

Christian Youth Herald
Gospel Call

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SILENT WORKERS

By Thomas J. Williams

*Why fret you in your work because
The deaf world does not hear and praise?
Were it so bad, O workman true,
To serve in silence all your days?*

*I hear the traffic in the street
But not the right works o'er the town.
I hear the gun at sunset roar
I did not hear the sun go down.*

*Are work and workman greater, when
The trumpet blows their fame abroad?
Nowhere on earth is found the man
Who works as silently as God.*

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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Blanche Benight

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Hello!

Here's your ex-editor on emer-
gency duty in the absence of Sis-
ter Benight. We regret to say she
may not be able to continue her
work for sometime unless the
Lord sees fit to heal her. Continue
your prayers in her behalf.

As you have probably heard,
our immediate plans concern the
missionary venture in Nigeria,
West Africa. We are getting quite
well acquainted with the neces-
sary red tape relative to taking
up residence in a foreign country.

Our passport came through in re-
cord time and now our delay is
due to the visa which is a permit
to live in Nigeria, and must come
from the governmental office
there.

In the meantime we've found a
number of time-consuming prepa-
rations for this journey of in-
definite duration. We had fancied
ourselves quite free from ties
which would hamper our service
for the Master, but more or less
unconsciously we made roots
which must be severed for this
trip.

Frank took leave of Denver's
East High at the end of the first
semester. He was also enjoying
a partial scholarship in the
Blanche Dingley Matthews School
of Music where he continued his
piano work. He plans to concen-
trate more on the accordion since
it will be so useful in our work.

Certain physical requirements
make necessary our vaccination
against small pox and yellow fev-
er. There is much preparatory
work yet to be done and we solici-
t your prayers that all may be
done according to the will of the
Father in whose behalf we go.

If you are interested in our
journey and experiences in this
strange land, watch the pages of
the Herald and Call for the regu-
lar reports.

Incidentally, I would greet the
new friends added to our mailing
list through the Send to a Friend
Campaign and advise all to check
your expiration date on the wrap-
per to make sure you do not miss
any issue, for we feel we shall
have some interesting items to
share with you in the near fu-
ture.

—Eileen Adams.

Four Friends

By K. H. Freeman

"They came unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay." Mark 2:3, 4.

The Bible does not tell us the names of the four friends that carried this man sick of the palsy, but let us take the privilege of naming them. I have chosen four names for them, I wonder if you could not get four better ones?

The first friend's name could be Vision, for he would have to look forward with an eye of faith to this Man of Galilee, and the great power that He possessed to heal the sick. They no doubt had confidence in friend Vision, for they carried the sick man, bed and all, to the place where this great Healer was preaching. It is a wonderful thing to have Vision for a friend; not just a fantastic dream, not an apparition, but a hope of something real, something tangible, having a goal in mind, and working toward that goal. "Where there is no vision the people perish (cast off restraint, M. R.): but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." Prov. 29:18. Surely Paul had in mind the Christian vision, when he spoke in 1 Cor. 15:19. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

The vision that seemed so full of hope and cheer, was nearly shattered when they reached the meeting place, for lo, a great crowd was massed around it, and they could not even see Christ, let alone getting their sick friend near enough to feel His healing touch. Here is where I will name the second friend. I believe his name was Inventiveness. "Necessity is the mother of invention," as an old saying goes, and it held true in this case. They could not take a chance of returning home, and seeing Him on some other occasion, but Inventiveness, saw the possibilities of an opened roof. Too many people feel that the world owes them something, and if it does not pay off, they feel bitter toward everyone. By using a little inventiveness, they could see a way provided for them. This sense of inventiveness must be sharpened by prayer, and taking God in our confidence, and in partnership with us. Someone has said, "While ten men wait for something to turn up, one man turns something up." That is why God has given us thinking power, and when that thinking power is guided by a clean, pure heart, filled with the love of God, I am sure that person, be it boy or girl, man or woman, will turn up something that will be worthwhile. Do not leave God out of your plans, for with all of your keen wit, it will come to naught, if God's blessings is not on it.

Jesus said, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Matt. 10:16. "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." John 15:6.

