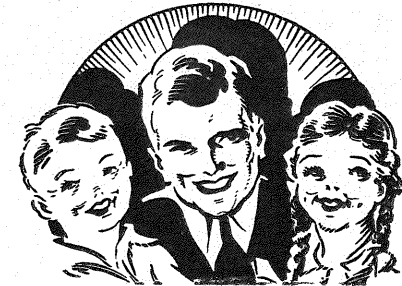


Aim

The magazine for young people



FATHER'S DAY

What a father says to his children is not heard by the world, but it will be heard by posterity.

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters.—*G. Herbert*

A father is a banker provided by nature.—*French Proverb*

He that has his father for judge, goes safe to the trial.—*Cervantes*

He that honoreth his father shall have a long life.—*Ecclesiasticus of the Apocrypha*

For Progress

VOTE

Y_{outh} E_{mphasis} S_{abbath}

GIVE, ON JUNE 12, to:

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- Sponsor a missions tour
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"Help Youth at the Crossroads"

If there are yet details to work out in your personal plans for

YOUTH CAMP

this summer, be sure to turn to the **INSIDE BACK COVER** for the information and addresses you need.

Aim The magazine for young people

AIM is dedicated to the promotion of higher ideals and more challenging spiritual goals among the young people of the Church of God. It is published monthly under the direction of the Young People's Department of the General Conference by the Church of God Publishing House at Second and Willow Streets in Stanberry, Missouri. It was entered as second class matter on September 10, 1959, at the Post Office in Stanberry, Missouri, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada. Foreign, \$2.25. Clubs of 6 or more to one address, U. S. and Canada only \$1.50 each.

Contributions of material for publication are greatly appreciated. No responsibility is assumed for the care of manuscript, however, and only manuscript which is accompanied by return postage will be returned. Material which is original with this publication may be reprinted to the Glory of God. Please give proper credit.

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Vol. XXX, No. 6

Hope E. Dais, Editor

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

—MAD. DE LAMBERT

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Submitted by Roberta's mother, this article dated March, '53, was written when a student at Midwest Bible College.

Can He Depend On You?

JESUS TAUGHT many parables throughout His ministry. In fact, we are told in Matthew 13:34 that this was the only way He spoke to the multitudes. The first three gospels are the only books in the New Testament that record the parables of Christ, and perhaps one of the most familiar parables is the parable of the talents. Although familiar, it is always well to think on it, for this parable holds much value for a Christian.

Just in case you have forgotten the parable, I will refresh your memory with a short summary. Found in Matthew 25:14-30 this parable is of a man who was planning a journey to a far country. He called his servants to him giving to one five talents, to another two talents, and to the last servant one talent, according to their different abilities.

The men who had the five and two talents immediately began working and brought in more, doubling what they had; while the man with the one talent buried his in the ground.

AFTER SOME TIME had elapsed, the man came back from his journey and immediately asked his servants about his goods. He was well pleased with the first two, because they had gained more profit, therefore he told them because they were faithful over a few things he would make them ruler over

By Roberta Harris Schueler

many things. Moreover, he granted them the privilege of entering into the many joyous things he had in store for them. The man was very displeased to find that the servant with the one talent had hid it, and that he had made no profit at all.

Although the servant tried to make an excuse by saying that he knew his master was a hard man gathering where he had not sown, it was to no avail; and he was cast out away from his masters' presence, his talent being given to those who had been faithful.

NOW YOUR MINDS are refreshed on the parable, but is it also refreshed on the lesson it teaches? If not I shall bring to your remembrance the importance of it to Christians today.

The man who went on the far journey may be likened to Christ Who having servants, or followers, ascended into heaven to remain there until God sees fit to send Him back again. We are told in 1 Corinthians 12 that we as Christians are as one body in Christ, but as one body we still have individual tasks to perform. If each person had the same work to do the Gospel of God would not go forward. Therefore God gave each one some kind of a talent, differing so His Word might be taught throughout the world (Rom. 12: 6-20). Just as the man expected his servants to use their talents (money in that case) to his benefit, so Christ expects us to use the talents or gifts He has

given to us to His benefit.

To some it may be the gift of speaking, or writing, or perhaps singing, or playing a musical instrument; but it may be a sweet disposition or just a friendly smile. No matter how small our individual talent is, we are to use it in the best way and to exercise it. Then perhaps God may see fit to endow us with more talents, but even if He would not we are admonished to be faithful in that talent which we have. Only through using the gifts that God has given us can we help to win souls for His kingdom.

SOME PEOPLE SAY, "But, I just don't have a talent. Not even one." I hardly believe this is so, for I believe God has given each individual at least one way in which he can show God to those about him. All have life and therefore can show Christianity, the love of God, in the way he talks, carries himself, the places he attends, the company he keeps, and so on. Even so, besides this I think if most people would truly search their lives they would find they could do more than they really thought they could.

Whatever our talents may be, let us use them faithfully in God's service, and we will find ourselves blessed and enriched by God for it in this life. It is far more important though, that we, as the faithful servants, will have said unto us by Christ, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared

for you from the foundation of the world." We shall enter in that perfect kingdom and be forever with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and our Heavenly Father. Those who fail to use what God has given them to His glory, but have been dead and lifeless for Him, He will cast out just as the lord in the parable did, and eternal life will be taken from them.

YOU HAVE a choice to make, Reader; to use whatever God has given you to save souls and glorify Him, or to bury your talent and be ashamed of Him Who has done so much for you. One way is life; the other death. Can He depend on you?

I trust you will make the right choice and thus receive treasure and riches unknown.

M A K E a M A R K of M E R I T

By Dale Lawson

During the month of May we received three more merit reports, making a total of 19 FYC groups now in the Merit Program for 1965. We are happy to report that we received a merit report from the country of Trinidad. Our prayer is that the program may be a blessing to all of you in Trinidad.

We are a little disappointed at not receiving merit reports from some of the churches that we expected would be active in the program. Perhaps we will still hear from you?

I know many of you have read about the Youth Tour that is being planned. It is hoped that any questions you may still have concerning the merit program or any other phase

of the young people's program will be answered in person by our Youth Team.

Work hard for the Kingdom of God.

Additional merit scores are as follows:

Oklahoma		
Claremore		
Merit points		125
Bonus points		17
Texas		
San Antonio		
Merit points		90
Bonus points		11
Trinidad		
Cumuto		
Merit points		115



My Friend, Bill



By Jessie Truman

"Why didn't you stop me? Why didn't somebody stop me?" I flung these questions at my mother, then sank in a chair beside the kitchen table. My head went down on my arms as I tried to shut out the awful truth of what had just happened. But the picture was stamped on my brain and would not go away. Now I had to go out and face my best friend, Bill. I'd a whole lot rather have taken a good licking. I couldn't face him, yet I had to. And I had to do it alone.

Bill and I hadn't always been such good friends. I was a few months older, and was a year ahead of him in school. He lives about two miles from here, the way the crow flies, and we rode the same school bus. When we were kids, we both had a crush on the same little blonde at the same time. One night he had the nerve to tell me that Sally was his girl. I poked him. The

bus driver let a yell out of him, and ordered us to the front of the bus. We had to sit in the front seat for the rest of the school year. Together.

