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Salem, W. Va.

HIS TEMPLE

By Gertrude Temple Towne
I'm building a body for Jesus,
To be of some service for Him;
I pray that He'll help me remember
My purpose, which must not grow
dim.

He says that it is His temple;
Kept holy and clean it must be.
He left us this word in the Bible;
I'm sure it was written for me.

Whether I'm eating or drinking,
Or working or resting, 'twere well
To do everything to God's glory
And all selfish motives repel.

Not only for this day I'm building,
But for days that shall lengthen to
years,
When the harvest of souls shall be
ended
And the sign of the Saviour appears.

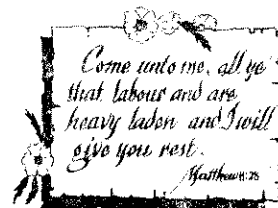
—0—

If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.
—Emily Dickinson.

—0—

"Fret thee not
about the morrow;
Faint thou not
for hope delayed;
He will lead through
joy, through sorrow,
To thy Home.
Be not afraid!"

—0—



Volume XIII, No. 43

Salem, W. Va.

May 30, 1949

GIVE THEM FLOWERS NOW

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you
know.

Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them
blow.

Death, with a peace beyond dream-
ing,

Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and
fears,

What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to a hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile....

These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile,
After the journey is over

What is the use of them: how
Can they carry them who must be
carried?

Oh, give them the flowers now!
Blooms from the happy heart's gar-
den

Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflections
Of flowers that blossom above,
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessings such gifts will allow

To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!
—Leigh M. Hodges.



SHUT-IN DAY JUNE 5

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

A weekly publication for the young people of the Church of God (7th Day).

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INTRODUCING BERTIE FREEMAN

Bertie Freeman was born near Sistersville, W. Va., the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Smith. Her great grandfather and great grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Schuman, were members of the Church of God at Wilbur, W. Va., being converted under the ministry of Elder J. W. Niles. Her grandmother, Mrs. T. J. Owens, is the oldest living mem-

ber of the Church of God in West Virginia in point of membership.

Bertie received her schooling in Sistersville and Moundsville, W. Va. In June, 1929, she was married to K. H. Freeman. She is the mother of three children, Anna, Esther, and David.

In March, 1933, she became a member of the Church of God, and has since been helping her husband in Gospel work.

In June, 1936, the Freemans moved to Detroit, Michigan, Elder Freeman pastoring the church there, and doing state evangelistic work. In 1937 they returned to W. Va., and have since been engaged in Gospel work in that state.

Bertie was a contributing editor on the editorial staff of the Junior Bible Advocate, later with the Christian Youth Herald, and now with the combined young people's paper—The Herald and Call.

EDITORIAL

We send special greetings to our shut-in friends with this issue.

June is a month of special days—Shut-in Day, Father's Day, Children's Day, Flag Day—yes and a wedding day or anniversary to many.

Whatever the day, we trust you will not only remember those near and dear to you but others who may be neglected.

We are admonished to visit the sick and afflicted. Pray with them and for them. Send cards and letters as a token of your thoughtfulness.

Many of our shut-in friends are doing missionary work by letters. They mail tracts and papers to fulfill their obligation of spreading the Gospel. Won't you, on June 5, add your bit of encouragement to their efforts.

You probably know someone who is past activity of any kind. Let them know you care!



Are You Homeless?

By Bertie Freeman

THE last few years we have heard much about the housing shortage. Finding an empty house just waiting for someone to rent it would be nothing short of miracle. Recently I heard of a family in the South who went to a large city in the North to work. Due to the housing shortage they could not find a house in which to live so were obliged to return to their home. This is not an unusual case. Thousands of people have similar problems. In the event vacant rooms are located, it is quite likely that children are not welcomed even though there is no complaint about pets. To those seeking shelter, these conditions are very discouraging. Yet, something far sadder is the person, who, whether young or old, is drifting down stream, battered by wind and tempest because he has no spiritual shelter—no dwelling place in which he may rest. Without a harbor in which to anchor his soul; without a foundation on which to place his feet, he is standing in the miry clay of sin and despair.

The Psalmist realized that the sinner had no refuge, no place to flee in time of trouble, no place to hide from the storms of life. But he was confident that his soul rested secure in God because he confessed, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in

all generations." Psa. 90:1. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." From the very beginning God was a refuge, a fortress, for those who put their trust in Him.