With the plan made, the crowd still there, and still to be faced, this brings our third friend to notice. His name could be Courage, for it takes real courage to face the crowd, and put in practice our plans, willing to take the ridicule, knowing that you are right, and going ahead with it. It is easy to get along with the crowd, doing the same thing they are doing, and when they do something wrong not saying anything against it, even if we do not indulge in the same wrong. When in Rome, let us be doing as the Romans should be doing. It takes courage to see the right way, and pursue it. To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage. The Bible account of this story is brief, but we can picture in our minds, those four friends working their way through that crowd and finally reaching the house, but then there is still work to be done. The roof had to be scaled, and then a hole torn in it large enough to lower the sick man through. Was their plan to fail after all? Ah, no, for this ushers in our fourth friend.

Perseverance could be the fourth friend; and what a friend this one is. Burke said one time, "Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair." By persistently working on, they finally reached the desired goal, and lowered their friend down through

the roof to the greatest Friend of all, our Saviour.

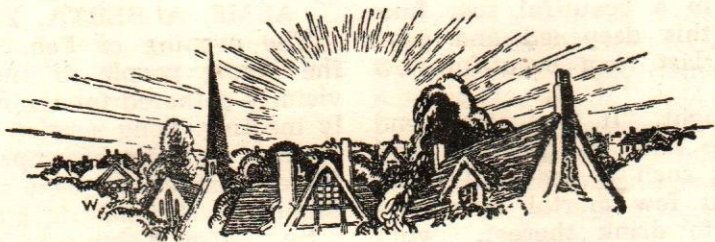
Vision, Inventiveness, Courage, Perseverance; four great friends indeed. Do you have those four friends? If you do I am sure that you will be a useful person in this world, and will surely succeed. Let all our plans be laid so that we are working to get to Christ, and in getting to Him, let us then work for Him. The Devil may hedge you in, and build a wall around you, but thank God, he cannot roof you in so that you cannot look up to the Author and Finisher of our faith, He who is altogether lovely.



PRAY OFTEN

When a pump is used frequently, the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high, but if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while and the water comes after great effort. It is so with prayer. If we pray often, every little circumstance awakens the desire to pray and desire and words are always ready.

—Selected by Lillian Keim, Canada.



Golden Dawn

By Ada Lois Merriam

Not very many days ago, I saw a masterpiece of art. The Artist is very well known throughout the world—not only to the noble and rich, but to the poor, the enslaved, from continent to continent. Indeed His daily pictures on the skyline are the source of promise to a world of suffering that the better things are yet to come. The personality of God, the Artist of all artists, are heralded by every mortal.

Perhaps it is a beautiful mountain setting painted in a lake in our country, or in Australia, or in Europe—a daily occurrence somewhere. We will say this one is in Australia—a lonely herder stops to admire, and by his admiration tokens the Master. Perhaps it is on into China where are some of the most enchantingly beautiful scenes in the world, where the mountain cliffs are sheerest, or perhaps it is some tropical island that we next catch a picture of in a field of wild flowers—known only to us as costly floral varieties. A carefree native, pursuing his habits, stops to catch the spell, decides he is rich, and is! Around the world we go across the desert sands—yes, there's a picture here

too—the rippling, gleaming sand under the serenity of a moonlit night. We can go to the cold north and find a bank of snow on a mountain side, sparkling in the sun, or perhaps under a gray sky, framed in "old lace" on trees and bushes. But, friend, perhaps we should take a look into our own back yard. The fortune we would spend to see a far off sunset, might likely be the one a native of that land would spend to see the one in our back yard.

One morning I had occasion to be walking at break of dawn toward the east in the San Francisco Bay area. I saw the dark night shadows flee into nowhere at "gray dawn," which soon unravelled into glory. And what glory! It was what I believe to be the most golden dawn I've seen—at this "Golden Gate" of the Pacific. Golden ribbons of light warmed frantically of the sun's coming as they began to play across the generous banks of clouds in the east, turning them to complete banks of gold as the sun arose in its splendor. The mountains watched silently and serenely from the sidelines. One could feel the thrill as they

basked in a beautiful rose hue. All of this deepened and gave way at last to a beautiful new day.

I thought, "If God can spend so much care in planning and painting such a beautiful foray for what few mortal eyes may chance to drink thereof, what must He have planned for those who are to inherit glory?"

Does the day seem long or dark? It will give way very soon to the gray dawn of hope and expectation. Then will come the herald of the angel trumpets once again. This time their song, instead of being "Christ, the Savior is born", will be "Christ the Savior returns!" As the Son of God approaches, all creation shall revibrate, and a new day—the beginning of His Kingdom—will be born. "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth—but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Rev. 21:27).

