after World War II she lived with her parents on a farm in the wheat country about forty miles from Fairview, Oklahoma. While living in Oklahoma she attended Sabbath School at the Fairview Church of God. Lenora has many friends and relatives in Oklahoma. She is the granddaughter of Elder and Mrs. M. S. Marrs and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stucker of Oklahoma.

Lenora plans to use the \$50 she received for her entry to attend the coming General Conference meeting in Denver, Colorado.

—Submitted by Robert Coulter.

# Aim HIGH

Lenora Stucker

It was a beautiful sight that greeted me as I stepped from the house out into my Heavenly Father's creation to catch the school bus that winter morning. The earth had been tucked under a fresh blanket of snow, while I myself had been tucked in for the night. The trees, slightly stooped under their load, shone with a new radiance in the morning sun. It would be a beautiful ride!

I boarded the bus, took my seat, and greeted my friends. I was a sophomore at N.A.H.S. this year, and determined to manage my five subjects instead of having them manage me. I had to admit it was rough at times, but I would do it.

I put my books in locker number 13 as usual. Locker 13 did stick but really I wasn't superstitious. Anyway, why should I be? My locker wasn't the only one that stuck.

I joined Carol at the end of the hall and we went to Science together. This morning was rather special so we weren't carrying our books as usual, instead we were going to have assembly in the gym. I always looked forward to these programs, not only because we got out of Science, but because they were interesting.

Soon the bell rang and we filed down the stairs to take our places. As we sat and waited I couldn't help but wonder what the program would be about. Once it had been entitled "Up An Atom," and the director had brought out many interesting facts of science.

I didn't have to wait long as the principal soon rose, and hushed the students to introduce the speaker, Doctor Smith.

Doctor Smith appeared to be a healthy man of medium build in his forties. This wasn't all, I soon found out, as he proceeded to tell his story.

As a small boy Doctor Smith had been hospitalized with very serious burns over a large portion of his small body. After a time his doctors told him that he would never be able to walk again. But the youth didn't give up in despair. "Where there is life there is hope." With much courage, determination, and exercise he regained the use of his limbs.

Did he stop here? No! Throughout his school days he worked hard to develop his athletic talent; not as a bench warmer like maybe you or I, but as a track star. Later

Doctor Smith entered track in the Olympics, and broke several old records setting new ones to challenge those who followed him.

He established in our minds that success in life doesn't come knocking at our door. It is something that cannot be bought; each individual must earn it for himself.

In his career, Doctor Smith had to abstain from intoxicating beverages, smoking, and narcotics. "Brain cells," he explained, "are not like other body cells." "Most body cells are replaced when destroyed, but this is not true of the brain cells." Upon making this statement he said that if any of us had any brain cells to spare the best way to get rid of them was to indulge in intemperance. "It is now in your youth while you have your life ahead of you that you must set your standards and goals for the future (and eternity); you no longer have yesterday, but you have today, and you must use it to build for tomorrow." Then he added. "It's up to you to aim high, just remember no one ever shoots higher than he aims."

We were then dismissed to our second period classes, and I temporarily dismissed Doctor Smith's words from my mind with the routine of the day.

It wasn't days, no not even weeks, but months until I began to really understand the full meaning of Doctor Smith's words. They were words with a two-fold meaning. They could be applied to the Christian's spirited life as well as his physical life.

It is up to each one of us to decide if we want to just drift through life, or really put out some effort to get ahead. We must also decide if we are going to be luke-warm Christians, or obedient children on whom our Heavenly Father can depend. Will we be like Peter or will we be like Judas? The answer depends on our aim.

Peter faltered at times, but he didn't let his faults and mistakes overcome him, he overcame them. He had aimed and his aim was high.

Judas, on the other hand, betrayed the Master who had done so much for him. He had aimed, and he like so many others, was unable to shoot higher than his aim.

Stop and consider, my friend; how is your aim?



# "Seek ye FIRST"

*NOTHING SHORT* of an emergency could have kept Dianne from campmeeting this year. For weeks she had looked forward to this time—and at last, here she was on the campgrounds. All of her plans, and all of her preparations had centered around this one week that would be spent on the campgrounds. Her wardrobe had been very carefully selected, with more than sufficient changes of clothes—and you can be sure, the clothes were most becoming to her. The sewing which she had chosen to do had been done with the utmost precision—Oh! Everything must be perfect at this campmeeting. Dianne was determined it would be a success.

Now as Dianne walked across the campground with Jan on the third evening of campmeeting, she wondered what had gone wrong. Everything was just going along in a matter-of-fact manner. This didn't seem like the week that she had looked forward to and planned for during the last few weeks. True, nothing had gone particularly wrong, Dianne just naturally made friends easily, and she surely had made new acquaintances already. Everyone was friendly—but an unexplained dissatisfaction persisted, and in spite of Dianne's outward appearance of exuberance, she was unhappy. She hadn't had even one date since she had arrived at the campgrounds—and now as she watched several couples walk toward their cars chattering happily, she felt a mixture of resentment, unhappiness, and—yes—at the same time, a sense of shame because of her own feelings.