This place of refuge can be a two-fold blessing. We find a dwelling place in God when we are cleansed from sin and sanctified wholly for the Spirit comes to dwell within our temple. "For ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost." 2 Cor. 6:16.

When a house is a home it is a meeting place for family and friends. As Edgar Guest says in one of his poems, "It takes a heap of living in a house to make it home." So it is when we abide in Christ—we have a fellowship and companionship with Him and we enjoy living in His presence. The Holy Spirit will be a permanent guest as long as we keep our dwelling a fit place in which He may dwell.

To those who have made their calling and election sure and abide in Christ, He has promised to go and prepare a place for you. John 14:3.

If you are uncertain about your spiritual housing situation, tell God about it and ask Him to make you a fit citizen of the kingdom and prepare you for an eternal home with Him.

HOLD ON A LITTLE LONGER

Are you living for Jesus, my brother;
Have you turned against Satan and
sin;
Do you know that your sins are for-
given;
Does the peace of the Lord dwell
within?
Though your joy may be full, yet,
my brother,
You may suffer for the cause you
hold dear,
And your faith may be tried to the
limit,
But remember that Jesus is near.

You may be basking in sunshine
With a calm and peace all around,
Your heart with joy overflowing
O'er the wonderful grace you have
found,
But sooner or later the storm clouds
Will gather and all will be dark;
You will feel that Jesus has left you
Alone on the sea in your bark.

It may seem that He does not hear
you
When you call to Him in your des-
pair;
You may find yourself growing dis-
couraged
And feel there is no use for prayer,
But hold on a little longer, my
brother,
Soon the storm clouds will all clear
away
And the calm, and the peace, and the
sunshine
Will blend into one perfect day.
—Gospel Herald.

—0—

LET'S TRY IT

If we noticed little pleasures as we
notice little pains—if we quite forgot
our losses, and remembered all our
gains—if we looked for people's vir-
tues, and their faults refused to see
—what a comfortable, happy, cheer-
ful place this world would be!

FOR JESUS' SAKE

The path we tread is rough and
steep,
Beset with toil and care,
But we go not that way alone—
Jesus is always there.
Through cloud, through sun, the road
we take
Is bright, if trod
For Jesus' sake.

The plans I made were dear to me;
I loved them far too well,
Though they were selfish fancies,
My name—not God's to tell,
But now God's plans, not mine, I take
To carry out
For Jesus' sake.

The friends I knew were treasures
dear—
Companions in life's race.
And I forgot that dearest Friend—
The earth friends took His place.
But now when earth friends God
doth take.
I say, "Tis well."
For Jesus' sake.

Some day life's lessons will be
learned,
The path on earth be trod,
And we shall meet as friend with
friend
Before the throne of God,
And then the sacrifice we make
Will seem so small
For Jesus' sake.

For Jesus' sake we here may live
Through this earth's little while,
And all along our journey feel
The comfort of His smile.
And, oh, at last the dawn will break;
We shall be Home
For Jesus' sake.

—Selected.

—0—

COMING NEXT WEEK

"The Furnace of Affliction", a Carl
Fox story in six parts.

The Ministry Of Pain

PAIN IS AS OLD AS SIN, and
comes directly or indirectly from
it. It is not synonymous with illness,
for the human body can be overtaken
by ailments that bring no pain, and
can suffer great pain without being
diseased.

It is not easy to define pain, but
everyone knows what it is, for every-
one has experienced it in some form.
There is the pain of an accident, not
felt so keenly in the excitement of
the moment, but
growing worse as the
moments pass. There
is the pain of a burn,
that seems to recur
again and again; or
the dull ache of a
broken bone that nags
one night and day.
There is the pain of
an incision, made un-
der ether, felt faintly
as the anesthetic wears off, and be-
coming terribly clear and insistent as
one regains full consciousness. There
is the pain of some chronic affliction,
often borne with a brave smile, in an
apparently healthy body, and often
unknown to others. There is the
pain of the sickroom, forcing its dread
companionship upon the poor sufferer,
throbbing with his pulse, and always
there in the lonely wakeful hours of
the night. There is that long, dark
tunnel of indescribable pain at the
threshold of every life, and only
mothers know what it is. And there
are the more humble and unromantic
forms of pain, such as the toothache,
which are not usually dangerous, but
which can cause hours or days of
misery and cause the mind to be al-

most distracted. This short recital does
not even touch the formidable gamut
of mental anguish. What an infinite
variety of suffering there is in this
world!

