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Smile

Smile once in a while!
It does no harm,
And it doesn't cost a cent;
A smile that is warm
With the hidden charm
That a generous heart has lent.

Smile once in a while!
'Twill do you good,
For a smile will shine both ways;
It will warm the heart
Ere it depart
On its mission of cheer and praise.

Smile once in a while!
Or twice if you wish,
For the world has need of cheer;
There are plenty around
Who are willing to frown,
But few who help life's sky to clear.

Smile once in a while!
It does no harm,
And it doesn't cost a cent;
A smile that is warm
With a hidden charm
That a generous heart has lent.

—W. I. Lively in Herald of Light.

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EDITORIAL

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . ." This was the command which was given to the Children of Israel. From the beginning, God gave man the right to choose. When the tree of knowledge of good and evil was partaken of, man made his choice. By the act of partaking, he acquainted himself with the knowledge of knowing right from wrong. Since that time man has made choices all down through the centuries.

We have many examples of Bible characters making their choice of right or wrong. Some of them stood firmly on their convictions having made their choice for right even though in so doing they were jeopardizing their lives. Their act of choosing the right and staying with it, meant much to them. They were strong enough to stay put, come what may.

Today there are many times when the choice of doing something right or wrong comes up for young people to make a decision. Maybe some school friend

has asked them to take part in some activity on Friday night and they have to refuse. Do they squirm around sort of embarrassed and try to find some excuse to give instead of coming out and telling them the real reason why? Do they feel that they just would not understand if they told them it was because they did not want to break the Sabbath? If they were asked to go to some place of questionable reputation, would they be quick to refuse and give the real reason for refusing, or would they give some other seemingly logical reason which they could quickly drum up?

When we stand true to our convictions, the Lord blesses us and we become that much stronger to withstand the forces of evil.

We are reminded of some young men who were firm in their keeping of the Sabbath inasmuch that they were determined to keep it even though they were cast into prison for refusing to work on that day. This was indeed a trial to them, but an experience which shall make them stronger for the Lord, because He will see them through it. Paul tells us that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Rom. 8:28).

We are reminded of the words of Pythagoras who said, "Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be; custom will soon render it easy and agreeable." The Lord, too, will make the way a little easier for young people who will put their trust firmly in Him and stand true to the convictions of right doing.

Hand this paper to a friend.

Love and Charity

By David Killgore

In Webster's dictionary, the word "love" means: warm affection, devotion, and charity. The word "charity" means: love, alms, and liberality. In short the words are often interchangeable and mean practically the same thing. These two words are very important as related to our salvation.

Paul said, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13:10). Examine yourself — do you love your neighbors and brethren in the church as much as you should? Some people might think that to love God is the only essential thing. I refer these people to 1 John 4:19-21 which states:

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

I am sorry to say that there are many of us who do not forgive and have brotherly love for one another. Jesus said to forgive our brother for all the wrong, if any, he has done to us.

Love is of God (1 John 4:10-11). He loved us enough to give His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him shall have everlasting life. Everlasting

life!—that is what we are striving for in the Church of God. It takes love and charity to inherit the kingdom of God.

Paul said in the third chapter of Colossians, verses 12 to 15, to let peace rule in your hearts and be one body. He also said to put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. Without charity we are nothing, because charity suffers long and is kind. We must have love and charity in our hearts, or we are lost.

We believe we are now nearing the last days and must be ready. The devil will be fighting hard to break up the church and to cause love to turn to hatred. Matthew 24:12 tells us what will become of love in the last days if we are not careful. "And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold."

In these last days the going will be rough and only the one who sticks to God will get his desired reward. The church will have a hard time too, but in the Songs of Solomon 8:7 it says: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

I ask you again to examine yourself, or you may be held for the sins of a backslider. Love covers all sins (Prov. 10:12). Let brotherly love continue (Heb. 13:1). We must strive to live closer to God. Through love it is easy to let God lead us through these last days.

We know He is coming; we must be ready to face the problems with God's help. Pray and be ready when He comes to give you your reward. Have an abundance of love for your fellowman. Through love to God and your brethren you will find peace and life eternal.



