

Christian Youth Herald
and
Gospel Call

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"The Secret"

By Alfie W. Hallmann

*The stalwart maple bent its head,
And whispered to the pine,
The pine tree told it to the grass
Who told the columbine.
It whispered to the passing breeze
The maple's stirring tale,
The gleeful wind repeated it
To all the listening dale.*

*And soon—all Nature sang aloud,
The secret of the tree.
The brook, the reeds, and all the woods
And every bird and bee.
For in its arms the maple held
A robin's cozy nest
And now, deep in their downy bed,
Small robins lie at rest.*



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Blanche Benight

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DON'T

Yet thousands do it every day.
You haven't seen them? Lived

all your years without having
seen the Holy Bible thrown in
the waste basket? Perhaps you
haven't been too observant.

Have you seen people who are
repulsed by the very mention of
those things written within the
pages of God's Word? They are
the carnally minded who, by
their actions have judged the
Scriptures unfit for human con-
sumption. "Positively heathen,"
did you say?

We have many willing heathen
in every locality and their souls
should be a burden to every pray-
ing child of God. More discour-
aging is the Church member
who sits in his pew, week after
week, year after year, listening
to the preacher explain and ex-
pound yet not sufficiently inter-
ested in the subject to study for
himself or make a generous ap-
plication in his own life. Often a
little knowledge is a dangerous
thing and sometimes folks are
satisfied when they've repented
and been baptized, little realiz-
ing what they are missing in not
seeking a greater understanding
of the blessed Book of promise.
It's an old, old story, this gospel
of salvation, but new light is
ever to be revealed to one inter-
ested in the truth.

If a thing is good, the intelli-
gent act is to eat heartily, drink
deeply and satisfy our hunger.
Whoever heard of someone's
merely sampling a fine meal then
putting it aside until there was
more time or better opportunity?
Not if there were a need and
friend, there is dire need in our
spiritual lives. Can you think of
a better place to find this sus-
taining Bread of Life? Why put

(Continued on page 10.)



The Prophet

By Carl Fox

CHAPTER I

When Jesse returned with the pitcher of water that day, I had just arrived at my own door. I had come from the house of Jeremiah the scribe, and as I approached the door, I saw Jesse striding toward me, the huge urn expertly balanced in an upright position on his shoulder. My servant, Jesse, was a great joy to me. His faithful service had won a place of great affection in my heart from the day I had purchased his indenture from Josiah. I had discovered him laboring in Josiah's field, under the cruel lash of the task-master Josiah had set over him. Jesse was obviously burning with fever, and I felt so sorry for him that I purchased his bond that day, and placed him upon my own beast. My house servants had nursed him back to health, and he had been a grateful servant from that day. Now, in a short time his bond would expire, and he would be free again. These memories and the thought of what I would do when he would leave my household caused me great concern. In my absorption with these thoughts, I failed to notice

the strangers who were following him closely.

As the group approached, I became aware that the two in the rear were intent upon following Jesse to his destination. At first I thought of summoning other servants in case we would need to defend ourselves against robbers, but a closer look convinced me that despite the rough appearance of the men, and the hugeness of the one, they meant no harm. Their faces bore no look of evil, but rather the tender expression that I had seen on another occasion a few days previously. It was then that I recognized the giant as the disciple of the strange prophet, Jesus of Nazareth.

I had seen him a few days before, as he walked beside the colt upon which his Master rode. The palms that lined his path, and the Hosannas that were being sung along the way had not disturbed this rugged Galilean, as it did some of the other disciples. Some of them seemed to be quite pleased at the attention their Master was receiving. But Peter's only concern was for the One

who rode beside him on the ass's colt. They had walked past this very door, and I had stood on this very step, and had witnessed that wonderful procession.

My friend, Jeremiah the Scribe, had intimated to me within this very hour that perhaps not all was well with the little band, however. Since that day they had spent their nights in Bethany, spending their days in the temple, where the Prophet taught His strange new doctrines. Jeremiah and I had stood where we could hear Him on three occasions in the past two days, and were amazed at His teaching. But He had angered the high priest, who was instituting a plot to sieze Him, and disperse His followers. Jesse seemed greatly disturbed at this, for he confided in me, it was very possible in his opinion that this Jesus could very well be the much longed for Messiah. This very afternoon we had been examining some of the prophets to determine, if possible, if this Jesus were the Christ.