Once we got over being sore, we found out that Sally wasn't the only interest we had in common. He liked to ride horses, and so did I. He liked to tinker on an old heap, and I did, too. Another thing we both enjoyed was hunting.

Bill would ride his pony through the woods some evenings and we'd sit and watch TV. They didn't have TV, but he did have a pony—something I'd always wanted. And I suppose he thought I was lucky that we had TV. Then Mom or Sis would set out a plate of cookies or cake and we'd drift into easy conversation. He's the kind of guy that's just nice to have around.

Well, this particular morning

I'd taken the .22 and went to the woods before breakfast, without telling anyone where I was going. I was gone quite a while, and Mom began to worry. You know how mothers are. If you aren't back just when they think you should be, they start imagining all sorts of things. Anyway, Mom called Bill's mother to see if I'd ambled in there. I hadn't, so Bill's mother said she'd have Bill ride out to see if he could find me.

The folks had finished breakfast when I got home. Mom fried a couple of eggs for me. I had just finished the eggs and was on my second glass of milk when suddenly there was a strange dog coming up the drive. Now, we're always suspicious of strange dogs, especially with stock out. Sometimes Dad would shoot over them to frighten them off, and discourage them from ever coming around again. But me, I'd as soon settle it the first time. So I quick grabbed the .22, ran out the door and shot twice. Fast. He turned and ran down the road. I knew I'd hit him.

"Well, there's one less dog to worry about," I thought to myself as I returned to the kitchen.

I was still congratulating myself on being a good shot when Sis came out of the living room.

"Bill's coming up the driveway on his horse," she announced. She had gone to the window when she heard the shooting.

"Bill! Here?" Mom ran to the window. When she turned around, her face was pale.

"Do you know what you've just done?" She was looking straight at me.

By that time it was beginning to sink in, and I was suddenly sick to my stomach.

"Why didn't you stop me?"

I wanted to shut my eyes so tight that the whole ugly picture would have to fade away. Like erasing it off a blackboard. But it wouldn't go away, and now I had to go out to face Bill. Alone.

He had climbed down from the pony, and was bent over the little brown heap that laid beside the road. Then he reached down and lifted the limp body in his arms, like you would a baby. There were tears in his eyes and I could tell that he was all choked up.

"Oh, Bill! I'm sorry. I didn't realize it was your dog." I stammered it out.

He nodded. We just stood there. Pretty soon he asked if we had a shovel.

"I'll get it," I said, and ran to the barn.

We selected a little spot in the edge of the woods, and buried him there. Then we put some big rocks over the grave to keep animals from molesting it.

As we made our way back to the house, I was berating myself for being so careless and hasty. Then Bill interrupted.

"I'm not holding this against you. You did what you thought

was right, and I'd have done the same thing if I'd been in your place. You were protecting your stock. And I don't want you blaming yourself for it, either."

Suddenly Bill stood ten feet tall. In my eyes.

We washed the mud off our hands, and the folks told him how sorry they were, too. Mom made some coffee, and handed us each a cup of it. Bill was pretty quiet. I guess he was wondering what he'd tell his folks, and trying to guess how they'd take it. The dog had been their gift to him when it was a puppy. It had slept on the foot of his bed, and they had grown up together.

Bill started to leave, then turned to my folks and asked, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Of course, Bill, if we can. What is it?"

"I'd rather no one heard about what happened this morning. It doesn't concern anyone, but just us. And others might not understand. It's just one of those things," he sighed.

The folks said they'd go along with it, if that was the way he really wanted it, and he did.

Bill still rides his pony through the woods, to spend an evening with us, once in awhile. He's a nice guy to have around. Solomon understood about fellows like Bill. He said, "A friend loveth at all times" (Proverbs 17:17). ◀ ◀

I'm So Mad!

By Dorothy Nimchuk

"That Martha, she makes me so mad!" exclaimed Sandra. "She must think she owns the high school canteen. She bosses everyone around and tries to act so big!"

"Now, dear, she can't be as bad as all that! Why, I've met her on several occasions with her mother in town and she is always so sweet and polite. Surely you must be exaggerating," said Mrs. Cleveland.

"Oh, Mother," cried Sandra, "It's just like you to stick up for her. But you don't know what she is really like." Sandra picked up her coat and school books and started for her room. Her mother's voice stopped her.

"Wait a moment, Sandy, just what happened today at school that made you feel this way about Martha?"

"Huh, I guess nothing at all has gone right all day. First, old Mr. Grundy flunked me in that English test. He's always picking on me. Whoever needs to know all about intransitive verbs anyhow? Just a waste of

time if you ask me. Then in study hall Miss Simms got real nasty just because Judy and I were passing a few notes. We weren't bothering anyone."

Mrs. Cleveland frowned. Sandra seemed to be getting more difficult all the time. It seemed there was always something she had to complain about, always defending and justifying her own actions at the expense of someone else.

"You, of course, realize that study hall is no place for note-passing, Sandra. You are in there to do your home work. Even if you were done, perhaps Judy was not. And what happened with Martha?" she asked. "I believe you told me your class elected her to be in charge of the canteen, to see that there was always someone there to watch the stand."

"Sure, but today was my turn and she asked me to change with Beverly Henry and work tomorrow instead 'cause Bev has some appointment or other for tomorrow. Why couldn't she have

asked one of the others to change with Bev? Seems to me Martha is always picking on me," she sighed. "I wanted to go see the basketball game tomorrow noon and now I've got to tend the stand."

The senior class at Trenton High was selling candy, soft drinks, and school supplies each noon hour as a means of raising funds for their class trip. They were planning a trip to Chicago to see the Science and Industry Museum, the Planetarium, etc., and were all very enthused about going.

"Just think about what a wonderful trip you are all going to have with the money earned from the stand. Then working in it won't seem nearly so bad," suggested Mother.

Sandra's face was still cloudy at the supper table and she seemed to take delight in pestering her younger brother until he was at the point of tears. "Sandra, that's just about enough of your teasing Randy. Leave him alone. You'd better

go get ready for prayer meeting or we'll be late," commanded her father. Sandra was ready with an angry retort on the tip of her tongue, but one look at her father's face was sufficient to know she had better do as she was told or else!

Muttering to herself she left the table and made her way to her room. Prayer meeting! On top of everything else that had spoiled her day this seemed almost too much to bear. A lot of stuffy old people testifying and getting down on their knees to mumble a few words which no one could hear anyhow. Oh, well, maybe she could pass the time thinking of that dreary new boy at school. He was so handsome and he had actually smiled and said hello to her today when she had passed him in the hall. Bet *he* didn't spend his time in dreary old prayer meetings! He looked like he'd be lots of fun to know.

Arriving at the old, stone church, the Cleveland's took seats about halfway to the front. There were quite a few in attendance and it wasn't until the meeting got under way that Sandra recalled there was to be a guest speaker that evening. It had been announced the previous Sabbath; that must be why so many had turned out for the meeting.

The opening hymns were sung and the pastor prayed for the guidance and presence of God's Holy Spirit in their meeting. Then it was time for testimonies.

After several others, Sandra heard a familiar voice from somewhere behind her. She cautiously glanced back over her shoulder to see who was speaking. Of all people! Terry Merrill! The new fellow from school—not only there but actually on his feet and testifying to the presence of the Lord Jesus in his life. Sandra sat up a little straighter and listened to what he had to say.