In spite of her unrest inside, Dianne slept soundly that night, and when she awoke early the

next morning to find the sun shining brightly, and a refreshing breeze blowing the curtain across her bed, she felt a renewal of her former anticipations for a wonderful time here on the campgrounds. Today would be a perfect day—she knew it! Nothing could go wrong. Determined to *make* it a perfect day, Dianne sprang out of bed, and nudged Jan (with an oversized nudge).

"C'mon, Jan. Dig out! It's a grand day. Let's not waste one minute more. We've got to make the most of it."

As Jan slowly slid out of bed, still in a state of extreme somnolence, Dianne sprinted down the hall, dashed an overdose of cold water in her face, and in double-quick time, was back in the room. She selected the mint green dress, which she had so carefully sewed to fit perfectly. As she ran the comb through her hair, every wave seemed to fall into place this morning. Oh! Truly it was a perfect day—it had to be!

For some time, they had heard the jangle of dishes downstairs in the dining hall, indicating that the kitchen crew was carrying out their usual early preparations for the large crowd that must be fed. Breakfast time revealed that Jan and Dianne were not the only ones who had thought this the perfect morning to arise early and make the most of the day. As a matter of fact, they had to wait in line for quite a while.

It was here in the breakfast line that Dianne became acquainted with Dave—the tall, dark-haired fellow who had caught Dianne's eye several times in the last three days. As they and other young people nearby chatted about their interests, Dianne once again had the feeling that this was the beginning of a perfect day—and subsequently a perfect week for the rest of the campmeeting.

The day's activities progressed normally—and in what seemed an incredibly short time Dianne was sitting in the evening service once again—having, of course, changed her clothes again, selecting one of her most becoming ensembles. *Tonight, Dianne thought assuredly, I will have a date—oh, truly, this will end a perfect day.*

Suddenly the words of the evening message penetrated into Dianne's thinking. What was this he was saying? He had just turned to Philippians 3:14. "I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Young people," the minister continued, "Are you *pressing* toward the mark for the high calling, or are you just drifting along in your fellowship with other young people of like faith around you, allowing yourself to be content with the degree of holiness to which you have already attained, allowing your-

*(Continued on page 16)*

**Y**OUTH IS the time when it is easiest to get an education, and it should be the aim of every youth to secure as much education as possible. Often one reads of an adult starting college at what is actually the closing years of his or her life. One admires, for example, the man who completed high school when in his seventies and planned to go ahead to college, but at the same time, one wonders how different his life might have been if he had had his chances at education earlier in life.

Often youth is impatient with the years it takes to get a formal education, but if the boy or girl would stop and consider that getting an education is not only a wonderful privilege but is also a full-time job. Certainly it is a big job! A big job, that if well done, has many compensations.

First, a good education will increase the life's earnings of an individual. So from a financial standpoint getting an education is time well spent.

Second, education trains one's mind to deal with the problems of living. Leisure time is spent more profitably, and one leads a richer, fuller life. Here we might add that education can be formal or informal. Those who do not have a chance to get a formal education are by no means uneducated if they continued to learn informally through the years. Youth today is fortunate to be able to get formal learning in our schools, and should take advantage of this fact.

Third, a good education can make one a valuable servant of God and a leader in God's work. A person who knows how to study, organize facts, write and speak can become an excellent Bible student and in turn use this knowledge to help spread the Gospel.

## Life BUILDING

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, and imbue them with principles with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

These are three major compensations of a good education. There are many others, but these three alone show that an education is worthwhile.

There are pitfalls for the Christian who earns an education. One of these is that he can lose sight of the fact that he is building life as he goes along. Take John for example. John didn't like school so he didn't apply himself; consequently, he made poor marks and failed a grade. John thought it didn't matter how he acted about school work—he would just live through that time. He felt confident that he'd get a good job later and be a success. What John failed to realize was that he was forming habits and developing aims in life while he was in school. He handed in hastily done assignments, full of errors; often the assignments were handed in late or not at all. John developed undesirable habits which were almost impossible for him to correct on the job he eventually got. He failed to do his job properly just as he failed to do school work properly.

What sort of worker for the Lord will John make? Well, it is sad to say, but those same habits he formed in school car-

ried over into his spiritual life. He would forget to pray. He would be careless about getting to church; often he was late, and more often he didn't attend. His fellow church members recognized that John had potentialities for leadership, but they could not depend on John to be there or to carry out any duty assigned him.

Are you being a little like John? Have you failed to realize that you are building your life during your school days? The habits you form, and the aims you develop as you grow up are the ones that you'll have when you are grown.

Another pitfall a Christian girl or boy encounters in gaining his or her education is the temptation to swerve from the Christian standard. This pitfall and all others too, can be avoided if one lives close to God, knows God's will concerning him and always makes decisions by putting God first.

There are many facets to education and each shines like those of a well-cut diamond in the sun light. School days are coming; school bells will be ringing. May these school days to come be happy days, building a life that will be completely acceptable to God in every way.