Pain is a dismal subject. Can any
good come out of it? Undoubtedly
there are many things we can learn
from it.

It is a warning of danger. An
electric shock makes a man jump
away from the wire or apparatus that
would do him harm.
The slightest touch on
a hot stove makes a
housewife snatch
away her hand, and
thus save herself from
greater injury. A hot
drink that burns the
tongue keeps one from
drinking more until
the beverage cools.



Time recently re-
ported the strange case of a baby girl
named Beverly Smith, who can feel
no pain. After making tests upon her
at the Children's Hospital in Akron,
doctors have decided "that she really
is a 'painless' baby suffering from 'in-
difference to injury, of congenital
origin.'... It is a rare condition.... No
cure is known." When the baby was
taken home from the hospital, her
mother was given advice as to how
to take care of her unusual little
child. **Time's** report ends with this
significant comment: "A life without
pain will be a perpetually dangerous
life for Beverly."

Pain is a symptom of something
wrong in the body. One doctor used
this vivid illustration: "When the
telephone rings, you don't look at
the bell to see what is the matter
with it and then tinker with that.
You answer the phone." So he said,
pain is a signal made by the nerves,



FRIENDSHIP LANES

THE UNANSWERED LETTER

"The mailman comes, the mailman goes,

The postman passes by. And some one only can suppose

And wait and wonder why Today no letter or tonight

A silence hard to bear,

We wonder if they can not write Or simply do not care?

"The note is laid away

The letter put aside

Yet some one hoped to hear today

An answering voice denied.

You may be busy, well we know,

So many things you're at

You may be busy—are you though As busy as all that?

"Oh keep the tree of friendship green When friends are far apart.

How much a word of yours may mean

To cheer some absent heart.

The rose unwatered droops and dies

Yes, dies in some sad hour.

The letter that unanswered lies

Is love's unwatered flower."

—0—

SUGGESTION

If you have worry,

If you have woe,

Take it to a garden

Where green things grow.

Where green things grow

In swift upsurging,

Earth and heaven

In greenness merging.

Watch troubles dwindle;

For worry is one

Thing that will never

Thrive in the sun!

—Jane H. Merchant.

GLEANINGS

By Agnes M. Haffner

GROWING OLD

When I grow old, I want to be Like some rare souls that I have met, So sweet, so calm; and this my plea, That faith be strong to keep the fret Of life grown dim from spoiling me; That I may shed such sweetness, yet, That all my loved ones shall rejoice That I still live. I would not see Myself grown mean, but I would voice

The sweetness of a well filled life; So gently live, so gently fill The place I occupy, that strife May not abide. And I would still Remember this: I cannot stay So sweetly calm, unless I pray.

— Myrtle Thomas.

* * * * *

FIRST THINGS FIRST

If I could live each day as though it were the last,

What richness from each moment would be sought!

No ghosts to loom and haunt me of the worthless past,

No dreams of victories won and battles fought.

So many wrongs to right before the nightshades fall,

So many deeds of kindness would I do,

So many thoughtless words I would not speak at all

And somehow make my peace with God anew.

The gauge of values I had thought far unsurpassed

Would surely fall and crumble at my feet.

If I could live each day as though it were the last,

Then first things first would make my joy complete. Helen Truax.

* * * * *

Are you a reflection of or on religion?

In the midst of suffering, we are more inclined to say with the Psalmist, "So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalms 90:12).

One of the glories of heaven is the absence of pain. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21:4). The existence of pain here and now helps to break off our affection for things on earth and set it on things above, as we are told we are to do (Col. 3:2).

There is still another and deeper lesson that pain has for us. It can be a reminder that, for our sakes, the Lord Jesus suffered the excruciating pangs of crucifixion. Neither our mental nor physical anguish can be compared to His, for we are sinners and He was sinless. But however great our suffering may be, we can remember that His was greater. "For Christ Jesus hath once suffered for us, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit" (1 Peter 3:18). "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin" (1 Peter 4:1). "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings" (Heb. 2:10).

