



Vol. XV, No. 45

Stanberry, Missouri

June 11, 1951

My Pal of Pals

By Norman C. Schlichter

When I'm in trouble there's a pal I know,
And to that pal I always go,
My comrade, dad.

Maybe it's about my garden plot.
He's had experience, and knows a lot.
He'll show me, dad.

Maybe it's about my algebra class.
I'm a little afraid I might not pass.
He'll help me, dad.

Maybe it's about some party stuff
When some of us get a bit too rough.
I come clean with dad.

Maybe it's about some real deep thing
Over which I've done some studying.
I trust in dad.

And dad sometimes will quietly say,
"If I were you, I believe I'd pray."
And I listen to dad.

—Sel.

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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

OFFICE EDITOR
Blanche Benight

Entered as second class matter January 3, 1950, at the Post Office, Stanberry, Missouri, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Owned by the General Conference of the Church of God (7th Day), published weekly (except one issue during the annual camp meeting in August, and one during the last week of December) at Stanberry, Missouri.

Subscription Rates: Single copies, \$1.50 per year; six or more to one address \$1.00 each per year; foreign \$2.00 per year.



"JUST LIKE HIS DAD"

"Well, what are you going to be, my boy,

When you have reached manhood's years;

A doctor, a lawyer, or actor great.

Moving throngs to laughter and tears?"

But he shook his head, as he gave reply

In a serious way he had:

"I don't think I'd care to be any of them:

I WANT TO BE LIKE MY DAD!"

He wants to be like his dad! **YOU MEN,**

Did you ever think, as you pause,
That the boy who watches your ever move

Is building a set of laws?

He's molding a life you're the model for,

And whether it's good or bad
Depends on the kind of example set
To the boy who'd be **LIKE HIS DAD.**

Would you have him go everywhere
you go?

Have him do just the things you
do?

And see everything that your eyes
behold,

And woo all the gods you woo?

When you see the worship that shines
in the eyes

Of your lovable little lad,

COULD YOU REST CONTENT if
he gets his wish

And grows to be like his dad?

It's a job that none but yourself can
fill;

It's a charge you must answer for;
It's a duty to show him the road to
tread

Ere he reaches his manhood's door.
It's a debt you owe for the greatest
joy

On this old earth to be had;
This pleasure of having a boy to raise
Who wants to be like his dad!

—Selected.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.—Prov. 1:8.

For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death.—Mark 7:10.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction: but a scorner heareth not rebuke.—Prov. 13:1.

A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.—Proverbs 15:5.

For God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and mother: and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death.—Matthew 15:4.

Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise. Ephesians 6:2.



Honor Thy Father

By Bertie Freeman

'Honor thy parents, those that gave thee birth, and watched in tenderness thine earliest days, and trained thee up in youth, and loved in all. Honor, obey, and love them; it shall fill their souls with holy joy, and shall bring down God's richest blessings on thee; and in days to come, thy children if they're given, shall honor thee, and fill thy life with peace.'—Tyron Edwards.



ARE TOO often the word "father" means nothing in a household but the breadwinner, the man who supplies food, shelter, and comforts and is entitled to work day and night to supply the wants of a family. He is often referred to as the "old man" and spoken to only when the need arises for money or the family car.

Mothers threaten children with father, "Wait until Daddy gets home," or "Your father will hear of this." Nine times out of ten father never hears the story, and nine times out of ten it would have been better had he been told.

Fathers should hold a place of honor in every home. It has been said that God could not be everywhere so he made mothers. Let Father be included in that, too. Most fathers feel a deep sense of responsibility for the welfare of their families. It is their duty to provide the necessities and comforts of life, but are they not to enjoy them, too?

The first commandment with promise is to, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy

days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Each father should receive the honor due him from his children; obedience, respect, and love.

Sometimes children feel that fathers are not lenient enough with them. Have you ever considered that Christian fathers can go no farther than the will of God? Sin is sometimes gilded and painted so that it bears small likeness to sin on the outside, but parents can see the snares and pitfalls that youth will only be able to see as they grow older.

Abraham was a godly man and a good father. Isaac being his only son by Sarah, no doubt he greatly loved the boy, but he listened to the voice of God regardless of his love for his son. It must have been a terrible ordeal for Abraham to go all the way up Mt. Moriah with this only son for a sacrifice. He shielded Isaac until the very last. When the boy asked about a sacrifice, Abraham replied, "God will provide a lamb."