As I awaited the group, I knocked upon the door that it might be opened when they arrived. Jesse spoke first. "Master, these men have come with me from the well. They speak of their Master, who has sent them with a message for you."

"Come in," I invited them, "And tell me, what is the message that Jesus of Nazareth sends to me?"

"You know us, Sir?" Peter asked in astonishment.

"And how could I help it? Has it been more than three days ago that you were greeted in this very street by the waving of palms and shouting? I saw you

that day as you walked beside your Master, and I've seen you since. Aaron, the olive grower, is my friend. He has told me much about you. But why are you sent to me?"

"Sir, the Master has requested that tonight we find lodging in your house, and that we prepare the Passover here."

"Your Master is welcome," I replied, "but is it not strange that he prepares the Passover tonight? The Jews do not prepare the feast until tomorrow."

"Yes sir, it is indeed strange," the disciple of Jesus admitted, "But this is the Master's wish. He speaks of suffering before it will be time to take the feast, and desires to take it with us. These are strange words, but we must do His bidding. We shall go, and tell Him that the room will be ready."

With that the two left, and I gave Jesse instructions to have the upper room prepared for this group. I had never experienced the strange feeling that was mine as I waited the return of Peter, with his Master, and the other followers.

The preparations for the Passover were begun, and at last the time came for the Prophet to enter my home. From the moment I had promised Peter that the room would be ready, I had been filled with a strange curiosity and anxiety that was foreign to any sensation I had ever known. When the Prophet entered He greeted me with a dignity that belied His humble birth, more like that of a prince. I was so excited that I could hardly contain it. I felt that He must

(Continued on page 15)

Virtue

By K. H. Freeman

"And add to your faith virtue." 2 Peter 1:15. Our first task will be to find the definition of the word virtue. According to Webster's Dictionary the word virtue means moral goodness, uprightness, the opposite of vice, chastity purity. According to Strong's Greek Dictionary the word is "Arete" meaning manliness, valor, excellence.

The word used by Peter in this instance is quite different than the word used in Mark 5:30, though it is translated into English as the same word. The word in the Greek there is "Dunamis," which means miraculous power. The sentence reads, "And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?"

Sometimes I have heard the word "innocence" used in the same sense that it is used in our text, but I do not believe they have the same meaning in the sight of the Lord. Innocency suggests something sheltered from the temptations of life, to be simply not guilty of transgression, cloistered, while to be virtuous, in the sense that Peter used it, would be to overcome our evil feelings and selfish desires.

There are sometimes things that we greatly desire from a fleshly standpoint, but the ob-

taining of these things will mean the loss of our souls. We feel that we cannot live without them, but here is where virtue, or overcoming wickedness plays its part. To give in to temptation is to surrender to our weakness, and this makes the fight that much stronger against us. To face our temptation manfully and prayerfully, leaning heavily upon the Lord in this trying hour, and gaining the victory, will make us stronger for the next attempt of Satan to overthrow us. Satan never gives up, but strikes again and again, wherever and whenever he can. He strikes at the weakest point in our armor, which sometimes proves to be what we think is our strongest. It is no wonder that we are warned to WATCH as well as PRAY.

We all desire happiness, and thank God, we have the right here in this country for the pursuit of happiness. However, true happiness lies in the knowledge we can and are overcoming the desires of the flesh. Someone has said, "If you can be well without health, you may be happy without virtue." To have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man (Acts 24:16), gives one a peace of mind that cannot be matched by any other thing in this world. To be able to meet your fellow beings face to face, and to look them in the eye with the knowl-

edge that you have not offended them in a fleshly manner and to lift your eyes toward heaven at the close of the day, and know that you stand conscience free in the sight of God. Surely this must be true happiness.

The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is OBEDIENCE.—Hare.

Sometimes we encounter folks believing that their tithe-paying will excuse them from virtue and obedience, but Samuel answered forever that question in reprimanding Saul for his disobedience, when Saul offered the excuse that he had brought back cattle for a sacrifice that he was supposed to have slain: "And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams" (1 Sam. 15:22). There is not enough gold and silver in the universe to purchase your way into the kingdom of God. God wants your tithes, but He does not want them at the cost of your obedience in other matters.