—Christian Digest.

If your face wants to smile—let it; If it doesn't—make it!

No backbone is stronger than its weakest vertebra.

It's the shallow brook that always babbles.

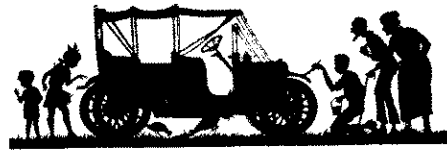
and the real seat of the trouble may be at some distance from the pain.

An aftermath of pain is that it abates makes us doubly thankful for health, strength and physical well-being. Just as a burning that leads us to a cold mountain spring and absence from home increases our appreciation of our loved ones, so the subsiding of pain makes us thankful for the restored use of our hand and feet, or the blessings of health, eyes, ears, and mouth, and the normal functioning of the entire system.

Another of the beneficial results of physical pain is that it makes us more sympathetic toward other sufferers. No one can sympathize with another in the fullest sense unless he has been through the same experience. We are too inclined to minimize the troubles of other and to magnify our own, and often it is only the crucible of trouble that will burn out this evil tendency. After an operation, who is the visitor in the hospital who can bring the most comfort to the patient? It is the one who has gone through the same thing, and yet who has the grace and self-restraint not to spin out a long tale of his or her own operation, with all the tiresome details. Much comfort often comes from the pressure of a friendly hand and a few simple words, gently and kindly spoken, such as, "I know just how you feel, for I have been through the same thing."

If one is to extract real and lasting treasure from pain, he must turn the light of Scripture full upon it.

Pain is likely to reduce our activity, at least temporarily, perhaps permanently. This in itself may be a good thing, for it may force us to spend more time in Bible study and prayer, and thus give God a better chance to speak to us. Pain reminds us of our human frailty, and leads us to depend more upon Him for strength. It is an advance warning that, unless the Lord comes soon, these bodies will die and go into the



DO YOU DAYDREAM?

JUST what is day dreaming? One might say it is dreaming with the eyes open, or it is making mental pictures. This is one of the most common ways of trying to evade our unpleasant problems. Most of us have something unpleasant or disagreeable to do every day, and often try to evade or postpone facing these duties. Not facing up to our problems is a bad habit to acquire. Can you prove this by a personal experience? Did you postpone studying for a test—and found it was not a good idea.

But, you say, daydreaming helps one to relax and rest. Yes, that may be true, but if we daydream when we have important work to do, it becomes a dangerous habit.

We all “build air castles.” This practice can be helpful if those daydreams help us set goals to strive for and give us ideas to encourage us on. Daydreaming can be harmful if we believe our dreams to the extent that we don't face life openly and squarely.

Let us discuss two daydreaming problems and see if we can learn anything which may help us personally.

Daydream No. I

Johnny read stories of missionaries in India, Africa and other places. He often daydreamed of having his own mission in a far away land. He dreamed of carrying the gospel message to these people. He dreamed of the hospital he would have and the schools he would establish.

Discussion: What about Johnny's daydream? What type of work will he be interested in? Yes, probably he'll want to be a missionary to foreign lands. If Johnny lets this dream

inspire him, and be his goal in life, he will start work to prepare for this. He will study the geography and history of the different lands. He'll attend Bible classes to learn about God's word so he can take the gospel to others. We must remember that daydreaming can inspire accomplishment but cannot substitute for it successfully.

However if Johnny continues to daydream about this missionary work to the extent that he neglects his studies at school and his chores at home, he will never realize his dream.

Daydream No. II

Jane was sitting in church. The minister stood, acknowledged the introduction and started to speak. “Well”, thought Jane, “so he's preaching this morning. Oh, he always says something that hits me—I'm not going to listen.” So Jane looks at the red flowers on Sister Brown's hat for awhile, then drifts away in her daydream of a beautiful garden in which she stands admiring a beautiful new rose she has cultivated. Then her daydream switched to the one in which she had written a best-seller book. Jane had plenty of pet dreams so she daydreamed through an inspiring sermon from God's word.