A Bit of Bible History

(1. What two questions did Artaxerxes ask Nehemiah? 2. How did Nehemiah feel when so questioned? 3. What was his response? 4. Then what request did he make? 5. What did the king grant Nehemiah? 6. What did Nehemiah ask for to give his mission authority? 7. Whom did the king send with him? 8. How long was he in Jerusalem before he began his survey of conditions?)

TODAY'S LESSON

In today's lesson we find Nehemiah had just arrived at Jerusalem where he rested three days to survey the city and the ruins. When he arrived beyond the river he gave the men in authority the letters which he carried from king Artaxerxes. The king had also sent messengers and captains of the army with Nehemiah to protect him.

After he was in Jerusalem for three days, he and a few chosen men rose up by night. "Neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem." He rode a beast by the gate of the valley and viewed the

walls of Jerusalem which had been broken down and consumed with fire. He went on to the gate of the fountain and the king's pool, but there wasn't any place for the beast to pass so he went up by the brook and then returned by the way of the gate of the valley. No one knew that he had done this for he kept it from the people until he could view the situation and decide best what course to take.

Later Nehemiah confronted the people and told them how they could see the destruction of the city and how the city lay in ruins and the people were distressed because of the condition. Then he encouraged them to come and build up the city that it would be no more a reproach unto them. He told them how the Lord had been good to him and how he had found favor in the eyes of a Gentile king. This encouraged the people so they said, "Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work."

However, Nehemiah and his people had some enemies in the land. It is not at all uncommon to find those who will hinder most any good work when it becomes known or started. The enemies in Nehemiah's time were Sanballat and Horonite, Tobiah the Ammonite and Geshem the Arabian. These three men laughed them to scorn and despised them, saying, "Will ye rebel against the king?"

Nehemiah's faith was strong. He told them that God would prosper them, therefore they would rise and build. He let them know they had no portion, right, nor memorial in Jerusalem.

(To be continued)

The Inquiring Soul

By Bertie Freeman



AUL and Silas had been put into prison for casting the evil spirit out of the young damsel who brought her master much gain by soothsaying. She was a sort of fortuneteller who probably told certain happenings and maybe helped to find lost articles as some profess to do today. The superstitious placed mysterious meanings on her insane ravings. The degradation of her masters can be seen in their means of exploiting the public through a helpless victim possessed with an evil spirit, and their hate displayed by having Paul and Silas cast into prison. By destroying their hopes of gain, Paul and Silas had made enemies of these men. These men cared nothing about the soul of the damsel, but rather saw the loss of their gains.

Paul and Silas were beaten, cast into prison, their feet put in stocks, and placed under guard. At midnight they began to sing praises to God and to lift up their voices in prayer. Suddenly there was an earthquake and the foundations of the prison were shaken and all the doors were opened, and everyone's bands were loosed. The keeper of the prison was awakened and saw the doors opened, and fearing that all the prisoners were gone, was ready to take his own life. Paul assured him that they were all safe and not one of them had fled. All the prisoners witnessed this miracle, but refrained from escaping. Probably they were terrified when

they realized the superhuman influence that had brought about the deliverance of Paul and Silas.

Seeing that they were all safe ". . . he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16:29, 30).

Saved? Saved from what? He could not have meant that he wanted to be saved from the ruler, or the government, because all the prisoners were safe. He could not have meant being saved from destroying himself, because he too was safe, and filled with wondrous fear at God's providence for His servants. He was inquiring of salvation. Salvation from sin, from fear, and from defeat. He wanted the same faith that had delivered Paul and Silas; the same God who cares for each child because they are His own.

It was a good question, "What must I do to be saved?" The way of salvation is the only remedy for sin. We cannot be saved in sin, we must be saved from sin. In our natural state we are born in sin and all stand condemned before God, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. 5: 12). If sin came by man, then it would take something without sin to redeem man from sin. God sent His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh.

