

Submitted by secretary.  
Alvina Stacy.

### ATTENTION! YOUNG PEOPLE!

Do you like to attend camp meetings? Then why not plan to attend the camp meeting to be held in Oregon this summer; from June 29th to July 7th?

The grounds will be located one and one-half miles east of Jefferson, Ore., on the Marion Highway in a small grove of trees on the north side of the road.

Remember, young people are a necessary part of any camp meeting, so don't forget to attend.

(Mrs.) Alma Strunk.

### A PATCH OF BLUE

Sometimes when the rain keeps fallin'  
And the road seems mighty rough,  
And you just can't help a-thinkin'  
That this life is mighty tough;  
Just you smile and keep a-lookin'  
(And what I'm tellin' you is true)—  
Somewhere peepin' through the rain  
clouds

There's a little patch of blue.  
Sure, you've had a heap of trouble,  
And I've had some troubles, too;  
But we'll find, if we keep smilin',  
That little patch of blue.

—Mrs. F. O. Hendricks, Sel.

### DEAR DIARY

(Continued from page 12)

Your prayers and ours are being answered every day so let us continue in faith that His mercies will be extended.

Eileen Adams.

### SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY

(Continued from page 6)

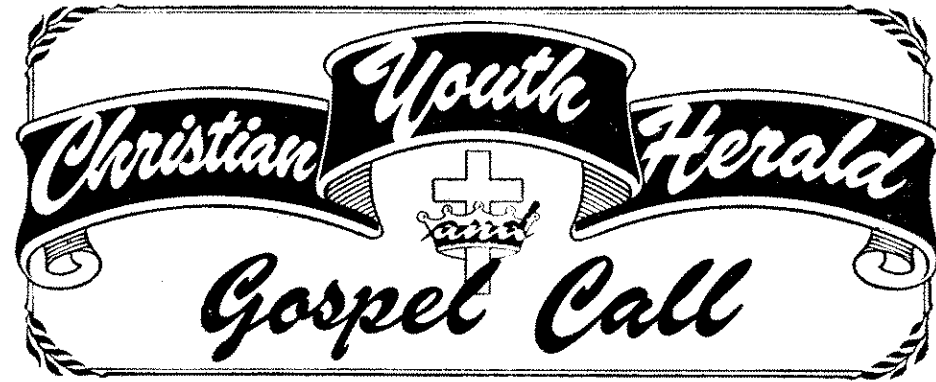
Egyptians spent all before they

realized that they were bankrupt. They came to the realization that they had nothing left, they were bankrupt, without money or resources. They had to go to someone with greater power and resources than they had. Then like the two debtors in Luke 7:42 when they had nothing with which to pay they came to their creditors and confessed their condition. They had to be forgiven all. They were freely forgiven, they were healed if they needed healing, fed if they required nourishment, and forgiven if they had trespassed against ought.

If you are lacking in these needful things, if you are neglectful of church duties and worship, if your prayers are not as fervent as they should be, if you have stopped paying your tithes and offerings and withdrawn your support from the work, if you have begun to find fault with other members of the church and make complaints and excuses to cover your faults, then you are nearing spiritual bankruptcy. Soon you will have to go out of the business of serving God.

It is time you came as the debtors did and ask to be forgiven of all these failures. God is willing to forgive you and to forget the debt. He will give you a new lease on life and start you out with a clean slate.

If you are losing out spiritually, you will be bankrupt before you know it. Take stock of your spiritual resources. If you are losing out, before you go bankrupt, get into the business with God. He is the best partner that you can choose. Lay up treasures in heaven and guard against spiritual bankruptcy.



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## This Is No Day For Fear



If tiny flower can throw aside  
A clod three times its size,  
Cannot a prince, a son of God,  
Above his burden rise?

Since April shower has not the power  
To stop the robin's song,  
Can we not rise above the tears  
And loud His praise prolong?

Since Christ has risen above the grave,  
And won for us a crown,  
Can we not fix our eyes on Him,  
And look no longer down?

