

November, 1962

Aim

The magazine for young people



“In Everything Give Thanks.”

—Apostle Paul.

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. Subscription rate, 12 issues (monthly) \$2.00 per year in the United States, and Canada. Foreign, \$2.25. Clubs of 6 or more, \$1.50 (U. S. and Canada only).

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Donna D. Faubion, Editor

When thankfulness o'erflows the swelling heart, and breathes in free and uncorrupted praise for benefits received, propitious Heaven takes such acknowledgement as fragrant incense, and doubles all its blessings.—LILLE

For Pleasure and Inspiration

In November, 1962

The Magic of Thanksgiving	—Cecyl Fischer	page 3
How About a Pen Pal?	—Elden Fischer	page 4
Pastor Grant's Thanksgiving	—Mollie Dyer Britts	page 5
Just Between You and Me	—Ray Meier	page 7
Reasons for Thanksgiving	—Grace Cash	page 9
Challenge	—Bob McIntyre	page 11
Reports from Our Schools	—MBC and SVA	page 12
The Vilest Member	—Vaneda Friddle	page 13
Tomorrow		page 14
Are You In the Picture?		page 15
Active Young People	—Roger Blankinship	page 15
Spotlight on St. Joseph, Missouri, FYC		page 16

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A Report on the Foreign Activities of the National Young People

HARVEY D. FISCHER

For several years it has been the desire of our Young People's Department to become better acquainted with our young people throughout the world. Shortly after the last Denver Conference and camp meeting Elder Noah Camero was sent to Monterrey, Mexico, to meet with the young people there. Undoubtedly, we have all read the good reports of his trip. We would certainly like to send representatives to many of the other countries that have very active youth groups. We realize this is not possible, so we are attempting to do the next best thing—to carry on an active correspondence with our foreign brethren.

It is our desire to organize our young people into one solid organization throughout the world. We are deeply interested in the future of the church, and feel that if we can carry forth the gospel as young people in a well-organized manner, it will greatly help us in the work of the church in the future. We need to work and pray together so that we may gain that firm foundation which is only found in Jesus.

In the past months we have written many letters to foreign countries and have gained some most encouraging information. We have received answers from Jamaica, Germany, India, and Africa. We have found these countries to have young people's groups, very active and very well organized. In many cases they have some of their leading ministers as sponsors for their groups. We have mailed them copies of our constitution and have asked them to follow it as closely as possible. In some cases we have explained different phases of the constitution. We have received requests for membership cards from several groups. They have a true desire to work together with us as a united group. We are now in the

(Continued on page 19)

The Magic of THANKSGIVING

CECYL FISCHER

Thanksgiving is a relative thing. It can be shallow or it can be deep. It can be feigned or it can be genuine. It can be a word or it can be a deed. It can be a formality or a way of life. But to a Christian it is not relative. To a Christian, it is both word and deed; it is deep, it is genuine and it is a way of life.

Few of us, however, stop to realize what magic thanksgiving can or does work if we adopt it as a way of life. It can change pessimism to optimism, grouchiness to cheerfulness and fear to hope. Most significantly however, it can turn a sinner from the error of his ways. But only in its purest form can it work these miracles. Artificial thanksgiving bears artificial fruit and we all know how little nourishment there is in waxed fruit.

So that we won't be dealing in empty phrases let us define what we mean by artificial thanksgiving. One thing that can be said about it is that it is strictly a means to an end, whereas true thanksgiving is an end in itself. A child who is sly will say thank you for a cookie knowing full well that Mamma may award him a second for his courtesy. But a child who is sincere will say thank you even if his is the last cookie in the jar.

In Acts 16 we find Paul and Silas in prison. Now what would you suppose would be the morale of the average prisoner? Self-pity? Sullenness? Grumbling? Anger? Impatience? Yes, all of these we would expect. But Paul and Silas were not "average" prisoners. Midnight found them praying and singing praises to God. And the results—there was a great earthquake, the prison was shaken, Paul and Silas were loosed and in the final outcome the keeper and all his house were baptized into Jesus Christ. Given the same circumstances less the thankfulness of the two prisoners you have

a picture of misery, two men dejected, bitter and growing more so as each day passes—two men doomed to their unenviable fate, wasting away in their cells. There we have it; the magic of thanksgiving.

Do you remember walking home alone on a dark night as a child? You imagined all kinds of dreadful things nearby. Every rustle of leaves and every twig that snapped was a source of panic. Your step quickened and soon you were running. And the faster you ran, the more noises you heard, the more panic you felt. So it is with thanksgiving. The more you entertain thankfulness and the more you exercise it, the more you find to be thankful for. It pursues you, it overtakes you, it becomes a way of life.

It's an interesting thought to imagine how many of our country's occupants of mental institutions and psychiatrist's couches are there because the victims neglected to be thankful for what they had, choosing rather to suffer the consequences of maladjustment because of what they *might have* had or been.

Thankfulness is an essential part of salvation under the new dispensation. Why do we keep God's commandments? Is it because it is the easiest way? Is it because by doing so we can earn eternal life? No. It is because we are thankful for what God has done for us. We love Him because He first loved us. Is that not thankfulness? He gave His only son to win our salvation. He is present with us every day, pro-

viding for our needs, comforting us and hearing our prayers. For this we are thankful. No, it's not the easy way. No, it doesn't earn us eternal life. Commandment-keeping is merely our way of showing God our love and appreciation.

Hebrews 13:16, 17 tells us how to properly thank God. Oral thanksgiving we find is pleasing for it reads, "...let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name." But the admonition doesn't end there. Oral praise—fine! but verse 17 goes on to say, "But to do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well-pleased." We also find this cause and effect relationship mentioned in I Corinthians 15:57, 58. "But thanks be to God,—therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Cause: "thanks be to God." Effect: "abounding in the work of the Lord."

Thanksgiving is sweet to God. Through the scriptures He admonishes us "with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Philippians 4:6) and "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving" (Colossians 4:2). In the ninth chapter of II Corinthians where Paul is speaking about the people administering to the needs of the saints he points out that not only did this service supply the needs of the saints but was "abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God." Ephesians 5:20 refers to it as one of the traits of the wise and spirit-filled man.

We have considered the magic that thanksgiving can work in one's own life, giving beauty for

ashes simply by conditioning the mind and morale, but it doesn't end there. The magic projects into the lives of others. Many are the souls that have been led to Christ by the joy of an acquaintance who knew the Saviour. The whole world is seeking peace and happiness. If they find, through the joy and praise of Christian acquaintances, that happiness lies in Christian service, they may themselves turn to the Master.

There is so much bad and so much good in the world that whichever we look for we can find in abundance. It is wise then to look for and praise God for the good and our strength and courage will be increased.

We have established that God is pleased with thanksgiving, but what is His attitude toward unthankfulness? Two verses of scripture will be sufficient to answer that question. In Luke 6:35 the unthankful one is linked with the evil. In II Timothy 3:2 the "unthankful" and "unholy" go hand in hand. It sober us to realize that by neglecting thankfulness we brand ourselves as evil and unholy in God's eyes.

My Heart Needs Thee

"My heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee! No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled by Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward thing can make my heart pure. The calmest day will not calm my passions. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air; but no breeze can cleanse a spirit. This world has not provided for my heart! Provide Thou for my heart, O Lord! It is the only unwinged bird in all creation; give it wings, O Lord! Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it into the mire. Be Thou the strength of my heart! Be Thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its covert in the storm, its star in the night; its voice in the solitude! Guide it in its gloom; help it in its sorrow; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; fan it in its faintness; prompt it in its perplexity; lead it through its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins! I cannot rule this heart of mine; keep it under the shadow of THINE own wings!"—*Selected*

We all know the story of the 10 lepers who came to Jesus to be healed. Only one of the ten turned to thank Him. Is that the case in our lives? God has given His son to rescue us from the

consequences of sin and how many of us have turned to thank Him? One in ten—one in a thousand—or is it even less? How about you? Have you learned the magic of thanksgiving?

How About a Pen Pal?

ELDEN FISCHER

So you F.Y.C.ers have been looking for something to do. Well, here's something any of you can do and it would be both interesting and educational. We recently received a letter from a pastor in Nigeria requesting membership cards for his young people and sending a list of 24 names to be registered. (That incidently puts to shame some of our own groups right here in the U.S. who have not yet registered.)