AS JOHN ULLMER backed the car out of the driveway, his little brother Timmy threw a curved piece of metal out in the street. "Here's a present for you," he piped, "I found it on the car wheel." Timmy was always up to something so John shrugged it off and headed for his friend Dick's house. He looked at the cloudless sky and sighed, "It's sure going to be a scorcher today." This was to be the final day at the youth rally and he

# Somebody Help Me!

Robert Ling

sincerely hoped more kids would make their stand for Christ before the day was over. There was Allan, for one, who John was sure was on the verge of making his decision for Christ. Perhaps all he needed was a little encouragement first. "That's just the trouble," thought John. "I never can find the right words to say at the right time." "That still doesn't leave you out though," a little voice told him. "Remember! Actions speak louder than words and they tell more."

Dick and a boy John didn't know were waiting on the porch as he drove up. "Hi," Dick greeted him. "You're early. Any special reason?" John looked at Dick's teasing grin and causally replied, "There could be." "John, I'd like you to meet my cousin Andy. His folks just arrived last night." "Hello, Andy," John said. "Howdy," Andy replied ignoring John's outstretched hand. "Some bomb you're driving. What'll she do?" "The limit in this state is 65," answered John laughingly, "but downhill she should do a little more."

The boys climbed in and John drove across town to pick up Allan. No one was outside so John knocked on the front door. After a while it opened and Allan appeared. "Oh, hello John," he began, "I was just finishing my breakfast. Step inside, I'll only be a few minutes." "Where is everyone?" John asked. "Well," he answered, "I guess my mother is at the beauty shop and dad's still recovering from the good time he had last

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night." John felt sorry for Allan. Neither of his parents was a Christian and they did anything but encourage Allan to go to church with his new friends. He seemed to enjoy associating with the boys from John's church group, but as yet hadn't expressed any real convictions. John wished he could do it for him but Allan alone must accept Christ.

In the car once more, Dick introduced Allan to Andy. In a few minutes they were discussing cars, which seemed to be a mutual interest, like old friends. The highway to Hixton wasn't the best and John noticed a shimmy in the front wheels. He wondered if it was from the rough road and finally dismissed the thought. The ride to Hixton took about an hour and all the time the sun was getting higher and hotter.



I am 17 years old. I live on a dairy farm east of New Auburn, Wis. I attend church at the Tillinghast Church of God and am now Sabbath School superintendent. I am President of the 4-H Club that meets at the church. This fall I will be a senior at New Auburn High School. I attended Spring Vale Academy my freshman year and New Auburn High since then.

The speaker for the first part of the morning was a police officer. He was concerned with the rising number of young people who were getting in trouble with the law. It was up to the young people like those at this rally to show the rest how to live, he told them. "You have something the others do not," he went on to say. "You have Christ as your guide. All you have to do is to follow Him and you will be obeying the law. Those who do not know Him have to follow the examples of those they come in contact with. If their lives aren't good examples, what can you expect?" He appealed to the young people to give their friends the help they were asking for. Someone their own age could get the right ideas across to them. "Remember," he told them. "What you do carries more weight with people than

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WHO OF US HAVE not been riding smoothly and complacently along a broad highway, only to meet that most disliked of all road signs "ROAD BLOCKED—DETOUR"?

What a nuisance! Late for an appointment! All our plans upset!

Detours are undoubtedly a nuisance, and never would we choose them for ourselves. Yet sometimes on detours we find unexpected beauties and pleasures. Detours are not always a total loss. John Bunyan had big plans made when suddenly the sign "ROAD BLOCKED" flashed before him, and he detoured for a considerable time in Bedford jail. Out of this experience came *The Pilgrim's Progress*, written during his imprisonment at Bedford; this immortal book has blessed the world ever since.

One day a young student was crossing the quadrangle of one of the old Scottish universities going toward his quarters in the dormitory. He was not feeling well. His eyes had troubled him and had made his work very difficult. On the advice of a friend he had sought the judgment of an expert in the treatment of the eyes. The specialist had made a very thorough examination and had informed the young student tactfully but plainly that he would lose his eyesight, surely and not slowly.

What a sign to meet down life's road! "ROAD BLOCKED—DETOUR!" It seemed to turn his well-planned life to a life of utter darkness. All his dreams and coveted ambitions were now behind the blockade. Dazed and blinded, he groped his way out of the specialist's office.

Now he must tell the young lady to whom he was to be married soon, about the "detour" he must make. He must tell her that she was free to do what she thought best. The young lady asked for her freedom, and then it was that George Matheson groped his way out of the home of the young lady, and with the second staggering "detour" sign before him, he went alone to his quarters. Yet he was not alone. For there was One who took this "detour" with him—walking by his side, speaking tender, comforting words. As they walked together down the "detour" a new mood came over George

Matheson, and from this "road block" he gave us that beautiful old hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go."

*"O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.*

*"O Love that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be."*

JOHN MILTON MUST have felt that fate had miserably blocked his career with blindness, causing him to make "detours" which must have looked impassable. Out of his blindness, however, came a spirit which gave an immortal touch to his poetry.

Paul met a "detour." He wanted to go to Bithynia. All his plans were completed, when an inexplicable blocking of the road caused him to detour westward, eventually causing him to touch Athens and Rome. Thus early Christianity moved through Europe rather than through Asia. Think of the effect that this detour of Paul's has had on our civilization!

Yes, detours are undoubtedly a nuisance, and we would not choose them for ourselves; yet, it is sometimes on detours that we find unexpected beauties—a quaint little village which we would never have seen from the highway, or perhaps a lovely expanse of fields.