Pythagoras one time said, "Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man; this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest." Wealth can vanish in a night and glory before the noonday sun, but virtue will endure the ravages of time, and will stand good in the Judgment Day.

Speaking of virtue being the ability to overcome evil, brings the question to our mind, "How may we obtain this virtue, or this power to overcome evil?" We are

told in Rom. 12:21, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." By continually being engaged in doing good, we have no time for evil. However, we keenly feel our weakness many times, and the good that we would do we cannot. But John tells us how it is possible for one to gain this victory: "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world." (1 John 4:4). Without the Master we can do nothing, but with Him we have the power of heaven to aid us in our battle for right.

Peter tells us to add to our faith virtue, and John also closely links them together in 1 John 5:4, "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." We must have faith in God, in His delivering and keeping power, faith in His Word, in order to have virtue. It is God's will that we be virtuous, for just as He has called all men to be saved, so He calls us to glory and virtue. "According as his divine power hath given us all things that pertain unto life and godliness through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue." (2 Peter 1:3.)

It is in loving, not in being loved,
The heart is blessed;
It is in giving, not in seeking gifts
We find our quest;
Whatever be thy longing or thy
need,
That do thou give;
So shall thy soul be fed and thou
indeed
Shalt truly live.

God's Close Friend

By Mary Holbert

There are degrees of friendship in our daily life. There is a large group of people of whom we have some knowledge. These people we might call acquaintances. Usually there is a smaller group we call friends and possibly a still smaller group we call real comrades, the sort of David and Jonathan relationship.

The Lord desires to have this latter relationship with us in our lives day by day, hour by hour. He wants fellowship with us—to walk and talk with us in the way, and to reveal His Word to us. He wants us to *know Him*, not just *about Him*.

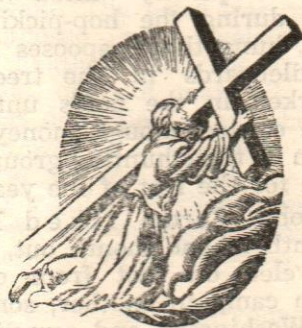
How can we know God? Jesus said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." John 14:6. Jesus is our mediator between God and us. (1 Tim. 2:15.) If we would know God we must know His Son, Jesus.

To know Christ in our sinful state is impossible. We must experience the rebirth. If we accept Christ as our Savior who died at Calvary for our sins, we will find the Lord Jesus Christ dwelling in our heart. When we have faith and trust in the Lord, our spiritual sensibility is made alive and we are able to gain a closer walk with the Lord.

The only safe and sure way to practice Christ's presence day by day and cultivate our fellowship

with God is in the devotional reading of the Bible and prayer.

Each day, take some portion of time to read God's word. Sit in a comfortable position. Before you read, pray that God will speak to you as you read, that He may be revealed to you through the Bible. Pray as you read and read as you pray. Try to feel that Christ is actually with you and through His word is speaking to you.



Daily devotional to God will minister effectively to our soul, deepen our life with God and make us more fruitful in His service. If we are close friends of God, living close to Him, then we become living epistles known and read of men.

If we live for the Lord and walk in His way, then we shall awake with His likeness and be satisfied.

Teen



THE OTHER HALF

Babies in cradleboards swung from the branches of the trees that day. Canoes hollowed out from immense logs tugged at their moorings in the nearby stream, and a totem pole was being erected close to a large tepee, just outside a huge hop field in the state of Washington.

All this surprised John Carter not at all. In pioneer days, Indians from all over the Northwest frequently visited Washington during the hop-picking season, hung their papooses in their cradleboards in the trees, and worked in the fields until they had earned enough money to return to their hunting grounds and live for the rest of the year.

John Carter liked Indians. Month in and month out, he had traveled on foot from one Indian camp to another, sometimes in Washington and sometimes in Canada. Often the Indians invited him to travel with them, so they might hear the strange story he had to tell—the story of Christ, and His wonderful life, and His death on the cross. Around the campfires at night, they would listen spellbound as the slender, graying middle-aged man talked to them. And as he went from tribe to tribe he left behind him men and women who like him had become followers of the Sav-

ior.