The jailer had come to the right place to inquire about salvation. Paul and Silas were preaching the gospel to both Jew and Gentile alike, telling them of the goodness of God, and how His Son could save men through His death. Belief in God's Word, His Son, His commandments, points the way to eternal life. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The sinner prescription for deliverance from sin is contained in Paul's message to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. It points out the fact that salvation can come from no other source, but through belief in Jesus and His Father. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). The Jews and the Gentiles must both accept Jesus as their Lord. He is divine that He may blot out sin through His shed blood applied to the heart by faith. He was human in that He suffered as man suffers, and was tempted in all points as man is tempted, yet was without sin, in order to redeem man from sin.

The promise of salvation was not only to the jailer, but to his household. A conversion which does not help a home is not much of a conversion. The jailer and his whole family were not only capable of receiving the instructions concerning salvation, but also of following the instructions. Paul took them out the same night and baptized them.

To all inquiring souls there are certain things to be done in order to obtain salvation. In Proverbs 28:13 we read, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh

them shall have mercy." This follows the New Testament line of thought concerning salvation. Peter, preaching his great sermon on the day of Pentecost said, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out . . ." (Acts 3:19). And again in Acts 2:38, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins . . ." Not the covering of sin, but the removal and the blotting out of sin.

If all inquiring souls will heed the advice given by Peter, and follow Paul's instructions in Romans 10:9, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," they will see quick results. Conversion brings peace to troubled souls, it removes fear from trembling hearts, gives courage to the meek to declare the goodness of God and makes one realize that the sure promises of God are meant for each one who serves God.

We may have salvation only if we repent, confess, believe, and have sin removed from our lives by accepting by faith the cleansing blood of Jesus applied to our hearts.

DID YOU KNOW that the word "spelt" is a Hebrew word meaning "rye"? It was a common cereal plant in early times differing only slightly from what we commonly call wheat.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.

—Mazzini.

The Talent



Ward Carter stopped, seeing Vernon Bailey and Joy Moody rounding the corner on Sixth street. Of all times, Ward knew this was one occasion when he did not want to see the school crowd. He took a cautious step backwards, only Joy had already seen him and had started waving.

Vernon hollered: "Wait up!"

Ward felt suddenly ashamed of his cowardice. He might as well face his pals, tell them the truth and have it over with. He dug his fingers under his collar to loosen it and grinned sheepishly.

"Hi, you two!" he answered.

"Don't keep us in suspense," fifteen-year-old Joy exclaimed. "Did you get the part-time job at Yaegar's?"

Ward shook his sand-colored close-cropped head. "No."

"Why?" Joy demanded.

"He has no special talent."

Vernon spoke in a tone of authority. Since he had acquired a part-time job as a library messenger, Vernon looked down his long nose at all his fellow high schoolers who had failed to find an opening.

"Hush up, Vernon," Joy declared. "Ward has a talent, a real one, too. It's kindness. Ward's always doing something for someone and you know it."

"But you can't buy anything with those nice things you do for everyone," Vernon said pompously. "Kindness isn't exactly a talent."

"Well, I certainly think it is."

A flush of annoyance spreading

over her small face, Joy turned to Ward. "The way you've spread kindness around, some of it should double in a big opportunity for you."

"Who wants a reward for doing something a fellow likes to do?" Ward grinned politely and changed the subject. "Where are you two bound for?"

"We're supposed to pick up those safety posters for the school," said Vernon. "They're at Coomb's Print Shop. Come on along, Ward."

"Sure," Ward said amiably.

Coomb's Print Shop was three blocks away in a neighborhood of warehouses and factories. It was four o'clock and the street was deserted until shift-time at six. The two boys and the girl walked together, talking of the coming school examinations and guessing at the grades they would receive. All at once Ward stopped talking. Ahead, in a narrow alleyway between two factory buildings, he spotted a golden cocker spaniel, hunched into a furry ball and shivering although the April air was warm.

"Look at that dog," he cried. "He must be lost."

Vernon whistled. "Here, poochie, poochie," he called.

The dog bounced toward them, whining at their feet. His stubby tail wagged questioningly as if he were trying to measure the group as friends.

Joy bent down and patted his silky head. "He is lost," she af-

(Continued on Page 10)

TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

Dear Granddaughter:

Here I am again thinking of you as the days roll by in this new year. The earth on which we live is going through the time following the winter solstice when growing things great and small begin to feel the Divine call because of more sunshine.