—*Lighted Pathway.*

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Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure, and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

Many without labour would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock. Whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty and respect, fly pleasures and they'll follow you.

—Benjamin Franklin, *Sayings of Poor Richard.*

## Road Blocked

# DETOUR

KATHERINE BEVIS

# The Lord Waited

## Forty-Five Years

I. M. FRITZ

When I was about fifteen years of age I gave my heart to Christ, and was extremely happy serving Him. In our church there was a group of young people all about my age and fully dedicated to our Lord and faithfully serving Him.

It was a custom for our church to hold revival meetings in the winter that ran every night for several weeks, and usually our group of young people attended every night to take part in the services, enjoy the fellowship, and listen to the testimonials of some of the older Christians.

When our revival services came to a close we would go in a group to other churches that were having revivals. We would walk for miles in the freezing cold just to be with God's people and take into our hearts and souls the spirit of Jesus Christ. I can well recall that at the close of the evening services (often very late) we would get our little group together and start the long trek home along the dark country roads. We were all on fire for Christ and hardly ever minded the cold, long walk home as we usually sang hymns all the way home.

Oh, if I could live those precious days over again, but now in the twilight of life I sit for hours and relive the precious memories of those happy days.

Two of the boys that were in our group later went into the ministry. One of them recently passed on to await his reward after forty years of service for his Master. The other one is still an active minister.

I have now given you the back-

ground for what I wish to impress upon you.

Time passed and soon we were several years older. Then we started drifting apart, as some had to seek employment and others went away to school. At that time in my life I felt a definite call to study for the ministry, but did not yield and soon started drifting away from the Lord. When I was well in my teen-age I started going to dances and mingled with the worldly crowd, but every day felt burning conviction in my soul. Every day I could feel the call to return to Christ, and give my life to Him. This I did not do and all my life since then I have been under deep conviction, because of my refusal to yield to the call of service. I thank God today that He did watch over me to the extent that I did not go so deeply in sin that my guilt was no longer tormenting me. Daily I was conscious of my need for my Saviour, and daily I said, "After a while."

Have you ever waited for someone? After waiting for hours how impatient you would get, and perhaps just a bit provoked, because the party did not arrive at the appointed time. I have had this experience on many occasions, and must confess I grew quite impatient. Now stop for a moment and think how long the Lord has been waiting for you. Patiently waiting and speaking to your heart, but yet you refuse to yield to Him.

Let me go back again to my own discontented life and see if I can't point out to you the folly of keeping God waiting.

After I left school I started working for a railroad company doing office work, which for a

short time I enjoyed, then I became restless and found other employment. Even though I had several nice promotions I still was not satisfied. Over a period of years I drifted from one job to another. Wherever I worked I received recognition for my services, but still I was never satisfied. Later in life I decided to go into business for myself. I was in and out of business a number of times. There were times when I made a lot of money, but this did not satisfy the longing in my heart to serve God. I learned that money had very little meaning to me.

If I could only bring home to the young people of today how dangerous it is to reject the will of God. Years quickly slip by and before you realize it your life is far spent, and you start growing old.

If you are young and feel the call to God's service, don't think for a moment that you can reject the call, and go on doing as you please. God has a purpose and a plan for each and every one of us, and unless we heed His call we will drift through life a storm-tossed ship without a rudder.

God may be calling you to His service right now. He needs you and wants you and will richly bless you if you yield and do His will. If you reject Him you are sure to wind up a failure the same as I have found myself.

Remember, Christ has everything you need and if you serve Him, He will richly bless you and supply all your needs. The devil will be glad to have you, but what does he have to offer? Think this over very seriously. "What does the devil have to offer you?" Young man or woman I plead

with you to give your life to Christ completely, and trust Him to lead the way.

I am now past sixty years of age and my whole life has been a failure just because I did not heed His call. I thought I could do it alone. Well, I learned you can't, but Christ can, and will help you if you follow Him.

Here I am a life time of service wasted, never a soul won for Christ. Now, however, I have dedicated my life completely to Him. Whatever time is left for me, I will serve the Lord and try with His help to win souls for His kingdom.

Don't waste your precious years serving the devil, for sooner or later you will regret it, and time can never be reclaimed. From my

life's experience I now know that to be happy and content you must serve your Master, and I am sure He will richly bless your life, and reward you for it.

Please allow me to give you one more convincing example. A number of times in my life I felt financially secure only to see it all lost. Just recently I lost a business worth over fifty thousand dollars, and today all of my earthly material possessions are gone, but thank God, in exchange I have received a promise of a richer and fuller life.

Don't let this happen to you. If this confession is the means of bringing one soul to Christ, nothing would make me happier in the twilight years of my life. I just can't think of approaching

the throne of grace with empty hands. Just one soul won for Christ will make me feel that my life was not completely wasted.

I am resigned to the fact that I have wasted years of time and service for my Redeemer, but know that through His great love for me, even though I kept Him waiting, He has in His tender mercy forgiven me completely and I am His forever.

