

Christian Youth Herald
Gospel Call

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Springs

Heraldry

BY ALFIE W. HALLMANN



The wind was softly blowing,
It whispered in my ear,
Now don't you tell, I told you,
But spring will soon be here.

The wee red buds are bursting
Upon our maple tree
A robin red is singing
His happy song to me.

I walked along the hillside,
And there right at my feet
A pretty yellow crocus
Was blooming bright and sweet.

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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GUEST EDITORIAL

It was the last of December
that we volunteered for service
in Nigeria. If accepted, we ex-
pected to be on our way in a
month or six weeks. How little
we knew of the preparation re-
quired. Passport application was
made and authorities told us to
expect the papers back in no less
time than two weeks and possi-
bly a month. We prayed daily
that God would help us accom-
plish the necessary business and
in *four days* our passport arrived
back in Denver from Washing-
ton, D. C.

Since visa application could not
be made until we had the pass-
port, we then completed the ques-
tionnaire and were told again by
the authorities that such trans-
actions required from six weeks
to three months since the request

was sent to the English govern-
ment office in Nigeria then re-
turned to New York. My husband
called at the office where I
worked to give me this informa-
tion and we discussed my quit-
ting work that week as scheduled
or working a while longer. I just
couldn't believe we would be de-
layed that long with God on our
side and the Nigerian call so ur-
gent. In less than *three weeks*
(not months) we received word
of the granted visa and again we
recognized the power of God as
the silent partner in our business
activities.

Then we studied scheduled
sailings and fares since a trip of
this sort is more complicated
than one by bus or train in our
own country. God, who watches
sparrows, guided our plannings
in a firm manner and our most
convenient departure offered pas-
sage on one of the largest liners
on the Holland-American Line,
the S. S. NIEW AMSTERDAM.
Our fares were even cheaper than
passage by freighter on another
line so money was forwarded to
New York after reservations were
made by phone and we felt as-
sured of passage to Rotterdam,
Holland, where we are to change
ships.

Soon a letter came saying,
"Sorry, but our reservations were
sold out when yours was re-
ceived." God was still on the
throne and after an exchange of
letters and prayer we were as-
signed a state room.

In the meantime we have re-
ceived an invitation to spend our
waiting time between ships with
Miss Ploon Dyk, of Amsterdam,

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Choose Ye Which

By Eva Walker

I was a little cute number and looked like I had been cut to form. People could look into my azure blue eyes and they would be amazed at what they saw. I had a wonderful personality, but only one little thing was wrong. I had that spark of temper that went right along with my red hair, and it could easily turn into a pretty big flame. I was very popular until people began to find out just what was behind those pretty looks and that easy smile. My parents were Sabbath keepers and tried, yes, tried to bring me up in the strait way.

My folks just wouldn't allow me to go to school dances or attend anything on Friday evening. When I was real young I was a good Christian, but now I was in high school and I didn't want to be different anymore. Many said my parents were ideal ones, but I and the public just couldn't agree.

It was Tuesday just before gym class. We always met our boy-friends just before that class and made plans for lunch. Today I was in a hurry, so I told Denny I would meet him for lunch at Park's Cafe.

When noon came I met him with a cheery "hello" and we went to our favorite booth for lunch. As I sat there I thought of

Denny. He was a nice chap and was so understanding. Sometimes he would give me a puzzled look when I would let something slip about church or Sabbath school. He was rather quite and meditative with an intelligent high forehead. His eyes were such that you could stare into them and almost see his thoughts.

We talked for a while about our school work and activities when his eyes lighted up. I knew he was going to ask me something important.

"Janet," he said, "I want you to go to the dance with me Friday evening. Will you?"

For a moment I didn't know what to say. All kinds of thoughts passed through my mind. What would the folks say? Then I forced myself to say, "Yes". Denny took me home and I pondered the remaining of the week just how to ask—(rather tell) them I was going. When I asked Mother and Dad, they immediately said, "No". As Dad stood talking to me, my neck and ears started burning. Fire burned inside me and determination, pride, and stubbornness controlled my mind.

"I am going; I told Denny I would. Nothing is going to stop me."

I went to the drug store and called Denny that I would meet him at eight on the corner of Fourth and Elm and made some excuse for the situation.

It was cold and all dark except for the little street lamp, and snow was falling softly. I stood there alone with my thoughts wondering if my folks heard me sneak out and would be looking for me. Finally the familiar purring of the little roadster came to my ears. The car stopped and the door opened.