I have a small plate with a piece of moss on it, and soil from the woods with it, and in that group I see tiny new green leaves growing, which are encouraging to look at every day. What a pleasant reminder of the verse, "Out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree . . ." (Gen. 2:9).

In the forest, around the roots of each tree and among rocks, there is moss which feeds the trees by holding moisture around the roots. In the moss, tiny seeds of other plants are sprouting, having heard the divine call to grow and come forth as longer days bring more sunshine.

The moss which I have in my dish has tiny green leaves expanding a little, more and more each day, and I get a view of God's long-time wonderful plan of life and its beauty. It shows the delicate, intricate, invisible power of things on the ground woven with the greater things

like sunshine and clouds in the higher strata of creation.

Then woven in with it too, is what the Bible calls grace, emphasized most by Paul and Peter, after Jesus came—"full of grace and truth."

There are tiny touches of God's grace in the moss and plants growing in my dish, and great displays of it in the daily sunshine that comes in my window, speaking to the tiny plants and to me, too. I get a genuine lift that fits in with the Apostle Peter's words, "Grow in grace," which he mentions in each of his letters (1 Pet. 2:2; 2 Pet. 3:18).

I have walked in the woods many times and have not always carried with me the reverence and devotion that I should. My dish with its small piece of God's work expanding close by me, brings a vision I was too careless to get when I was young? Now I take a more observant view of the small and great creations that I trod on carelessly when I was an impulsive, thoughtless girl.

As this new year opens, I am sure I am going to enjoy the gospel message of God's grace shown daily in His work, great and small. I hope you will be similarly blessed in my "Happy New Year" wish for you.

Grandmother Lois



TALK

It's Your Guess

What do you know about Stephen?

1. His name in Greek means—
a. armor, c. crown, c. gate
2. He was chief of—
a. 7 deacons, b. 12 apostles, c. 10 lepers
3. He originated from the—
a. Children of Israel, b. Roman army, c. Hellenistic origin
4. He was known for many—
a. speeches, b. miracles, c. money
5. He was arrested by—
a. Hellenistic Jews, b. Roman soldiers, c. Sadducees
6. He met death by—
a. beast, b. accident, c. stones
7. He was considered the forerunner of—
a. Paul, b. John the Baptist, c. Peter

* * *

Answers to *It's Your Guess*

3, 6, c; 1, 4, b; 2, 5, 7, a

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY

The name Amos in the Hebrew language means "a burden." He was born in Tekoa of Judah. He was raised to be a shepherd boy and to dress sycamore trees. Later God called him to be a prophet.

He was not educated in the regular school of the prophets. He traveled from Judah into the

kingdom of Israel and ministered. It is not thought that he was long in the ministry.

Amos was a prophet during the reign of Uzziah, king of Judah and also of Jeroboam, king of Israel. He predicted that Israel and the neighboring countries would be punished by invaders from the north, but he does not tell who they are.

Amos rebuked Israel and Judah for idolatry because they were worshiping calves along with the worship of God. The poor were also being oppressed and this did not meet with Amos' approval.

The death and place of burial of Amos is not known.

THERE'S A VAST DIFFERENCE

Between being sorry for sin and being sorry you are "caught."

Between confessing your sins and confessing some other fellow's

Between seeing your own faults and seeing some other person's.

Between conversion of the head, and conversion of the heart.

Between being led by the Holy Spirit and led by your own imagination.

Between being persuaded for "righteousness' sake," and being persecuted for "foolishness' sake."

Between "contending for the faith" and striving for your own opinion.—*Christian Digest.*

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firmed. "No collar or license and he looks valuable, doesn't he, Ward?"

"He's a thoroughbred all right," Ward admitted, picking up the dog and stroking him. "We'd better take him along with us."

"Now you're talking sense," Vernon applauded. "We'll keep the pooch, feed him and hold him until the owner starts advertising. Then we're in for some fat reward money."

Ward scowled worriedly at the little animal in his arms. "The way this dog is shaking he ought to get back to his rightful owner as soon as possible. The radio station is around the corner. You know that lost-and-found program they put on at four-thirty? If we get over there on the double, we might stand a good chance of getting this dog on the program."