Young people, yield to Jesus Christ, do His will now. Give your all to Him, is my sincere plea. I am sure if you do, when you reach my age you will look back over the years of fruitful service with satisfaction, praising the Lord for all of His blessings. May God bless you. —*Gospel Herald*.

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## Young People and PURPOSE

WALTER E. ISENHOUR

One of the greatest and mostly godly men of all ages was Daniel. No doubt millions of people across the centuries have been blessed by the stand he took for God and righteousness when he was a young man, and the life he lived as the years went by.

Let us call your attention to this statement concerning Daniel, and don't forget it: "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself" (Daniel 1:8).

Daniel had been taken as a captive from Jerusalem to Babylon by king Nebuchadnezzar. At that time he was a young man—clean, godly, noble. "And the king spake unto Ashpenaz the master of the eunuchs, that he should bring certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's seed, and of the princes; children in whom was no blemish but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the

Chaldeans. And the king appointed them a daily portion of the king's meat, and the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king."

Daniel was included in the selection of young men whom the king was to test and try out for three years that at the end thereof they were to appear before him, so he might take from among them the best qualified for the work of his kingdom. However, when Daniel realized that it would be wrong to drink wine, and to eat what the king had appointed, therefore he "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." Daniel made request of the prince of the eunuchs that he would permit him to eat and drink differently from the king's prescription, which was strangely granted.

When the time came for Daniel to stand before the king, along with his three comrades who stood with him faithfully, there were none like them. The king found them "ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." Finally, though tested and tried very severely by the devil, along with much opposition,

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# “Be Not Forgetful”

Edna Atkin Pepper

Have you ever had a kindness shown you? Most people have, at one time or another. Did you have an impulse to do something to show your appreciation? A small boy trudged along a small-town street. It was almost night and he was tired and dirty and ragged and hungry. He stopped at one of the houses and his needs were promptly and efficiently looked after.

While he slept his worn clothing was washed and mended. In the morning he was again well fed and his pockets filled with food before he went on his way. The boy grew to manhood and long before he attained much financial success the good woman who had ministered to his needs began receiving gifts of money

and other various articles. Not for a year or so, but as long as she lived her heart was warmed by these proofs of Harry Houdini's gratitude.

The neighbors in Appleton, Wisconsin used to say they wished he had stopped at their house that twilight evening long ago. I wonder. Would any or all of them have made him welcome in such a cordial, soul satisfying way?

A shabbily-dressed stranger knocked at the back door of an ordinary working man's home.

“No,” replied the man of the house to the timid question, “I have nothing to give you.”

Without a word or a look of reproach, the poor fellow turned away. But the door was scarcely shut when the owner snatched

it open again in self-loathing. The stranger was nowhere to be seen.

“Run quick and find him!” he called to his son. “Look up and down the street and when you see him, tell him to come back.” However, the caller had vanished. Just suppose he was an angel in disguise turned away from that humble door! Never again did anyone knock there in vain. And the hospitality dispensed had always thereafter a quality of eagerness as though the host would atone for the past by heaping the plate for the present.

“Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares” (Hebrews 13:1, 2). —Selected.

## Out of Touch with Your Lord

Only a smile, yes, only a smile  
That a woman o'erburdened with grief  
Expected from you; 'twould have given relief,  
For her heart ached sore the while.  
But, weary and cheerless, she went away,  
Because, as it happened that very day,  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word,  
That the Spirit's small voice whispered “Speak”;  
But the worker passed onward, unblessed and weak,  
Whom you were meant to have stirred  
To courage, devotion and love anew,  
Because, when the message came to you,  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note,  
To a friend in a distant land;  
The Spirit said “Write,” but then you had planned  
Some different work and you thought

It mattered little. You did not know  
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe—  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song,  
That the Spirit said, “Sing tonight;  
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right.”  
But you thought, “Mid this motley throng  
I care not to sing of the City of God”;  
And the heart that your words might have reached  
grew cold—  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,  
But oh! can you guess, my friend,  
Where the influence reaches and where it will end  
Of the hours that you frittered way?  
The Master's command is, “Abide in me”;  
And fruitless and vain will your service be  
If out of touch with your Lord. —Selected.

# THE e d i t o r SPEAKS

## Take Your Umbrella

Once in a town which had needed rain seriously for months, a community meeting was held to pray for rain. While the ministers and others prayed aloud, every soul was silently but fervently praying for the rain which was needed to sustain life in the drouth-stricken community. Suddenly the heavens opened and out poured the answer to their prayers! There was much rejoicing as the wonderful rain came pouring down on the sun-baked crops and stock. It also came pouring down on all of the people as they left the building. That is, almost all of the people, for one little girl marched proudly down the walk holding her umbrella over her head. Just one little girl brought her umbrella as a sign of her faith when she came to pray for rain!

As you prepare to go to campmeeting this

## Christian Diamonds

It has been said that "a diamond is a lump of coal that went the second mile." Because of the heat and pressure and certain other conditions which it undergoes, the black lump of coal is changed into a beautiful shining jewel.