Discussion: Why did Jane daydream as she did? Perhaps she knew she was not pleasing to God and was afraid to face the fact. Were Jane's daydreams bad for her? Yes, they were because she evaded one of life's problems by daydreaming. She missed a sermon of inspiration—a sermon that would have guided her and strengthened her spiritually. If Jane would daydream in her leisure time perhaps the dreams of gardening and writing a book would spur her on

to those accomplishments. If however, she did accomplish these things at the expense of her spiritual life, she'd lose, for her reward would be the second death instead of eternal life. A close walk with God comes first—we should not allow daydreams to enter our minds when we are at church services.

A certain amount of daydreaming is not harmful if it helps us plan and helps us strive to accomplish something worthwhile. But remember daydreaming can inspire accomplishment but cannot substitute for it successfully.—M. H.

BIBLE RIDDLES ABOUT CREATION

By Ruth Coulter

1. God spoke a word
And said, “Let there be”
So now you and I
Are able to see.
2. God's spirit is said
To have moved on my face;
And later the land
Allotted my place.
3. Three lights did God use
To divide night from day.
They help make the seasons
For snow and for hay.
4. All these God made
To be fruitful and grow
That in their right place
They'd behave just so.

Key to CREATION RIDDLES

1. Light, 2. Water, 3. Sun, Moon and Stars, 4. All living creatures.

Answers to

CAN YOU MATCH THEM?

1. H; 2. J; 3. F; 4. A; 5. D; 6. B; 7. I; 8. C; 9. E; 10. G.

CAN YOU MATCH THEM?

Place the letter from Column II beside the number that it matches best in Column I. If you get all ten correct your grade is A; 9 correct is a B; 8 correct is a C; 7 correct is a D; 6 or less correct is not a passing grade.

I

- 1. Haman.
- 2. Charity
- 3. Jonathan.
- 4. Beatitudes.
- 5. Samson.
- 6. Moses.
- 7. Daniel.
- 8. Job
- 9. Noah
- 10. Ruth.

II

- A. Sermon on the Mount.
- B. “Drawn out”.
- C. Patience.
- D. Strength.
- E. Flood.
- F. David.
- G. Loyalty.
- H. Hanged.
- I. Courage.
- J. Greatest of these.

(Key in left column)

SCRAMBLED WORDS

IN A SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

If you can untangle the words and arrange them in order, you will have a well known Bible verse.

“Meco, ton, memeerb, won, yht, outyh, ni, ni, eht, het, sayd, fo, on, areslupe, meht, haev, rawd, yasd, orn, yth, liewh, teh, liev, arecort, areys, hing, henw, touh, hatsl, ays, i.”

Check your answer with Eccl. 12:1.

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

By Roberta Harris

Sir Launfal, in James Russell's Lowell's poem, was a young knight who was supposedly one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. (He wanted to search for the Holy Grail, that was supposed to be the cup Christ drank from at the last Supper.)

As the story opens, Sir Launfal was riding out of his castle gate, and his coat of mail flashed brightly without a scratch on it. The sun was shining beautifully and everything was summery.

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

Then Sir Launfal saw something that turned everything black, and sent chills up and down his shrinking and crawling flesh. He saw a leper! The leper crouched by the road and "he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn." (There was no pity in his arrogant breast.) The leper didn't take the coin; he said it was better to take a poor man's crust than coin from someone who gave only out of a sense of duty. Sir Launfal had failed his first test.

He came home from searching for the Holy Grail, and it was cold and wintry. The icicles were hanging glittering on the trees and bushes. Sir Launfal was "an old, bent man, worn out and frail." He was no longer shining and unscarred on the outside. (He was also scarred within.) He had "the badge of the suffering and the poor imbedded in his heart."

Tragically, he was rejected from his home like a beggar or a leper. As he sat and tired to keep warm, he reviewed things he had seen on his journeys. Then he heard. "For

Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alm."
He looked and saw "the leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone" beside him. This time he took time to look at the leper, and as he looked, he said,

"I behold in thee an image of Him who died on the tree.

Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,

Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

Sir Launfal gave the leper a half of the last slice of bread he had, and a drink of water out of a wooden bowl, but in his vision he saw it turn into the fine wheaten loaf and red wine. Then a bright light shone around about, and the leper was transformed into the figure of the Christ. In the poem he rewards Sir Launfal for his kindness with beautiful words:

"Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare:

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Our Bible says, "If ye do it unto to one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me.")