These people are English speaking people and we would like to establish a growing fellowship with them through correspon-

dence. Below are listed only a few of these young people and we urge you to pick out one your own age and write to him or her, telling about yourself and your family, your church, your school, etc., and asking them to write back. I'm sure you would be amazed how much you would learn from them. A year ago many of you expressed a desire to correspond with young people in Mexico but the language barrier limited the possibilities there. Here now is an opportunity to correspond with English speaking people abroad. Isolated Young People, this is an excellent project for you!

An airmail letter takes nearly a month to reach Nigeria so we encourage you to purchase aerogrammes at the post office for about 11¢. They are much faster and cheaper, reaching Nigeria in a week or less.

How about it? Are you really willing to encourage yourself and someone abroad? It will cost you no more than the postage to try it and you'll be so glad you did.

All letters should be addressed to Box 30, Ahoada, E. Nigeria, W. Africa.

James Agbe	25 yrs.
Isaac Uwe, leader	25 yrs.
Shadrach Ntamere	15 yrs.
Daniel Brown, vice ch.	20 yrs.
Ephraim James	14 yrs.
Samuel Coal	13 yrs.
Elizabeth Okpuyi	12 yrs.
Bernice Okpuyi	14 yrs.
Solome Jacob	16 yrs.
Hannah Ohaji	16 yrs.
Florence Paul	10 yrs.
Esther James	17 yrs.
Patricia Ikpe	15 yrs.
Virginia Joshua	17 yrs.
John Orie, Choir leader	20 yrs.

Pastor Grant's Thanksgiving

MOLLIE DYER BRITTS

IT was a bright November afternoon, only two days before Thanksgiving—a real autumn afternoon, too, with a crisp, fresh breeze blowing and a faint leafy smell still lingering in the air; to remind one of the vanished summer.

Deacon Grimes hitched his old gray horse to the post in front of his pastor's house, opened the gate and walked up the little yard. Mr. Grant had lately been very ill; he did not preach the week before, but it had been announced that he would occupy his pulpit on Thursday morning and give his people a Thanksgiving sermon.

Good Sister Grimes, with a heart as big as the Deacon's biggest barn, never forgot to have the pastor and his family out to eat the Thanksgiving turkey at her house, and the Deacon's present errand was to deliver the customary invitation. He was just about to knock, though the door already stood slightly open, when his hand was stayed by certain words which he heard from within. They were spoken by the pastor's daughter, and this is what she said:

"Mamma, couldn't I have a new pair of shoes before Thursday? I am ashamed to go to church with these old things."

"I am afraid not, Lizzie dear," was the answer in Mrs. Grant's sweet tones, but so sadly spoken that the Deacon's heart was touched tenderly. "I can't ask Papa for a single dollar just now. He is not quite well yet, you know."

"But, Mamma," persisted the child, "don't Papa get money for preaching? Don't they pay him?"

"Yes, dear, they pay, but not as regularly as they ought to do. He has not had more than half this quarter's salary, and we need so many things."

Here the listener heard a deep sigh. He knew it was dreadful to

eavesdrop, but he was bound to hear this out, now. He stood still and heard Lizzie ask:

"Why don't he make 'em pay, then?"

"My child, he couldn't do that. But we can be very patient and cheerful, so as not to grieve him. He does not know quite how bad things are with us, for I have kept it from him. So my little girl must try to be brave for his sake."

"I will, Mamma. But I say it is a great shame." The indignation in the child's tone made the Deacon wince.

"It's too bad, Mamma. He works hard for them, and they ought not to let Thanksgiving find him in trouble."

"My dear," began the mother, in accents of gentle rebuke. But the Deacon did not tarry for another word. He turned round, trotted down the path, unhitched his horse, got into his buggy and drove off as quietly as possible, saying to himself: "Well, well, bless my soul! I never thought of such a thing. Never dreamed of it for one minute. How in the name o' sense can the man preach as he does on an empty pocket? And there's that blessed little woman and the young one trying to bear it alone so as not to worry him. Salary not paid up, hey? Think o' that, now! Bless my soul! I'm ashamed of it! The girl was right; it is too bad. Too bad! And here's Thanksgiving right onto us, and—why, bless my old heart, how can the man be thankful, and him right out o' a sick bed, with a doctor's bill to boot the rest? Why, we can't stand it! We can't,

sure as I'm a livin'! So little time left, too. But I'll see! I'll see! We may a been thoughtless, but I declare we did not mean to be wicked, too! No, that we didn't. But we'll fix it up yet. I'll go right around to see Deacon Shortridge. No, I won't, either. I'll go home first and tell Polly. And there, if I wasn't so upset by havin' my meanness rapped right into my face by that young one o' the parson's, that I clean forgot to give 'em Polly's invite! Well, there'll be time for it yet. I'll see Polly, first of all."

So the Deacon turned right around and drove home to consult his wife, just as every man who has a nice, sensible wife always should do.

"Polly" was a quickwitted, sharp little body, as well as the best-hearted little soul in the country—just the woman to see the right thing to do, and do it while others stopped to talk about it. Mrs. Polly "took in" the situation at once, and had a plan ready in almost no time.

"Well, Pa," said she (she always addressed the Deacon as "Pa"), "I'm real glad you didn't ask the parson's folks to eat Thanksgiving with us. Real glad. We'll eat with them, once in a way, and if we don't have a downright good time, and make their dear hearts thankful in earnest, then my name isn't Polly Grimes."

"Which I'm right proud to say it is, my dear," returned the Deacon, as he trotted off to see to the comfort of old Gray.

"Why," Mrs. Polly, smiling and dimpling, said, "Nonsense, Jason. Don't go to being foolish in your old age," and began to churn away at her golden butter.

Bright and early the next morning Polly and the Deacon and old Gray went to town again. The

Deacon bustled about and got a number of the brethren by the buttonhole, while Mrs. Polly, in her best gown, called on more of the sisters in one morning than she had ever done in her life before. And by sunset it was plainly to be seen that something was on foot at Elmdale, in which a good many good people had a hand. But everybody kept the secret—if there was any to keep.

Thanksgiving dawned bright, clear and just crisply cool enough to make the blood glow like wine in one's veins. At the little parsonage the family got ready for church with faces a bit more sober than their wont. Neither husband nor wife would own it, but they missed the usual hearty invitation from the Deacon's folks, and felt a little lonely and deserted upon this joyous day.

But Mrs. Grant was a true, brave helpmate, and not for the world would she add a shade to her husband's care just now. She chased the sober look away with a pleasant smile, and put on her well-worn black alpaca as daintily as if it had been the richest satin; while little Lizzie tripped at her side with the old shoes freshly polished, as bright as if she had been robed in silk and velvet, instead of rather shabby delaine, remembering her mother's caution not to grieve poor Papa, and spoil his Thanksgiving sermon.

Not one of the Pastor Arthur Grant's flock guessed with how heavy a heart he stood before them that morning and thanked the Lord for the blessings of the past year. No one knew how the unpaid bills weighed on his spirits, or how dreary the future looked to his eye. His rich voice did tremble a trifle as he thanked God even for trials, since by them we were to be made perfect, and there was the faintest sound of suppressed weeping from the pews, but that was all.

When the heads were raised after the prayer, it seemed to the tired minister that he had never seen the congregation look so bright and happy. He went on with his work giving them as good a sermon as if he had not a care

nor an anxiety in all the world, and somehow they appeared to be just in the mood to enjoy it.

But he missed quite a number of his leading members from their places, and wondered why they had stayed away on this particular day. It occurred to him that his people were not wont to be so indifferent, and he feared the fault was his. But after service, it struck him that there was something unusually hearty in the handshakes he received, though he knew of no reason why it should be so. He had not the least idea that while he was preaching there was a most uncommon stir about the parsonage. The family had not been gone fifteen minutes when a party of ladies, with Mrs. Polly at their head, came in at the gate, and as Elmsdale folks never thought of locking their doors in the daytime, walked right in, and made themselves very much at home indeed.

Fires were set blazing brightly, curtains looped back and presently more people came flocking in, and not one of them empty-handed, either. Baskets and bundles were hustled into the sitting room and their contents disposed of upon a long table ready there. Even the cellar and woodshed received a number of visits, and in dining room and kitchen such a merry bustle went on as was never seen there before.

Baskets were unpacked and disclosed snowy loaves of bread and puffy rolls, crisply-browned chickens with savory dressing, and from Mrs. Polly Grimes' biggest

basket a great plump turkey, the very king of the feast, roasted to such a state of perfection as nobody but herself could possibly have brought about.