Then spring thou up, oh trembling one,  
This is no day for fear;  
With sin and death a conquered foe  
And our Lord's coming near!

—Gospel Herald.

# Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

A weekly publication for the young people of  
the Church of God (7th Day)  
OFFICE EDITOR  
Blanche Kenight

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GUEST EDITORIAL

## The Right Thing

By Mary Holbert

Young people are frequently faced with problems that make them ask the question: "What is the right thing to do?"

Keeping the Sabbath properly is often one of those problems. Is it right to do this on Sabbath? Is it right to do that on Sabbath? How do you face this problem?

There are certain aspects to consider. First, the influence of the action upon your future and upon your character. If you say, "Well, I'll do this on Sabbath this time, but not again," you are laying the groundwork for future trouble.

Let us say you worked a few hours one Sabbath just to help out, or maybe it was a teacher's meeting you attended or per-

haps some business deal closed on Sabbath, or maybe only a social school function you attended on Friday night; any one of these things done once, breaks your rigid rules on keeping the Sabbath. The next time the situation arises and you are asked to do any one of these things on Sabbath, what will you say? If you refuse this time, the fact that you did them once will be thrown up to you, and you will have lost the one thing that was definitely in your favor—that being, that you cannot say of truth, "I don't do those things on Sabbath."

Another point to consider is this—the world is watching you. If you fall down in your standards of Sabbath keeping, you may become a stumbling block to another soul. 1 Cor. 8:9 says, "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of your's become a stumbling block to them that are weak."

Perhaps the most important consideration in view of your own soul's salvation is that when you fail to keep the Sabbath properly, you are breaking one of God's Ten Commandments. This is a serious offense and puts one in danger of the judgment.

Is it the right thing to do? Consider all aspects before you do your own pleasure on God's Sabbath day.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," Psa. 91:1.

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," John 8:31b, 32.



# The Eventide

A Synthetic Production

By M. S. Marrs

**D**ADDY AND MOTHER had gone into town for an evening's visit, and left the group of us children with Grandpa, who always made a splendid baby-sitter. And somehow with him sitting there in his old rocking chair on the front porch, laughing at the antics of the two young brothers who romped and tussled much as a pair of young kittens, with now and then a word of caution when the older of the two was a bit too rough, it seemed that he would have liked much to be able to join in the fun himself.

I was in my "teens" but unlike many other girls of my age, I was not one to care so much for the kind of entertainments customary in our community, but after a day's work common to a farmer's daughter it seemed that this particular sort of evening was just "tops" for a way to enjoy the twilight and dusk. So I just sat there nearby and watched, first the boys and then Grandpa, chuckling to myself quite as much over his good nature as over the antics of the boys.

But as all good things must

come to an end, so it was with the frolic, which ended as usual with a little cry and two little tikes piled up on an old quilt asleep. Then I glanced over Grandpa's way and thought I detected for the first time in a long while, a look of loneliness. So I walked closer and thinking to cheer him up a bit, I asked him if he ever thought he would like to just be a child again.

What do you suppose he said? "Not for the world, Hazel; I was a child once and had my fun, and troubles too, such as they were; but I was never satisfied, as I was always anxious for that something which seemed never possible to obtain. If I attained one goal there was always a something I was still as anxious for, always something just out of reach, and this continued to be my weakness long after I reached manhood. But for a number of years now I have resigned myself to the Lord's will. After all these things are pretty well planned and I would not care to begin it all over again."

"But, Grandpa," I said, "don't you kind of hate to be getting old?" "No Hazel," he said, "the

eventide of life, if you have lived right, is quite as happy a part of your day as any other time. Did you notice the pleasure those boys had just before they fell asleep? They were perfectly natural and contented till just at the last when a little difficulty changed it all, and now their worries are over and their joys too, till the dawning of a tomorrow, and the new day will take care of itself.

"And the 'tomorrow' I'm looking for, Hazel, won't have any of the troubles or anxieties I have found in my 'today.'"