May we not forget for a moment what we are striving for. Notwithstanding all of earth's glorious scenes read of, heard of or seen, or that we have longed to make our dwellings in, yet "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him" (1 Cor. 2:9). Do you love Him? Enough to dedicate your life to Him now, wholly and completely, letting this King of Glory have full and complete possession?

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom; it simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

ACME, ALBERTA, Y.P.O.

The evening of Feb. 4, 1951, the young people of the Acme vicinity gathered for their monthly meeting. Song service was led by Bro. E. Keim accompanied by Violet Keim at the piano and Paul Chalus at the electric guitar.

Sr. Violet Keim was program leader and following the opening song, Joe Shapitka read the scripture reading which was Psalms 143. Bro. E. Keim led in prayer, asking God to send His Spirit into our midst and a blessing into each heart.

"Pockets Full of Smiles" was given by Kathy Keim and Elsie Kessler gave a poem. Linda and Kathy Keim sang a song about how Zachaeus climbed a tree to get the truth, then a short quizz was given by Betty Keim. A "Curiosity Teaser" was given by the leader with Bible texts to be looked up and given by the congregation.

A play by Ruby Fischer, Elsie Kesler, Betty Keim, Audrey Fischer, Kathy Keim, Eleanor Fischer and Linda Keim represented the days of the week, showing the Sabbath is a day of rest made for man. Sister Ella Gertzen told a story of how the Lord saved a mother and her two children from two panthers. Eleanor Fischer explained, "Why We Go To Church." "The Gate Ajar" was sung by Ella Gertzen, Violet Keim and Paul Chalus.

Brother Ray Moldenhauer gave a report of his experiences in the work in British Columbia and a testimony of the leading of the Lord.

The evening offering amounted to \$10 and Sister Ella Gertzen gave the benediction.

A LETTER

Dear Readers of the Herald and Call:

I received my paper today and noticed that we are having some wonderful articles but few letters, so I felt that it was as much my responsibility, as any one else's, to see that some letters were submitted. I would enjoy hearing what others are doing and I am sure there are many others that feel the same way.

As you all know, I have just recently undergone a rather serious brain operation at the Mayo Clinic. I want to take this opportunity to thank all of you for your prayers and to say that God surely answered the prayers for my recovery. When I left for the clinic I was worried. Of course, I did not have all the faith I should have had, but I can say that the Lord did not deal with me according to my faith. He was very merciful, and in spite of my lack, He was with me all the way.

Since I have been back a number of the girls in training with me have asked me if I were scared when I went under the anesthetic. I will have to confess that I was a bit worried before the folks got there, but after we had prayer and I really put my life in the hands of God, I felt no fear. I went under the anesthetic repeating Proverbs 3:5-6 and Psa. 91:7. Could I have asked any better help? I can truly thank God for a wonderful deliverance and also for the privilege of having the faith and strength to believe God could save me, and would if He saw fit.

I am back in my training and I hope to be able to graduate with my class in May. It is good

to be back and feel that I can help someone else for a while. Perhaps even bring them into the light of God's Word.

I notice by our paper this morning that there are a number of our members in the armed services. I would like to say to you all, "Don't forget God. He is waiting and willing to go with you all the way if you will only ask Him."

I will close for this time and will hope to be seeing letters from a number of you in the near future.

Will you please remember me in your prayers and may the Lord richly bless each and every one who is seeking to do His will.

Love in Christ's Name,

Viola Almeda Munro.

A SCRAMBLE

Can you unscramble these scrambled Bible verses? If you rearrange the letters in the words correctly, you'll have an interesting Bible verse. If you have trouble arranging them; turn to the Bible reference for help.

1. "Utp meht ni raef, O drof: tath eht 'snoitan yam wonk sevle-smegt ot eb tub nem." Psa. 8:20.

1. "Eh htelaeh ehe nekorb ni trah, dan htednib pu rieth sduow." Psa. 147:3.

3. "Og ot eht tna, uoth, dragguls; redisnoc reh syaw, dna eb esiw." Prov. 6:6.

4. "A lufhatiaf ssentiw lliw ton eil: tub a eslof ssentiw lliw rettu seil." Prov. 14:5.