"Jesus saved me and took all my sins away. I used to have an awful temper which I could not control. It seemed I was always angry—with someone else, especially my brother. It seemed to me he always got the best of everything and I guess I was more than a little jealous of him. My efforts at Bible reading and prayer didn't seem to be getting through, just as though something were in the way. Then one night I found out what it was. I read the 5th chapter of Matthew and verses 21-24 seemed to jump out at me, a message for me there from God. I'd like to read them for you now.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore if thou bring thy gift

to the altar, and there rememberest thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

"I was very impressed, so much so that I went to my brother that very night and told him how I had felt all those years. We made it right and have had such good fellowship ever since. But best of all, it enabled me to make my peace with God."

Terry's testimony stirred Sandra more than she liked to admit even to herself. She was beginning to feel a little bit guilty of her own attitudes and she didn't like the feeling. She was in the habit of blaming others for her moods.

After a special number by the men's quartet, the guest speaker rose to address the gathering. He chose for his text the 37th chapter of the book of Psalms. The eighth verse stood out especially for Sandra: "Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."

The speaker stressed the fact that we should love our enemies and do good to them who determine evil against us, rather than endeavoring to take vengeance upon ourselves. "Now turn with me to the 12th chapter of Romans, verses 17-21," he continued. "It reads thus: 'Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in

you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

"And again in 1 John 4:20, 21 we are told: 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also.'"

As the meeting drew to a close, Sandra once again was reviewing her day, but this time in a different light. Her heart was stirred by the message and she could not deny that it applied especially to her own life. When the altar call was given she rose from her seat and went forward. There on her knees she prayed for forgiveness, and for the strength and courage to make things right with those with whom she had grievances. She determined to conquer her angry feelings with the help of Christ in her life. She made up her mind to work hard in English class, to do her work in study hall, and on down the list of her associations with friends and family alike, she

(Continued on page 17)

Prophet Amos

By Nathan Straub



In the section of the Bible known as the Prophets, there are 16 prophets. Four of them are called, "Major Prophets," and twelve of them are called, "Minor Prophets." These terms of, "Major... and Minor..." have only to do with the amount of writing done by the prophet, but have nothing to do with the importance of messages.

It is simply this: Those who wrote most are designated as, "Major Prophets," and those who wrote less are styled, "Minor Prophets."

- Amos is counted with the Minor Prophets, and appears in the Bible third on the list after Hosea and Joel.

May we have a quick look at Amos.

Where did he fit into the timetable of the history of Israel?

The United Kingdom of Israel split in	922 B.C.
Amos wrote and preached in	786-746
Israel fell in	722
Judah fell in	587

- Amos was a native of a city in Judah, named Tekoa. What about Tekoa? What sort of a town was it?

Tekoa was a city in a wilderness of the same name. The wilderness was severe and barren but the area was dotted with olive trees and sycamore fig trees. The town was 5 or 6 miles south of Bethlehem. Today it is still a very rough countryside and is occupied by Bedouins who live in tents, and raise small amounts of hearty grains.

Amos was not the son of a prophetic family. He was a farmer, working with sheep and goats in the rugged countryside and he was skilled in the care of sycamore figs, as they grew and ripened.

- Amos is held with a high regard among students of the Bible prophets. Why is this true? In our Bibles we find that throughout the history of Israel there were many prophets of God. There was Moses, who was a prophet as well as being a mediator and a lawgiver.

There was Samuel who was a prophet as well as being a priest and a state advisor. Then to quickly mention some others there was Gad, Nathan, Ahijah, Elijah, Elisha, and Micaiah. Then in later history there were other prophets beginning with Amos. There was Hosea, Isaiah, Micah and many others.

- There was a rather dishonorable period of time, however, in the craft of prophethood. This period ran approximately from just after the death of Solomon, up to the beginning of the work of Amos. A period of nearly 200 years. (Now, how long is 200 years? The Declaration of Independence was signed only 189 years ago.)

In this period of time there were prophets of God. There was Elijah, Elisha, and Micaiah. There were others, but for the most part the matter of being a prophet had become a craft, or a business. And these prophets sold out to the kings of their time. Prophets were, in the most part, not men of God, but were merely tools of the kings and were often used to give respectability to some of the dishonorable things done by the kings.

After a long period of time, (Elijah and Elisha came about in the middle of this 200 year period) about 100 years, Amos appeared on the scene in Israel. Now Amos was a native of Judah, but he preached in Israel.

- Amos was a prophet of God; he preached God's message and warning to the nation of Israel. But his preaching was not very popular. He had broken the popular style of the "sold out" prophet, and preached the truth of God. As was mentioned, he was not of a prophetic family, but was taken from his farming (Amos 7:10-15) by God to warn the people of Israel.

Amos was the first of the new line of prophets, some of whom had their works recorded and appear in the section of our Bible known as the prophets.

Our Sedative --

By Fred Walter

A time of crisis is sweeping the world—and the Church of God. This, primarily, is due to the awareness of the lateness of the hour. The world recognizes the imminence of another war. It also recognizes the precarious position of the human race. To help “soften” or glaze this awareness and its resulting trauma, the world’s leaders are administering heavy doses of “sedatives” to themselves and to others.

This world is full of rebellion, to these “sedatives,” to society, to old paths. This is most noticeable among the younger set. Why? For numerous reasons.

One: they are reaching maturity, giving them the “right” to think for themselves.

Two: their emotions are easily excited.

Three: they want to impress adulthood with their achievements—and the best achievements are new achievements.

Four: they are searching for truths that the adult world wants to hide from them.

Five: they are natural explorers.

Six: they may have been inhibited or abused by their peers, including parents, teachers, civic leaders, law officers, etc. These are the ban-the-bombers in England, the Free Speech Movement leaders in California, beatniks, some young civil rights demonstrators, and many others. Some of their motives are sound; some are not.

Among religious groups, these conditions and these motives have had their effects. There are right-wingers and leftists in the churches. Such are behind the liberal interpretations of the Bible, behind some existential philosophies, behind much of the ecumenical movement.

All of this is the result of a search, a hope, for something better. But regretfully, much of it is a search in the wrong direction. It is a real dilemma.

One man says, “I have the answer. Eat, drink, and be merry.”

Another says, “No, I have the answer. Make the Bible easier to understand.”

Another adds “It is impossible to keep from sinning.”

Conformity?

or

Transformity

Another says, “Make sex religiously appealing. Tell the world Jesus had several wives.” (*This is not true. Rather, it is a new “pill” on the religious market.*)

Someone else will say, “Let’s become hermits.”

Another, “Let’s rebel against society. Its ways are trite and archaic.”

And on down the line.

This all brings up a basic issue. Where is there an answer that will solve all the problems and restore order and sanity?

* * *

Before we can answer this, let us squarely face a related problem. Can these things infiltrate and affect our church? Let’s face it. We are in the world and we are human!

IN SOFT-PEDALING “WORLDLINESS”

Already we see signs of sedation being used in our church. It can be found among those who soft-pedal “worldliness.” Along comes a joker who asks, “What is worldliness?” and be-

gins a philosophical spiel on the subject, summing it up with the gem, “Worldliness is relative, not absolute,” and that’s that! It is up to the individual to determine what worldliness is since it changes with the times, says he. And he will cite, “What was worldly twenty years ago isn’t worldly today.”