"I suppose you are right," I said, "But I imagine there are some folks that can't have that outlook on the future." "No," he said, "but hope, for a Christian, is an anchor of the soul, something that brings confidence and contentment while one waits (if one waits patiently). But if we let ourselves continue to be anxious over a thousand things which are not within reach, if I should let myself yearn for the things of the past, against the plans of "The Almighty," I am reminded that Paul once said; "If in this life only we have hope. . . we are of all men most miserable."

Somehow this little chat has lingered with me through the years, and especially a further remark he made when I asked him how one could get into such a feeling of resignation. "Well," he said, "If you believe in Christ, just do as you think He would have done in all your undertakings and leave the rest up to Him. Don't let anything or anybody upset your plan for right thinking and right doing. The Lord will provide the way as He has for me, when you come to know him that way."

And now Grandpa sleeps as did

those little boys that eventide, waiting the coming of that brightest of all mornings, "God's Tomorrow."

*MORAL*—If one, in his or her teens will find time for the more sublime entertainment, one may find a lifelong reward of comfort or consolation which will scarcely come to the frivolous.

*To live in the past is not to have sufficient confidence in the future.*

*"Chasing butterflies," anxious building of "air castles" and impatient pursuit of wealth do not bring happiness, but oftentimes disappointment.*

*Only from the wise advice of the Godly can we find consolation for our own declining years.*

*It is better that we resign ourselves to the divine plan, for "Godliness with contentment is great gain."*

#### I AM THE BIBLE

**I speak every language under the sun; enter every corner of the earth.**

**I bring information, inspiration and recreation to all mankind.**

**I am the enemy of ignorance and slavery, the ally of enlightenment and liberty.**

**I treat all people alike, regardless of race, color, creed, or condition.**

**I have power to stretch man's vision, to deepen his feelings, and enrich his life.**

**I am a true friend, a wise counselor and a faithful guide.**

**I am as silent as gravitation, as pliant and powerful as the electric current; as enduring as the everlasting hills.**

**I am the bread of life, with the message of salvation for every lost soul.**

**I AM THE BIBLE.**

—Selected.

# Spiritual Bankruptcy

By Bertie Freeman



It is a sad thing to see people fail in business and have to file bankruptcy papers. After years of hard labor, sacrifice, and struggle then everything gone; yet it often happens. It is even sadder to see church members spiritually bankrupt. Not because of years of hard work and sacrifice, but because of the sins of omission and neglect.

My husband received a letter one day from a woman that we had known for years. Her husband had died very suddenly and she was left without much hope of seeing him in the first resurrection. She listed his good traits, his generosity and kindness, the help that he had given to others, his good humor, and how hard he had always worked. She ended her letter by saying, "Yet with all these good traits that he possessed, I have always been taught that the sins of omission are as great as the sins that are committed." Without that great hope which serves as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, we are bankrupt of spiritual things and heavenly companionship.

When the woman had spent all, she came to Jesus. "And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." Mark 5:

26. She realized that she had spent all and had nothing left to doctor with. Money and health gone; no one to whom she could turn; she was sick and destitute; she had "spent all."

Then came the story of this man, Jesus. The stories said that He could lay hands on the sick and they would recover; the halt were made to walk and the blind to see. She wondered if He did all this without taking money; no one else did; that was why she was bankrupt financially.

The more she heard of this wonderful healer the more convinced she became that He was her only hope, the only answer to one in her suffering and hopeless condition. She did not want to waste His precious time; His disciples said that He was a busy man. If He could heal by speaking the word, surely she could be healed by simply touching His garment, or just a portion of His robe. When the crowd gathered around Christ as He went through the town, she pushed in among them. If only she could be healed! How wonderful it would feel to be strong once more and able to serve and be a help to her family and friends. She found it hard to get close to this great man who held the miracle of healing in His hands. As she worked her way through the

# Destructive Saul Or Helpful Paul

By Virginia Munro

crowd she beheld "The Man." Why, He did not look like a physician, a healer of the sick and afflicted. He looked tired by the ceaseless round of busy exhausting days and nights without rest. As she looked, her faith became stronger and she felt drawn through the multitude as if by magic. She reached out her hand, faltering at first, then faith becoming stronger she touched His garment. Immediately she was healed. She felt the force of the healing flow through her body. When He turned to ask who had touched His robe, she could not deny that it was she.