"Come on in. Let's get to the dance."

"Hi, Denny, I'm coming."

We rode along in silence and he noticed, I think, my nervous, cold feeling. He knew what was going on as well as anything. Maybe-and probably- that is why he asked the question he did.

"Janet, how can you serve your God and go dances on your Sunday?"

"Oh, Denny, forget it. I said I'd go with you, didn't I? Come on let's have a good time."

He seemed contented but I knew what was going through his mind. I knew too, that this answer would not hold him off forever. Sooner or later there would be a show down.

The evening passed swiftly with the gay music and laughter, but somehow I just couldn't be as equally gay and happy.

Finally we were in front of my house. He turned off the lights and began talking in a soft tone.

"Janet, tonight I made a vow to myself and made a decision that you played a big part in making. As you know I am a very popular boy in school, and I can't have my pals saying that I go

with a hypocrite. This is our last night together until you make up your mind. Goodnight, Janet."

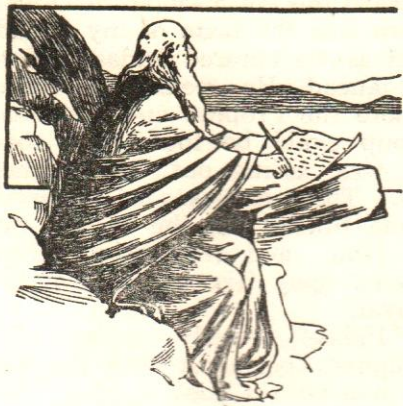
"Goodnight, Denny, and I hope you think you're right." I slammed the door and ran into the house and into my room. I slammed the bedroom door and struggled to keep back tears, not tears of sorrow but tears of hatred and jealousy. I knew I didn't hate Denny but I wanted to put up a strong defense. I wasn't going to let Denny think I was going to be heart-broken over him, so I started going with various boys. None of them seemed to please me, for I kept seeing Denny's face and the saying bouncing back and forth across my mind. "Ye cannot serve God and man." Which should I choose?

By now I had gotten pretty good about slipping out, so tonight I managed to slip out to go with Jack to the all-school dance. Jack was a very worldly fellow and went for most of the roughest things. By now I thought it was smart and I enjoyed my new company.

On the way we were talking and laughing together. As we were coming down this hill we went faster and faster until we couldn't stop in time for the curve at the bottom. Jack put on the brakes but it was too late. A crash, and then that seeming everlasting darkness.

I woke with a piercing pain in my head. The nurse came to my side and said I was all right except for a few cuts, bruises and a broken arm. As I lay there I began to think of previous things how this had all come about.

(Continued on page 12)



The Prophet

By Carl Fox

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER II

When the mob had gone from my house toward Gethsemane, I stood in the doorway, staring into the night after their receding torches, and listening to the murmur of wrath that ran through the crowd. For a moment I was dazed, and then turned to Jesse, who had been with me through the ordeal.

"Quickly, Jesse, let us follow them," I said, and we ran down the narrow street in pursuit of the torchlight that already was some distance away.

"What can we do, Sir?" Jesse asked as we drew up behind the mob and walked a short distance to regain our breath.

"I'm not sure," I replied, "at least, I don't know as yet. Let us see what they plan to do with Him."

Pressing my way forward, I found Malchus in the crowd. Taking him by the arm, I restrained him until most of the mob had passed us by. Then I asked him why they sought Jesus of Nazareth.

"Have you not heard, Mahlon?" he asked. "This man from Galilee has angered my master,

the high priest, by His teaching against those things which we have received from our fathers. We are sent to arrest Him and bring Him before Caiaphas."

"What do you think of His teaching?" I queried.

"Why do you ask, are ye His disciple? Why did you give Him lodging this night?"

"I ask because I have heard so much about Him; how He has gone about doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead, feeding the hungry. I gave Him lodging tonight because He sent His men to ask it of me. I am not His disciple, yet many say He is the Messiah. If He is the Messiah, we should all be His disciples. Is that not right, Malchus?"

Malchus thought of my words for a few seconds, as we strode through the night. The rest of the crowd had gone ahead of us a short distance, as we had lagged behind. The light of the torches fell fully upon his face, and that of Jesse who walked on the other side of Malchus. At length he said, "Yes, Mahlon, if He were the Savior, we should all be His disciples. I have seen His mir-

acles, for I have been sent many times by Caiaphas to spy on Him. I was among the multitude that He fed from five loaves and two fishes. I also saw Him heal the blind man who was blind from birth. He certainly has supernatural power. I don't know what to think."