A Bible issue obviously can not be decided by each individual, segregated in thought and contact from others. What do we mean by this? Simply that no one human has the right to decide and legislate an opinion based only upon his own thinking. The way to salvation or to the kingdom cannot be left for one mere mortal man to decide. If it could, I would prescribe the path that would be easiest for me; you would do so for yourself, and so on down the line.

Basically, sin is sin. It is the transgression of the law and that law is no mere matter of opinion, or a transient thing. The person who thinks so is condemning himself to a death sentence.

IN PROGRAMMING

Another sign is in programming. Religion becomes soft and convenient. Here is Joe the Soft Christian's attitude: "I'll worship only when I want to. I'll listen to the preacher just when I please. I'll read the Bible occasionally, but only when I've finished my job, or my homework, or this good book, or this game of checkers, or this great magazine, or this newspaper. I'll memorize a memory verse once a month, or once every six months, if I have time. And I'll pray lying in bed, or sitting in the easy chair, or when I have to in church."

A convenient Christianity is not a real Christianity. It's a farce carried on obviously for its impression upon others—because we ought to, not because our heart is in it. This attitude shows in the "ultra-informal" religious service or the sloppily planned Youth Rally.

The second way sedation appears in programming is in the service given only for entertainment. Sometimes the first attitude—softness—is behind this. The program is done only because we have to—it's our responsibility. So it's thrown together and all it does is entertain. But there is another and more obvious reason behind this type of program. We want religion to conform to our taste. So we entertain. Isn't it more exciting and stimulating to hear people laugh than to hear grandpa say amen?

This writer is not trying to say religion is all poker-faced. This would be going too far in the opposite direction. But, neither is religion all jibes, cackles, and horse-laughs. The Apostle Paul once told Titus this: "We should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world" (Titus 2:12). He also said: "Young men likewise exhort to be sober minded" (Titus 2:6).

We must respond to God properly. This means that the Youth Rally and the Young People's meeting should be conducted with one primary purpose in mind: to bring spiritual upliftment. All those attending a Rally or Y. P. program should have to ask themselves at least one of three questions when the service is over: (1) What must I do to be saved? (2) How can I become a stronger Christian? (3) What can I do to help others enjoy this hope I have?

Let a young people's service: inspire; cause a proper response in its audience; make responsible, morally and spiritually sound leaders of the church's young people; and, finally, entertain (but keep this only as a means to the end, not as an end in itself). With these goals and ingredients, remember to put forth the greatest efforts to develop and *improve* talent. The results will be inspiring!

THE ANSWER

Back to that earlier question concerning the answer to all the problems today and the re-

storing of order and sanity. Although it sounds pessimistic, we, nonetheless, must recognize that mankind as a whole never will achieve such a restoration because most men will not accept God and truth. But it is possible for man to do so. He can know peace, security, hope. All of these have a common Source, Who is their Author. The important thing is: Do *you* know this Source? Do you love Him and live for Him? If you don't, if you have been embracing a soft, convenient form of Christianity, or none at all, please make the right choice right now.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Ecclesiastes 11:9).

I'M SO MAD!

(Continued from page 11)

pledged to be different.

Already her heart felt lighter than it had for a long time. She knew it would not be an easy task she had assigned herself—becoming angry had become a dreadful habit with her. However, she knew in her heart, that with the help of God she could and would accomplish just that! She determined to be an overcomer. "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (1 John 5:4, 5).

o ——— o

An atheist has a reason, but no hope for his reason. A hypocrite has a hope, but no reason for his hope. A Christian has a reason for his hope and a hope for his reason.

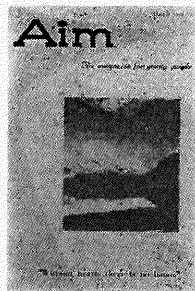
I LOVE

by Ralph Durham

I love the Lord and His loving Son
Who saved me when I was lost and undone,
The Word He gave and its promises dear,
Of life, by the Spirit, and without a fear.

I love the peaceful times I share
Uplifted by my God in prayer
The times alone I search the Word,
When through the Spirit its message is heard.

I love the beauty of the things God's made.
A flower's tender petals with delicate shade
The crisp sound of footprints on fresh sparkling snow,
A brooks quiet babbling in its unhurried flow.



THE AIM SPEAKS AGAIN

Part III

By Don Lawson

Yes this is AIM Speaking
Just making one more plea.
First I pled my own cause;
Then I pled for mother;
Now I come to you to make a plea
For my elder brother.

I would love to bring my brother
When I come to your place;
He is so kind and strong and good
And has a handsome face.

I am sure that you will like him
He's a **Messenger** you see
And he only costs two dollars
Just the same as me.

Don't you think that's very cheap—
For one so big and grand,
Who gathers up your messages
And spreads them o'er the land?
And we would love for you to meet
him

And take him by the hand.

So won't you send two dollars
Your name and street and town?
Then every month of the year
My brother will come around.

He'll do so much to help your home
And he's a lot of fun.
He's not so very old at all
He's only forty-one.

Oh, he has so much to tell you
About the preachers and the press,
And all the work they have to do—
And how to do it best.

He'll tell you about the ones you
know

When you were a girl or a lad
About the ones when they pass on
And leave their home so sad.

You will also hear about the ones
Who are in need of prayer
Also about the foreign fields
And what they need o'er there.

He is a strong and sturdy worker
And he never, never rests
For by the time he's made the rounds
It's time again to go to press.

They roll him up and pack him
And stamp him down with care
And send him on his journey
By land, and sea, and air.

Now I've told you all about us
My Mother, Brother and I.
I'm sure that you can send for us,
If you will only try.

"Two-fifty" for the **Advocate**
Two dollars for **Messenger**, you see;
Add two dollars for the **Aim**
And that's just "six-fifty" for three.

We three have a work to do
And we can help both night and day
But we need a helping hand from
you
To bring us on our way.

We want to go to every city and
village
In all this whole country
To all the many islands,
And the lands across the sea.

We are three willing preachers
For this purpose we were meant,
But how can we go and preach
Unless that we are sent?

Now if you don't have us in your
home
Won't you join hands with all the
rest
And quickly send your orders in
And keep us rolling off the press?

Aim has finished speaking;
Aim has had her say;
Now I Aim to leave it up to you
Until the judgment day!

Faithful Youth Challengers

Music Youth Missions Helps

Messages Tour Instruction

July 10 - August 4

Inspiration

TEAM INCLUDES:

- * ELDER and MRS. VERNON PATCHEN, national youth leaders
- * MIKE WEIR, KEN KNOLL, teenage singers (Wis.)
- * ELDER DALE LAWSON, youth speaker and MBC graduate
- * CALVIN BURRELL, SVA teacher
- * ELDEN FISCHER, FYC Chairman

TOUR INCLUDES: West Coast, North Central, High Plains, and South Central Districts.

PROGRAM INCLUDES: Organ music, vocal combinations, explanations of FYC programs, youth talks, MBC and SVA information.

Handbills will be available soon.