Today a strange Indian from Alaska stared suspiciously at the white stranger as he waited for the workers when they left the fields and went to make camp for the night. Many Feathers was the only member of his tribe who had ever been outside of Alaska. He had some difficulty in understanding John Carter, who spoke only Chinook, but he persuaded another Indian to translate for him, and when at last he began to grasp the story, he knew it was what he had waited all his life to hear. While the papooses and the squaws slept, Many Feathers sat with the men around the fire under the starry Washington sky and listened until the great logs were burned away, and then until the glowing coals had turned to ashes.

The next night John Carter came again, and the following day, as the Indians worked among the brilliant green hop bushes in the sun, they talked of his Christ. That night Many Feathers told them all that he had decided to become a Christian, and to tell the whole tribe of his decision as soon as he returned to Alaska.

"You, my friend," he said to John Carter, "shall come to Alaska with me and tell your story to the tribe."

The white man gladly agreed.



Talk

He had never been north of Canada, but he was used to long hard journeys and to unfriendly weather, and he thought no adventure would be too dangerous if Christ was with him.

But he noticed a troubled expression appear on the face of Many Feathers, and he wondered whether the Indian was already regretting his decision. "I had forgotten, my friend," Many Feathers said at last, "that ours is a savage tribe, and if they did not like you and believe you, as I do, they would certainly kill you. Wait here a little, until I return, and if the tribe is willing to listen I will take you to Alaska with me."

And so it was many months before John Carter made his journey to Alaska. Many Feathers had brought back with him four Indians, his relatives, who were to travel with them and act as the white man's bodyguard. "I am sure the tribe will believe you and will not kill you," Many Feathers said, and John Carter went with them, fervently hoping that the Indian would be proved right.

They reached Alaska during the strange, long days of summer. After weeks spent in a canoe, while he worked twelve hours a day learning the language of the Alaskan Indians, John Carter walked with his tireless

friends until he could hardly lift a foot. And he missed the nights that never came, and the friendly darkness that would have given him an excuse to stop and rest. When at last Many Feathers told John Carter that they had reached the end of their journey and showed him the tepee erected especially for him, the white man was so tired that he could only throw himself on the ground and try to sleep.

But the sound of drums kept him awake. The noise was meant, he supposed, as a welcome to Many Feathers and his friends, but that did not make it seem any less deafening. And when at last he was drifting off to sleep in spite of the racket, he felt himself vigorously shaken by the shoulders and opened his eyes to see Many Feathers bending over him.

"You must tell them your story now," Many Feathers whispered urgently. "It is important that you tell them the story at once, and that they believe you! I will translate what you say into our own tongue."

Tired as he was, John Carter could recognize the fear in his friend's eyes. Evidently the drums had not been so friendly as he thought.

And so the missionary dragged himself wearily out to the campfire and repeated his wonderful

story. As he spoke and Many Feathers translated, and as he watched the dark intent faces around the fire, his weariness seemed to vanish. Somehow he had found his second wind.

When he finished his story, the braves were nodding gravely. No, they were not going to kill him. They believed him.

He ended by teaching them a hymn, "The Half Has Never Been Told." It was one of several that Many Feathers had translated during the canoe trip. They were quick to learn it. "Of grace divine, so wonderful, the half was never told," they sang enthusiastically, with only a few voices off the key, and John Carter listened to them with a deep thankfulness.

He was tired again now, and with his friend assisting him he stumbled back to his tepee in the strange twilight that is an Alaskan summer night, flung himself on the ground, and fell into a deep sleep.

But all too soon he was awakened by a clamor at the door of his tent. Hearing the rumble of deep voices, he wondered if the braves had changed their minds. Had they come to kill him after all?

He got up, rubbing his eyes, stumbled to the door and saw the whole tribe waiting for him. He waited anxiously as his friend Many Feathers hurried to his side.

"They have come," the Indian explained gravely, "to hear the other half. The half you told them was so good that now they want to hear the half that has never been told."

For an instant John Carter

wanted to laugh, and then he felt the quick tears in his eyes. "My children," he said, "the other half is what we can learn only when Jesus comes back to earth. It is a mystery to me, as it is to you."

They turned away quietly and wonderingly.