With that we speeded up until we were back with the crowd. By this time we had passed through the city, and were nearing the Fish Gate, which would take us out onto the road that leads to the Mount of Olives, or to Bethany and to Jericho, if we were to take the fork to the right. However, Aaron's farm, Gethsemane, was located at the foot of Olivet, just over the brook Kidron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat. Malchus began to walk faster, and soon he was in the front of the vanguard. Judas, and some of the leaders were talking among themselves. Shortly after we had crossed the bridge over Kidron, the leaders stopped and turned to the others.

Judas held up his hand for silence. In the flicker of the torches which played ominous shadows over his evil face, he spoke. "I have been asked how Jesus may be recognized. I will give you a sign—the one whom I greet with a kiss will be the one you seek."

A gasp from Jesse caused me to turn to look at him in the torch light. His jaw was set and his face blazed with anger. "I never saw such a traitor," he whispered to me, "betraying his master with a kiss. One of the men says he was paid thirty pieces of silver—the price of a common slave, for such treachery."

Now the mob was pressing on toward the lower slopes of Olivet. Here was the farm of my friend, and as we entered Judas walked on ahead. He seemed to know where the Prophet and His little group could be found, for soon he was calling out, "Hail, Master." Then, as Jesus of Nazareth came toward us, the traitor ran to Him, and embracing Him, placed upon Him the kiss of betrayal.

"Judas," quietly spoke the Prophet, "betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

At this rebuke, Judas seemed to suddenly be filled with fear, and hastily drew back into the crowd.

"Who seek ye?" the Prophet now turned to the servants of the high priest.

Malchus, being in the group, was pressed forward by his companions, and gave answer, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth."

Quietly the Prophet spoke again, "I am he."

At those words, the entire group fell back several paces, and many of those in the forefront fell to the ground. I could see fear and amazement upon their faces as they shrank from the one they had come to arrest. Again the Prophet spoke, and repeated His question. "Whom seek ye?"

Again Malchus replied, "Jesus of Nazareth."

The Nazarene, still with His voice low, but penetrating, said, "I have told you that I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way."

At this, one of the rabble, standing behind Malchus and another servant of the high priest,

thrust them forward, saying, "There He is, sieze Him, as you were sent to do." A roar of wrath from the mob added emphasis to the challenge, as shouts of "Sieze Him," and "Arrest the blasphemer," rang through the olive trees.

Peter, huge and stalwart, stood by the side of Jesus through all these things. He had said nothing, but the light of the torches falling on his face revealed there a keen anxiety for his Master, and an inner anger that defied any to lay hands upon the Prophet. Malchus, being thrust forward by the mob, approached directly in front of Peter, who drew his sword and struck at Malchus' head. Had it not been for the reflection of a torch on the shiny steel, perhaps Malchus' skull would have been split by the blow. But as the blade flashed, Malchus moved his head to the side, and the blow fell on his right ear, severing the member from his head.

Peter raised the sword again to strike another blow, when the Prophet restrained him in a kindly tone, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Peter lowered the blade, and Jesus continued, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be?"

Strange words, indeed, but we hardly had time to ponder this sentence, when Jesus stooped, picked up the severed ear, and placed it in its proper location on Malchus' head. Immediately the wound was healed, and those

who examined him closely by torchlight were astounded that there was no scar or other evidence of the blow, save the blood on Malchus' garment.

Again the Man of Galilee spoke. "Are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me. But all this was done, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled."

Then the angry mob again roared in indignation, and some siezed the unresisting Jesus, and started back toward the city. Malchus stood still, holding his hand to the side of his head, and staring in amazement. Jesse had taken a torch that one of the rabble had let fall when they had faltered before Jeus. By its light we examined the ear, while Malchus kept repeating, "He must be the Christ, He must be the Christ."

"But come, " I said, "this is no time to delay. Malchus, your master will be angry if you do not return with the crowd. Jesse, let us hasten to the house of Jeremiah the scribe. Perhaps he can tell us what the Prophet meant by His strange remarks."

I had expected to find Jeremiah asleep, but instead, as we approached his dwelling, we saw a light shining from his window. We beat upon the door and called his name.

"Who comes at this hour?" he called through the panel.