After she had spent all her money and had lost her health she came to Jesus and was restored.

The prodigal took his inheritance and went out alone to see the world. My, how wonderful it was to be young and wealthy! He had friends on every hand. They were good friends too, they drank his wine, partook of his food, and had pleasure in his riotous way of life. This was the life! He took little notice of the price that he was paying. Nothing was too good for his friends and no pleasure too dear to satisfy the flesh.

Little by little the inheritance was wasted and the friends were beginning to look for greener pastures. At first he took little notice of their leaving and put it down to business or pleasures elsewhere.

One day the sun was bright and shining and the next day it was gloomy and dark. His money was almost gone. He got a position with one of his acquaintances, but that did not last long. First one job then another. He hardly knew what he was doing. One

thing sure, he was always tired and hungry now. The days dragged on and on, an endless round of work and drudgery. Not the gaiety and pleasure he had first known with the good friends that had long since departed. No friends to comfort and solace him, poor, destitute, and alone. "He had spent all"

One day he came to himself and to his shame found that he was in the pig sty—feeding the swine—an obnoxious job for a Jew to perform. When he began to take stock of himself he found that he had "Spent all" and was now a pauper. His thoughts turned toward home, and he remembered his father. How generous he was to the servants, why even they had more than he. He would arise and go to his father and confess that he was bankrupt both financially and spiritually. He had "spent all" so he went to his father.

One day God sent Joseph into Egypt. It was a long, arduous journey and not much to Joseph's liking, because he was shamefully treated. His brothers had sold him into bondage because of spite and jealousy. It was a cruel, hard blow for one so young. Yet Joseph endured because God willed it so. In all his afflictions and trials God was with him.

The day of the famine came and Joseph was prepared for it. God had prepared him for a time of famine with full grain houses. Joseph had stock in heaven that the Egyptians knew nothing about. When they had "spent all" they came to Joseph. Gen. 47:18.

Notice that the woman in Mark 5:26, and the prodigal and the

Please turn to page 16

Once there lived a young man whose name was Saul. He was well known and was liked by some of the people that knew him; however, there was one certain group of people whom Saul considered as his enemies. They were the people who believed in Christ, and Saul believed that it was his duty to destroy as many of these people as he could.

One day he obtained permission from the king to go to a town called Damascus to bind all of the disciples of Christ that he could find there, and to bring them back to Jerusalem to be put in prison or killed. He got a few other men to go with him and started on his way. When he was almost to Damascus, all of a sudden a bright light shone around him from heaven and he fell to the ground. Then he heard the Lord say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul was frightened terribly by all of this, but he managed to get enough courage to ask who it was that was talking to him. Then the answer came, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Saul, trembling and astonished, asked the Lord what He wanted him to do. The Lord told him to arise and to go into Damascus and there it would be told him what he must do.

The men who came with Saul just stood there speechless, for

they had heard the voice, but had not seen anyone. When Saul arose to go on his way to Damascus, he found that he was blind and the men had to lead him on to the town. When Saul reached Damascus he prayed and the Lord showed him in a vision that Ananias would come in and touch him so that he might receive his sight. And that is just what happened. Ananias put his hands on Saul and told him that the Lord had sent him so that Saul might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost. Then Saul was baptized. Later his name was changed to Paul and he was one of the most helpful disciples that the Lord ever had.

Let us not be a destructive Saul, but instead, let us be a helpful Paul and do our part as a disciple of the Lord. If we do, I am sure that we will never regret it even if we do have to put up with a lot of hard things in doing so.—Written by a student of Spring Vale Academy.