As for John Carter, he lay down in peace and slept.

—Young People's Paper

DON'T

(Continued from page 2.)

the Bible aside to gather dust when the need is NOW? Can you see yourself starving while cobwebs form over that waiting meal? Yet a neglected Bible is one step to a lukewarm condition which, in turn, contributes to the fatal illness of a weak Christian.

Beware! Don't waste the Word of God—drink deeply and LIVE.

—Eileen Adams.

BIBLE QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

Can you answer these questions?

1. Who slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day?
2. Whose knees smote one against another?
3. What did Jacob call "the name of that city was called Luz at the first"?
4. Who caught three hundred foxes one time?
5. What animals destroyed forty-two children?
6. What silversmith made silver shrines for Diana?
7. Who is Beelzebub?

Is your subscription paid up?

Convergence of the Titanic

By Alma Harris



*"In the solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity
And the Pride of Life that
planned her, stilly crouches
she."*

"She" refers to the great ocean liner, the Titanic, which, after three years of careful construction, was ready to make her maiden voyage in 1912. As she departed from England, the whole world considered her to be absolutely an unsinkable vessel. She had a double bottom, and her lower chambers were divided into waterproof compartments which could be sealed in event of ramming, to eliminate the danger of water flooding the interior. There were other devices to insure the safety of this invincible virgin of the seas as she sailed the first of her probable innumerable voyages. The engineers and architects designed her every part to withstand any conceivable danger. "She will never sink," they said.

But lo—on her first voyage while her confident passengers were gaily spending the evening in her luxurious interior, there was a discordant crash. The impossible had happened; the Titanic had been guided by the Spinner of the Years to ram an im-

mense iceberg, tearing a gash of three hundred feet in length in her hull. In spite of her unsinkable features, she sank. Only a small number of her occupants escaped a watery grave, because she had been supplied with a minimum of lifeboats, some of which were filled with few people.

Now she lies on the ocean floor, far from where her many builders ever dreamed her final resting place should be. The huge ballrooms meant for gay parties and the enjoyment of the cream of society are now filled with dark mystic water through which strange ocean creatures glide. Large glass mirrors now reflect moon-eyed fishes and deep-water plants swaying idly in the cold currents, rather than images of beautiful jewel-bedecked ladies and their handsome escorts. Where there was intended a lively orchestra sending forth music for the dancers, there is only silence.

This poem illustrates how powerless we are to make anything secure; how we cannot possibly control the future. Regardless of what man attempts, if Our Maker desires that it not be so, it shall not be. When the ship was

under construction, the iceberg was also forming, and the two, unknown to a world of confident people, were destined to meet. The unexpected news of the catastrophe must have startled a world of people who believed in the invincibility of the ship, and probably instilled in them a renewed respect of God.

KNOWING CHRIST JESUS

A series of articles by T. Stanley Soltau

THERE is a result in knowing Christ Jesus which is mentioned by the apostle Peter in a very striking verse in 2 Peter 1:3. In this verse he speaks of the knowledge of Christ as a divine gift; it comes not by human effort unaided but through the sovereign power of God. It is granted, Peter tells us, in a special way, namely, by His divine power, that is through the gracious working of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. And then the Apostle goes on to say that this gift carries with it some most remarkable results, for with it He "hath given us all things that pertain unto life and godliness."

I wonder if you realize what a tremendous statement that is? Let me put it in a little different words. The apostle Peter says in this sentence that to every man who has received an actual knowledge and experience of Christ Jesus through the gracious working of the Spirit, to him are given, with that knowledge, all things that are necessary to true and godly living. If we really believed this how much more interested we would become in

knowing Christ! And yet, if we quietly sit down and think it through we know it must be true. Have you ever asked yourself as to what must happen if you would really know Christ? Let us do so now!

To know Him as my Saviour means, first of all, to know that in and through His death for me the question of my sins has been settled in God's sight; to have my spiritual life nourished and fed daily through His presence, and to have the right of access into God's presence at any time in order to lay before Him the needs of my heart and the conditions of my life. Through this knowledge of Christ Jesus I can always look to God in prayer with the absolute certainty that "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold" and with the certainty also that He has a definite plan or blueprint for my life which covers every situation and every detail, and that He will make every step perfectly plain to me if only I wait upon Him for guidance.