God's children who endure the heat and pressure of conditions in today's world, become individuals of beauty; shining jewels for His service. Going the second mile isn't always easy and comfortable. Receiving a polish and being beautified by having the rough corners smoothed off, sometimes takes years of endurance on our part. Much prayer and meditation is needed to develop the patience to endure the sufferings and hardships which make Christians with pure lives and turn them into "diamonds" while non-Christians remain just a lump of black coal.

year, are you "packing your umbrella"? Are you prepared to receive all of the many special blessings which God's children have been praying that He would send at campmeeting time? Consider the petitions that have been sent to our Father for "His will to be done in all things that we may have a meeting which will glorify His name." Consider also the petitions for personal victories and blessings far greater than we deserve and be assured that they will be received as they have been in the past, for God is so good to all of us.

We hope that many umbrellas are being packed as signs of faith as God's children prepare for another great gathering. We know that He will send the showers of blessings if God and His work mean more to us than anything else in this life.

One of the most joyous aspects of trials and times of testing in our lives is that God comes close to us, for it is then that we always try to get close to Him. We hear His loving words of comfort as we feel His hand leading us through the sufferings.

Peter's comforting words come to us when we need and appreciate them most: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you" and we find new meaning in them when we consider all of the hardships which he had endured. Yet he wrote much of his assurance and experiences of blessings of God's love and care.

May we have the faith expressed by the devout old lady who said amidst all her troubles, "I reckon the Lord won't send nothin' my way that me and Him can't handle together."

## "Seek Ye First"

(Continued from page 8)

self to be content to have been given the opportunity of salvation yourself, but too busy and selfish with your own plans and interests to be an ambassador for Christ—to truly *press* toward that high mark?

"Let's go back and read the verse preceding our key verse for tonight—'forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.' Have you forgotten those things which were formerly the most important things in your life—popularity in worldly things, social fun, the most becoming clothes, etc? Are you forgetting those things of this world which will last for only a short while—and soon pass way? Are you reaching—*reaching*, young folks, putting forth an effort, stretching forth your hand and reaching for those things which are before you? Or are you limply holding out your hand to catch whatever may fall there—content with the minimum of accomplishment that will be yours?"

And so the message, directed specifically at the young people this evening, went on, and Dianne listened intently, not realizing how her thoughts had been captured and completely turned from her former thoughts. The sermon finally ended with a single and simple Bible verse—but one that meant so much.

"And so young people, may I remind you of this one closing statement from Matthew 6:33—'But seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

As the altar call was given, on the first verse of the invitation hymn, Dianne found herself kneeling at the altar. Truly she had been given the answer to the unhappy feeling which had persisted. Dianne knew now that she had been reaching forth unto those things which were behind, not those things which were before.

Later as Jan and Dianne walked together to the Chorus Sing and Fellowship Hour which was being held around the campfire, Dianne poured out her heart to her best friend.

"Oh, Jan, I'm so happy now—and it comes from way down inside—and I don't have to worry about *making* the rest of my days happy here at campmeeting. I just know that the great peace I have found in giving myself fully to God is something lasting, and that's enough to make all our days happy.

"Now I know, Jan, that I came to campmeeting with the wrong idea in mind. My main idea was wearing my most becoming clothes, keeping my hair in the prettiest style, and just simply having gobs of fun with the other kids. And I must confess that I thought having gobs of fun depended on being coupled off with a fellow, too. These things are still a part of our life—and will remain so, but when we seek *first* the kingdom of God, then He adds the other joys to our life just as we need them.

"Just what the rest of the campmeeting will bring forth, I don't know. Whether or not I will meet a real nice fellow and enjoy companionship of this kind, I don't know. But this one thing I know, Jan. These things are minor now because I've found a new relationship in my friend, Christ Jesus—the friend that sticks closer than a brother. And this one thing I will do—I will *press*—and I mean *press*, Jan, not drag, toward the mark for the prize

of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Jan had been among the other young people who had found a deeper experience at the altar that evening, and she and Dianne hugged each other with a new depth of friendship. They were pressing for the same goal in life—to be of service to God wherever He would lead them.

## Somebody Help Me!

(Continued from page 10)

what you say you do. Keep this verse in mind, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.' I'd like to remind you that the difference between champ and chump is U. When it comes to the gospel work you can be a champion or a chumpion, depending on you. There is no such word as chumpion, so there should be only champions left. Your influence could mean life or death, eternal life or death, for someone sooner than you might expect."

As he paused on the church steps after the service he noticed Andy talking to Dick and Allan. He was evidently trying to convince them of something, but what? "Wonder what he's up to?" John wondered absent-mindedly. As Andy walked toward him John surmised that it was to ask a favor or something. "Uh, John," Andy hesitantly began, "It's awful hot and well, we wondered if we could go for a ride if it

### Contest Announcement

The response to the contests for stories, articles and letters was not what the judges had expected it to be. The material received was not of the quality which they felt it should have been to merit the prizes offered. However, some of the articles will be of interest to you and will be printed as regular contributions to *Aim*.



was all right with you." John hesitated, thinking he should stay for the next service, but Dick slapped him on the back. "Think it over friend, you'll melt standing here you know." "Well, OK.," John conceded. "Let's go."