Then there were cakes which seemed to have caught the very glitter of icicles upon their frosty sides, flaky pies, glasses of amber, ruby and crystal jellies, scarlet cranberry sauce, and—oh, dear me, it would take much less time to tell what there wasn't than what there was.

After a while a little boy, who had been posted at a front window to give the warning, came running into the dining room where the tables were being laid with a merry, musical clatter of china, glass and silver, and piped out: "Meetin' broke! I see 'em a-comin'!" The parson's folks is a-comin'!"

Then everybody rushed into the sitting room, and it was wonderful what a sudden hush fell upon the whole throng. Even the laughing children were as mute as mice.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Lizzie came slowly up the walk to the door. Each was thinking what neither would speak, that there was only a poor Thanksgiving feast within the small home, and that the day was not quite as cheerful as some other days had been; but each also ready to make things as cheerful and comforting for the rest as might be.

"After all, Arthur, we have a great deal to be thankful for," said Mrs. Grant, with one of her

(Continued on page 18)

A man once stepped into a church and heard the congregation saying with the pastor: "We have left undone those things we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." The man slipped into a pew and sighed with relief, "Thank God! I've found my crowd at last!"

Jesus Himself once said, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Since His time the church has been not a showplace of saints but a clinic for sinners. To the derelict, the diseased, the distressed, the defeated, the church opens wide its doors as a society of sinners.

John R. Brokhoff in THIS IS LIFE
(Fleming H. Revell Company)

Just Between You and Me

RAY MEIER

"If there is anything I hate it is gossip. Gossip causes more troubles than anything I know. For the life of me I don't know why some people have such a long tongue. Do you know what Sister Busybody just told me—of course this is just between you and me you understand."

Have you ever heard anyone make such a statement as this? Some people dislike gossip very much, and yet they gossip about the gossipers. It is like the one lady telling her lady friends, "I don't gossip I just tell it to those who do." Perhaps through very close observance you have caught yourself in this situation, or maybe saying something behind one's back you wouldn't say to his face. Many of us have come short in this, for it is so easy to say things without thinking. This can become a habit and seem only natural. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know him, because they are spiritually discerned" (I Corinthians 2:14). Shall we continue on being natural?

"When we catch a friend in a fault we should help him, but should stomp him down low enough with our gossip so those to whom we gossip can finish putting him under ground with their gossip." Really, I do not know anyone with this attitude, but if we would just stop and think about it for a while we would realize this is what we actually do. Some people gossip to get a better or higher position, never realizing they are sinking right along with the one they are climbing on; and contrariwise, they would be lifted up while lifting up others. Many tell things to justify their own deeds or to put

themselves in a better standing with others.

A true Christian is bold enough to stand up to a person's face, if necessary, and tell the person his faults in a tactful, brotherly way. A true coward stands at a person's back. Love stands out in broad daylight, in brightness, and meets everything face to face in reality with meekness. Hate sneaks around in darkness, stabbing in the back with every opportunity. A true Christian will not tell things about any person without telling the person first to his face. Then too, if you are bold enough to talk to one's face what does it benefit you to talk to others about it later? This is still gossiping which causes many hurt feelings and should not be done. Proverbs six has much to say about the froward mouth and him that soweth discord.

Quite often people get careless and let their imagination run away with them. You can imagine people are talking about you or plotting against you when they are not. Through this imagination, resentment is built up, and then without realizing the wrong, you start talking. Strife, lack of unity, church splits and many other troubles start over this very thing. Zechariah spoke a mouthful when he said, "... and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart" (Zechariah 7:10). We are not even to think it, much less say it. Jesus on one occasion made a statement that as much as you have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, given drink to the thirsty etc, you have done it unto Him. Is this gossiping about our fellow man doing it also unto Christ? Would you gossip about Christ whether it is true or untrue?

Gossip is false more often than true. It may start out in truth

with a meaningful purpose, but it certainly does not end that way. By the time gossip gets to the third person it is often so distorted that you would not connect it with the main source. Do not misunderstand me, for I do not mean that all stories are twisted on purpose, but a slight few are. Stories get some distortion because each person likes to put greater emphasis in telling them to make things seem either larger or much worse than they actually are. Also not hearing correctly, or just plainly not paying any attention to what is being said plays a big part in false stories. But the main reason is poor memory. If you have ever played the party game of Gossip you know what I mean.

The game of Gossip is to get a group of people in a circle, write a statement on a piece of paper, then whisper the statement to a person and let that person whisper it to the next and so on until it comes back. You would never know it had any connection with the statement on the paper. If people cannot keep a story straight for just a few minutes how can it be kept straight for a few hours or for a few days.

Whenever something is false it is not true. When it is not truth it is a lie. I have been told a number of times that a lie is only a false statement told with intent to deceive. Webster's dictionary says, "to give a false impression; deceive one: as mirages lie." Also, "a false statement or action, especially one made with intent to deceive: see also white lies." A white lie is still a lie and a mirage cannot lie with intent to deceive, yet it lies. The dictionary does not say only with intent to deceive, but "a false statement or action," and then, "especially with intent to deceive."

Paul said in Romans 3:7, "For

if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" If I tell lies or false stories to spread God's glorious truth I have broken the ninth commandment and am a sinner. In Revelation 22:15, we find that it is not only the one who maketh a lie that is left out but also the one who loveth a lie. Now I wonder if we should even listen to gossip, much less tell it.

Many people have been caused to stumble and drop completely out of church activity because of gossip. This stumbling may not occur when a story is first told, but years later. Some people conceal gossip until the right opportunity is brought about by Satan—which Satan does his best to do—then out comes the gossip and look at the fire that is started all over again. A story can never be stopped. Telling gossip to people is like throwing a basket of feathers in a cyclone at midnight and then trying to gather them all up later.

"A talebearer revealeth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter" (Proverbs 11:13). Many good friends are hurt because of bearing tales. With some people it appears that friends

are just someone to talk about. Why is it that so many people will disgrace God, Christ, and the whole Church of God by telling some scandal?

Every tale that is told affects each one in the church and so many that are out of the church because of some tale that has been told. What a sinful thing this is in our lives. Christ very plainly instructed to make sure the mote is out of our own eye before trying to pull the beam out of another's eye. This also applies to gossip. Before we can say anything about someone else gossiping we had better make sure we are not gossiping about him for doing the gossiping. Rather talk it over with the person to his face. It can truly be said that if a person takes time to worry about himself he will not have time to worry about another. Paul said, "But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another" (Galatians 6:4). Peter gives us some good admonition not to be a busybody in other men's matters (I Peter 4:15).

How many Athenians have you met in your life? I have met a great number of them, and I im-

agine you have too. Maybe you are one. You do not know what an Athenian is? Then read Acts 17:21.

Quite often it has been said by some that we cannot tame our tongue because the Bible says no man can, and they base their opinion on James 3:8. It could be that this is right and no man can control his tongue, but God surely can control it for him. If He doesn't control it now, He will come Judgment Day. For those who think that the tongue cannot be controlled and want to keep on talking should read the complete third chapter of James. It is impossible for a tongue to curse and then turn around and bless. It is impossible for those who are of the world to be of the heavenly.

Could this be the biggest sin in your life or in mine? It is so easy to sit back and say something without thinking; but oh! how we had better think, for each of us will be held accountable for every idle word.

Keep this just between you and me and please do not talk about me while I am gone.

Color Isn't Important

When Tommy started to school, he was delighted with everything about it. Especially, he soon started talking about a new playmate he had met—a most wonderful boy. Finally, his mother suggested, "You may bring him home to visit with you."

Then she had a second thought. She knew that there were a few Negro boys attending the school, and she felt that she had better inquire about her son's new friend.

"Tommy," she asked, "is your little friend colored?"

"Why, mother," he answered in surprise, "I never thought to look. I'll take a look tomorrow."

—Selected

"When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems that you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn."

The Eternal Verities

Good manners practiced persistently and willfully by those who believe in the good life are an important part of anyone's working tools on the up road. Ill-mannered people that one constantly encounters in day-by-day living are always without exception unhappy and miserable.

Such persons are missing the bus toward better things, because they actually believe that shoving and shouting and throwing their weight around is a formula for success. Hair-trigger brainstorms are cyclones that tear up what otherwise might be a pretty good set of mental tools.