"It is I, your friend, Mahlon."

Quickly he opened the door, and we entered. As coherently as possible, we related the eve-

(Continued on page 15)

Teen



Hi, Teen-Agers. Did you ever wonder what is behind some of the taboos and the "shalt nots" which our churches stand for? Of course you have. And doubtless there have been times when your friends have asked, "Well, why don't you go to picture shows?" And maybe you didn't know exactly what to say. You knew it wouldn't do any good to say, "We don't believe in going to worldly amusements." That friend of yours wouldn't have known what you were talking about. All right, suppose we examine some of the reasons why we believe it is sinful to attend moving picture shows.

Fellows, what is your favorite dessert? Cherry pie maybe? You like the kind your mom makes mighty well. But did you ever watch your mother making a cherry pie? You saw how careful she was about the ingredients that she put into that pie, didn't you? Everything that went into that pie was good—there wasn't a rotten cherry in that pie. That would have spoiled it. And wouldn't you have been about the most surprised boy in your town if, along with the sugar, your mother put in just a tiny pinch of something from a box that was marked "poison." You wouldn't have touched that pie with a ten-foot pole, now would you? And furthermore you would

have wondered what in the world had happened to your mother that she would do a thing like that. You wouldn't even have believed your ears if, in answer to your questions, she had answered, "But, son, I only put a tiny pinch of poison in the pie. All of the other ingredients are good. Why should just a little bit of poison along with all of those good things spoil the pie?"

Sounds pretty foolish, doesn't it? It's just as foolish for people to make remarks such as, "Movies are educational. They're good for you. Movies are a form of relaxation, you should go for the change it will give you." Granted, there may a few movies that are educational, do you think you could go into a movie theater to see such a movie without encountering something that is absolutely opposed to your standard of Christian conduct? You couldn't. A tiny pinch of poison is a mighty dangerous thing and is nothing to be played with.

If we so carefully avoid taking poison into our physical bodies, how much more careful we must be about taking poison into our minds, into our very beings. Our physical bodies are going to die one of these days anyway. But if you feed that soul of yours on poison, it is going to die to spiritual things, and you will be the eternal loser.



Talk

You think it won't matter? Those things that are shown on the screen couldn't possibly affect you? You could look at it, then leave and never give it another thought? That, my friend, is the devil's lie. For what is so vividly portrayed for your eyes to take in, is indeed taken in, and becomes a very part of you. Perhaps you may not realize it at the time, but it does. And some day, in a week moment, a moment of great temptation, it can turn out to be the hole in the dike that will allow the flood waters of sin to drown you spiritually.

I was talking to a young girl who had not been brought up in a Christian home. She was allowed to attend movies several times a week. She did, and thought little about it until some years later when she became a Christian. Then, at the most unexpected moments, scenes from some of those moving pictures which she had thought little about would suddenly come to her mind. And often those things come to mind in times of temptation. She most heartily regretted that she had ever seen those movies. She hadn't realized that those things were being absorbed into her mind, to be remembered at a later, more convenient date for the devil. *Mary Virginia Bryant in HiCall.*

LODI, CALIF., Y.P.O.

The quarterly business meeting of the Lodi Y.P.O. was held January 13, 1951. Services were opened by congregational singing led by Henry Reimche, Jr., with Arlene Springer at the piano. Oscar Seibel was leader for the evening. George Reimche read the scripture reading from Acts 17:1-13 and Oscar Seibel led in prayer.

After a short program of songs, poems and choruses, Bro. Seibel gave an interesting Bible study. An offering was taken and new business was discussed. We voted to send an offering to the new church building at Los Angeles. The secretary's report was read and approved and the following new officers were elected:

Overseer, Oscar Seibel; assistant, Ben Dais; Secretary, Alice Springer; assistant, Leah Kauzlarich.

Singing of the Doxology closed the meeting and Ray Straub dismissed with prayer.

—Alice Springer.

John Ruskin said to the students of Oxford University, in urging them to read the Bible: "Make it the first daily business to understand some part of it clearly, and then the rest of the day to obey it in what you do understand."—Sel.

Is your subscription paid up?

(Continued from page 2.)

Holland. Some of you may remember an editorial I wrote when she visited us in Salem, W. Va. We look forward to seeing her and meeting her family.

So far we have no actual reservations for passage from Rotterdam to Lagos, Nigeria, but we feel assured that God will supply our need in this matter also. We understand there are only one or two boats a month down the west coast of Africa.