## WISDOM

When I have ceased to break my wings  
Against the faultiness of things,  
And learned that compromises wait  
Behind each hardly opened gate,  
When I can look life in the eyes,  
Grown calm and very coldly wise,  
Life will have given me the Truth,  
And taken in exchange—my youth.

—Sel.



## LETTER FROM GRANDMOTHER LOIS

My Dear Boy,

It seemed good to hear you say, "I'm sorry," the other day when Mrs. Jones told you and the boys with you that she did not like to have you cutting across her yard when it was soft. She likes to have green grass there, and flowers in the borders, and careless people running across there will prevent the desired beauty in her little paradise.

Satan tempts many folks to argue and makes disrespectful answers when asked to stop doing some troublesome deed. They never say "I'm sorry," when they have annoyed someone, and hard feelings result.

Between human beings and God, also mutual feeling is lost, if one has no repentance, that is, if one never says, "I'm sorry" for wrong done. Repentance is very necessary in the kingdom of God. Repentance is a rather long word and not easily understood, till one learns it means simply being sorry for mistakes and turning away from the temptation.

I have written to your sister about not turning at the right time and then getting scorched and corrupted, by staying too long near a bad thing, and I hope you can get the idea too.

It really is just an easy to turn away from a bad thing as it is to turn toward it, if we only think so. And it doesn't take any more

breath to say, "I'm sorry" when a wrong is done, than to say, "I don't care."

There are thousands--yes, millions of people, spoiling God's beautiful creation, and never thinking to feel repentant about it and say, "I'm sorry." I think you are too sensible a boy to do that way.

You will probably appreciate a few words the Apostle Paul said about this subject in Rom. 2:4.

"...The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."

We can be led into all sorts of bypath evils, but at every turn the goodness of God is there to lead us to turn the right way and to say, "I'm sorry," when the going is slippery and mistakes result. God has so much blessing and benefit when He calls us to follow the gleam of the right way, that it is our own fault if we step aside and get dragged down to death. Keep your eyes alert to see His signs. Fond prayers are woven around you by

Grandmother Lois.

## CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 5

*(This story is about the life of Christ. In the book of Matthew you will find the correct words to complete the story.)*

Christ went from Galilee to (1) ..... to be baptized by (2) ..... After He had been baptized He was walking by the sea of (3) ....., and here He found four men who became His

disciples. He told them to follow Him and they left their work and went with Him.

One Sabbath as Jesus and His disciples were passing through a field, they were hungry and ate some of the grain. The (4) ..... said they were doing things which were not lawful. To these people Jesus said, "For the Son of man is (5) ..... even of the (6) .....

..... day." The people asked for a sign from (7) ..... to prove He was the Son of God. Jesus answered, "there shall no sign be given. . . . but the sign of the prophet (8) ....." As the prophet was three days and three nights in the (9) ..... belly, so shall the (10) ..... of man be three days and three nights in the (11) ..... of the (12) .....

When the disciples asked Jesus, "Who is greatest in the (13) of (14) ....." He called a little (15) ..... unto Him and set him among the disciples. Then He said, "Except ye be (16) ....., and become as little (17) ..... ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus taught the people that He would come to earth again. He said, "Take heed that no man (18) ..... you. For many shall come in my (19) ....., saying, I am (20) .....; and shall (21) ..... many." The coming of Christ will be known to all, and no one will have to tell us who He is, when He comes again.

## MARTHA ANN'S SONG

Martha Ann was out in the back yard hanging up the weekly wash of the Brown family. As she toiled she sang, loud and clear, a merry little song.

The grocer's boy, trudging along in the dusty street, heard it, and whistled the same tune, forgetting that the basket he held was almost too heavy for him to carry.

Mrs. Brown heard it, too. Poor Mrs. Brown! She was always at work in her stuffy little house, and always tired. But the song flew in through the open window, and she smiled at it, because it was a careless, happy little thing. Before she knew it, she was singing as she moved about--something she had not done for many a weary day.