It is the wish of all godly fathers that their children reach the kingdom of God. It is for

this reason that fathers look after the welfare of their children's souls as well as the physical needs and comforts of life.

All fathers may not be able to provide the luxuries of life, but what greater heritage can be given to one's children than the gifts of courage, strength, reliability, truthfulness, and charity.

After Father was taken ill and could not go around as he once did, he used to sit by the fire and read the Bible aloud. I can see him yet, rocking back and forth in the rocking chair beside the open fireplace, reading his favorite book, *The Acts of The Apostles*. More than once he has said to me, "We need to live like the first Christians did, have more love and charity for others." We can praise God that charity never faileth. It is the divine love of God. Dad couldn't leave me money, but what could have been better than the hope he left that serves as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast and endures beyond the grave: the hope of the first resurrection.

"We never know the love of the parent till we become parents ourselves. When we first bend over the cradle of our own child, God throws back the temple door, and reveals to us the sacredness and mystery of a father's and a mother's love. And in later years when they have gone from us, there is always a certain sorrow, that we cannot tell them that we have found it out. One of the deepest experiences of a noble nature in reference to the loved ones that have passed beyond this world, is the thought of what he might have been to them, and done for them, if he had known, while they were liv-

ing, what he has learned since they died."—H. W. Beecher.

How true it is that we often neglect doing the little things that make life pleasant for others until they have passed beyond our reach; then to our eternal regret it is forever too late.

Our family was never a demonstrative family. We were always very close, yet nothing much was ever mentioned in the way of endearments. We showed our love and appreciation by the help that we gave each other and the things we did to please Mother and Dad. Yet in the years that have gone by since Dad died I often wonder, "Was I as appreciative as I should have been; did Dad really know that I loved him very much?"

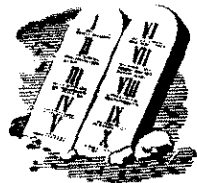
Our love to father is shown by the honor we give him; not of fear or desire for the things he can give us, but by the lives we live as he has taught us to live, and the hurts that we do not inflict. It is far better to bear one's hurts with the help of God rather than make parents suffer needless pain and anguish of spirit and soul because of our own will and desires, that in the end, profit us not at all.

Paul admonishes fathers to love their children and children to obey their parents. This is good in the sight of the Lord.

We feel that parents stand between us and death, a kind of shield that keeps us from danger and hurt. When they are gone we are placed in the front of the battle of life to shift for ourselves. Remember that fathers can be hurt and their hearts made to bleed for the waywardness of their children just the

Please turn to page 16.

Comparing The Laws Of God



By Edwin Coulson

If you have read the Bible, you have undoubtedly heard about the laws of God; or maybe you believe like some people that we should not say laws of God, only the law of God because you believe that God only made one law. If you believe that there is only one law, I would like to have you explain a few things to me. Why, in James 1 and 2, does it call the law a perfect law, a law of liberty? Then in Ephesians why is it called a law of commandments which is against us? Surely this same law cannot be a perfect law, a law of liberty, and still be a law against God's people. There must be more than one law if one is perfect and the other is against us.

In Exodus we have the record of God giving His law to the people. In Ex. 20 we find God speaking a law. This law was the Ten Commandments. In Deuteronomy 5 Moses rehearsed this law and in closing he said, "These words the Lord spake unto all your assembly . . . and he added no more. And he wrote them in two tables of stone, and delivered them unto me." This is one complete law of God containing ten commandments spoken by God, written on two tables of stone by God, and put in the ark so the people would have them at all

times.

After finishing the Ten Commandments, God called Moses to Him and spoke with him privately. Ex. 21:1, "Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them." Here we find God giving Moses another law or judgments which Moses was to set before the people. In Deut. 31:24-26 Moses is writing a law in a book. This book was placed in the side of the ark which contained the tables of stone with the Ten Commandments on them. The law which God spoke to Moses and Moses wrote in a book is called the "Law of Moses" because it was given to Moses to give to the people and because Moses had to write it.