5. "Eht stna era a elpoep ton gnorts, tey yeht eraperp rieht taem ni eht remmus." Prov. 30:25.

—Mary Holbert.

Teen



"I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID AGAIN!"

The hot July sunshine poured on the crowds of people moving up and down the shore of Cavin's Cove. Here and there a peanut vendor shouted. In the shade of bright awnings, impatient groups demanded frosted malts from girls in stiff white uniforms. The gleaming beach was gay with bright umbrellas and bathing suits. Children cried to one another in their play, and from a nearby pavilion came the cheap jangle of a jazz orchestra.

Guy pulled Margaret under the shade of a hotel awning, then wiped away the perspiration trickling down his forehead.

"Let's get out of this, Margaret," he said quickly. "I'm so sick of it I could scream."

Margaret took his hand and started quickly down the sidewalk.

"Hey," Guy demanded, "where are you going?"

"Somewhere where you can scream," Margaret smiled, "without drawing all the police to ask who picked your pocket."

Guy grinned back. Then, "Really, Margaret, where are you taking me?" Already they had walked so far away that the sounds on the beach rose in one mingled roar—and even that was fading away.

"Wait and see!" Margaret answered.

Through the streets of Cavin's Cove, Margaret led her cousin. Soon they had left the town far behind. Along a glistened path of sand they climbed in and out among the rocks, but always up. At last they reached a point from which they could see the blue ocean shimmering in the sunshine, far below.

"Isn't it lovely?" Margaret breathed happily.

Guy stood gazing out over the water, breathing the fresh salt air. "Why," he said at last, "it seems cooler up here. Is it?"

Margaret nodded. "I don't know why," she said. "It must be because there is vegetation up here to give moisture. There are—"

"What was that?" Guy interrupted quickly.

"I didn't hear any—" Then Margaret stopped. She did hear something, too. Scarcely breathing, they both listened. Then again a muffled groan reached their ears.

"It's below the cliff," Guy said, starting forward quickly.

"Be careful, Guy," Margaret warned, running after him. "It's steep. You might fall."

Cautiously Guy went to the edge of the cliff, then he leaned over. Down he looked till he found the place where the water met the foot of the cliff. There, clinging to a jagged rock, half hidden by the water, was a man.

"Did you see?" Guy asked,



Talk

turning to Margaret.

Margaret nodded.

"What shall we do?"

Margaret thought a minute. It would be impossible to scale the steep side of the cliff. "We can't leave him there," she said.

"No," Guy answered, "He'll die."

"Guy," Margaret said slowly, "there's a place farther along where it isn't so steep. You could slide down. But—you couldn't climb back. If you'll go down that way, I'll go for a boat."

"Show me the place," Guy answered, and together they ran along the cliff.

The place was steep—but smooth. Guy could slide down easily. But the tide was rising. Could Margaret reach him with the boat in time? Then Guy remembered the man on the rocks. He would die if Guy did not go; and maybe—he was not ready!

"Can you make it back, girl?" Guy asked, tightening his grip on Margaret's hand.

"I'll try," Margaret promised, and back she ran toward Cavin's Cove.

It took only a few moments for Guy to reach the foot of the cliff. As quickly as possible he climbed across the jagged rocks to the man.

When Guy reached him, he was just about to lose his hold and slip into the hungry waves.

"Buck up, man," Guy cried.

Then he dragged the stranger to a higher place at the foot of the cliff. Guy soon discovered that the man was bleeding, his body torn on the rough rocks. Tenderly Guy stretched him out where he could rest; and tearing his own shirt into strips, bound up the bleeding places.

"How did it happen?" Guy asked when the man was resting more easily.

"Oh," he said wearily, "I took a chance. I wanted to see how far I could swim out from the beach. I got out quite a distance, then I wasn't able to swim back, and the lifeguard hadn't seen me. I floated back, but the waves grew rough and carried me—here."

"You had a close call," Guy said.

The stranger looked at the waves which had already reached the rock to which he had clung, and shuddered.

"Would you have been ready to meet God if—" Guy did not need to finish the sentence.

"Oh, no!" the man groaned. "I'd have been lost."

"Man," Guy answered quickly, "you took an awful chance, swimming out there like that. But that was nothing to the chance you took, trying to live without having Jesus as your Savior. I think I'd rather be lost on these rocks than be in the safest place in the world, without Jesus."