Baby May heard the rippling sounds. Her little white teeth were pushing their way up into sight. They hurt the little girl, those tiny hidden teeth, so that she fretted uneasily and cried to be comforted. But the merry song laughed at her, and she listened and cooed and dimpled with delight and reached out her pretty arms as if she would catch and hold it fast.

A little girl who had been a shut-in for several weeks, and was down-hearted and blue because she could not go about, also heard the song, and unconsciously hummed the merry tune.

Just a little song, such as any one might sing, quickly sung and

quickly sinking into silence, but what a pleasant mission it had in the world!

It is worth while to be a Martha Ann for Jesus' sake; to drop a little oil of gladness on the

grinding wheels of life, to make them run a little easier and a little smoother. Even you and I can do that.—*The Wesleyan Methodist.*

## Your Garden Seeds

Your seeds blow into my garden, friend,  
Whenever the wind is right;  
They blow on wings of the breeze by day,  
And they ride on the gales by night.

Your seeds blow into my garden, friend,  
An nestle among my flowers;  
In the soft, sweet soil of my garden plot  
They wait for the sun and the showers.

Whatever you grow in your garden, friend,  
Of beauty, or ugly weed,  
The Fall will come, and the wind will blow,  
And over will come your seed.

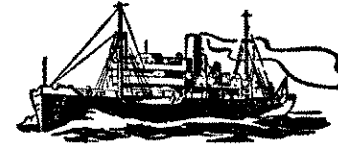
Your words blow into my life, my friend,  
Or, whether of good or ill,  
Your thoughts fly over, like ships of love,  
Or daggers that pierce and kill.

Your smiles blow into my heart, dear friend,  
And neighbor across the way;  
They blow and blossom in buds of love  
A blessing to life all day.

Your life is a garden to me, dear friend,  
And planted with living deeds.  
So over and over the wall will blow  
Into my garden, your seeds.

—Selected.

At Sea, May 8, 1951.



## Dear Diary...

Amsterdam and the Dijk family are now far behind. We shall long remember these dear friends and their kindness to us and firmly believe it was God's will that we spent this time in Holland.

The night before we left, Ploon took us to the home of a Mrs. Westerdaal where we met four sisters of Sister T. Neinhuis, of Galt, Calif. We found much common ground for they were glad to hear what we could tell of their relatives in America and showed great interest in our planned work in Africa. These people are also Sabbath-keeping folk.

Ploon went with us to the boat and saw us board, then as the "Maaskerk" blew the whistle and started slowly out of the port, three of the "Dijk and Zonen" boats came rushing from their various places of business to wave a last good-by. Wim stopped his boat at the dock and Ploon boarded; then they with another brother came alongside our ship for quite a long ways. They threw Frank a package of the black bread he had learned to like so well, but it fell short and was lost in the water—a fact Frank lamented the rest of the day. Shortly another of the boats carrying the father and Evert came to wave to us. How warm and happy it made us feel to have these friends—arms waving like

the traditional windmills—shouting their best wishes and good-byes. Finally the boats turned back and for some distance we could see them watching us through binoculars; then they were gone.

Turning our attention to our surroundings, we were pleased to find comfortable accommodations and a friendly atmosphere among both passengers and officers. The "Maaskerk" is a cargo ship with accommodations for about sixty passengers besides the crew.

Our first stop was Antwerp, Belgium, where the crew loaded freight for the most of two days. We marveled at the ship's capacity as load after load of building materials, cars, iron pots, etc., was stored in the hold for African ports. Since we had such a lengthy stop, the immigration officers came aboard to examine our passports; then we were allowed to go ashore. We were glad for the opportunity to board a small train and go to Brussels, about a 30-minute journey through a beautiful countryside. Spring was farther advanced here than in Holland and fruit trees were in full bloom. The language of Antwerp is Flemish and of Brussels is French, so we found few people with whom we could converse at great length. Antwerp still wears the scars of war, but

Hurcels was not so badly affected.