John sat musing as he drove down the highway. Allan hadn't seemed himself lately particularly today. His thoughts were cut short as a car started to pass him and then pulled over fast, cutting him off. John jerked the car off the road onto the shoulder. Both boys in the other car laughed at his surprise. In spite of himself, John felt that his anger was rising. He heard Andy's voice shouting, "Step on it, We'll show them who they can run off the road." Ignoring his better judgment, John stepped on the accelerator. He glanced at the speedometer, 70 . . . 80 . . . 85. A little voice kept telling him to slow down. "You could be sorry for this John. Why don't you quit while you're ahead?" "Quit, my eye," John sputtered. "I'll show them." By now his anger had somewhat subsided and he noticed something else. That shimmy was back worse than ever now that he was going so fast. What was that piece of metal Timmy had found? It now occurred to John that it was a balancing weight. No wonder that the car . . . "Look out for that curve!" someone shouted. It was too late. It was all over in a few seconds. The car hit a patched spot in the road and John couldn't hold it. There was a moment of silence as the car went through the guard rail, and then a bright flash followed by silence. John awoke to hear someone gasping for breath. "Get me out. I can't breathe . . . somebody help me!" He didn't

dare guess what caused the silence that followed.

Later in his hospital bed the thought kept plaguing him. That pleading voice calling, "Somebody help me!" He couldn't shut it out of his mind, nor could he ignore the little voice that told him, "Think it over John. He was asking for help. Did you help him? Do you feel like a champ or is it a . . . yes, you know, John, a chump?"

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## Young People and Purpose

*(Continued from page 13)*

Daniel reached a position next to the king of the nation. In fact, in influence and power, he reached a height beyond that of the king and became one of the greatest men of all ages. Why? Because he purposed to go with God, do God's will, in spite of all powers that were against him.

If Daniel had had anything short of a heart purpose to live for God, obey and serve him, perhaps the world would never have heard of him—would never have known of him. He would never have left "footprints on the sands of time" to bless the world that centuries of time have never blotted out.

It is unknown what young people can accomplish in life when they purpose in their hearts to live for God. They will become useful citizens in their country and nation. They may become mighty ministers of the Gospel, great and wonderful missionaries, leaders in the church whose lives may bless hundreds and thousands of people. They may become wonderful educators, outstanding writ-

ers, editors of clean and wonderful papers, noble fathers and mothers, wonderful business men and women, such as honest lawyers, great doctors, useful nurses, or even outstanding farmers who feed and clothe the nations. They will make soul-winners, and thus help to defeat hell and gain the victory for heaven.

Young people, purpose to live for God. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Resolve to accomplish something good, great and worth while. Leave the drinking, frivolous, worldly, aimless, wicked crowd. "Follow not a multitude to do evil." The masses of them will accomplish nothing that shall live after them to bless the world. They will die and be forgotten. Have a noble purpose for which to live. It is said "A life without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder." Such a ship drifts, flounders and wrecks on the rock-ribbed shores. Aim high and go forth to reach the hilltop.

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"Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded." II Chronicles 15:7.

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## Why Be Anxious?

Mabel G. Haldeman

A carefree heart is the result of resting in the Lord. Cares and worries never find room in the heart that fully trusts in the Christ who said, "I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28).

The Apostle Paul might have had reason to be burdened by his many afflictions, cares, sorrows and hindrances. But he laid all reason aside, did not look to "things seen," but to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith. It was he who said, "Be careful for nothing" (Phil. 4:6). Why? Because "the Lord is at hand" (vs. 5). It was also Paul who said, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (vs. 19).

The impetuous Peter also

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Education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of oneself. Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty—how to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes.

—H. W. Beecher.

learned the secret of waiting on the Lord, for he said, "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you" (1 Peter 5:7).

From the standpoint of reason, what profit or benefit is there in worrying or fretting about anything? It brings no aid, comfort or satisfaction, but rather doubles the trouble and hinders any real source of relief. It makes one more miserable, and causes others to suffer from its poisonous influence.

From God's standpoint, it is not only foolishness and useless to worry, but it is a sin to do so. It is an insult to God when His children allow themselves to worry, fret or have cares. Think of a child of God with Heaven's riches having cares and worries! John Wesley said he would rather be guilty of cursing and swearing than to be a victim of worry.

Of course, it is "just natural" to be anxious about things that go wrong, says someone. But the fact is, for the child of God nothing does go wrong. Things may not always go the way he had planned that they should, or the way he wanted them to go. But it was just the way God had either allowed it or ordered it to be; for nothing comes to a child of God by chance. The actual truth is, one who worries does not believe God—does not believe Romans 8:28—"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Things cannot "go wrong" with a believer in God. God sometimes tests His children, to prove their love and to teach them a valuable lesson. But no believer can truthfully say he has reason to be anxious because of anything God has permitted to thwart his own plans. Should a believer have plans of his own? Should he not rather let the Lord plan for him?

One of the hardest lessons for a child of God to learn is to keep his hands off God's affairs for his life. It is so natural and human to become self-important and try to manage one's own affairs, in-

stead of yielding one's all to God. He always wants to work out His plans for His children's lives. Is not He patient and long-suffering?

Then why have a care? Why be anxious when God knows His business, when He cares? Has He not said, "The world is mine, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 50:12)? Why put aside our privilege we have in Christ? We are the losers if we do.—*Selected.*

### Early Habits

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old man, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle.