The stranger lifted misery-filled

eyes to Guy. "Tell me what to do," he begged.

Guy did. Then they prayed. It was quite a while before they opened their eyes. But when they did, Guy caught his breath quickly. Almost up to the rock where he knelt, a salt wave licked. He did not want to die—just yet. He was so young. Up and down the cliff he looked. There was no other place to go. Then he looked at the man he had rescued. Peacefully he lay resting, his eyes closed.

"I say there," Guy said, shaking him gently, "we're in a spot. If nobody comes to help us, we'll be goners before we know it."

The stranger looked quickly at the water. His eyes were anxious. But there was no fear in them.

"I guess," he said slowly, "I feel safer now—even in this danger—than I ever have in my life. I've always been afraid. But I'll never be afraid again."

Silently Guy watched the waves. "Oh, Margaret," his heart pleaded, "hurry, hurry, hurry!" Till they were almost blinded, his eyes searched the water for the merest speck that might spell hope. But the waves only smiled back mockingly in the sunlight's glare.

The water touched Guy's toes—then his ankles. Higher and higher it crept. Anxiously he turned to look at the stranger on the rock just above him. His eyes were fastened on the water, too. But the fear was all gone. Ringing in his ears, Guy remembered the words, "I'll never be afraid again." Somehow they stilled his fears, too.

It was several minutes before Guy's ears separated the roar of the waves. Then around the edge

of the nearest cliff he saw the prow of a boat. A life guard sat at the wheel, with Margaret beside him. As quickly as possible they hurried across the waves toward the stranger and Guy.

"Oh, Margaret," Guy said when they were safely in the boat, "you're great!"

"Were you afraid?" Margaret asked.

"For awhile. But I'll never be afraid again—either."

"What do you mean—either?" the girl asked.

"I'll tell you later," was all Guy said.

—*Gospel Herald.*

WHAT SOME OF YOU ARE DOING

Ardath Lee Poff of Henryetta, Oklahoma is attending business college at McAlester.

Leon Waugh of Borger, Texas, and John Horton who attends the Claremore church in Oklahoma, have been called into service.

Mr. and Mrs. Lavern Ling, of New Auburn, Wisc., announce the arrival of David Phillip, on Feb. 14, 1951.

Delvin and Avus O'Banion of Lincoln, Nebraska, were publishing house visitors when they were in Stanberry to visit relatives.

William Craig, of McAlester, Oklahoma, is singing with a quartet known as the "Stamps Melody Men." They have done considerable work over the local radio station. We are happy William is using his talents in the singing of gospel songs and trust he may be a blessing to many. Especially are we mindful of the shut-ins who are not privileged to attend church services.



On Our Book Shelf

By Frank Adams

Upon my arrival at the publishing house I was thrilled at the number of Christian fiction books recently received in stock. Knowing how many teen-agers like to read, I thought you might enjoy previews of some of these books. All the books I review will be available from the publishing house and you may wish to start a library in your young people's groups where these books will be available not only to your group but to convalescent neighbors and shut-ins.

While not doctrinally correct in many instances, these books are inspiring to planes of better living and the all-important step: the individual's acceptance of Christ in His forgiving love. They basically stress the need of salvation in every life.

Ken Anderson is one of my favorite writers of Christian fiction. He writes in a style that is forthright and easy to understand. His characters seem like people you have known and certainly from his experiences as a minister he has had occasion to study human nature in its every phase.

He has written stories, poems and many articles which have found favor with young people in every walk of life. His work has

been accepted by many outstanding religious publications such as, "The Moody Monthly," "The Evangelical Beacon," and "The King's Business."

Some of his better known books are, "Shining Shield," "Deep is the Furrow" and "Shadows Under the Midnight Sun."

Hups Campbell is the first I have chosen to review. It is more or less an autobiography and is going out as an introduction to a new type of Christian fiction. This is not a pretty story nor is Hups the sort of person you would expect to find in Christian fiction. This novel comes close to life and, coming close to life, it comes close to you. You may want to lay the book aside, but you can't get away from Hups because he is part of the sin-stained world in which you live.