Yes! the vision changed Sir Launfal. (The reading of the story can touch our hearts and help us remember, "And the greatest of these is charity.")

Of all murderers, character assassins are the worst.

Most folks know how to say nothing—few know when.

Count on God and move forward!



Y. P. O. REPORT FROM LODI, CALIF.

The Lodi Young People's Organization meets every other Sabbath evening. During the month of March the members contributed ideas to a "Suggestion Box" which was made in the interest of giving variety to our meetings. Some of the suggestions were for more quizzes, instrumental numbers and contributions to the paper. We also discussed the Dollar-A-Month Club and urged all to join who could. In April we agreed to send a donation from the Y. P. O. Treasury to Joplin, Mo. toward the purchase of the new building there.

The bi-monthly fellowship meeting of the churches in northern California was held in Lodi on April 30. A program was given in the afternoon with young folks from various churches participating. Brother Ernest Smith, overseer of the Lodi group this quarter, was in charge. The meeting opened with the congregation singing the well-loved hymn, "Bring Them In". Prayer was led by Eld. Sampson. Nick Pasquail gave a short but inspiring talk based on John 3:16. He brought out the thought that the real meaning of God's love can exist in our hearts only as we try to impart it to others and encourage others.

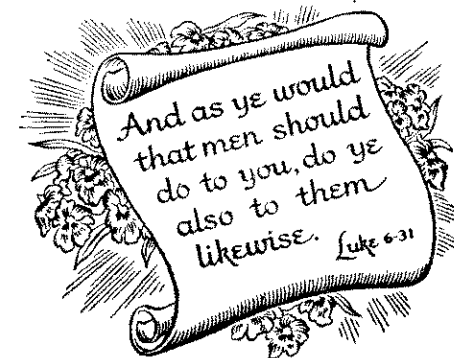
The Primary class sang several songs and various youngsters gave readings. Brother and Sister Israel Haeger sang a number in German then the Lodi choir sang, "Jerusalem, My Home." Nathan Straub and Alvin Bernneise gave readings then a quartet from Oliverhurst sang, "Savior Lead Me Lest I Stray." Duets

were sung by Leah Kauzlaurich and Martha Basque; Louella Severson and Delora Straub; Katherine Nienhuis and Albert Carlin.

Mother's Day was the theme of the regular meeting held May 6 with Clarence Severson as leader. Ray Straub read the Love Chapter and Esra Dias led in prayer. Martha Basque and Leah Kauzlaurich sang, "You'll Never Miss Your Mother 'Til She's Gone." The Nienhuis sisters paid tribute to Mother in the song "Nobody Knows". Alvin Brenneise gave a reading, "Which Loved Mother Best?" and Alice Springer read, "A Picture of Mother." Ray Straub dedicated his reading, "The Uncrowned Queen" to his mother. Ida Ogren read an original poem and also furnished a small organ which was used for accompaniment for the special singing during the evening.

Quiz questions about various Bible characters and incidents were asked by the leader. Bro. Art Brenneise gave timely comments about the necessity of prayer. He reminded us that we must be ready and waiting when the Lord comes. Many of the young people expressed gratitude to their mothers in the testimony meeting which followed. The program was closed by singing, "The Cleansing Wave."

—Reported by Alice Springer.



FROM SIGHTLESS EYES

Fanny Crosby had more than eight thousand hymns to her credit when she died in 1915 at the age of ninety-four. It was not unnatural that this little "blind lady who could see splendidly into the sunshine of His love" should have devoted her life to expressing her soul through hymn writing. Born in a humble cottage in southeast New York, she lost the sight of both eyes when she was only six weeks old. In her eighth year she began to write poetry. When fifteen she entered the New York Institute for the Blind, where she spent twenty-three years as a pupil and teacher. It was here that she received her inspiration for hymns and met and married Alexander Van Alstyne, a brilliant blind musician.

I am reminded of her personal account of how she came to write "Blessed Assurance." In September, 1910, when I called on her, I found that she was somewhat depressed over the death of her dearest friend, Mrs. Joseph P. Knapp. Years before, this same friend had played some strains and asked, "What do they say to you, Fanny?"