"Then the radio station gets the reward, not us," Vernon argued.

Joy looked at the dog trembling in Ward's arms.

"The little cocker doesn't act right," she admitted. "I think the quickest way to get him to his owner is the best way, reward or no reward. Let's run to that radio station. You go get the posters by yourself, Vern."

"Nothing doing. If there's a reward, I want to be in on it."

"You just said the radio station would get the reward," Joy reminded him.

"Well," Vernon conceded grudgingly, "maybe they'll split with us. I can pick up the posters afterwards."

The three young people walked quickly around the block to the high office building where the radio station had its studios. A

smiling receptionist, seated at a desk, directed them to the lost-and-found studio. Here a second girl greeted them in a friendly manner, took notes on the spaniel still held by Ward, and informed the two boys and Joy that Pete Lawson would mention the dog first and would they care to take chairs and see the broadcast. To Ward, who had never seen a broadcast before, this was a genuine thrill. He held the dog, staring at the short upright microphone in the middle of the floor. He watched the way everyone bustled around the studio when the hands on the studio clock moved closer to four-thirty. The clock fascinated Ward because it had a long sweeping hand that traveled in short jerks as it ticked off the seconds. Pete Lawson, the lost-and-found man, took his place before the microphone, the secretary's notes in his hand. The engineer was glancing at the clock, ready to take the station break. The studio light flashed on. Then came the station announcement and identification.

"Good afternoon, folks. This is Station WRRX in Middletown, presenting Pete Lawson, your lost-and-found man."

The production man lowered his finger as a signal. They were on the air!

The announcement of the spaniel came first, just as Mr. Lawson's assistant had promised. Then came other finds, a wallet, a briefcase, a 1937 jalopy, minus markers, a ring, a tackle box, a calico kitten and a brooch. And then there were the losses, a pair of eyeglasses, a pet parrot, a bicycle, two watches, a suitcase, a shopping bag full of recently purchased merchandise, a spare tire,

a German Shepherd dog.

When the fifteen minute broadcast was over, the young woman who had taken the notes on the dog, took the visitors out to the control room where they could see the panel with its various dials, switches and knobs. In the center of the panel a slender needle flickered back and forth.

"That's the meter on which we check our volume," the operator informed them, noting Ward's interest. "When Pete Lawson is talking over the air, the needle is usually at a peak of 80. For music it runs to 100."

"I wish I could work in a place like this," Ward sighed.

"Ho," Vernon jeered. "Where would you fit in?"

The girl led them on through different studios and the young people stared wonderingly at the soundproofed ceilings and glass partitions, the props and gadgets, the mikes suspended from portable booms. Suddenly Pete Lawson, the lost-and-found man, came striding after them.

"Wait a minute, youngsters," he called. "J. D. just phoned and claimed that dog of yours as Blond Boy. Isn't that some break? The owner right here."

"Who's J. D.?" Ward asked.

"Who's J. D.?" Pete exploded. "Just John Dannemiller, the owner of WRRX, that's all."

Joy squeezed Ward's arm. Vernon was grinning broadly. And then the owner of the station came toward them. He was puffing from his hurried exertions, his plump face flushed. The spaniel let out a joyful yelp and his stubby tail wagged furiously. No doubting the ownership. Ward handed the squirming dog to his master.

"Where did you find Blond Boy?" Mr. Dannemiller asked.

"In the alley around the corner."

Mr. Dannemiller nodded, patting his dog. "That fits. That's where I parked my car. You see, I left Blond Boy in my car a few minutes. I was taking him to the veterinarian's for his weekly check-up. I stopped at the office here to pick up my mail. Someone must have opened the door of the car or it could be that Blond Boy slipped his collar — he doesn't have it on — and got out through the window." Mr. Dannemiller reached for his wallet. "I owe you a substantial reward."

Ward drew back, thrusting his hands behind him. "I couldn't take anything, thanks all the same. Your station advertised the loss. And I wouldn't even have been in the neighborhood if Joy Moody and Vernon Bailey here hadn't asked me to go to the printer's with them. With everyone helping, I was just one of the assistants."