The Ten Commandments contain ten commands that the people of God were to obey. There was no punishment defined in this law—just ten commandments. The Law of Moses differed from the Ten Commandments in that it contained a command and the punishment or judgments for breaking the Ten Commandments. There is also found in the Law of Moses a list of sacrifices for each sin which was committed. When Christ came He changed all this; He became the supreme sacrifice for sin. In Eph. 2:13-15 it refers to the Law of Moses as the commandments con-

tained in the ordinances. These are the commandments that were against us; they were fulfilled and abolished at the death of Christ.

Even though Christ fulfilled and abolished the Law of Moses, He taught the keeping of the Ten Commandments. In Matt. 19: 16-22 the story is told of a rich young man who came to Jesus asking what he must do to have eternal life. Jesus told him to keep the commandments. The young man asked which commandments, because he realized that there was more than one law or set of commandments. Jesus quoted several of the Ten Commandments to show which ones He meant. This shows that Jesus taught the keeping of the Ten Commandments.

VOICES THAT CALL

Mrs. Burnette Fish

We had finished our breakfast, and the kitchen was quiet except for the low murmur of the cook's voice as he read from the Bible. He and the houseboy were having their morning devotions. My own heart grew meditative as I breathed a silent prayer that God would bless their souls in their simple act of worship. Suddenly a loud voice from the outside broke the stillness, and I heard the cook say, "You wait; we are praying." Again the voice came, louder and more demanding. Again the voice of the cook said, "You wait; we are praying."

"You wait." How many times as the call to prayer comes there are voices clamoring from the outside: the many duties that are waiting, the problems we often

feel we must "think through," the interruptions by friends and neighbors, or even the literal disturbances of outside voices. And how many times the outside voice gets the preference, and prayers go neglected! To be able to say, "You wait," to the outside voice and to attend first to prayer—what an achievement!

"We are praying." Just these words without further explanation, unboastful, unashamed. Why is it that we sometimes feel almost apologetic when someone finds us either in private devotion or family worship?

I could not but wonder what the effect was upon the one waiting on the outside. I have also wondered what a difference it would make if all who call themselves Christians would take more seriously the times which are set aside for prayer, both individually and collectively. The voice from the outside calls and in a wavering voice we say, "It's time for my devotions, but I could have them later." Let us learn to say to the outside voices, "You wait; we are praying."

—*Gospel Herald.*

"Many people budget their income but few budget their time. Why shouldn't we allow some time to attending God's business? He knows our qualifications and resources. He sees right through our excuses and demands our best."

"What America needs is more wild life in the country and less in the city."

"Action without thought is like shooting without aim."

David and A Challenge

By Reta Ling

We find in 1 Samuel 7:45 that David said to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." David said this as he was preparing to fight Goliath. Let us go back to the beginning of the story.

The Israelites were preparing to fight with the Philistine army and one day a giant named Goliath came out and said, "Give me a man that will fight with me," for Goliath was six cubits and a span tall, and he was sure no one could beat him. The Israelites were afraid. Then one day as David was taking some food to his brothers, he heard Goliath's challenge: "Who will come and fight with me? If our side wins the fight you will come and be our servants, but if you succeed in killing me we will be your servants." David said he would fight this giant.

Saul gave David his armour to wear, for Saul thought, "He is so small. He will need some protection." David was not used to wearing it, and he had not proved it, so he took it off. David took his sling shot, and as he was on his way to meet Goliath, he picked up five smooth stones from the brook.

When Goliath saw it was only a youth he was to fight, he said,

"Am I a dog?" and he cursed David.

As Goliath drew near, David ran in haste toward him. Then he put a stone in his sling shot and hurled it at Goliath. The stone sank into his forehead and he fell upon his face to the earth. David cut off Goliath's head with his own sword.

The Philistines fled when this happened, and the Israelites shouted and rejoiced.

Goliath may represent the big share of the people today who are in sin. David may represent the people that are not in sin and know the Lord. The world today has many trials and battles, but we will always win if we have the Lord on our side.

Yes, David only had a sling shot and some stones with which to fight Goliath. We know by this example that he really must have trusted in God, or he would not have gone out to fight such a huge man.

David was a brave boy, and when he grew up, he became one of the best rulers of Israel.

Written by a freshman student of Spring Vale Academy.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust," 2 Peter 1:4.

TEEN



LETTER FROM GRANDMOTHER LOIS

My dear Grandson,

I have a question for you to answer.

What should a boy do with his life, when his father has left him a good name for devotion and honesty, and a rich estate established by purity of life and industry?

Should he take all the physical benefits and waste them and forget about the spiritual benefits?