"After a moment's reflection," explained Fanny, "the thought passed through my mind—**blessed assurance**. I took the copy of music to my home and hammered out what I termed a bit of beaten gold. Early the next morning I completed the song 'Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine.' I called this my heritage hymn. I was possessed with the thought that I was an 'heir of salvation—born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.' This hymn has been sung in castle and cottage, church and mission, with inspiring effect ever since."

She confided to me the stories of three of her hymns that reveal most intimately her relation to God. "I Am Thine" was written after hearing my minister preach a very effective sermon on the theme 'Draw Nigh to

God.' It was such a heavenly hour that I went to my room under its influence and wrote out of a full heart:

Oh, the pure delight of single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with
Thee my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

"Every heart knows its own bitterness," she continued, "and every soul knows its own sorrow. I was recovering from the greatest sorrow of life, not known to the wide world but only to you." It was from a bleeding heart—a heart which had suffered—that she wrote:

Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee

"Close to Thee," she revealed, was written in the year 1874. "I had in mind the eternal inheritance, and I wrote:

Thou my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

This I termed my pilgrim song, and gave it to Silas J. Vail to set to music. It has become one of the most popular songs of the soul.

"It was in 1869 that W. H. Doane, a successful businessman who gave much of his time to writing church music, suggested to me the title of the hymn 'Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour.' My best work has always been done at early dawn, and often while still abed. Thus it was with this hymn. I worked on it until I felt it was a real prayer hymn from the heart. The first verse was my soul, pleading for the Saviour to hear my cry; then I found a throne of mercy and the spring of all my comfort, and my soul rested not, but continued to cry:

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Mr. Sankey said that this hymn was one of the most useful songs of the soul in his revival meetings.

"In my own estimation, however," concluded "Aunt Fanny," "my most **serviceable** song of the soul is 'Rescue the Perishing.' All the days of my life I have been interested in missions and their work, and have felt that Christianity that was not redemptive was useless. One evening I visited a mission in New York City and urged with all the zeal of my soul a company of wayfaring men and women to seek the Lord and forsake their sins. I was so deeply moved by what I heard and felt after listening to the expression of those saved souls that I was unable to rest, and heard a voice within saying,

Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to
save.

"Many of my friends believe that the third verse of this hymn will live long:

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can re-
store;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that are broken will vibrate
once more.

I, myself, consider it the best song of my soul."

It has been thirty years since this blind poet of hymns has gone to her rest, yet her songs continue to lead men and women to Christ. On her simple, marble tombstone are chiseled these words:

AUNT FANNY
She hath done what she could
—Selected.

THE GRATEFUL HEART

The grateful heart always finds something for which to be thankful. However bad things are, they might be worse. We once knew a lady whose husband drank heavily, and sometimes was intoxicated for weeks at a time. She did not murmur nor grow sour in spirit. She knew another woman whose husband drank, and he would come home and beat her, curse and swear at her, and even threaten her life. The first woman spoken of expressed her thankfulness that her husband did not treat her that way, and that he was generally kind, even when drinking. She still had something to be thankful for. In every trying circumstance, there is something that might be worse.

A poor woman and her child, homeless and compelled to seek shelter where they could find it, one cold, stormy night found refuge under a cellar door that leaned against a wall. As the storm beat outside, the boy said to his mother, "What do those poor children do tonight who have no cellar door to shelter them?" Such a spirit takes the bitterness out of the worst condition. Our hearts largely make our world for us. An ungrateful heart would find misery in the most pleasant surroundings, while a grateful heart would find pleasure in spite of the most undesirable circumstances. The secret of a jovious life is a contented spirit, one that trusts God and knows that "all things work together for good to them that love God." —Herald of Light.

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One inch of rain on an acre of ground is equal to more than 100 tons of water.

EDGED TOOLS

I knew a man once whose wife became intensely interested in a revival meeting as a seeker of salvation. He was a skeptic and a scoffer, and when he saw her constantly reading the Bible, longing for some promise that would comfort her, he said:

"I will give you enough of that. I will read the Bible to you every day. If you are sick of it," and he began, Day by day when he came home to read the Bible—chapter after chapter, having his wife sit and listen. At last one day, when he had finished the third chapter of John, he said:

"My wife, won't you pray for me? I am a poor lost sinner", and they knelt and prayed and God came in mercy, and both were converted.