We are scheduled to sail March 30 from New York, loading on the Hoboken, N. J., side. There is yet much to do by way of personal preparation and we sincerely and humbly ask your prayers for our safe and successful journey.

Sabbath, Feb. 24, we enjoyed an all-day meeting at Joplin, Mo. Sunday and Monday nights were spent in services at McAlester, Okla., and March 2 and 3 found us with the Midway Church near Shawnee, Okla., where we met church friends from several different places.

About March 21 we plan to leave Stanberry on the first lap of our journey, stopping at Spring Vale Academy for a folding organ kindly donated by the Michigan Conference for this work, and spending Sabbath, March 24, in services there.

We have certainly appreciated the many cards and letters we have received from friends throughout the States. Some have written, "How can you leave your parents and loved ones?" Pardon a common expression and we'll answer, "It isn't easy!" How sad

we feel to bring tears and sorrow to those so dear to us; but we are admonished not to let our love for any one or any thing come between us and Christ. We must put our all into the hands of Him who giveth and taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!

Your messages of encouragement have been most inspiring and we ask you to continue to remember us when you talk to God.

Our overseas address will be, Elder and Mrs. Charles Adams, in care of B. I. Tikili, Box 84, Aba, Nigeria, W. Africa. Air mail letter forms may be secured from your local post office at a more reasonable rate than ordinary air mail postage. Regular mail takes several weeks for delivery while air mail should arrive there in five to eight days. We'll be looking forward to hearing from you and until we meet again we'll try to visit you regularly through the pages of the *Herald and Call*.

Eileen Adams.

WHEN DAY IS DONE

I love the solitude of wildwood ways
 When evening calls me from a world of care.
 How sweet to seek some peaceful, shaded nook
 Where I can spend a quiet hour in prayer.
 There little rills will sing and songbirds call,
 And trees will softly stir at set of sun;
 And there my troubled soul makes peace with God,
 And finds sweet rest in Him when day is done.

—Sel.



The Christian's Attitude

While this applies to our girl readers I want the boys to read it too. Listen now, in the question of dress it's altogether possible for the Christian young person to be chic and attractive in appearance, and charming in manner without following the extreme styles dictated by ungodly people. In this matter of clothing, as well as in all other questions, we must remember that our bodies (1 Cor. 6:19, 20) are Christ's, and that our task is to care for them, and that includes clothing them, to please (Rom. 12:1, 2) and honor Him. Don't think for a minute that this can't be done.

Present day styles as advertised by the movie and the magazines exert a tremendous influence on the clothing habits of the world. Many people rush headlong to follow the latest dictates of fashion. They'll wear anything, or nothing at all, if it's the latest. And modern clothing, particularly athletic and bathing dress, seems to be geared to the idea of shamelessly and brazenly exhibiting as much of the body as the law will allow. Unknown to many people this matter has roots deep in moral (Rev. 19:8) principle.

The Bible tells us that our first parents, fresh from the creative hand of God, wore no clothing (Gen. 2:25) for they were with-

out sin. But when sin entered, the first thing God did was to clothe (Gen. 3:21) them, for clothing hinders and prevents sin. Also clothing is a constant reminder that sin necessitates the provision of a blood sacrifice. Today when people openly uncover their bodies they are flaunting their naked sinfulness in God's face. Why, the first thing the jungle savages desire, when their hearts are cleansed by the blood of Christ, is to be clothed. Modern indecent styles are an attempt on the part of people who should know better, to defy God and His commandments. Christian young people will have nothing to do with this thing.

Surely the key to this problem of dress is God-honoring modesty and moderation (1 Tim. 2:9, 10). One need not revert to the styles of the past century, but neither should the Christian blindly follow (1 Peter 3:3-5) the latest fashion. This applies to boys as well as girls.

One of the most revolting sights of today is the shameless display of the male torso at our bathing beaches. Most observers will instantly and gladly agree that, so far as beauty is concerned, the expanse of hairy chest and protruding abdomen should be fully and forever covered. And as far as the benefits of sun tanning, skin specialists

tell us that undue exposure to the sun is a too frequent cause of skin cancer, and that the beneficence of the sun's rays can just as readily be absorbed through light clothing. The argument for freedom in swimming is also a myth, for surely there is no benefit in shedding 75 per cent of already skin tight suits.