But correct thought leads to right action; right action builds sound habit; sound habit weaves wholesome destiny. Millions of individuals in each generation are born with good furniture in their attic.

The tragedy is that too many of them never learn a working knowledge of the eternal verities. So long as they believe the world "is again 'em," it will be.

—Dr. Ross in "Sunshine"

Reasons for Thanksgiving

GRACE CASH

THE PLANE eased its way up the ladder to the sky and when it reached the first landing, it plowed through the clouds, gradually rising but also giving the effect of standing still. Lou-Ann Maxwell glanced at Howard Wallace, after five years a stranger, and wondered if he suspected that her life, since Landrum's accident, had stood still. It had gone on—for life must go on—yet in essence it had stood still.

Howard turned to her as though to quiet her unrest: "Comfortable?" he asked. "It is only a one-hour flight. The ceremony will be brief if that is worrying you."

"I am quite comfortable," she answered, looking straight ahead. "And I do not mind any length ceremony if it will honor Landrum."

He glanced fleetingly at her, then away. "Landrum would be the last to seek self-glory," he said firmly. "Even though he is your twin brother, I feel I know him much better, in that way particularly."

She did not argue the point. Landrum had loved Howard with true David-Jonathan devotion since the day they met at summer camp. The next summer they had made special plans to share the same camp quarters, and the following summer, when Landrum was eighteen and Howard a year older, they had divided their time between the Maxwell and the Wallace homes.

Even then Landrum shielded Howard, forbidding him to row the boat on the lake, or to do anything that required muscular strength. Landrum's devotion to Howard had been remarkable, not

only to Landrum's family, but to others as well. Thus it was that Lou-Ann had not been surprised when Landrum enrolled at the seminary in Milan a year later when he felt constrained to enter the ministry.

"We actually lost Landrum after he met you," she said. "My parents did not share my feelings but rather approved. But then only a twin sister would understand what it is to feel abandoned."

"LOU-Ann!" It was a gentle scold, an unconscious return of his old way with her when she amazed him by an expression of some odd opinion. "Lou-Ann," he repeated brusquely, back to the detached manner they had adopted since Landrum's accident. "There's something I must tell you about Landrum."

"I know all about Landrum," she returned stubbornly, looking out the window across the twin engines. The first memory she had of anything was of Landrum—and herself—at the age of two, drawing with crayons crude sketches on the living room walls, and in turn receiving for their mischief a generous spanking. Yet it was not the drawings or the spanking that she recalled most vividly, but that Landrum had thrust himself between Lou-Ann and the switch, thus saving her from her share of the punishment. That was the Landrum she knew—unselfish overloving, overeager to help another.

Howard smiled, momentarily occupied with his own memories of Landrum. "Every tissue and fiber of that boy's life was outgoing," he mused. "I think Landrum was actually believable only to those

who knew him."

Lou-Ann studied his remark thoughtfully, and then she nodded, a smile faintly tracing her anxious face. "I know Landrum was as good as everybody says, but I do think he died needlessly," she said. "Why did he try to swim for help? Why didn't both of you let go the boat and swim for shore? After all it's what you decided to do when you saw Landrum go down."

"Lou-Ann, for five years I've tried to get in touch with you," he persisted, his forehead deep-lined, his eyes tortured. "You wouldn't answer my letters. I wonder though if you perhaps heard of me? Do you know anything of my—circumstances—since the accident?"

"Nothing," she said, her head erect, her eyes set straight forward. That day in the valley, where the ethereal quiet settled over the pine-enclosed cemetery as day drew to a close, she had vowed she never wished to see or hear from Howard Wallace again. At the same time that she left her twin brother's flower-draped grave to the lonely calls of birds and wild creatures in the dark stretches of the wooded hills, she had severed all ties with Howard. As far as she was concerned, Howard might have been a drowning fatality along with Landrum. And that would have remained true but for the fact that this occasion was for Landrum's honor, and they needed her there to receive the plaque. Turning now to Howard, she said, "You have obviously heard nothing of my family since?"

"I know your parents died with-

in a year of the accident," he answered. "I was deeply grieved, both for you and because I had a sincere affection for them. I also felt greatly responsible."

"No," she said emphatically. "They did not blame you or Landrum. To them it was only an accident and Landrum had done what a man would do."

Howard slumped in his seat and shuffled his feet nervously. "I know this is difficult for you," he said finally. He suddenly straightened up and his manner became austere. "I agreed to come for two reasons: the dean suggested it, thinking it would be easier for you, and I wanted to come for my own personal welfare because I felt I should see you before today's ceremony."

At another time beginning with the summer when Landrum had brought Howard to the Maxwell home, she would have thrilled at those very words. Indeed she had heard many wonderful promises from his lips, promises that had lost their lustre the day Landrum died while Howard clutched the boat's side, waiting for an easy way to reach the shore. Back had gone the high school class pin, along with the little trinkets—fountain pen, cuff links, snapshots—that she had once prized above all else on earth.

"The dean wrote very briefly about a plaque the seminarians have erected in the chapel in honor of Landrum," she said. "Could you tell me about it?"

"I'd be glad to, but the dean asked me not to divulge any particulars," he answered. "In a way it is partly in your honor, too, your being his twin sister."

She turned directly to him a little later when the plane began its descent, and her eyes warned him that this would be the question he dreaded. "The dean said the student body, both past and present, had asked you to furnish the words for the plaque," she said. "What are the words?"

"To tell you, I would have to explain what happened that day after the boat capsized," he said. "And you will have to believe what I say."

"I'll believe it," she promised.

"You probably know that Landrum tried all those years to lead me to Jesus Christ," he said. "I wanted what Landrum had, that effervescent hope, but I resisted because I couldn't understand about a love that could sacrifice to the death for another. Then that day at the boat I started to try swimming for shore, but Landrum told me to wait. He said, 'Christ gave His life for me, I can give mine for you,' and he swam toward the cruising boat, waving them toward me. Finally exhaustion overcame him, but he shouted back to me, 'You must not die.' Those were his last words."

"I don't understand," she said, her eyes filled with tears.

"Landrum didn't want me to die without Christ," Howard pointed out, patient now, and tender. "Even after his admonition, I tried to swim for shore, but the boat's captain rescued me a half mile out. But it was actually Landrum who saved me. That's why Landrum's friends asked me to write the plaque."

"What were the words?" she asked again.

He drew a crumpled telegram from his billfold and straightened the corner carefully. "The dean gave the original telegram back to me," he said. "I'd like to present it to you."

She read slowly, through blinding tears, NOW I KNOW WHERE-WITH SOME ARE GREAT ENOUGH TO GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR OTHERS.

She did not look up until the plane had landed. When Howard stood up she followed silently, and when they reached the gangplank cameras were flashing.

"Smile," he whispered.

She tried unsuccessfully. It was beautiful that Landrum should die for an unsaved friend while he pleaded with him to come to the Lord Jesus, but she did not understand why Howard could not have saved himself.

A reporter met them, jotting questions on his pad. "Rev. Howard Wallace, full-time pastor, evangelist—is it true you performed over half your scholastic work from a bed in your home in Milan?" he asked. When Howard nodded, he continued, "I have noted that your heart ailment dates from childhood and that you had practically overcome it until the accident. Is it true that your friendship with Landrum Maxwell was of the Jonathan-David order?"

Lou-Ann tucked her arm through Howard's and smiled up at him through her tears. Turning to the reporter, she answered for Howard. "It is true," she said. "Very, very true."

—*Lighted Pathway*

Better To Hope

'Tis better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes uplifted;
For the bright blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb says,
Is the hour before the dawning.

Seek, then, to weave in the web of life
A bright and a golden filling,
And to do God's will with a gladsome heart
And hands that are ready and willing;
For the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose trust in God ne'er faileth,
Knows "God is love" and "God is light,"
Though at times the storm prevaileth.

—*Selected*

CHALLENGE

BOB McINTYRE

Life without purpose is drudgery! To go through every day without any momentous decisions to make is most disheartening and with no hills to climb, no barriers to remove, no raging streams to ford; one might very well wonder if such life is really "worth living."

So it seems that the most interesting life is the most challenging one that invigorates and makes you actually aware of all the good things in this world. If you were to look for such a life (surely you want a rewarding life), where would you look?