Vernon spoke up: "I told Ward to take the dog home. I even proposed to feed him, then wait for the ad to appear in the evening paper tomorrow."

Mr. Dannemiller glanced keenly at Ward. "You didn't agree to that?"

"Well, no sir—I sort of remembered your lost-and-found broadcast."

Joy said: "That isn't all. Ward thought the dog looked sick and the quicker he got him back to his owner, the better off the little spaniel would be."

Mr. Dannemiller smiled at Joy. "Thank you, young lady. The dog is sick. That is why I was taking him for his weekly check-up at

the veterinarian's. Blond Boy is on a special diet and if the dog were given the wrong food, he would be dead in twelve hours. I have three small children at home who would cry all night if anything happened to their pet. I'm grateful that you reached me as quickly as possible."

Joy and Ward smiled. Vernon dug his hands into the pockets of his slacks and looked away.

"What's your name, young man?" Mr. Dannemiller faced Ward.

"Ward Carter."

"Ward, we could use a quick thinker as a messenger around this studio. Would you happen to be interested in working for a broadcasting station?"

"Yes, sir!" Ward's brown eyes danced.

"Are you a high school student?"

"Second year. I'm out at two though and I want to work part-time. As soon as school is finished for the summer, I could work full-time."

A smile spread over Mr. Dannemiller's plump face. "Come to see me tomorrow afternoon, two-thirty. We'll discuss your salary and your duties. And thank you again."

"Thank you, Mr. Dannemiller."

Out in the bright spring sunlight Vernon roused himself from his disappointment sufficiently to say:

"I'm glad, pal — congratulations!"

"I keep thinking of the parable our Lord Jesus told," Joy remarked. "Every man according to his ability and he that had received two talents, he went out and gained another two. It's true."

Ward pressed her hand. "It's true all right," he agreed.

"Thanks, Joy." — Irene Hegel, (Sel.)

Please Explain

Question: 2nd Chronicles 7:14 speaks of "my people, which are called by my name." In what way were God's people in olden times called by His name?

Reply: There are at least two ways in which these people were called by God's name. As those who kept the Sabbath were living God's law and performing His ordained sacrifices, they were living a tribute to Him and His name. They in turn would be known by their neighbors as "the people who follow the Lord God." That is one way they were called by His name.

There is another way that is a little more subtle than the other. That is, they were called Israel. Probably this doesn't mean much to you, as related to our subject, but it cannot be said without paying tribute to God. The most often used term for God in the Old Scriptures is *Elohim*. It is, in Hebrew, a plural, applied to the excellency of the true 'God' (Jehovah). It is also used in combined forms (that is the *El* of *Elohim*) to make names that have special meanings. Let us use the name Daniel as an example. Notice the *el* in the name *Daniel*. This is the form of *Elohim* that is used in combinations to form such names. Daniel means "Judge of God" (Strong's Concordance). Strong also lists Elijah as meaning "God is Jehovah." Other such names are Joel, Ezekiel, *Eli*, *Elihu*, *Elisha* (God is salvation),

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MIDWEST NEWS

Greetings again to our readers. Another school week has swiftly passed by and we students are made to realize that time does expire almost without scarcely realizing it. With the activity of studying so much for our classes it is easy to become so engrossed in those matters that we barely sense the days are passing. Too often people become so wrapped up in things of life that a more weighty thing — spiritual welfare — is forgotten. It is the intent of the students and the faculty at *Midwest* to maintain a good intimate contact with our Maker even in face of the busy role as students and teachers.

Once again the journalism class has completed an issue of *The Collegiate Review*, only this time the paper is being sent to only those who subscribed. It made us students rejoice that slightly over a hundred subscriptions for the paper were received, for we know now that there are at least one hundred people, or maybe families, who are interested in us and what we are doing at *Midwest*. Of course, it will even bring much more pleasure to receive more subscriptions.

There seems to be more talk about the new class, *composition*, which started at the beginning of the second semester, than there is of any one of the other classes. From the descriptive adjectives those students are using to give their paragraphs color, it appears that soon there will be some more good writers of fitting

articles for the *Herald & Call*. The assignments Brother Heavilin has been giving have included explanatory paragraphs on varied subjects; and, of course the papers are meant to be free from errors in spelling, punctuation, and grammar. Thus, they begin to apply the rules of grammar and punctuation which they learn during the class period.