By physical benefits I mean good food, neat clothing, comfortable home, and some money to spend.

By spiritual benefits I mean patience and knowledge to provide food, clothing, and home; honesty to do this without injuring fellow human beings; and faith and gratitude to God who created different kinds of food, and materials like cotton, wool, wood, iron, and others for use and enjoyment.

I read something in the Bible, just a few words, and then a story that went with them. These are the few words found in Psalm 132:12, God's promise to David: "If thy children shall keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them, their children shall also sit upon thy throne forever more."

The story that seems to go with this verse is a true one and concerns all boys and their fathers. It tells about a man well known

in the history of our country, for he helped frame the Declaration of Independence, and was thrifty and blessed in his work, so that he left a generous estate to his son and daughter. The son wanted his share in a few years, and never was sorry for it, as was the prodigal son in Jesus' parable; instead he called his father's strict virtue puritanical, and left it to indulge in all the excesses of the fast set, getting into debt, then into money dishonestly, sliding out of obligations, and going from city to city in dishonest repeated disappearances. At the end of his travels he died a pauper in a foreign city, leaving a trail of dishonor and debt, for his sister to straighten out.

I hope my boy will understand about the throne each one of us inherits as a son of God and a citizen of a kingdom we pray for as often as we pray, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come." From Moses (see Ex. 19:3-6) to Revelation (1:6) and to our own time, and forevermore this kingly throne invites us to rule our lives upon it. Tell me, do you catch the glory of it? I hope so.

Lovingly,
Grandmother Lois

THE TERRIBLE BURDEN OF CHORES

IN one of his delightful talks about his home life as a boy on a farm a noted author makes his



TALK

boy hero say, "I'd rather do all the work than the chores," and that is probably what every boy and girl would echo. The terrible burden of chores! Washing dishes, sweeping walks, digging dandelions out of the lawns, feeding the family pets, going to the store for a pound of tea that somebody forgot to order with the rest of the groceries, weeding the onion bed under the hot sun and all the rest of the homely little tasks that beset young folks are very distasteful. To see big sister turn out a lovely frock, or big brother come in jingling the cash he earned out of school hours makes the "small fry" envious and discontented.

The dress stands for something, but washing dishes! In a few hours those very dishes will be sticky with egg and gravy and cream sauce and the whole performance will have to be done over. The dress will probably last a year and be a joy while it does last, but washing dishes lasts about four hours and then the routine comes again.

But wait a minute! It was doing the small tasks well and quickly that fitted big brother and big sister for the harder and bigger things. Probably they did not like the chores very well themselves a few years back but they had to stick to them, most parents are built that way, and so they learned to do the tasks their hearts desired later on. The beautiful dress did not come by magic but is the lineal descendant

of the puckered, tear-stained bit of work of earlier days. Brother probably got his paying job because the proprietor of the store had seen him manfully pushing the family lawn mower in days gone by. Some people say they prefer to hire boys from large families rather than petted only sons who have had little experience with disagreeable things.

The other day a girl grumbled thirty minutes about dusting a room. By and by a chum came in who liked to dust and together they did the task thoroughly in exactly ten minutes. It was a pleasure to do it when there was a promised ride to the country in prospect, and a chum to help. Did you ever notice on your camping trips and hikes and picnics how some boys and girls shirk and leave the heavy tasks and the details to others? They seem to think that nobody notices their laziness, or lack of skill, but they are almost always the ones who have never been trained in doing chores. Somebody once said that no boy ever amounted to anything without a liberal education in the way of chores, so to all those young people who are fretting and grumbling now and wishing for something big to do let it be said that chores are really the kindergarten for the big things, and a very enjoyable kindergarten if one chooses to make it so. —Selected.

Hand this paper to a friend.

WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE OCEANS?

We must believe God's Word about it. He made the sea and all that is therein. He tells us. The wierd tales told in our history books are so grotesque and foolish that I am surprised the account is permitted in our classrooms. These dreamers say that when the earth cooled off, the moisture in the air condensed and fell as rain on the hills. Then it was supposed to flow down into the low places, forming the lakes and oceans. As a matter of fact, roughly speaking, 1,700 volumes of steam at 212 degrees F. and under atmospheric pressure will form one volume of water when condensed. At this rate a cubic mile of steam would give just three feet of water over one square mile of surface. Now, if you know a mathematician who would like a real job, have him figure out how much steam or vapor would have to be in the air in order to make all the water that is in the oceans and that is in the lakes and rivers. The thing is preposterous! Those who teach this fool'sh theory have failed to figure where this supposition would lead them. These dreamers fail to tell us how the salt got into the ocean. They have sense enough to leave some things unsaid. The only logical conclusion is that God made the seas and made them salty at the beginning of His creation. These things did not happen by evolutionary methods.