AIMS OF THE TOUR:

- * To promote more active local FYC groups by explaining FYC programs and answering questions of the young people.
- * To study the needs of local FYCs and seek to fulfill those needs in the future as we prepare for a part-time worker.
- * To challenge young people to greater Christian service.

Decision!

By Vernon Patchen

The boys were talking about getting dates for the class party this coming weekend. Most of them were planning to go. I confided in one of my closest friends and asked him if he had any ideas how I might get a date with Ruth. Ruth was a majorette and a very popular girl. If I could just get a date with her, I thought, I, too, would be popular overnight! I had been dreaming of a plan like this for some time. How great it would be to be popular like some of these other kids! It seems like a Christian has to take the backseat (so to speak) all the time. I loved my Lord and wanted to be true to Him but sometimes I would get to thinking it wouldn't be too bad to go along with the kids on some things. I wanted some of the thrills I heard the others talk about. "Ruth goes to study hall next hour," friend Jim said. "Why don't you ask her then?"

That sounded great so I said I'd try. I hurried to my locker, got my books for the next class and made my way to the study hall. But when Ruth came by I froze in my tracks and just said, "Hi," in a weak voice as I swallowed real hard. There, I missed my chance and I must get this done before some other guy beats me to it. And wouldn't you know, Jim was standing back a ways watching. He comes up and says "What goes with you, Man? You stand there like . . . like a preacher warmin' up to a funeral sermon for his favorite deacon. Get with it, Daddy—O. That gal's a real New Yorker. I happen to know she's not took yet. This would be your best

deal for the season—get a yes from her and ya got it made, Man!"

I numbly kicked shut the door to his locker, scarcely listening to all his talking.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Jim grabbed a hunk of my elbow. "You ain't figurin' to preach to Ruth?" I didn't answer.

So Jim said, "Lemme clue you in, Boy. That gal's for this preachin' stuff like I'm the fifth cousin of a . . . a salamander."

I still didn't say anything. "She's a B2 (double beauty)," Jim said, "an' you act like you're zeroed in on Roman candles."

I winced, because I knew what Jim was driving at. I felt just

a little bit ashamed of myself. Still, on the other hand, I could not really see anything wrong with dating Ruth. It was true she wasn't a Christian . . . surely not by the standards I knew from Bible teaching, but even the roughest hood in school would admit she always played heads up on a date.

After getting home from school I was still thinking of my big goof for the day. If only I could work up the nerve to call Ruth. But, oh, no, she'll say no anyway. This was the evening for my piano lesson and my teacher was at the door now. Mr. Luke was a fine fellow. He knew most of us kids at school because he directed the school band. After my lesson I asked him, "Do you think Ruth would go to the class party with me this week-end?"

"Well, I see no harm in asking—she can't do anymore than say no. From what I know of her she is a pretty nice girl."

This was all it took for me to generate the nerve to call her. As soon as Mr. Luke left I headed for the phone. I dialed her number and she answered! I just about slipped out of my chair onto the floor. There I had her on the line and I didn't know if I was going to be able to say anything or not. Finally I told her who I was and asked her if she would go skating with me. When she said she would I hardly took time to say thanks and good-by. I hung up the phone, jumped up and down and said, "Wait till the boys hear

about my big deal now!"

Calling Bill, another fellow in my class, I asked him to double and share the gas. Good deal—he said he would.

"I hear you're double-harnessing with that crazy Bill Bradley," Jim said the next day when we met after school. I nodded. "Real cool," Jim said, "Ruth's old 'roses and moonlight' in the back seat with another chick."

I had meant to invite Jim to F.Y.C. at church . . . they met tonight . . . but Jim's continual harassing kept throwing me off balance. It bothered me, though, and so I called Jim when I got home.

"Sorry," Jim retorted curtly into the phone, "but I've got some fish to fry."

So I set the phone slowly back into its cradle and did some thinking. Suddenly it hit me. Jim was green-eyed. He used to lug the flame for Ruth himself, and must have half-expected he would get her for this weekend.

The morning of the big deal, I was on my way to church. Bill met me on the street. "All set for tonight?" he asked.

"Yep," I told him.

"What kind of flowers are you buying?" My forehead furrowed. "I don't get it."

"Look," Bill said, laughing just a little, "you don't think we're going to stick with that stuffy class party?" With that he turned and walked away.

I took a deep breath, and tried to think. But my thoughts were spinning and tumbling in dizzy

confusion. What I did manage to get through my head, however, was that there was something smelling in Switzerland besides the cheese.

I saw Ruth by the post office just minutes before church. "Hi, Fi," she said, looking up at me.

"What's the score about tonight?" I asked, bracing myself for a couple of rugged moments.

"Like for instance?" Ruth asked, her eyes widening. "I was talking to Bill about tonight. What about it?"

I gulped. There was no getting around it. As Jim put it, Ruth was a cool chick. A real New Yorker! "Look, if you don't want to go..." Ruth began.

"Sure, I do. I wouldn't miss this chance to go out with you for..."

"What a brave boy you are." Ruth broke in. "I got tired of party games and sticking with the gang before I finished junior high!"

Now I was beginning to catch on. Ruth erased any doubt from my mind, as she said, "We have to appear at the party tonight long enough for others to see us. Then I can say we were there. Then I can verify to Dad that I went just where I said I was going. But after we make a brief appearance, let's head for the Golden Slipper to hug and shuffle." Her eyes twinkled. Ruth went on to say, "It's going to be a nice, exciting evening. Any objections, Good Looking?" I felt the color drain from my lips.

"I'm sorry, Ruth," I finally

managed to say, "but... I won't be able to go with you tonight."

Ruth was shocked, didn't speak.

"Please forgive me."

"You... you're standing me up?" she gasped. It never happened to a girl like Ruth!"

"I don't mean to, Ruth... I shouldn't have asked you to go in the first place. I wanted to go with someone real popular and you were that girl... the party deal was okay. But... I was praying now, praying desperately... as a Christian, I..." It was all I could say. I was so embarrassed that I didn't see Jim standing behind me.

Not until Ruth spoke.

"Wipe that grin off your face," she said. She reached for her purse.

"I don't want your green stuff," Jim said. Ruth held out a dollar.

"Take it," she said. "You bet me a dollar that his religion meant so much to him that he wouldn't date me. You win."

Jim pushed the money aside. A number of other kids had gathered around by now, heightening my embarrassment.

I turned to leave. I was hurt, to think that this had all been a shady deal, a bet to see if I'd really date Ruth and do the things she wanted to do.

Jim came along up beside me. "I shouldn't have done it," Jim said. I felt like pushing Jim aside and walking on. But there was something in Jim's eyes.

"I... I've been listening to

(Continued on page 26)

The Editor's Page

How many times have you read a book in which the plot was so intriguing that you read with great anticipation to learn what the next action would be? This, of course, is characteristic of any good book.

If only we could read the story in Matthew 28:1, and read it as though we had never heard the story before, nor knew how it would end. What a magnificent plot.

Here we read of two lovely ladies, rising early to visit the tomb of a wonderful Friend of theirs Who had been put to death unjustly. Although it has been said that this Friend would rise from the dead after only three days, this seems too fantastic to comprehend—so we read with interest and anticipation to learn what the outcome will be.