Would you first turn to the highly publicized field of science to find that something which eliminates that emptiness and that feeling of uselessness? Can this realm of science with its many challenges interest you in really living? Would you be content to be an Einstein and project a theory that revolutionizes the world? Would you be satisfied when cruel animals take your ideas and make them into tools of destruction? When other scientists cease recommending healthy living and prescribe your recently developed medication for healing, would you condone that? Would you be contented when the people you work with neglect God and even try to create a substitute for Him? No—science does not have the answer to a happy life, nor does it even deal with the most important question of what your purpose is in living!

The same is true with the other vocations in which you might be interested. They can't solve this question nor can they provide a remedy. There is one big challenge you must meet and conquer before you can ever have complete happiness, full and rich, in this life. Before a vocation, before your life's work, there is one thing you must consider that will deter-

mine your whole life's success or failure.

Believe it or not, wherever or whoever you may be, you now have access to the biggest challenge in the world—you have personal contact and everyday association with the biggest problem today! The challenge—the problem is you! The hardest question you will ever have to answer and the most important decision you will have to make that will determine your future is whether you will obey or disobey God. Simple, isn't it!

By now you have probably discovered in your life that if you will go along with the majority in your actions, thoughts, and manners; you won't hear any loud objections nor run into any large obstructions from anyone. If you don't question what you have always been taught, you will probably be entirely free from any demanding problems that you must solve for yourself. If you will only become a tool of society and forget your childish independence and creativeness, you will be socially acceptable—and a vegetable oblivious of life's beauty! This way is not very challenging. Anybody and nearly everybody follows this worldly way—we all do at some time. But, tell me, "What have you accomplished when you become proficient in carnality—what obstacles have you conquered other than being able to smother the accusations of your conscience?" This way certainly doesn't show us very much! It is the easy road

—you don't have to prepare anything—you can go just as you are. So—if you're lazy, stupid, selfish, and detest God; this is the way for you.

Now look on the positive and practical side of God's command—the good side of obedience to Him. He definitely demands your undivided attention, but not because He is a cruel harsh God who wants gloomy, misery-laden individuals to carry a heavy yoke of bondage—But as He says, "for thy good!" That it may be well with you—for your own happiness God has revealed His way that you may walk therein.

It is in God's Way that you will find the greatest challenges! You can't come dressed as you are—you've got to forsake your wicked garments and become completely submissive to God and obey all His commands. Not only will you run into opposition from yourself but the whole world will be against you and you will be the object of scorn and hate and will be considered mad. There will be division even in your own home and you will be persecuted by people who think they are doing God a service!

Now what do you say? Do you want to build a house on such terms—have you considered the total cost? Are you willing to sacrifice all of you to obtain the bountiful blessings of God? Do you want to challenge the biggest problem in the world and be victorious?

Do not ask if a man has been through college; ask if a college has been through him—if he is a walking university.—*Chapin*

Reports from Our Schools

M. B. C. News

As the 1962-63 school year of M.B.C. began, we found it hard to study again after such a lovely summer of vacations, work, revivals, and camp meetings. But again, we are thankful to be able to attend a college of education with a Christian emphasis.

There are 13 students taking either a full or part-time load of subjects, which ever they feel they are able to carry. The names and home states of the students are as follows: Roger Blankinship and Judy Bradshaw, Washington; Arleatha Butts and Arlene Jenness, Oregon; Edward and Pearl Lewin, British Columbia, Canada; Elizabeth Taylor, Arkansas; Garland

Brunson, Oklahoma; Ray Meier, Colorado; Alfred Walter, Ohio; John Moldenhauer, North Dakota; George Tolbert, Iowa; and Larry St. Clair, California. Rodney Wegermann, who is attending the state college at Maryville, stays in the boys' dorm.

Our cook from Texarkana, Arkansas, Sister Clara Taylor is keeping us filled with wonderful southern cooking. Some of us have to watch our waistlines, as eating it can become a habit.

The girls taking shorthand are working on their 100 word per minute take.

The girls' dorm is a lively place now that there are more staying

here than there were last year. Why not come join us!

The boys' dorm is the larger of the two, and therefore they are able to accommodate more students.

Though you have not felt the call to the ministry, you may still attend and acquire a better understanding and knowledge of the scriptures.

The call to the ministry is the highest calling bestowed on man; and, if you have felt this call, do not hesitate to meet the challenge of the task set before you.

II Timothy 2:15 reads: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

So that when we must appear before our creator in the day of judgment truly we may say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (II Timothy 4:7, 8).

—Judy Bradshaw

Spring Vale Academy News

Greetings in Christ's name to the readers of "Aim" from Spring Vale Academy. As we begin another school year, we have decided to send to you a report each month on the activities of the school, which we hope will benefit those who are interested in Spring Vale.

The opening weeks of school this year at Spring Vale have to a large extent been ones of "getting organized." The Bible club, the FYC, the Junior and Senior classes, the student council, etc., organized themselves.

In the past, the FYC has had the responsibility for planning the Young People's Meeting which is held every Sabbath afternoon here at S.V.A. But this year, for the first time, the students of Spring Vale have organized a Bible club, with Brother Charles Monroe as its sponsor; and the students de-

cidated to allow it to "take turns" with the FYC in planning the young people's program.

The Bible Club selected the name "Chi Alpha", or "Christ Ambassadors" as the club name. The C. A. has many activities planned for the year, such as: placing a tract rack at designated places in the town of Owosso, visiting old folks' homes, planning programs for all-day meetings, sending tracts to missionaries overseas, and doing missionary work in general.

There are several other things new at S.V.A. this year. The main thing is the change in administration. Elder S. J. Kauer, who had been the principal of Spring Vale since its founding, is now director of Midwest Bible College in Stanberry. Mr. Roy Keim, who was a teacher here at S.V.A. last year, is taking Elder Kauer's

place as principal and Dean of Boys.

S.V.A. is also adding a new member to its faculty this year, Mr. William Brumm. Mr. Brumm is originally from Marquette, Michigan. He taught the seventh grade for three years at Huron High School in Wayne County, Michigan. Mr. Brumm is teaching Economics, General Science, Algebra I, Geography, and American History. Miss Bea Ferneau, after a year's absence, is also back as a faculty member.

Spring Vale has broadened its curriculum this year. Physics, Economics, Geography, Algebra II, and Reading are being taught for the first time.

Mrs. Katherine Keim, the principal's mother, is the cook this year. Miss Susie DeWind (Aunt Susie), is Dean of Girls.

(Continued on page 19)

The Vilest Member

VANEDA FRIDDLE

Linda sat on the carpet of newly mown grass and absent-mindedly stroked the petals of a crimson rose. "Bonnie just can't quit now," she was thinking. "It's all wrong for her to quit school at seventeen and marry a man years older than she." Linda was remembering that John had told her father that he was tired of doing his work and wanted someone who didn't mind working. "I've got to stop her, but how do I do it?" She ran into the garage and headed her bike toward the driveway. She bowed her head and asked God to guide her to do the right thing.

As Linda raced down the gravel road the only sound that met her ears was the crush of the tires on the gravel. Two miles up and down low hills had caused her to be exhausted and breathless as she parked the bike in the tall grass and weeds at the edge of the lawn. Bonnie came to the door and asked her in.

"Bonnie, I came to talk to you very privately. Could we go somewhere where it is quiet? I didn't tell mother where I was going so I have only a few minutes."

"Sure, Linda, I suppose we couldn't hear one another above the sound of the TV, and the screaming kids. They don't seem to bother mother when her favorite programs are on the screen, and I get tired of separating them every time they start a squabble."

The shade of the maple tree was a welcome sight to Linda. "Bonnie, these large stones make nice seats. I've missed you this summer. Your seat looks so empty at church. Perhaps we will see more of one another when school starts."

Linda could see lines of unhappiness on Bonnie's face as she glumly replied, "I won't be going back to school. The price has been too high to pay, and I don't mean money. I'm going to marry a man who can take care of me. Doing work for two won't be as bad as facing insults from teachers then doing housework for a big family when I go home. I

haven't time at home to do home work, and my grades have been lower than they should have been, but that doesn't give Miss Brown the right to throw insults at me. I've always behaved myself, and I didn't talk back to her even though she said I had a sloven mother who didn't care enough for her children to attend parent-teacher conferences.

"Maybe mother doesn't like to work, but at least she's kind and patient with us. It's true that I get very tired of doing mountains of dirty dishes, ironing baskets of clothes, and mopping floors that never stay clean. That's why I'm going to marry John. I can at least keep a clean house. No other person will come my way considering the kind of home I live in. I don't want to be stuck here like some spinsters have been."