A boy, though scarcely twenty, is telling the story of his life. Humphrey Campbell, (Hups, to you) tells his story while pacing the floor like a caged animal. When you read the story you will understand his situation. To summarize briefly:

Hups had the misfortune to be intimately acquainted with Adrian Poughrider, a friend of his boyhood, who was hypocritical in his

religious tendencies. He formed an active dislike for this person and all that he stood for. While attending church with his aged grandmother, he met a girl who tried to change his outlook on life but he was suspicious. After meeting Neena Mae he decided going to church wasn't so bad after all, since it was there he could be with her.

In high school his best friend started him on the crime road and after several escapades he was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Upon being paroled he found Neena Mae married to Adrian, unaware of his true character. He set out to get revenge. The story from here on is one of heart-break—the kind that only sin can produce. Relived every day in the lives of our unconverted neighbors, this story portrays man's extremity in contrast to God's opportunity.

Available at the
Church of God Publishing House
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Price \$1.00

We must contrive to live together in peace even at the cost of great material sacrifice; the alternative is the death of our society. As we approach what may be the last hour before midnight, the challenge is plain before us. What will be our response?

If you want to be happy,
Begin where you are,
Don't wait for some rapture
That's future and far.
Begin to be joyous, begin to be
glad
And soon you'll forget
That you ever were sad.

—Todd.

The following quotation is taken from the Presidio, printed at Ft. Madison, Iowa. As the reader finished reading it, a comment came to his mind that seems to be worth passing on.

"Absent-mindedness seems to be an occupational disease among prisoners. Why this is so, can only be guessed at. Perhaps we're too engrossed in our own troubles, although that is doubtful. Perhaps the boredom of prison life sends us into day-dream-land too often. Perhaps, because things to hold our interest seldom occur in the unvarying routine of our days, we concentrate on problems of past or present to the point of excluding everything else. One thing is sure, many prisoners are absent-minded to a ridiculous and embarrassing degree, and sometimes I'm sure I lead all the rest. I put my canteen slip in the mail box. . . . Sometimes fail to hear the court bell and make count only by the skin of my teeth. . . . Forget little promises; have to make slips to remember. . . . Misplace things in that small cell. . . . Momentarily forget the names of men I met only yesterday—the list is almost endless. But, my fingers are crossed, I have yet to become as absent minded as a long-termer friend—he told me he often found himself outside the mess hall after meal time, unable to remember whether or not he had eaten."

And how about this: Do we sometimes forget whether or not we have read the Bible a few days ago (or "what" we read), or forget we went to church only a few short days ago?

—A Reader.

Meditations In A Prison Cell

By Alfe Hallman
No. 23009

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.
And yet it was a lovely flower
Its colors bright and fair,
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was, content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.
Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.

* * * *

NOT NOW

I walked beside the evening sea
And dreamed a dream that could not
be.
The waves that plunged along the
shore
Said only: "Dreamer, dream no more".

"REFLECTIONS"

Like shimmering pearls the dewdrops
cling
To the bending rose in the dawn of
spring
But the shiniest drop fell to the
ground
Where only a speck of mire was
found.
When a dewdrop falls from its leafy
bower
It is lost like the dust of a broken
flower
Yet men who sink in the mire below,
Can rise again where the flowers
grow.

* * * *

CONTRITION

When will you learn, 'O heart of mine,
That crushed and bleeding fruit
gives wine?
That life itself must spring from pain,
That often loss, reviewed, is gain.
That through the discipline of tears,
We gather wisdom for the years;
And finally learn, the cross we bore
Has made the soul strong to endure.

The Christian Home

*"There is a way that seemeth
right unto a man, but the end
thereof are the ways of death,"*
Proverbs 14:12.

Which way are you going? On
which road are you traveling just
now?

There is a road of parental in-
difference to church attendance

and other religious duties on
which far too many of us get just
at a critical time in our lives. It's
too bad!

How do we get on that road?
Well, it's very easy. That road is
like a rut as we drive the auto;
we slip into it before we are
aware of it. How, did you ask?

Look at some of the ways.

1. Through habits of carelessness, either formed when young or developed later in life.

2. Through the pressure of home cares and increased duties.

3. By cherishing and giving expression to a fault-finding spirit.

4. Through getting peeved. Our feelings are so tender that it takes only a little jar at the time, and we are in the rut before we know it.

5. Things don't go to suit us at the church, and we are dissatisfied. We just quit. There we are again—right there we took a slide into that road that is filled with sorrow and regrets down the line.

It is all easier than we thought, and it is done before we realize it.