What a glorious feeling when we read that as the ladies approach the tomb of their Friend, there is a great earthquake; an angel of the Lord appears, rolls away the huge stone, and sits on it. The angel tells them that their Friend is not there because He has risen as He said He would. Is it possible? Could his really be true?

As we read on, they meet their Friend on the way as they are running with great joy to find and tell others of His friends.

As they meet He speaks gentle words to them—kind and loving words of comfort and assurance so characteristic of this Friend Whom they had learned to love because of His unsurpassed gentleness, wisdom and His genuine love and concern for others.

* * *

And haven't you many times become so attached to the characters of a book that you didn't want to let them go when the book ended? Haven't you laid down a finished book with the lonely feeling that you're saying good bye to some wonderful friends?

That's what I love about this most magnificent plot of all. This character—greatest of all doesn't say good bye at the end of the story. He lives on—a real Friend to you and me. If we will accept Him in our hearts, He will be our greatest Friend right now. Then He will one day fulfill His promise to return, and to abide with us forever in a wonderful Home.

Can you believe that this Jesus is the Son of God, and that He wants to be your Friend and Saviour? If it still seems like an old story, try to visualize again in your own mind the magnificence of this wonderful story on the day it happened. Can you catch a new vision of just how much the companionship of One so lovely means to you?

2T₄G - Take Time For God

Who Was Mark?

We know that Matthew, Luke and John were of the twelve disciples of Jesus. They were eye-witnesses of the ministry of the Master. But who was Mark? Have you ever wondered how it is that one of the gospels was written by someone else?

A little detective work has ferreted out these interesting facts about Mark. They may help to understand his gospel a little better.

Mark is John Mark, the son of a Christian Jewess, named Mary (Acts 12:12). Peter went to their home after his miraculous delivery from prison. He was also the nephew of Barnabas, Paul's companion (Col. 4:10). Mark accompanied these two missionaries on their first journey, but left them at Perga and returned to Jerusalem (Acts 13:13). This act evidently shook Paul's faith in him for he and Barnabas disagreed when Barnabas wanted to take Mark on their second journey (Acts 15:36-40). Later we see that Paul and Mark were reunited as Paul refers to him as "my fellow laborer" (Philemon 24). When Paul was imprisoned in Rome he sent for Mark to come to him (2 Tim. 4:11).

Mark also spent some time with Peter (1 Peter 5:13). Later writers refer to him as Peter's disciple and interpreter. It is generally believed that Peter supplied Mark with the facts for his writing. One writer, Justin Martyr, calls it "the Gospel of St. Peter." Mark is supposed to have died at Alexandria.

—J. T.

Date	Chapter
June 15	Mark 1
June 16	Mark 2
June 17	Mark 3
June 18	Mark 4
June 19	Mark 5
June 20	Mark 6
June 21	Mark 7
June 22	Mark 8
June 23	Mark 9
June 24	Mark 10
June 25	Mark 11
June 26	Mark 12
June 27	Mark 13
June 28	Mark 14
June 29	Mark 15
June 30	Mark 16
July 1	Romans 1
July 2	Romans 2
July 3	Romans 3
July 4	Romans 4
July 5	Romans 5
July 6	Romans 6
July 7	Romans 7
July 8	Romans 8
July 9	Romans 9
July 10	Romans 10
July 11	Romans 11
July 12	Romans 12
July 13	Romans 13
July 14	Romans 14

OBJECT LESSON

Jesus, Our Pilot

By Martha Heavilin (New Auburn FYC'er)

Pilot—Jesus; ship—our body; passenger—our soul; water—troubles in our life.



Pretend you have never before in your life set foot on any kind of a boat. All of a sudden you need desperately to cross a small lake. The only transportation you have is a small rowboat. You beg the owner to take you across the lake. During the crossing you become extremely nervous, and begin to worry about your safety. You let your misgivings become known by pestering the "pilot."

"Are you sure we are going in the right direction? Will we overturn? Can't we go any faster? Why can't you be quiet?"

The owner finally says, "Say, Buster, why don't you be quiet? Don't you think I know my trade better than you?"

You don't seem to take the hint the first time, and keep on pestering him. Finally the captain of the boat says, "Okay, you take over then," and he hands the oars over to you. Of course, you manage to overturn the boat, or completely lose yourself.

o ——— o

Now take a look at the spiritual side. Right now you are in the stage of life where you finally realize your need of Christ to help you. You take Him as your Saviour or "Pilot" to guide you across the sea of

life. The realization has not yet come to you, though, that you know very little of the ways of conquering temptation, loneliness, and general problems around you.

Many times you worry about

things, and begin to pray; but you tell or suggest ways in which Christ could help you. You may even simply worry, thinking nothing can be done. We then try to take our troubles on our own shoulders, even while praying to God. Jesus does not care to help someone who does not fully trust in Him, when they keep worrying about how things will turn out instead of having faith that He can perform in the best way. After all, like the boat owner, he is a master of His trade; we aren't.

So Jesus says, "I'll stay out, then. You can try to handle them."

Do you know what happens? That's right, we usually end up (or down) drowning in our troubles, with no one near to help us out. We also are not near to help others who may need help much more than ourselves. We are busy wallowing in self-pity, and cannot help others as the Bible directs us to do. We will find that when we forget about self and live for others, we will be happier and will find ourselves drawn closer to our God.

The Israelites learned their lesson when out in the wilderness. When they began worrying and complaining, God did not stay with them. Many times they lost battles because the Lord was not with them. They had thought they knew more about warfare than they really did. But, despite all of this, there were many times when the children of God did depend upon

the Lord to guide and direct them. This was the reason why the Hebrews were able to prosper so well in their new home in Canaan.

Why don't you, as a Christian or sinner, take Jesus as your Pilot as well as Saviour? Don't you think He knows what is best for you?

* * *

If you think you are too little to be great for God, then be great for Him in your littleness.—*W. Isenhour*

* * *

DECISION

(Continued from page 22)

you," Jim said, "more 'n you think. I've been trying to . . . to get the pitch on this Christian business—to make sure it's for real."

NOW the whole pattern began to change for me. I forgot my embarrassment and hurt.

"Could . . . could we eat together after you come home from church," Jim asked. "I got a lot of questions to ask you."

"Sure, I'll be glad to—you come over about 12:30 this afternoon."

I hurried on to church. Perhaps I should have asked Jim to come along but I didn't want to rush matters. I had forgotten all about the incident with Ruth. I was trying to think what I would say to Jim when he came over for lunch. But it didn't matter—really—I had already seen the answer in Jim's eyes.

Unconscious Influence

Not long ago a young girl was traveling on a train with her father, observes *Titmus Tidings*, of Petersburg, Va. It was one of those raw, gloomy days when there is a general feeling of discomfort. There was a crying baby in the coach, which was plainly annoying to everyone around. Not far away was a cross woman who found herself sitting in a draft from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back.

A passenger had left his satchel in the aisle, and a trainman stumbled over it, gave it a kick, and muttered ugly words under his breath. A woman asked about the next station and the conductor growled his answer.