"Since Miss Brown probably never meant her words as an insult, Bonnie, would you come back to school if she apologized? You see people often say things on the spur of the moment without thinking how they may hurt someone."

"It's no use, Linda. You've been the best friend that I've ever had, but unfortunately many people who go to church aren't good Christians like you; that includes Miss Brown who is very keen on the young minister."

"Bonnie, I don't know if I should

say this, but I feel that it is necessary. I say it because I love you, and I know God does, too. You aren't in a trap yet. There are no chains or bonds about you yet. You are free to come and go at will, but if you marry there will be bonds. You are too young for this kind of bonds. Think it over, and I'll see you again very soon."

Linda didn't ride straight home; instead, she went by Miss Brown's home. It had always been neat and well kept with many beautiful flowers and shrubs at just the right places. Miss Brown greeted her with the usual lovely smile that she had for the students who pleased her well. Linda could never recall her smiling in Bonnie's direction. "How is our model student? It's so nice that you are paying me a visit."

"When I am finished, I may not be dubbed the model student, Miss Brown. I came here because I'm sick at heart. A good friend has been hurt, and you may be the only one that can help her."

"Here, sit in the glider beside me and let's talk about it. Who has been hurt, and just what do you think might be done for her?"

"Miss Brown, you go to church, and I'm sure that you believe the Bible. You remember that James wrote, 'If a man offend not in word the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body.'"

"Yes, that is James 4:2, but what has that got to do with your friend?"

"You said something that hurt her very badly, and she isn't coming back to school. What is worse, she's marrying a man who doesn't want her to go to church. She'll just live her life out in silence doing nothing worthwhile for so-

Tomorrow

Communism is offering the greatest challenge that Christianity has ever faced in the history of the world. Communism is capturing the peoples of the world by the millions and enslaving them under the guise of liberation. Communism has become a colossal giant of atheism which destroys spiritual life and moral control. This huge, powerful, political machine is becoming arrogant and almost undefeatable.

And yet, Christianity is so far superior to communism, it is almost like a mouse challenging an elephant. What earthly power is there which is able to compete with the power of Almighty God? If Christians would utilize the divine power at their disposal, they could turn the world upside down, but Christendom is like Samson after his hair was cut. Communism would fade away if the power of the Holy Ghost would suddenly grip the world. Our greatest need is a Holy Ghost revival, but, according to II Chronicles 7:14, a revival is dependent upon the Christians. We may have a revival any time we wish if we are willing to pay the price in prayer, humility and confession of our sins.

There are four great facts which made Christianity superior to communism. The first of these is the divine revelation of Scriptures. The writings of Marx are a weak substitute for the authority of the Word of God. The God who made man gave him the secrets of a happy life in the Ten Commandments and the teachings of Christ.

(Continued on page 18)

ciety and growing more bitter with the years unless you go to her and apologize for the way you talked about her mother. Bonnie couldn't take those words. You see it's the only life that Bonnie knows, and her mother is the only mother that she knows. Put yourself in her place then go to her."

"But the squalor of their home, Linda! I can't go into such filth as that. Bonnie was bound to do this sometime. What I said might have been the final straw that broke the camel's back, but it certainly couldn't be the real cause. After all, I only spoke the truth. All that her mother does is eat, smoke, sleep, sit, watch TV, and eat some more. All of this time she becomes larger and more lazy. No, I'm afraid I can't cure that family, and that would have to be done before Bonnie can be helped."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Miss Brown, that you might be able to help the mother see these things? You are good at doing so many things that you should be able to think of something to do for that family." With those words Linda started for home. She thought about the many stories that she had read about poor girls who were rescued from squalid lives by charming princes and lived happily ever after, but John was no charming prince, and Bonnie would never know real happiness because John didn't even believe in God.

The moon shown in Linda's bedroom window, brightly and friendly that night, but Linda wasn't sleepy. She left the blinds open and gazed up into the beautiful heavens that God had created and wondered why people made their lives so miserable as well as the lives of others. As she meditated what the reason could be she thought how very vile the tongue was as compared to the other members of the body. It says so many things that never should be said whether it is truth or not. It sets minds of people on fire, and they do drastic things that never would have been done if the vile words hadn't been spoken. It makes enemies of friends and

causes suspicion, jealousy, doubts, and murder. If only it could be conquered, but she realized that only the salvation of God through Christ could do that. The only thing she could think to do now was pray.

It was very early the next morning when Linda was awakened by the door bell. She heard her mother say, "It must be an emergency that brings you so early in the morning, Miss Brown."

"I'm afraid it is an emergency. I didn't sleep last night. These words kept coming to me from the writings of James, 'But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' I've got to go apologize to Bonnie for something that I said and I just pray that it isn't too late. I wonder if there is some way that we could help the family to have a better home life?"

Now it was Mrs. Jackson's time to speak. "You know I have been thinking along that line, too. Linda can visit with Bonnie while you and I have a talk with the mother. She seems to have a good heart, but she doesn't realize what the real values of life are for her family. This we must try to get her to see."

Suddenly Linda felt sure that her prayers had been answered. Of course they would have to work carefully, but wasn't that what neighbors were for—to help others?

The reason that the one-talent man (Matthew 25) did not succeed was that he expected failure. We will fail, too, if we do not expect success.—Garth Pybas

Jonah was fretting. He was all out of sorts. This little booth that he had made of his own gave him little shade from the heat. When God's gourd was gone, Jonah fainted. These little booths we make ourselves to sit under are a very poor substitute for sitting under His shadow. How gracious of God to so patiently bring Jonah out of his pout. Let us not be displeased with God's ways of mercy even if they seem to hurt one's own reputation. Jonah's trouble was self occupation. Success elated him and the result of Nineveh's repentance displeased him. It was self instead of "others" he thought of.—SELECTED

Are You In the Picture?

Active Young People

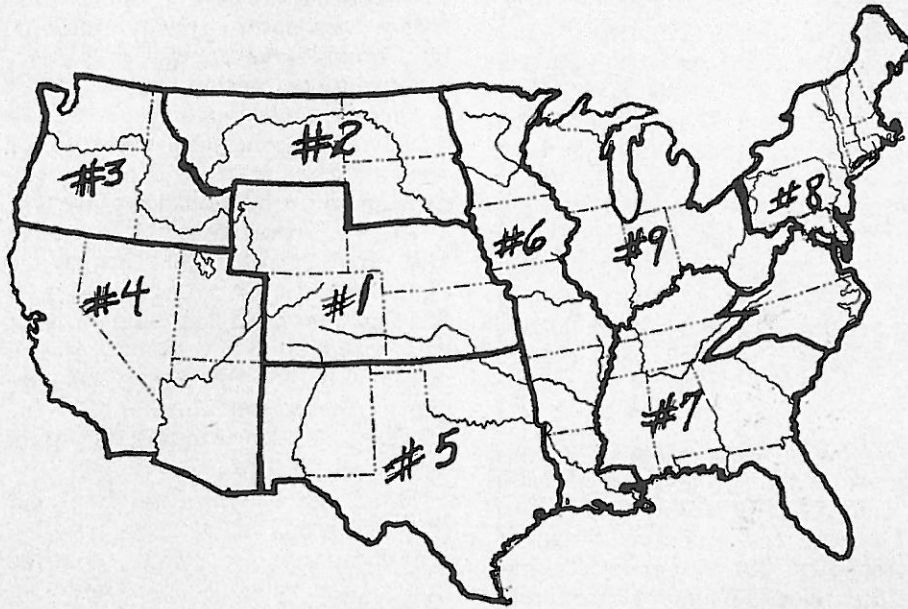
ROGER BLANKINSHIP

"Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." James 4:7. How many times, young people, do we find these words a comfort to us? We have trials every day through life, but we find God's grace sufficient for each and everyone of them. Oh what a wonderful grace that God bestows on us who trust in Him. We sing, "Wonderful grace of Jesus, Greater than all my sin." Do you really mean it? Have you found the wonderful peace that comes by giving all to the Saviour? If you have, then let us go forward as Christian young people to do service for Him. If you haven't, then find Him today. Find Him right now; this very hour, and you will experience the peace and joy that you could not receive in any other way. Then you, too, can be active in your local young people's group, and help to spread the gospel for our blessed Lord.