One of the mysteries of the modern world is why girls who so earnestly strive after beauty will dress up like a circus and paint up like an Indian on the war path. Beauty does not come this way. Loveliness comes from a radiant personality (1 Prov. 31: 10-31) and a happy heart combined with careful habits of cleanliness. Charm can never be painted on. Christian girls should strive to look their best so that as friends are attracted to them, they may have the exquisite joy of pointing them to the loveliness (Col. 2:9) of Christ.

When make-up is to be used the secret is to use it so sparingly and skillfully that no one will be aware of its presence. Care for the hair is right and proper and is a true source of womanly (1 Cor. 11:15) beauty. But this becomes a sin when most of the waking thoughts of the girl is centered on how her hair looks. Fingernails too, should be well groomed but never with screaming colors.

All the problems connected with clothing and care of the body are to be understood as a means to an end. The end is that everything we are, and all we possess must serve to add (1 Cor. 10:31) glory and honor to the name of the wonderful Lord whose we are. To center our

thoughts on anything else is to rob Christ of that which is rightfully His. But when He occupies the throne (Col. 1:18) of our hearts, all else falls into its rightful and proper place.—Wm. Orr, D.D. in *God's Answer to Young People's Problems*.

CHOOSE YE WHICH

(Continued from page 4)

I then realized that God had called me and He found out the only way to reach me was by disaster. This was enough for me, and when my parents came in, I poured out my heart to God and asked forgiveness of my parents. When my parents left, the nurse said there was someone to see me. At that instant a form stepped from behind the door.

"Denny!" I exclaimed.

"Janet! I can see you have made your decision."

"Yes, Denny, I am going to serve God all the way. I guess maybe you won't want to go with me any more now that I won't be going to dances and things like that."

"But you don't understand, Janet. What I did depended on you. You were my ideal and whatever you would do I was willing to try. Hurry up now and get well and we'll go to church together to see Rev. Moore."

Denny left and I thought how my life had been an open book to him and how I had influenced him. I tried not to think of that but of the happy years to come that we would be together.

I lay back and darkness closed in about me. I closed my eyelids and slept with a peace that passeth all understanding.

"Inconvenient" You Say

By Vivian C. Hall

Many excuses are given these days for not keeping the seventh day Sabbath. One of them is inconvenience.

We work during the week, so we have no time for shopping. Is this a familiar excuse? During times of stress the factories increase their working week to six days or sometimes only five and one-half days. Do we go ahead and work with the excuse of "getting fired" if we didn't? Have we ever tried shopping on Saturday night after the sun goes down? In larger cities the stores remain open on Monday nights, so that gives no excuse for no time to shop. And have we really tried to get time off from work because of our Sabbath belief? Most employers will agree a Sabbath-keeping worker does far superior work when he gets his day of worship. Very few would object to giving that time. If an employer refuses time off, then why not a new job? God rewards His believers in many ways. Your new job may be far superior to the old one if you but trust that it's right for you to take.

Several years ago, I was talking to a man who had his own garage. He was a Sabbath keeper, but only after much deliberation as to what to do about his garage. If he closed the doors of his repair shop on Sabbath, he was afraid he would lose all his business. But he couldn't keep

God's Sabbath if he accepted customers on Saturday. Finally he decided keeping the whole commandments of God was what he should do. He closed shop on Sabbath, and opened his business on the first day of the week. What happened? As soon as his new schedule was known to the community, he had more work than he could take care of. He gave God praise for being so good to him.

Recently I poured a little leftover milk into a bucket out of doors. In a short time the family cat came along and looked into the bucket. She couldn't reach the milk to drink in her natural manner, but she was thirsty. So she hung over the bucket as far as she could and put a paw into the milk, drew it up, and licked off the liquid. This procedure was repeated time and again, until she had satisfied her thirst. Inconvenient? Of course it was, but she attained her goal—a drink.

We all want to live in the soon coming Kingdom, do we not? Then we must expect all kinds of hardships to try us. If we can prove faithful, no matter what inconveniences befall us, then we can be sure of our goal—a home in Christ's Kingdom. May we all be there.

Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for kindness.—*Sermon*

SCRAPBOOK POEMS

PROMISE OF SPRING

By R. Chester Barger

Short time ago they hung and
fluttered in the breeze,
With grace and beauty fresh,
adorning all the trees.

But now, dull brown and dead,
they lie, or swirl apace
As gust or schoolboys' feet dis-
turb their resting place.

Does life hold nought but this in
store—all blithe and gay—
To dance a while, and then to
wither and decay?