The girl had just asked her father the question: "What is unconscious influence?" As the father was trying to think of the best way to define it, he saw a young man enter the coach. He was evidently a traveling man. He shook rain and sleet from his coat and looked pleasantly around at the other passengers. He spoke cordially to the trainmen and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag for the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He smiled

happily at the fretful baby and its anxious mother. He did not seem to realize how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man by the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt the rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, which made it willing to sit on the seat while its mother rested. The passenger who had left his satchel in the aisle moved it, and the conductor grew gracious.

The young girl had been taking it all in. "What a nice young man!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," answered the father. "He has been exerting an influence of which he is not conscious, and everybody in the coach has felt it. That is 'unconscious influence.' "

—From *Youth's Evangelist*

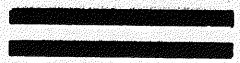
* * *

A little man with his faith in God is greater than a great man—or a man whom the world calls great—who has no faith in God.

—*Walter Isenhour*

* * *

The religion of Christ is either the chief concern of the soul, or it is a fraud and a mockery.



Minute Men

By Cecyl Fischer

RICHES OF GOD'S WISDOM

"O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

... Yet isn't it strange that of all the things that the average person seeks after and desires to attain, the wisdom and knowledge of God is near the bottom of the list?

I watched on a recent television quiz show, as contestants answered without hesitation questions about dynastics, governments, treaties, music, movies, things that were far-removed from my own sphere of knowledge, but when the category switched to Bible, suddenly the scoreboard quieted. The simplest Bible question went unanswered. "... hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (1 Cor. 1:20).

Young people, there is much interesting and worth-while knowledge to be gained in this world, and education is a good thing. It can equip us to be of greater service to our church. But let's remember as we acquire knowledge to envelope it all in an ever-increasing knowledge of God. No fragment of knowledge is complete or useful unless it fits into the circle of God's truth.

"O, the depth of the riches!" We can't scratch the surface in a weekly trip to Sabbath school and church. If we want these riches for ourselves, we must study God's Word daily and pray that God would reveal it to us.

Colossians 3:16 says "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." These verses were not written for poetry. They were written for our salvation. The Bible is our textbook; we must use it to pass the course. All of man's aeronautic knowledge and space flights seem great to us, but to God they are but a huge game of tiddly winks and the great and truly wonderful knowledge of salvation is being neglected.

We are to be the light of the world. We should stand firm as the Statue of Liberty stands, with our light in one hand and a book (the Bible) in the other.

Following are verses to memorize this month:

Proverbs 14:34

Romans 10:10

2 Peter 1:21

Psalm 55:22

Hebrews 12:14

John 8:34

Romans 12:18

Ephesians 2:8

Christian Activities



In N

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Brother Isaac Uwe writes of the FYC activities and methods used to reach the people...

"Greetings in the dear name of Jesus our Lord. Thank you, for the received copy of AIM you sent to me with a letter..."

"In fact, I would like to report a trip of FYC activities as follows. (A few months ago) we proceeded to Obor village where we designated our open air preaching service because the people in that village were ignorant of the Seventh Day Sabbath—they observed only Sunday under Baptist Denomination.

"As we arrived and entered into the village we began alarm by singing a favorite chorus 'I Feel to Sing and Praise to God' by Nehemiah Okpuyi the Song Leader. We went round with this song until we found ourselves a place under a shade of a certain plant near their play ground, where we settled together for preaching. We opened by prayer offered by Francis Ibali, before taking a hymn 'Jesus Abide with Thy Church.' Lesson was read by Paul Okirima from Gen. 2:1-17. After that, we introduced ourselves of which denomination we belong.

"Then tracts were distributed by Brother Uwe before the corresponding scriptures were lectured with reference against Seventh Day Sabbath, which heading 'The Seventh Day Sabbath from the Creation Unchangeable.' After solving questions they asked, we ended around five o'clock in the evening. At last when we were about to depart, one Mr. Gilbert Aluchi restrained upon

us that he wanted us in his house. He tended us with great hospitality, confessing himself a converted soul to the Church of God Seventh Day with his family. Therefore we glorify the Almighty God for His great works."

Brother Uwe appreciates the consecrated prayer efforts in U.S.A. on his behalf recently. . . .

"The consecrated prayer on my behalf last November 15, 1964 is still doing its work. May God bless you all."

I am
Your Brother
Isaac Uwe"

Brother John Orie reports on use of materials sent from U.S.A. . . .

"I have received three packets of the tracts requested, as well as the yearbook. We had arranged an open air preaching on the 13th of this month; therefore, the tracts will do us many helps. Even the yearbook, I am just making arrangement to see the possible ways the items should be presented to the congregation. As most of our people could not understand English, I want to show them ways it should be presented for the interest of everybody."

From the above excerpts of the two letters, you can readily see that the FYC in Nigeria is actively and fervently helping to spread the Gospel and win souls for Christ. It should be rewarding to all of us in the United States to know that the materials that have been sent are being used in such beneficial campaigns for Christ.

The African FYC Groups are also praised by Pastor Nelson Dimkoah in the following letter which reports many of the Church activities:

Written at time of arrival of our USA Missionary Team. . . .

"We were pleased to get your last letter. We are glad to inform you the two American Brethren have arrived in Nigeria. They are Elder E. A. Straub and Elder Hugh Butrick. They arrived at Port Harcourt Air Port on the 10th instant and proceeded to Aba in company of Elder Tikili. They will have their service at Aba with the Church of God 7th Day members in that District on the second Sabbath Day which is in the past now. We have received words from them that they will be in my District Churches on the 20th for services and we earnestly pray for fair weather.

REPORTS ON DISTRICT CAMP MEETING . . .

"Our District's Annual Camp Meetings are now history. Our first camp meeting was held in this District Ahoada on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of January, 1965 at Kreigani. The service was opened at

10:30 a.m. and continued until 6:00 p.m. All present were very joyful and we were blessed.

"The attendance was very large. The Spirit of God guided and led in all the activities of the meetings. On Sunday 3, the service opened with a hymn 'Seek Ye First Not Earthly Pleasure' sung by all. The officers for the camp meeting took their places as usual.

YOUNG PEOPLE PLAY BIG PART IN CAMP MEETING . . .

"The YPO played a great part in the camp meetings this year for they went in around towns and villages for about a week before the actual days for the camp meetings and that roused the attention of the attendance. Many distant Church of God, 7th Day, members were represented. Praise God there were 8 souls baptized and added to the Church. Thank God for the increase.

GENERAL CAMP MEETING ADDS SOULS TO CHRIST . . .

"We also went by motor to Aba for the General Camp Meeting. Arrived at Aba at 9:00 a.m. and changed taxi to the Onitsha Ngwa, the Camp Meeting Ground. The Camp Meetings continued for two days. I baptized 42 souls there and received into Church fellowship. Thank God for the addition in membership this way and that way.

"I am glad I am able to talk, walk, and carry His message.
N. I. Dimkpah"

USA YOUTH CAN BECOME A PART OF THE WORK IN AFRICA!

You FYC Groups who would like to help in the work of these brethren FYC'ers in Africa may do so by taking up projects to help them get the materials they need.

Brother Ephraim James of the Ahoada FYC asks: "Please; we do need FYC badge and other FYC materials for use in this 1965. Please I do beg and beg for the FYC decals to be sent to us or for somebody to pay for the foreign members." These FYC decals are only \$1 for five and they would mean so very much to the FYC'ers in Africa.