Young people let us wake up to the gospel; let us wake up to serving the Lord in the way that He would want us to before it is too late. Read Ephesians 4:1. It is admonition to the Christian. "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." What a message for God's people; for God's youth. Are we doing everything we can for the Lord? Let us think seriously on this question. Let us go forward and reconsecrate our lives to the Lord, and see His blessed will accomplished. Let us go on and walk worthy of the vocation that He has called us. Read all of Ephesians. You will find it an inspiration.

You may ask, "How can we help to spread the gospel, and have a more active young people's organization?" If you truly ask this question, then you have made the first step in wanting to do this work for the Lord. The answer is pray, and seek the Lord's will. "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your

(Continued on page 17)



A few months ago we campaigned to have all FYC members register their names with us. We feel we can serve you better if we know who and where you are. Presently we have about 780 members registered but we still don't feel that we have an accurate picture. Above is a map representing the 9 districts of the U.S. and below is a listing of the number registered in each district. Are you in the picture? According to this report some of the fairly large districts have a very minimal quota of young people. This is hard to believe. Check the listings below. If your group is not yet registered won't you please help us? All we need are names, addresses and birthdates of FYC members and we would like to know too, whether or not they are married and if they subscribe to *Aim*. (Everyone between 13 and 25 years of age should register.) If you have only part of this information available, at least send us that much and we will greatly appreciate it. We recently received a list of names from a group in Nigeria who wish to be registered. Surely if our foreign brethren will cooperate to that extent without being asked, we of the States should do our part. DON'T wait for someone else to take care of it; be a "do-it-yourselfer." Okay? We'll be hearing from you.

Dist. No. 1—1 registered organized group	35 registered members
Dist. No. 2—2 registered organized groups	42 registered members
Dist. No. 3—5 registered organized groups	126 registered members
Dist. No. 4—4 registered organized groups	75 registered members
Dist. No. 5—5 registered organized groups	174 registered members
Dist. No. 6—5 registered organized groups	116 registered members
Dist. No. 7—0 registered organized groups	2 registered members
Dist. No. 8—0 registered organized groups	28 registered members
Dist. No. 9—4 registered organized groups	143 registered members
Canada	15 registered members
Nigeria, West Africa	24 registered members
TOTAL	780 registered members



on St. Joseph, Missouri F Y C



This is a picture of the St. Joseph, Missouri, F Y C group which was taken in the sanctuary at St. Joseph, Missouri. Included from left to right back row: Melvin Miller, Ralph Nealand, Kenneth Smith and Kenneth Griggs. Second row from left to right: Wilma Parker, Verna Hawkins, Dickie DeShon, Judy Boyer, Leroy Pike, Virginia DeShon, Shirley Pike, Wayne Bascue, Kathaleen Nealand, Judy Miller and Jerry Bascue. Front row left to right: Louise Parker, Rose Smith, Billy Smith, Wanda Parker, Donnie Pike, David Pike, and Carl Nealand. In this group the ages range from 12 years to 25 years.

The F Y C of St. Joseph is a very active group. They meet bi-weekly on Wednesday nights for either a devotional service, a business meeting or for recreation.

The recreation consists of games, ping-pong, shuffle board, miniature golf and occasionally we rent the skating rink for a few hours of fun together. There are a number of other things like basketball, baseball, picnics, etc. that are on the schedule sometimes.

Every fourth Sabbath of the month is called F Y C Sabbath. The young people present a program which is always greatly enjoyed.

The F Y C have contributed several hundred dollars a year to the building project of our local church. Two items they purchased this year are a furnace and a carpet runner for the stairs. They raise funds by selling candy from house to house, have pie and cake sales and dinners.

All of our young people receive the *Aim* magazine. One in this picture—Sister Rose Smith—died soon after this picture was taken. We have missed her very much. This should be a lesson to all the F Y C that we need to serve God in our youth.—*Verna Hawkins*

So They Say . . .

Who does God's work will get
God's pay,
However long may seem the
day;

However weary be the way.
He does not pay as others pay,
in gold or land or raiment gay,
In goods that perish and decay.
But God's high wisdom knows the
way:

And that is sure, let come what
may,
Who does God's work will get
God's pay.

—*Dennis McCarthy*

* * *

Three things make life worth liv-
ing—

A faith to live by
A self to live with,
A work fit to live for.

—*E. S. Tuckwell*

* * *

A sharp tongue is the only tool
that grows keener with constant
use.—*Washington Irving*

* * *

All the beautiful sentiments in
the world weigh less than a single
lovely action.

—*James Russell Lowell*

* * *

You look inward too much and
upward too little.—*John Wesley*

* * *

A man should never be ashamed
to own he has been in the wrong:
which is but saying in other words
that he is wiser than he was yes-
terday.—*Alexander Pope*

* * *

If God has called you to be a
missionary, your Father would be
grieved to see you shrivel down in-
to a king.—*Spurgeon*

* * *

It is not work that kills men;
it is worry. Work is healthy; you
can hardly put more upon a man
than he can bear. Worry is rust
upon the blade. It is not the revo-
lution that destroys the machinery,
but the friction.

—*Henry Ward Beecher*

Active Young People

(Continued from page 15)

hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double minded" (James 4:8).

This may seem like strong medicine, sometimes, but it is what God wants each and every-one of us to do.

When we have done this, then we are ready to work for the Lord. The Bible says in Proverbs 29:18, "Where there is no vision, the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." Let us see this vision, and walk in it.

Brother Elden Fischer and others have been working on a young people's manual, whereby we as the youth of the church can better serve the Lord through our local FYC organization. This manual will be ready soon, our Lord willing. It has many ideas for projects that your local group can take part in. Visiting the sick in rest homes, the shut-ins, and those that cannot go to church, distributing gospel literature to homes, and having a gospel witness through the use of Youth Rallies, are just a few ideas in the manual. Other information about this manual appear in the October issue of *Aim*. Let us get behind this project with all the strength that the Lord gives us, for He will surely not fail us, if we don't fail Him.

Write in for your manuals now. They are free, to the leaders and assistant leaders of your local groups. Write in to us also, and give us some ideas for further projects that our local FYC groups can take part in. Write articles for *Aim*, also. They will be of inspiration to the readers. You, yourselves, may not think they are good enough to send in, but the readers will. We can help to hold each other up spiritually by giving our testimonies and ideas through *Aim*.

Another project that the national organization is participating in is the sponsoring of Elder Gibson John, a young man from Nigeria. If each of our local groups send in \$6 for the year or 50¢ a month,

this will really help the work of Brother John, and the work of the young people.

Let us truly make an effort starting now, to serve the Lord with a willing heart and a willing mind completely, if we have not done so already. Let us be sure in our own hearts that the Lord will say of each of us when He comes, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord" (Matthew 25:23).

A Story of a Faithful Slave

A slave in one of the West India Islands, originally from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became so valuable to his owner on account of his integrity and general good conduct, that his master employed him in the manage-

ment of his plantation.

On one occasion, his owner, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection from those who were offered for sale. Soon after beginning his examination of those who were in the market, he fixed his eyes intently on an old decrepit slave, and told his master he must take him for one. The master was greatly surprised, and objected, but the slave entreated so earnestly for this indulgence, that the offer of the seller to add the old man to the twenty without increasing the price, was accepted. The newly purchased slaves were conducted to the plantation and placed under the charge of the slave who had made the selection. On the poor old decrepit African he bestowed uncommon care. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him on his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine; and when he

A Providential Discovery

THERE WAS A POOR MAN, who, while traveling by himself in the wild forests of America, where there are poisonous swamps and unhealthy lakes and sickly air, fell ill of the ague. There he lay in a hut, day after day, not able to move, and quenching his thirst with the waters of a pool that was close at hand.

At last this pool dried up, and then he thought indeed that his misery was full. He had to crawl half a mile to another pool, almost ready all the while to die of weariness. When he came to it, the water was so bitter that he could scarcely drink it. Yet he must drink it, or die of thirst. We may imagine how cruel he thought this trial. He did drink. That afternoon he could not think why he felt stronger than he had been for many weeks. The next day he crawled down to the bitter pool again, and drank more abundantly; and still the more he drank the stronger he grew, till he was restored to his health.

Then he found that a tree had fallen into the water, which gave it its bitterness, and gave it also its power of cure; and this was the way in which the medicine we call "bark" was discovered—one of God's greatest gifts to men—which has been the means of saving many thousands of lives.

Afflictions, then, to us may be like these bitter waters. They may not only be doing us good, but may benefit others also, who see our patience and thankfulness under them.