The neck of the bottle was small and the cucumber so large it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came to a bottle slipped over a little green fellow, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. And now I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that most likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber."

—H. F. Sayles.

## Special Introductory Subscription Offer

Fresh off the press—that's what this copy is. *Aim* is making its debut, and you are privileged to witness this premier of the new youth magazine. Note well its fulfillment of the requirements for young readers.

Promotion has been given this magazine throughout our church publications. Now you see the first issue. You hold in your hand the product of months of combined effort on the part of several sponsors, chiefly the Young People's Department Committee and the editor.

This first issue is a sell out. It is being sent to every Church of God home in the United States and Canada. Its merit is thought to deserve a place of prominence on every reading rack.

*Aim* is a monthly magazine that we are certain you will want to receive. You will want to be sure that every issue comes to your home.

The regular subscription price for this fine magazine with a two-color cover is only two dollars. However, you are given a special offer. For the rest of August you can get a year's subscription for just \$1.50. Order as many one-year gift subscriptions as you want.

Use the convenient subscription blank below. Make *Aim* a standby in your magazine rack.

### SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

Please enter my subscription to *Aim* for 1 year. I am enclosing \$1.50, which is your special introductory offer subscription price during August.

Name .....

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## Squeaky Shoes

(Continued from inside front cover)

Those quiet people who shun publicity, and like the poor widow live their lives and do their deeds to be seen of God, have the greater honor. For the "squeaky shoes" givers, the bells of earth may clang, but the sweet bells of heaven will ring out triumphantly for the unobtrusive, sincere Christians.

The one sort have their reward in the plaudits of men, the other in the approval of Him who sat over against the treasury. With keen eye and unerring judgment He takes the measure of men. The "much" of earth becomes little in His judgment, when given with showy hand. The "little" of earth becomes much in the estimation of Him who weighs the hearts of men. Whatever the size of our gift, may the Giver of all good who gave His Son for our redemption, keep us meek and humble. Save us from wearing "squeaky shoes."

—The C. U. Herald.

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## True Patriotism

One of the greatest things we have to be thankful for is the independence of our nation. And it brings to mind an important question. How should you as a young Christian feel about your government? Can a young person really love Jesus Christ and try to please Him in everything and yet be subject to his government and all the laws?

The Bible, which is our Guide Book, has definite things to say about this subject. Let's look at it together.

Some men were trying to get something on the Lord one day, so they asked Him if it was lawful for a man to pay taxes to Caesar and yet worship God. Christ's answer was, "Yes, . . . a man should give to his government the things due his government and to God the things due to Him."  
—Selected.

# YOUTH PROGRAM for General Conference

The Young People's Department of the Church of God has a special program planned for the General Conference meeting. This program is for every youth between the ages of 12 and 20. If you are in this age range you will want to be on hand for one of the best times in your life.

The material that we are using this year is brand new for youth camps. It is graded so that it will be of interest to you regardless of your interests. There will be singing, workshop periods, business sessions and many other activities. Every day there will be something different. The following is a brief outline of the daily activities:

Morning Worship . . . . . 8:15 - 9:30 A.M.

Instruction . . . . . 10:00 - 11:45 A.M.

F.Y.C. Program . . . . . 1:15 - 2:30 P.M.

Workshop or Business . . 3:00 - 4:00 P.M.

Each evening after the preaching services we have planned activities and entertainment for everyone. We have also planned two outings for the group during the week. These tours will be taken by chartered buses to prevent the chance of accidents.

You will never have attended a meeting like this before. Plan to attend and enjoy the fellowship of other Christian young people at the General Conference meeting this year.

Robert Coulter, Chairman  
Young People's Department



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POST OFFICE BOX 78  
STANBERRY, MISSOURI

Non-Profit Organization  
U. S. POSTAGE

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STANBERRY, MO.  
Permit No. 26

# WILL YOU be in the picture this fall?



THIS is a picture of the Midwest Bible College Choir in 1955. Many changes have taken place since that time. Other students have come and gone, singing in the choir in their turn, and then going on to other things which the Lord had in store for them. But year in and year out, the choir is one of the greatest blessings which we enjoy at MBC. Not only do those who sing get a great deal of pleasure from this service, but those who hear have much to say concerning their own deep enjoyment of the choir.

One of the outstanding events of the college year is the annual spring musical, which features the choir and an abundance of quartets, duets, solos, and special numbers, in a program of hymns and modern gospel songs. Billed as "The King's Songs," this program attracts a large crowd.

You, too, may be a part of this picture for

the 1959-1960 term. Not only will you find the choir a pleasant and beneficial experience, but you will find the general atmosphere of Christian fellowship most wholesome and inspiring. Classes in Bible and related subjects are conducted by instructors who know the Book and the Author. There are counselors to help students with every problem in the way that counts most—because they really care.

Midwest Bible College is situated near Northwest Missouri State College, where our students receive their liberal arts courses in an accredited school. The students find also that it is quite economical to attend Midwest where education with a religious emphasis is the standard.

Now is the time to plan for your part in the Midwest picture this fall. Why not write now for your copy of the Midwest Bible College Bulletin and your application form?

**Midwest Bible College**  
**Stanberry, Missouri**