Another excellent idea has been adopted by the FYCers of Birmingham, Alabama, that could be carried out easily in FYC Groups all over the nation. That is the practice of sending their AIM to Africa after they have finished reading it. There are very few in Africa who receive AIM regularly and this would certainly help bring a closer unity to all, and yet, the expense to the USA FYCers would be very nominal (just the postage). If your group would like to take up such projects, write 903 East Boone, Tahlequah, Oklahoma 74464 for more information.

—Jewel Linville

FYC NEWS and REMINDERS

Youth Emphasis Sabbath

June 12 is Youth Emphasis Sabbath throughout the land. Check to see that an opportunity is given in your church to give directly toward the youth work. Posters on the theme "Helping Youth at the Crossroads" is in your pastor's hands. The poem "Youth at the Crossroads" is also available should you plan a little more than the readings sent out with the poster.

If an offering cannot be taken this Sabbath, try to have it rescheduled later. The offerings received are the main factor determining whether a part time worker can be placed in this work. Do your part!

New Year's Goal

We of the Young People's Department still continue toward the goal of a part time worker in the Y. P. department by January 1, 1966. Support this project and it will become a reality.

Tour Support

A member from Washington, D.C. sent \$25 for the Youth Missions Tour. (Also \$25 for the Evangelette Program.) The Eureka, S. Dak., FYC sent \$25 to make the tour possible. The Evangelette Program offering will be used on this project. The tour will begin July 10 at the Oklahoma Youth

Camp and end August 4 at Marion, Iowa. Pray for this mission.

Department Booklet

A booklet to summarize Y. P. Departmental activities has been mailed to Y. P. leaders and pastors. If you have not received yours, write today. Send all your FYC requests to FYC % Publishing House, Stanberry, Missouri, for the summer.

New Tapes

**MBC Spring Concert
Nienhuis Sisters Trio
Midway Ladies Trio**

Please request this tape from the Audio-visual Library, % Publishing House. Send 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

We are hoping to use new choruses at camps and camp meetings. Why not ask for the New Auburn tapes of choruses from the A-V Library? Learn them early.

Yearbook of Pictures

The Yearbook project is progressing behind schedule due to pictures being slow in coming in. We do not intend to drop this project. Give it your immediate support.

New Evangelette Feature

If you are interested in the Evan-

gelette program, but didn't get started in time, here's news for you. It has been decided that you will be allowed to start the program in any month, rather than keeping it on a January to January basis. As soon as we receive monthly coupons from you (see Evangelette booklets) totaling 250 points within twelve consecutive months you will receive your Evangelette Award.

Evangelette Suggestions

A. For memory verse suggestions, select from the "Minutemen Program" in this AIM.

B. For Bible reading, we recommend reading the chapters under the 2T4G program.

C. For June's project, send out or hand out five *Faith for Our Time* handbills if this program is heard in your area. These are available at the Publishing House and you fill in the local time and station. This is a Missionary Project. If the program is not heard in your area, select another project.

D. For a tract to study this month, use the tract, "Is the Bible True?" for June. For July, study "God's Memorial."

May God bless you as you strive (not giving up easily) to meet these goals in doing the work of an Evangelette.

Quiz for June

For your local quizzing program of competition or local Bible study, this month of June study Mark 8-13. These are 2T4G readings for late in June.

Quiz for Camp

If you wish to take part in quizzing at the Minnesota or the Oklahoma youth camp, study I Kings, chapters 17-22 and 2 Kings 1-7. We plan to have available the FYC panel of lights for quiz team competition. You can start studying now.

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"THE BIBLE"

This book contains: the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrine is holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable.

Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

It is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's character.

Here Heaven is opened, and the gates of Hell disclosed.

Christ is its grand subject, our good its design, and the glory of God its end.

It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet.

Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, health to the soul, and a river of pleasure.

It is given to you here in this life, will be opened at the Judgment, and is established forever.

It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.—Selected

Summertime Is Education Planning Time.

Plan now for Christian Education this fall.

For Church of God youth, Christian Education in high school means

Spring Vale Academy

Spring Vale offers you good education along with Christian association.

Next year's staff will again be composed of faithful Christian members of the Church of God. Financial aid may be arranged if necessary.

It's Important—So Plan for it Now!!

It's not too early to write for your 1965-66 bulletin.

SPRING VALE ACADEMY

ELDER ROY L. KEIM, PRINCIPAL

Route 5, Owosso, Michigan

God is calling for workers—Pastors, Evangelists and Missionaries.

The place to get your training is

Midwest Bible College

Former students are among the active workers in the church today.

The call for qualified workers is greater than the supply.

Trained personnel are necessary for progress in our expanding work.

DO WHAT YOU CAN NOW! TRAIN FOR GREATER SERVICE!

Write today for the 1965-66 bulletin

MIDWEST BIBLE COLLEGE

ELDER S. J. KAUER, DIRECTOR

Stanberry, Missouri

YOUTH CAMP

GOSPEL RANCH, Goodland, Minnesota

**Director: Elder Vernon Patchen, Rt. 3, New Auburn, Wisconsin
June 20-27**

Junior camp for ages 9-11; senior camp for ages 12-25. Cost per camper is \$15.

Write to the camp director, Elder Patchen, for registration forms. Registration starts June 20.

SILVER FALLS STATE PARK, Silverton, Oregon

**Director: Elder Nathan Straub, 6019 S. E. 87th, Portland, Oregon
June 23-30**

Junior camp for ages 9-12; senior camp for 13-25. Cost per camper is \$18; the registration fee is \$2, with the remainder of the total to be paid upon arrival at camp. Send the registration to Elder Nathan Straub, camp director.

SLEEPER STATE PARK, Caseville, Michigan

**Director: Elder Floyd Turner, Rt. 5, Owosso, Michigan
June 27-July 4**

Camp for ages 9-19. Cost per camper is \$15; \$2 registration fee to be paid in with application, and the remaining \$13 will be paid upon arrival at camp.

Write to the camp director, Elder Turner, for the application forms and a medical examination form. Campers must have a medical examination within one week prior to camp. Application and registration fees should be sent to Elder Turner by June 1.

ROBBERS CAVE STATE PARK, near Wilburton, Oklahoma

**Director: Allen Burlison, 3203 S. Oswego Ave., Tulsa, Oklahoma
July 4-11**

Junior camp ages 9-12; senior camp, 13-25. The camp fee is \$15; \$3 registration fee to be sent in with application, and remainder to be paid upon arrival at camp. For information and application blanks write to Allen Burlison, camp director.

CAMP SYLVESTER, Pinecrest, California

**Director: Elder Ray Straub, 3153 Normington Dr., Sacramento, California
July 19-25**

Camp for ages 9-21. Camper rates are adjusted to give reduced rates to families sending more than one camper: one camper, \$20; two campers, \$17.50 per camper; three or more campers, \$15 per camper. The registration fee per camper is \$3, with the balance to be paid upon arrival at camp.

Registration forms are available at local churches in California, or write to the registrar: Mrs. Clarence Severson, Route 4, Box 276-C, Lodi, California. Try to have registrations in by July 1.

Send your registration forms in early so that the camp leaders can determine the needs of the camp more accurately.