This knowledge of Christ finally means that in and through Him are made available for my use the vast resources of His riches in grace and that I have the right to claim them with the wisdom, strength, patience, courage, and faith that I shall need day by day, and step by step in order to live to His honor and glory. Yes, all these things are mine through the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord!

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.

The Christian Home

Is it selfish for parents to expect children to spend a part of each evening in family devotion?—A Co-ed.

The word "selfish" probably is not the best word to use in this question. What the writer must have meant is: Is it reasonable for parents to expect children, etc.

The query seems to grow out of friction or difficulty in the matter of adjusting the time and the method of family worship. No plan that grows out of forcing family worship upon members of the family will ever accomplish its purpose, nor will there be a spirit of reverence or of good will when there is an inward protest on the part of any member of the family.

It is unreasonable for parents, who have children old enough to make decisions, to plan for family worship without consulting with them, and then to force that plan upon the young people.

It is unreasonable for parents to insist upon family worship at inopportune times or for unusually long periods.

It is unreasonable for young people to refuse to give a part of each day to quiet communion with God in the family circle. It is unreasonable for young people to ridicule the efforts of their parents to establish and maintain in the home a family altar.

The best solution of the difficulty is three fold:

Establish a family altar together, parents and children having an opportunity to suggest the time best suited to all.

Let parents and children pray for each other at the time of this family communion with God.

Let children and parents take turns in conducting the devotions.

Under this plan there will be a true spirit of cooperation in the matter of family worship and a real blessing will come to the home.—Christian Home Builder.

"FLOWERS IN THE PRISON YARD"

By Alfie Hallmann

What sweet emotion did arise
Within my heart when first my eyes
So long accustomed to the plain
Saw flowers blooming once again.

A brilliant splash of rainbow hues
Their beauty to the world diffuse
Not holding back one bit though we
Are convicts who their beauty see.

It matters not to them the kind
Of life we live, nor do they mind
What devious ways we may have trod
They bloom for all, a gift from God!

He surely is a friend indeed
Who planted them to fill the need
Of beauty here, he did his best
And from above, God did the rest.

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.



On Our Book Shelf

By Frank Adams

HUNGRY PEOPLE by Ken Anderson is a story of cold and hunger, both spiritual and physical. It is also a story of a young German boy returned from a prison camp in Nebraska to his native Berlin.

Gottfried Bender, a staunch believer in the ideals of Naziism and a former member of the Hitler Youth Movement was taken prisoner in North Africa and brought to the States for the duration. Upon returning home he finds the Party only a memory and the whole attitude of the German people changed. He also finds his parents' home bombed, his father two years dead under the rubble, his mother living in squalor in the inadequate basement and the girl to whom he was engaged, fraternizing with the hated American soldiers. All these heartbreaking facts tend only to confuse the boy and make him bitter. He cannot appreciate the girl, Grethal, who is a devout Christian and upon whom his mother has depended for heat and food. His is a barren life without God and believing the German people have turned traitors by forsaking the Party he undertakes to join an underground Nazi group. The power of prayer is felt when his Christian mother

is instrumental in his attending a religious service. Although he resents her prayers, Gottfried loves his mother and becomes better acquainted with the American army officer who is working in the church group. In the meantime the American brings a conversation around to Naziism and religion. Gottfried melts under the mixture of logical common sense and the Word of God. He decides he will not take the Nazi pledge which will be his final bond to the underworld of hatred. An investigator for the Nazis tries to persuade him by forcing his former fiancée to meet him again and promising money. Again prayer intervenes and Gottfried tries to escape what he now recognizes as the clutches of sin. Intended for him, a hand grenade claims the life of his mother and the story moves to a quick climax. How Gottfried finds God as an ever-present help is an inspiration and the circumstances under which people must live in a country so war-torn make this book

an interesting bit of reading. The thread of romance emphasizes how God cares for His own. This book may be purchased from:

Church of God Publishing House
Stanberry, Mo.
Price \$1.50

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. Benaiah (1 Chron. 11:22)
 2. Belshazzar (Dan. 5:6)
 3. Bethel (Gen 28:19)
 4. Samson (Judges 15:4)
 5. She-bears (2 Kings 2:24)
 6. Demetrius (Acts 19:24)
 7. Prince of the devils (Matt. 12:24)
-

PEOPLE WHO WERE RIGHT

Job was right when he said, "I will trust in him though he slay me."