This lesson rightly must be
learned, O mortal man:
God's children are not *leaves*
but *trees* in His great plan.

Hard by the water course they
grow, with roots all spread
Abroad; nor heat nor drought can
wilt their leafy head.

And for His service they must
grow, to lend in heat
A cooling shade, and to the
hung'ring ones give meat.

Then—if their leaves *should* fall,
and leave them gaunt and
bare—

They rest in quiet sleep a while,
but come forth fair

When spring's eternal morn
shall dawn, and life's fresh
breeze

Shall play among new leaves
adorning them—God's trees.

—Sel.

TO INSURE HAPPINESS

Today will be a happy day
If, first, you find some time to
pray;

If, first, alone, you go apart
From worldly things, and, in
your heart,

You make resolve to do your
best

And then to God you leave the
rest.

For God will take the hate and
fear

Of yesterday and yesteryear
And, in their place, He'll make
you feel

The light and love He would re-
veal.

Yes, this will be a happy day
If, friend, right now, you'll stop
and pray.

—Unknown.

THE OLDEST THINGS

The oldest things are best, I'd
say—

The sun that rises every day,
The blue sky high above the
trees,

The mountains and the dashing
seas,

The moon and stars that gleam
above,

The dear old story told in love—
The oldest things are best, I'd
say,

Yet they are new for us each
day.

—May Benedict Maye.

By Carl Fox

(Continued from page 7.)

ning's happenings, from the time Peter and John had approached Jesse at the well. When we had finished with our account, I said, "And so we have come to you, Jeremiah, hoping that you may have discovered in the writings of the prophets, some of the things that would reveal to us if this Jesus is the Christ."

"What you say about His capture fits very well the text I was just reading from the Prophet Isaiah, 'He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.' Does this not describe the capture of Jesus?"

"Is that all you have found, Jeremiah?" I begged.

"No, my friend, there is much more. I must show it to you. I am more convinced than ever that this Jesus could be the Messiah."

(Continued next week.)

REAL

Be, not try to be, but be, Christians. What we want to be is not to look Christians, or to pretend Christians, or to profess Christians. Take an anagram; read it from the right or from the left, or from the top or from the bottom; it reads the same thing. Take a Christian; look at him at one angle, or look at him from another angle; look at him in any light or in any direction, and he is a Christian still.—Cumming.

When you eat an orange, do you ever stop to think of all the things there are in an orange? Of course there is a lot of good juice, but there are many other valuable things, too.

Starting with the skin, have you ever noticed the oily substance that gets on your hands when you peel an orange? That is really oil of orange, and it is very valuable for making perfume and flavors for foods, drinks, and candy. If you will take a thick piece of rind and hold it near an open flame, then bend it sharply with the yellow side out, you can actually see the oil burn.

Just below the oily skin there is a layer of white, thick, pulpy material from which two very valuable products are made, pectin and orange meal. Pectin is the white, almost tasteless powder which is used to make jelly, jellied candies, and lotions, and recently it has been used in surgery to cause blood to clot. The pulpy part of the orange is dried and made into stock feed.

The inside part of the orange is the portion which we usually think of as most precious. There we find the luscious yellow juice. For people who cannot get fresh oranges much of this juice is canned or frozen, and much of it is made into concentrates which are used for making soft drinks.

Of course, there are many other valuable things in an orange, vitamins, minerals, and other food elements, but as yet these are not being produced commercially. You have to eat the orange to get them.—The Friend.

THE STORMS OF LIFE

I was standing once with a friend on Salem Island, and he called my attention to a great storm cloud gathering in its fury. When the lightning began to flash and the thunders began to roll we watched every little sailboat and rowboat and fishing smack come hurrying to the shore, and just as the storm was bursting in its fury we saw a great old ocean steamer move out from the shore and steam out to sea right in the face of the storm. We saw her ride out to sea in safety. When the storms of life come upon us, the little fellows seek earthly shelters; but the Christian goes out on the bosom of God's love and mercy. The storms we can safely face are determined by the strength of our Christian character.—*Sam Jones.*

Look not sorrowfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it polite? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But Conscience asks, Is it right?

—*Punshon.*

O perfect love, outpassing sight
O light beyond our ken,
Come down through all the world
tonight,
And heal the hearts of men.

Make the best of everything,
Think the best of everybody,
Hope the best for yourself.

—*George Stephenson.*

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