—Walter L. Wilson, M. D.

THE LORD'S ANSWER

A man once said to a servant of the Lord: "I am such a helpless,

miserable sinner; there is no hope for me. I have prayed, and resolved and tried, and vowed until I am sick of my unavailing efforts."

"Do you believe that Christ died for our sins, and rose again?" was the reply.

"Of course I do."

"If He were here on earth in bodily and visible form, what would you do?"

"I would go to Him at once."

"What would you say to Him?"

"I would tell Him that I am a lost sinner."

"What would you ask Him?"

"I would ask Him to forgive and save me."

"What would He answer?"

The man was silent.

"What would He answer?"

At last the light came into his eyes, and a smile of peace stole over his face as he whispered, "He would answer, 'I will.'" And the man went away believing, rejoicing "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Since then he has been working faithful for the Christ who saved him for nothing.—*Sel.*

DON'T FORGET

Aleen Morris

Don't forget the Shut-ins, they like to be remembered, too! Show them that someone cares, let the sunshine come through.

It helps so much to know that friends are thinking of you, and trying their love to show, so, please, don't forget the Shut-ins!

Send a word of cheer, or make a friendly visit. It will fill their hearts with gladness and smiles will quickly appear.

To Join Faculty Of New College

Our young people will be glad to learn that Sister Betty Maynor has consented to come to Stanberry and teach in the college which is to begin in September.

Sister Maynor is the daughter of Eld. and Mrs. Otto Haerber. Elder Haerber is treasurer for the General Conference at Denver, Colorado.

The addition of Sister Maynor to our faculty will make it possible for us to maintain all the freshman college classes necessary for the first year. She is a graduate from the University of Southern

California as of 1942, with a degree of Master of Arts granted in 1948. She was a regular instructor in the university for one term as an assistant teacher. She taught seven years in the secondary schools of California, two of which were in Los Angeles.

Last year she obtained leave from the Los Angeles schools to teach in our Spring Vale Academy and such leave expires if she does not report this fall for work there. This will cause her to forfeit her seniority and retirement benefits in California and Los An-

geles as well as her job; but she is taking the course that several others have taken—to serve the Lord in His work trusting that He will provide. Not all of our wages will be paid in this life when we

serve Him, but we are laying up treasures for future use where wealth will count for something.

Each day we are faced with examples of sacrifice on the part of those who love the Lord. We welcome Sister Maynor into the fold of servants of God who serve, not for fame nor glory,

nor yet the material things of life; but for a home with Jesus in His kingdom everlasting.

We hope there will be a good number of our young men and women now plan to enter college this fall in preparation for full service for the Master. God needs men who are prepared, but prepared men need God more. Young women also need to prepare for service, for there is much missionary work to be done, and a successful missionary must be prepared.

B.F.M.



Betty Haerber Maynor

DO YOU JUST BELONG?

BELIEVING, BUT NOT UNDERSTANDING

Are you an active member,
The kind that would be missed
Or are you just contented
That your name is on the list?
Do you attend the meetings,
And mingle with the crowd,
Or do you stay at home
And crab both long and loud?
Do you take an active part
To help the organization along,
Or are you satisfied to be
The kind to "just belong"?
Do you ever go to visit
A member that is sick
Or leave the work for just a few
And talk about the clique?
There's quite a program scheduled
That means success, if done,
And it can be accomplished
With the help of everyone.
So attend the meetings regularly
And help with hand and heart,
Don't be just a member,
But take an active part,
Think this over, member,
Are we right or are we wrong?
Are you an active member,
Or do you just belong?

—Author unknown. Selected by
S. R. Tedrow.

SHOWING HIS COLORS

When President Garfield was a boy he climbed a mountain on one occasion with some companions, and spent the night there. Seated around the campfire, they sang and told stories till bedtime. After a while young Garfield took from his pocket a Testament, and said, "Boys, I always read a chapter and have prayer before going to bed. Shall we have it all together tonight?" And they did. He did not fear to show his colors. —Sel.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man, in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," continued a third.