Joshua was right when he said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Daniel was right when he said, "I will not defile myself with the king's meat."

David was right when he said, "I will bless the Lord at all times."

Mary was right when she said, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

John was right when he said, "Whosoever will may come."

—Sel.

The world needs a change in outlook, from fear to faith, based on the kind of love that Jesus taught; from compulsion with its trust in weapons, to co-operation based on the dignity and worth of the human person.

THE PROPHET (Continued from page 4)

certainly have known of my excitement as I, personally, showed them to the upper room and provided water for their feet. As I retired from the room, I felt an overwhelming urge to remain and watch. Therefore, I purposely failed to close the door completely.

As the meal progressed, and was about completed, I saw the Prophet arise from the table, and taking a basin of water, bathe the feet of all those who sat at meat with Him. This would have been strange, had He done so at the beginning of the meal, but now, after they had rested and eaten, for Him to bathe their feet seemed altogether out of place. In the face of their objections He quietly replied, "The servant is not greater than his Master."

Returning to His seat, He continued to speak to them of many things. Their love for Him was very obvious as they listened eagerly to His words. In the midst of such devotion, it seemed odd that He should suddenly say, "Verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me."

Consternation fell upon the group, as each one began to ask, "Lord, is it I?" The disciple who had visited my home earlier with Peter was now sitting very close to his Master, even resting his head upon his shoulder. I saw Peter gesture to him, and he spoke to the Prophet, pleading with Him that He should reveal the traitor.

The Prophet replied that one should receive a sop from Him, and that would be the one who

would betray Him. As I watched, I saw Judas Iscariot receive the sop. I knew this Judas of Kerieth well, having known him as an opportunist and schemer for some time before Jesus of Nazareth began His teaching. I was a little surprised that he had been selected as one of the disciples, but when I learned that he was treasurer for the group, I was not surprised. I also knew that Judas had been brooding for almost six days now, because his Master had rebuked him in the home of Lazarus, when Lazarus' sister, Mary, had anointed the Prophet's feet with ointment of spikenard. Aaron had related these things to me, and how a few days later a woman had anointed the Prophet in the home of Simon the leper, in Bethany, and the Prophet had spoken again to rebuke those who objected. Judas had disguised his malice on this occasion, however, up to the point where Jesus handed him the sop. After that he excused himself and left the house.

Judas being gone, the Prophet arose, took a portion of bread, and blessed it. Then, breaking it and passing it to the group, He said, "This is my body which is broken for you." Following this, he executed a similar ceremony with a portion of wine, saying, "This is my blood which is shed for you." While I was still wondering what He meant by that, the group arose at His bidding, sang an hymn, and prepared to leave. I heard words about Gethsemane—the place of the oil press.

This was the farm owned by my friend Aaron, who was a believer that this Jesus was the

Messiah. He had mentioned many times when Jesus and His disciples had resorted to the shelter and seclusion of the olive groves of Gethsemane.

The group having gone, I called for Jesse. When he came into the room, he asked, "Master, is it true, as some say, that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah?"

"I don't know, Jesse," I confessed, "but it is possible. Do you believe in Him, Jesse?"

"I've seen Him heal the sick, and I hear that He even raised the dead. I was there when He drove the money changers out of the temple. He must be the Messiah, Master, He must be."

I felt that Jesse had voiced my own sentiments, yet I wasn't sure. However, I was determined in one thing. "Jesse, from now on you will not call me Master, but Mahlon. Go now, summon the servants, and clean the room."

A short time later, as I was preparing to retire, there came a knock on the door. It was Judas, returning with a band of men armed with swords and staves, among them the servants of the high priest. They demanded to know where the Prophet and His followers had gone, a fact which I would have willingly concealed from them, had they not forced me to divulge it under threat of arrest. Later I wished that I had let them arrest me instead.

(Continued next week.)

We instinctively trust nations in which the power resides in the hands of the people, because we believe that people do not want wars. For that reason we are against dictatorships.