How can we tell when we are on that road? Well, like the signs along the Lincoln Highway there are characteristics too easily discerned to be mistaken. Here are some of them:

1. On the Sabbath at home, sitting around, doing odd jobs, sleeping late or doing nothing in particular. Possibly we are reading. Good literature is all right, but it cannot take the place of assembling with God's children in worship.

2. Going visiting instead of to the house of worship. Mingling with relatives and friends is good, but when it interferes in any degree with our attendance at church it indicates that something is wrong.

3. Going picnicking on the Sabbath, even to the point of missing church. Though we might mistake all other signs, this one ought surely to warn us of danger ahead.

What shall we do? Get off the wrong road, get on the right road, and do it now.

As parents we might ride along for a few years, and then—if we are still alive—make a special effort and get back where we belong. But what about those children—ours or others—who during that time have come to the age when God called them, and at least partly because of a lack of our encouragement turned away? If we could only get them back! But too often that is impossible. Then the sorrow begins, and the regrets fill our hearts.

—*Lighted Pathway.*

* * * * *

MEMORY-MAKING DAYS

I must move softly, I must keep
A watch upon my words and ways,
My children are so small, but these
Are the dear memory-making days—

The days when their young minds will
take

A clear-cut picture of my face;
Some little word I say will make
An imprint time will not erase.

My hands, swift-moving through the
hours;

My feet that tread their daily round;
My thoughts (God help me) in their
hearts

Through after years will still be
found.

I must walk softly, I must keep
A watch on all I do or say.
Perhaps thus guarded, I shall make
Some lovely memory today.

—Grace Noll Crowell in *Lighted Pathway*

If a single man achieves the highest kind of love, it will be sufficient to neutralize the hate of millions.

The Lethal Weapon

By Mary Holbert

HEADLINE: "ANOTHER CHRISTIAN DEAD: KILLED BY THE LETHAL WEAPON OF SATAN."

No, you won't see that headline in a newspaper, but you have seen this one: **THREE PEOPLE KILLED BY LETHAL GAS or MOTHER AND CHILD DEAD FROM LETHAL GAS.** When you read the notice, you find that the lethal gas is invariably carbon monoxide gas. This is a highly poisonous gas—very dangerous because it gives no warning, being odorless and tasteless. This is the lethal gas which causes death when a person remains too long in a tightly closed bathroom with a gas heater in operation, or in a closed garage with the automobile engine running. Carbon monoxide escaping from coal stoves or furnaces sometimes asphyxiates whole families. If a person, overcome with monoxide gas is found in time, he can be revived, but often the person is overcome with the gas before he has a chance to call for help or get to fresh air. No doubt, this gas has lethal attributes, and should be well understood to avoid its clutches.

Satan has a lethal weapon which might well be compared to this highly poisonous gas which kills. Satan's weapon has the same deadly sureness of death in it. What is that weapon? **LUKEWARMNESS!**

Lukewarmness has an insidious

approach into one's system just as monoxide gas. Lukewarmness can overcome partially or completely. If one is completely and totally overcome with lukewarmness, death in the lake of fire which is the second death is certain. God can do more to revive a person overcome with lukewarmness, than a doctor can do when lethal gas overcomes a person completely. That statement is true provided the person wants to be revived and seeks God's help.

The Lord expresses the way He feels about lukewarmness in Rev. 3:15-16. "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

Lukewarmness can destroy a person's effectiveness for the Lord. A church of lukewarm people is worse in God's sight than if they were cold—at least the cold person isn't pretending to be a Christian. A church made up of lukewarm people has a bad effect on outsiders—certainly lukewarm people can not be fishers of men.

What can lukewarmness do in your life? If we, each one, can see what it does in our lives, we will be amazed. It probably has, at times, kept us from attending church; kept us from sending that dollar offering so needed in spreading the gospel; kept us from writing an article for the paper, kept us from telling the

Truth of God's Word to those who showed an interest, kept us from praying, Those are a few, you can think of others. Satan knows it is a deadly weapon in his drive to wipe out all Christians.

Lukewarmness can kill the spiritual attributes necessary in the life of a Christian. Knowing that lukewarmness then, is a lethal weapon of satan, let us guard against it, so we will not be overcome by it, but instead, let us, through Christ, be overcomers.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."



Fire that warms the INSIDE

Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

ACTS 2:38

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more one has to do, the more he is able to accomplish.

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