Dover, England, was the next stop and we thought the white cliffs were just as nice as we had heard. The water was very calm and a beautiful color. Here we took on more passengers and over 2500 bags of mail. I had an almost irresistible urge to prow through them for the church papers I felt sure were there. I am quite starved for that sort of reading.

After taking on these passengers we took stock of our company and discovered we are the only Americans on board, but there is quite an assortment from Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, Syria, Indonesia, England, and Ireland. Frank has made friends with a young German fellow who is a member of the European Apostle Church. He seems to like our company (came in for morning worship with us one morning) and only this morning brought me a box of candy, honoring my birthday. The German people are not very popular among those whose countries were occupied during the war, but this boy is much too young to have been in service and so friendly as to be generally accepted. Another German fellow came to sit in our group and see View Master pictures of America and said he hoped I wouldn't be angry with him when I learned he was on a German submarine during the war. I assured him the war was over as far as I was concerned.

The View Master pictures are much in demand and America is looked upon as a Utopia; truly I have never been so thankful to be an American as since seeing

the life of the average European. Many times we have been asked, "Why did you leave a country like America to go live in Africa?" They have little concept of God as an impelling force in the life of an individual, nor can they understand a message of divine love so vital that it must be shared with others.

Land was a welcome sight by the time we reached the Canary Islands. We had been stranded by a motor breakdown for some 12 to 14 hours within sight of the islands which we could see were quite mountainous, but it was with a lot of interest we enjoyed a closer look. The northern section, although mountainous, was dotted with green fields and small farms. We were told bananas are an export of this Spanish possession. The southern part had mountains resembling those of Arizona. In this section we also saw many flying fish which were quite a novelty to us.

We have enjoyed calm waters, for the most part and so far the weather remains cool enough to require a jacket in the shade, although we are well below the latitude of the Sahara Desert. Today, small birds are darting in and out of the water behind the ship, assuring us that the coast of Africa is not far to the east of us.

My husband is writing some of the interesting experiences we have had in which we have seen the hand of God in many small ways. These things increase our faith and happiness in serving Him and remind us that His all-seeing eye watches over us at all times. His letter will likely be printed in the *Bible Advocate*.

Please turn to page 16.

## Three Doors

Doors are very interesting things. The Bible has much to say about them. Here are three lessons about important Bible doors.

### *The Door of Blessing*

It was just an ordinary door, but all the city had gathered together before it. Of course there was a reason.

Only a short time before, a little woman whose cheeks were flushed with fever, and whose brow was fired with its heat, lay helpless, with throbbing pulse, upon the bed within this very house (Mark 1:29-34). But she was well now, and there was a reason for that, too.

Someone had entered the door. He was the Son of God. All power was in His hand. When He touched the woman's hand all fever fled from her immediately. Something else happened, too. When news that the little woman was healed got around, people began to say, "Jesus is there!" Then they came—needing no other invitation. The needy and sinful came—so many of them that there was no room in the house and they crowded about the door. Soon the whole city had gathered to see the woman who was healed and the One who had made her well again. It must have been a day of Heavenly joy when our Lord Jesus was there at the door.

### *The Door of Safety*

In Genesis 6:1-22, we read of

another door and find that God was at that door. When Noah built the ark, God had told him to build it with three stories. A door was to be built in the second and a window in the top. Some laughed at Noah for building the ark, for they had never seen rain before. But when God told them to, Noah and his family entered in and when the storm did come, then God shut the door and no one else could enter. Those outside perished. Those inside were saved. Those outside were lost because they were on the wrong side of the door. Those inside were saved because they were on the right side.

Our Lord Jesus is the only door into God's Ark of salvation today. None shall be saved from the wrath to come except those who come through Him, for He said, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John 14:1-6). Until you confess your sin and accept His salvation, you are on the outside, the wrong side. After you are saved you are on the inside, the right side. On which side are you this very minute?