"Gentlemen," said one well known to me, who was on a journey, and who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger. "in my ride this morning, I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eat grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," it was replied.

"Well, but grass which they had formerly eaten had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the backs of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair, do you believe that, gentlemen?"

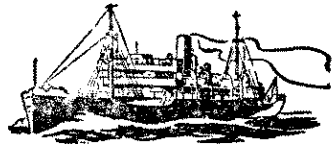
"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

They were confounded, and silent, and evidently ashamed, as they well might be. —*Unknown.*

Time is on the side of the people who use it, and use it most efficiently.

Dear Diary ...



On May 9 we first set foot on the African continent. In many ways it was thrilling. We were to be at Dakar, Senegal (a French province), for several hours so were allowed to go ashore. It was some distance into the town, but we walked along viewing the strange surroundings in which we found ourselves with a great curiosity.

The language was a sort of pidgin French so we had little chance of asking any questions or holding conversations. At the dock we had seen many of the workers in Mohammedan robes and as we got farther into the city we saw people at worship, bowing until their foreheads rested in the sand of the street. The women were colorfully dressed and the high fashion seemed to be to bare one shoulder and upper arm from beneath even the Mohammedan robe. Little babies were tied on the mothers' backs and older ones wandered about the streets without the constraint of clothing.

Everywhere was evidence of a strange people with stranger customs. Many wore scars on cheeks, forehead and neck forming patterns—whether to improve the looks or a heathenistic ritual we didn't learn. Attracted by a sound of drums, we saw

women dancing in a wierd fashion in the sandy street. Farther along Gambetta Avenue we saw the native market which was, in itself, a page from *National Geographic*.

Our next stop was Freetown, Sierre Leone (an English colony). The harbor was too shallow for our ship so we anchored off shore and all business was done by tender. Four passengers with one car left our boat as well as other cargo and mail. We were so delighted with the sight of this beautiful harbor! Wooded hills formed a background for the city and a lovely beach with occasional palm trees gave the place a friendly atmosphere. Soon after we stopped, native boys in home-made canoes made their appearance. They sang and did a bit of clowning for the pennies people threw into the sea, then they would dive and retrieve the coins. Using a crude oar for an imaginary instrument, one boy sang, "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "Hallelujah I'm a Bum." On the back of his canoe were the words, "Who Believes God Never Perishes." He was quite a favorite with the passengers and an expert at diving for the coins. A short time later other small boats came out with native fruits, baskets, skins, san-

dals, birds, and small monkeys. These people were more interested in trading for cigarettes than in receiving money and with bargaining some satisfactory trades were made. One girl bought a baby monkey for two tins of cigarettes (less than \$1). Frank bought oranges for six cents per dozen and some bananas for a few cents, but a person with cigarettes was most popular. I just felt drawn to this place. The people seemed friendly and more civilized than those of Dakar.

At Monrovia we were also pleased to find a beautiful harbor and quite a modern port. America has done much for this liberated free-state and one finds many American products and equipment along the dock. A few hours after we arrived, an American ship came into the harbor and docked next to ours. We were pleased to see a few passengers aboard, although it was a freighter of considerable size. I spotted a young couple with two children on the deck and shouted to them. "Where you from?" They seemed just as pleased to see fellow Americans and we found we were practically neighbors as they were from Texas. They just looked like missionaries so I asked and they replied that they were Baptist missionaries to Nigeria. We returned to our ship for dinner, then strolled past the "Del Campo" and received an invitation to come aboard. We met the Abell family and had a nice visit with them, then brought them over to our boat for a visit. Their boat is modern in an American way but has a small passenger capacity. There had been on-

ly their family and a Liberian colored girl from New Orleans to Monrovia. Their journey to Lagos will consume another three weeks as that boat has cargo for several stops before they will reach their destination. This young couple is to be admired for their courage in taking two small children (one only ten months) into the tropics. This is their first trip out, also.

With only one more stop between us and Lagos, Nigeria, we look forward to beginning our work there in the near future. We have a short lay-over at Takoradi on the Gold Coast then leave this boat at Lagos. We hope to make good connections with another line for Port Harcourt which is only forty miles from our present destination.

Continue your prayers for us that we may be given the wisdom and understanding to meet the work ahead.