I knew another skeptic and scoffer—a great physician—my mother's cousin, who was a frequent visitor at my father's house when I was a boy. On one occasion he complained because he could find nothing in the library he wanted to read.

"Will you read a book I will bring you?" my mother asked him.

"Yes, I'll read anything. I'll read an almanac, a patent-office report, anything"; and mother brought him the Bible.

"The Bible! The Bible!" said he. "Why I haven't read the Bible since I was a boy."

"But you promised," mother said "and I hold you to it," and he began. He scarcely laid it aside even to eat or sleep for four days and nights.

"The most absorbing Book I ever saw," he said.

After a hundred hours passed thus, away in the night he knocked on my mother's door, and said:

"Cousin Lucy, Cousin Lucy, won't you get up and pray for me? I am a poor lost sinner."

She did, and God heard that prayer and the great doctor was saved. Edged tools cut.—Selected.

BELIEF

Believe means to receive. Salvation is so great and so costly it could never be earned, so God for Christ's sake freely offers it to guilty sinners as a gift. We believe when with the power of faith, we reach out and take it.

Believe means to accept. To open the door of your entire being and invite the Lord Jesus Christ to enter. To take Him for a blessed and wonderful Companion.

Selected by Mrs. A. B. Mahieu (Kansas).

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MY FATHER KNOWS

So often in a time of stress,
In hours of trial and unrest,
The thought comes: Take a sweet
Breath,

"My Father knows."

And often in a time of pain,
When I am tempted to complain,
The tender thought comes back again,
"My Father knows."

—Anon.

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HE KNOWS THE BEST

By Shirley Osburn

I do not know God's will for me;
And though, perchance, it may not be
Exactly what I'd choose to see,
He knows the best.

When oft' my trials seem too great,
My heart wells up with angry hate,
Will this forever be my fate?
Still, He knows best.

And when the path seems dark and drear
I love to feel that He is near.
To all my pleas He'll lend an ear;
He knows the best.

As each day dawns, I pray anew
That God will show me what to do.
And I will say the whole day
through,

"He knows what's best."

Selected by Mrs. Ed Winckler.

POETIC GEMS



WHY?

The path's so dark I cannot see;
Why has this load been given me?
Why must I sit with longing eye,
And see my friends pass numbly by?

Why all this pain, why this despair?
How long must I this burden bear?
Is there no help and no release;
Must this be borne "Till life shall
cease?"

But wait—my Saviour bore His cross,
The fearful pain—the dreadful loss.
He hung in anguish on the tree,
To purchase hope and life for me.
He bore His cross, I must bear mine!

I must not murmur nor repine,
And bear my cross, though burdened
down;
For when He comes, He'll bring my
crown!

(Written by Mrs. Cleora M. Davison
in 1928 to an invalid sister).

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KINDNESS DURING LIFE

By Mary Joyce (Laborn)
I had rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend;
Than to have the choicest flowers,
When this life must end.

I would rather have one pleasant
word
In kindness said to me;
Than flattery when my heart is still,
And life has ceased to be.

I had rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true;
Than tears shed 'round my casket
When this life I've bid adieu.

Bring me all the flowers today,
Whether pink, white or red;
I'd rather have one little rose now
Than a truck load when I'm dead.

—Selected by Mrs. J. I. Boren.

SHALL I PRAY ON?

For years I've prayed, and yet I see
no change,
The mountain stands exactly where
it stood;

The shadows that it cast are just as
deep;
The path to its summit 'ven more
steep:
Shall I pray on?

Shall I pray on with n'er a hopeful
sigh?
Not only does the mountain still re-
main,
But, while I watch to see it disap-
pear,
Becomes the more appalling year by
year.
Shall I pray on?

I shall pray on, tho' distant as it
seems,
The answer may be about at my
door,
Or just around the corner on its
way;
But, whether near or far, yes, I shall
pray—

I shall pray on. Selected.

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DO IT TODAY

By Grenville Kleser
Wear today a cheerful face
In everything you do
The sunshine that you radiate
Will shine right back to you.

Speak today a word of hope
To some one in distress;
For when you lift another's load
You make your burden less.

Do today a generous deed
And do it with a smile;
You'll find that little acts like these
Will make your life worth while.

—The P. H. Advocate.