It is very often difficult to see how good can come out of evil, and how the very things which seem at the moment to stop us on our heavenward way do really in the end help us thither; and yet it is so.—*Banner of Truth*

was hot, he placed him in the shade of the coconut trees. The owner, astonished at the careful attention by him upon his fellow slave, asked, "Is that old man your father, that you take so much interest in him?" "No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader." "Perhaps, then, he is your elder brother?" "No, massa, he no my broder." "Then he must be your uncle, or some other relation." "No, massa, he no of my kindred at all; he be no my friend."

"Why, then, do you bestow upon him so much care and attention?"

"Oh, massa," replied the slave, "he be my old enemy; he sold me to the slave-dealer, and my Bible tell me to love my enemy; when he hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink, and so me only do what my Bible tell me."

—Golden Sheaves

Pastor Grant's Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 6)

sunniest smiles. "You are getting well, and we have each other and our child."

"Yes, darling, I do thank the Lord with all my heart for His mercies," replied the minister reverently, as he stopped forward to open the door. All was quiet as usual in the little front hall; but when the sittingroom door swung back, oh, what a surprise!

Before a word could be spoken, they were surrounded by a laughing, eager group of friends and neighbors, among whom were the absentees whose vacant seats had troubled the pastor that morning, all ready to give the little party a hearty handshake, and all the

Any morning is a good morning for the Christian because it offers him an opportunity to declare by the tone of his voice, the choice of his words, and the radiance of his face that he has the power of a peace within that transcends all turmoil without. He has been with Jesus.

Virginia Ely in *Stewardship Witnessing for Christ*
(Fleming H. Revell Company)

kindly greetings that loving hearts could suggest.

Then they were led to the table, which could hardly sustain its load, and right in the middle of which Lizzie had already spied a splendid pair of new shoes whose size showed that they could belong to nobody in the house except herself, while Deacon Shortridge, with a few kind words, presented the offerings of loving people, and finished by saying, as he slipped an envelope into the pastor's hand,

"We own up that we have been a bit careless, but we are not going to let Thanksgiving Day find us owing our dear pastor a cent; and hereafter we don't intend to allow him to suffer any inconvenience from our want of attention. And so, take these trifles from us, with an assurance of our warmest esteem for you and your family, with the hope that we may, all of us, be happy on this our special Thanksgiving Day."

Mr. Grant tried to respond to the little speech, but his heart was so tenderly stirred that he could scarcely command his voice to utter a word; and if, among his guests, there were as many tears as smiles, just then, it was only to the credit of kind hearts, and nothing to be ashamed of.

Then followed the grand dinner, and if ever a Thanksgiving feast was enjoyed with a zest, that one was. Mrs. Polly constituted herself mistress of ceremonies, and fairly beamed and bubbled with good humor, while Mrs. Grant's face was described by one of the young folks, afterwards, as "almost holy; it was so sweet and happy."

—Herald and Presbyterian

Tomorrow

(Continued from page 14)

If the world ignores these great principles of truth, they will suffer. Whenever the doctrines of Marx have been substituted for the commandments of God, there has been revolution, murder, mass hangings, slavery, sorrow and loss of possessions. Mob violence takes the place of law. Turmoil exists where peace once existed. Free men become slaves.

Secondly, Christians have a Saviour, Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, who became incarnate in the flesh to live and die for men. He paid for our sins and redeemed us from Satan. He saved us from an eternal hell.

When Jesus was born, it was in fulfillment of the prophecies of the Old Testament. His coming was foretold as the hope of the world from the time man first sinned. His birth was announced by the angels. He was miraculously born of a virgin. The date and place of His birth were foretold.

His birth changed the history of the world. His life was perfect, without sin and above reproach. His acts demonstrated His mighty power. The disciples could not feed the five thousand, but it was of little consequence for Him to do so, for He daily feeds billions! He could change water to wine, walk on the sea and even raise the dead. Demons obeyed His voice and the storm at sea quieted when He spoke. The lame leaped, the blind saw, the deaf heard. Sinners were delivered from their sinful habits.

Thirdly, the resurrection of Jesus Christ dwindles all of the deeds of greatness which communism boasts. Russia rattles her sabers of war and brags about her ability to put a sputnik into space. She proudly attempts to put a man into space, but two thousand years ago Jesus Christ conquered the grave and gave men hope of life eternal. Resurrection life! Two thousand years before Russia put her sputnik into the sky, Jesus arose! Before they attempted to put a man in space, Jesus Christ ascended into heaven!

The first astronaut is Jesus, who went into space two thousand years ago!

Who will care about sputnik when they lay their head on a pillow to die and leave this world? What good is there in this insignificant feat? However, the resurrection of Jesus is important to those who must die, for His resurrection offers you hope, comfort and assurance.

Fourthly, Christianity offers an eternal kingdom with Jesus Christ as king. This kingdom will be world-wide. When Jesus comes again, He will rule and reign for one thousand years. Then, men will beat their swords into plowshares, and they will learn war no more. There will be an end to taxes and every man will enjoy prosperity, for the prophet foretold, "Every man will sit under his own vine and fig tree." During the reign of Christ, poverty will no longer exist. Nor will there be a continuance of the curse of sin, for even the animal world will be at peace and a child shall lead a bear and a lion. The thorns and thistles will no more plague the farmer and men will no longer hate one another, for all men shall worship the Lord and holiness will cover the earth as waters cover the sea. No more will disease cause human bodies to suffer and die, therefore, the age of a man shall be that of a tree, and a man will be but a child when he is one hundred years of age.

Does communism offer this? No! Communism offers chaos, lawlessness, hate, disorder and human misery. Only Christ offers eternal peace and happiness for all which results from human freedom and spiritual deliverance.

Why should Christianity, therefore, cower before the onslaughts of communism?

Just remember one thing: long before Khrushchev thrust a sputnik into the skies, God made billions of planets and sun and put them into space—worlds so great they make the earth so infinitesimally small in comparison that the earth is like a speck of dirt on top of a mountain!

—R. W. Neighbor in Gospel Herald

A Report on the Foreign Activities of the National Young People

(Continued from page 2)

process of making it possible for many of the foreign young people to receive subscriptions to the *Aim*.

We have received numerous other requests from our young people in foreign countries. First, they would like to have an American representative visit their country. They have asked for tracts and literature, including *Bible Advocates*. At present, the National Young People's Organization is sponsoring a worker in Africa. We are looking for 20 local groups or individuals who would be willing to send 50 cents a month or \$6 a year to help in supporting this worker. We are working very closely with the Foreign Missions Department in all our work in the foreign fields. As mentioned before, many of the leaders of our young people abroad are full-time ministers in their area who are subsidized by the General Conference; therefore, we would ask you to do all you can to encourage others to support the United Fund. If we can continue supporting the leaders, the work of the young people will go forward. If you would like to help with sponsoring our young people's representative in Africa, with either subscriptions or used *Advocates*, we ask that you write to us for more information. Do not send this literature directly to us—we will inform you where and how to send it.

In our next report we shall try to give you a more complete picture on individual countries. Pray for all the young people throughout the world as we lay a firm foundation on the solid Rock.

Report From Spring Vale Academy

(Continued from page 12)

There is a slight change in the recreational program from last year. In the past, the members of the faculty have been responsible for planning the recreation between 6:30 and 7:30 P.M.; but this year the students who have physical education as part of their regular curriculum take turns planning the recreational activities each night.

There have been various other activities also. The students, along with some members of the faculty, went on a roller skating party to Owosso Thursday night, October 4. The annual "Harvest Hike" was Saturday night, October 6.

The week of October 8-13 is "Religious Emphasis Week" here at S.V.A. Elder Robert Coulter, who with Mrs. Coulter and their two small sons are staying in the dormitory this week, is in charge of the revival meetings each night.

All indications point to a good year for Spring Vale Academy. With Divine help and full cooperation of student body and faculty, and the prayerful support of those who wish to see Spring Vale move forward, we trust that we can make it a good year.

Carol Millican (Senior)

Sanctuary

Night is a time and a mood. The painting finished, the viaduct built, the home tended, the long day over, and man wonders, in a moment of letdown, how the new day is to be faced. At such a time, the best of us turn to some source outside ourselves. The great heavens become the sanctuary. The omnipotence of the Creator becomes our tower of strength and under its magic spell faith and hope and courage abound.—SELECTED

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