Sincerely,
Eileen Adams.



DYING TO LIVE

By Olivia C. Campbell

The life germ in a little seed
Is God's command to it to die:
To lose itself that it may grow
A strange new form and multiply.

The Holy Spirit's birth in us
Is God's command to us to die
To self and every fleshly work,
That fruit may grow and multiply.

A strange new life the Spirit grows—
Love rules us with an iron hand;
And Christ is chief among the fair,
For in His life we firmly stand.

—Selected.



Young People's Department

COMMITTEE

Spurgeon R. Tedrow, *Chairman*
726 Western Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Keith Siddens
Gentry, Missouri

Raymond C. Moldenhauer
230 8th. St. N. E.
Calgary, Alta., Canada

Floyd B. Merriam
3518 Military Ave.
Los Angeles 34, California

PROGRAM FOR JUNE 16, 1951

PRAYER

Song Service—10 or 15 minutes
of hymns and choruses.

Opening Song—"Tis The Blessed
Hour of Prayer."

Scripture Reading—John 17.

Offering—

Special Features—About two special songs if possible. Memory verses that deal with prayer. Poems and recitations by the children. The rest of this program should be devoted to testimonies.

It is suggested that we memorize the Lord's prayer.

Closing Song—"Tell It To Jesus Alone."

Closing Prayer—

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

We have received many good reports and some news items from young people's groups in various places, but we know there are many others that have not been heard from. If yours is one of these, we are sure that you are doing something for the Master. A report of one of your meetings would be of interest to others.

What are you in TEXAS doing? Let's have some reports and news from the State of Texas this month! We are interested in you. Won't you let us know what you are doing?

B. B.

CAMP MEETING

Now that school is out, many of you are making plans for the summer.

Young people, by all means fit camp meeting into your summer's plans! Everyone who attends receives much benefit, but I do believe that camp meeting is a greater blessing to the young people than to all others.

Start your plans now by laying aside some of your earnings each week so that when the time comes you will be prepared.

Write to our boys in service.
Corporal Billie D. Hoy

R. A. 19353872

161 Station Hospital.

In care of Postmaster.

San Francisco, California.

A. P. O. 309.

Pvt. Ernest S. Freeman

R. A. 18376512 C. A.

5th. Eng. Combat Bn.

Ft. Lewis, Washington

Bruce M. Brann 278-22-37 U.S.N.

N.A.T.T.C. Bhs. 591

H. O. School, Jacksonville, Fla.

GENERAL CONFERENCE AND
CAMP MEETING AUGUST 17-
26. RED ROCK CAMP 15 MILES
SOUTH OF DENVER, COLO.

R. B.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S EXPERI- ENCE WITH TOBACCO

The late Chauncey M. Depew, who lived to the age of ninety-three, and was daily found at his office until a few months before his death, in his ninety-third year told why he gave up smoking a half a century before. When a young man, he labored under the delusion that smoking steadied his nerves and made them more dependable. He finally made the discovery that he had been under a deception. But here are his own words:

"I used to smoke twenty cigars a day, and continued at it until I became worn out. I did not know what was the matter with me; and the physicians to whom I applied did not mention tobacco. I was in the habit of smoking at my desk, and thought I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found I could not do any work without tobacco. My power of concentration was greatly weakened, and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth.

"One day I bought a cigar, and was puffing it with a feeling of pleasure that is possible only to the devotee, but I made a vow it would be my LAST smoke.

"For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony; I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't

go to any physician or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly a physician might have given me something to soften the torture. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco or I would be ruined by it."—*Civics Bulletin*.

HONOR THY FATHER

(Continued from page 4)

same as mothers. Nothing is mentioned about mother in the parable of the prodigal son, but the father's pity, love, and compassion are shown by the fact that he so freely forgave his son.

God made the father, law, and the mother, grace. They are not complete one without the other. They represent the Heavenly Father's love and requirement of obedience from His children.

Let your father know that 365 days of the year are "Father's Days" to you. When you kneel to pray to "Our Father which art in heaven," remember to ask for spiritual strength and guidance for your earthly father. Never let the sun set on the day that you have forgotten to pray for father and family.

You are especially blessed if you have a father and mother living. Love and honor them all the days of your life and God has given you a promise in the fifth commandment, that "thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

We do not know how cheap the seeds of happiness are—or we should scatter them oftener.