### *The Door of Friendship*

Again, in Revelation 3:20, we find the Lord Jesus at the door. He says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." This is a wonderful invitation for us who have trusted in the Lord Je-

and. It invites us to open our heart to the Savior and allow Him to live in us. It tells us that we can be a very close friend of our Savior.

He wants to walk with us each day. He also wants to talk with us each day. He is interested in our sorrows and in our joys alike. Do you know Him in this way? Do you read your Bible each day? That is the way He talks to His friends today. Do you pray each day? That is the way you can talk to Him. It is a wonderful thing to be on friendly terms with the Son of God. Is He your friend? He wants to be.

*My Chum,*

### SHUT THE DOOR

When thou hast shut thy door,  
Shut out from thee, O anxious care,  
With all its sharp temptations sore,  
For, He is there.

When thou hast shut thy door,  
Shut out from thee, O pain and grief,  
Bereavements—pressure to the core;  
He gives relief.

When thou hast shut thy door,  
And all left there behind that wall  
Of God's own care, forevermore,  
He takes it all.

When thou hast shut thy door,  
Shut out thyself—He, only, on  
Holding for thee but to adore,  
He works within.  
L. S. P., in Full Gospel and Rescue  
Journal.

### PSALM 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.  
Serve the Lord with gladness:  
come before his presence with

singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanks giving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.



### IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known  
What troubles you were bearing,  
What griefs were in the silence of  
your face,

I would have been more gentle and  
more caring,  
And tried to give you gladness for a  
space.

I would have brought more warmth  
into the place.

If I had known,

If I had known  
What thoughts despairing drew you,  
Why do we never understand?  
I would have lent a little friendship  
to you,

And slipped my hand within your  
lonely hand,  
And made your stay more pleasant in  
the land.

If I had known,

—Lighted Pathway.

## Young People's Department

### PROGRAM FOR JUNE 9, 1951 CHRISTIAN ARMOR

*Song Service*—An arousing song service for 15 minutes, of good choruses and hymns.

*Opening Song*—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

*Scripture Reading*—Eph. 6:10-17  
*Prayer*—while kneeling. The theme of the prayer should be for Christians to constantly be on guard against the enemy of our souls.

*Offering*—  
*Special Features*—Have as many poems, recitations, and readings, as possible, that pertain to the topic.

Discuss each part of the Christian armor.

*Choruses*—"Give Me Oil In My Lamp," and "Every Promise In The Book Is Mine."

The rest of this program should be devoted to memory verses.

*Closing Song*—"Have Thine Own Way, Lord."

*Closing Prayer*—

### LOS ANGELES REPORT

The Young People of the Los Angeles Church of God (7th Day) continue to hold their monthly meetings, besides all their other activities. This group is a very active group, going out to visit the sick and putting on special programs. Just recently they made such a trip to the General Hospital in Los Angeles. They gave an hour program through a public address system by which they

could contact around 1500 patients.

The Los Angeles young people meet the second Sabbath evening of every month. The third Sabbath they present a good program to the congregation in Los Angeles in the morning, and then go across the city to Baldwin Park where they present a similar program to the congregation there.

Our last regular meeting was held on the night of May 12. The meeting was opened by the singing of choruses. The twenty-third Psalm was repeated and prayer requests were taken. Prayer was offered by Elder Stacy. The program consisted of the following: "He Leadeth Me"—a reading by Thelma Willhelm. "The Lord is My Shepherd"—a duet by Orabelle Youngs and Eva Norton. "His Care"—a poem by Harold Willhelm. "The Ninety and Nine"—An accordian duet by Orabelle Youngs and Alvina Stacy.

In our meetings we have been studying the articles of belief of the Church of God, and this night we studied "The Pre-existence of Christ." This study was conducted by Elder Stacy. The meeting was dismissed with prayer, after which a business meeting followed.

The officers for the next six months are as follows:

Overseer—Thelma Willhelm.  
Asst. overseer—Eva Norton. Secretary—Alvina Stacy. Asst. Sec.—Pauline Kiger. Treasurer—Orabelle Youngs.