Last Sabbath morning immediately after the Sabbath School services here, the students, Helen Christenson, Sister Grantham, and Brother Roy Marrs left to go to Kansas City to fellowship with the brethren during their afternoon services. The after service was given to us *Midwesterners* so we offered them the program which we had prepared. Lyle, Haskell, Roberta, Max, and Lawrence sang a quintet. Gladys read a musical reading as Roberta played familiar hymns. Haskell, Lyle, and Max then sang a trio to the accompaniment of Haskell's guitar and Nelson Caswell's playing a violin. Le Roy read the Scripture and Nelson led the congregation in audible prayer. Following that, Brother Marrs delivered a brief, but excellent message on "Why is God's House Forsaken?"

At the close of the service in Kansas City Brother Lee Lippincott announced that everyone present was invited to their home for an evening of enjoyment. We went home with them for an especially good supper. Then, soon after we had finished supper, some of the Kansas City brethren

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Poetic Gems

PRAYER

The child was healed, and rose
From her sick bed that day,
For two or three, together met,
For her in faith did pray.

The preacher, filled with power,
Today the message spoke.
The earnest prayer of one good saint
In him the unction woke.

A lost one, vile in sin,
Today is clean and whole.
'Twas prayer that brought him to
himself;
'Twas prayer that healed his soul.

A worker o'er the seas,
Who long had toiled in vain,
Through prayer the vict'ry won at
length,
And turned his loss to gain.

And prayer's the mighty force
That wins through all the way.
"Who seeks in faith," He says, "shall
have,"
So, dear ones, let us pray!

—Lillie Gililand McDowell in The
Wesleyan Methodist.

* * *

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are
born,
Out in the fields with God.

—Sel.

* * *

THE FUTURE

I know not what the future holds,
No, not one single hour.
But I know One who knoweth well,
And has it in His power.
The universe is all His own
For all eternity.
He fashioned all its laws in love,
By grace He shares with me.

Now He who all the future holds
Knows what will be today,
So I can place my hand in His
And walk with Him, His way.
The things confronting all the world
Are dark as blackest night;
Yet in the Christ who is the way
There is a shining light.

I thank my God that by His grace
There is no need to fear,
For, howsoever dark the way,
My Lord is always near.
Because I trusted in the Blood
Poured out on Calvary,
In Him my future is secure
For all eternity.

—Edward Cane in The Watchman-
Examiner.

The Breached Vessel

By Claretta Ling



ONE DAY in the year 1898 there lived a man named Ed Clemonds. He lived in a small sparsely populated village where there was little action, and few people ever bothered Ed. He didn't have a profitable job, but it was one of interest and it helped him to pass the time. Ed was a maker of clay vessels and he was absorbed in his own affairs most of the time. He would take a piece of putty or clay that seemed utterly useless and form it into a very useful utensil. It took the skill of an experienced potter to form such a useful vessel or article.

After a vessel is formed, it has to be made hard, or it still isn't of any value, so it is baked in the fire. Ed had some special tools for putting the clay form into the fire, but still an accident could cause it to crack and then only wasted effort and material resulted. Ed wasn't a man to get discouraged easily. He had heard that if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, so this he did until it was formed as he wanted it to be.

One day Ed got a new idea on how to change the appearance of the vessel. He worked very hard and by the middle of the afternoon it began to look like something and he was quite pleased with his handiwork. The next great step was getting it into the fire to harden and not let it get broken in the process. Down into the fire it went and after the

allotted time had elapsed Ed took the vessel from the fire with careful hands. After it had cooled He looked upon his specimen, but alas! something hadn't worked right and there was a crack in this prize vessel. Ed knew it could not be used now, so without hesitation he threw it into the trash.

A lad of about ten came walking by and saw the discarded vessel. He picked it up and took it back to Ed the master. Ed said he couldn't use it. The youth injected his words by saying that his mother could use it to dip out from her flour barrel. Ed said the lad could have it and he went cheerfully on his way.

There is a deeper lesson that can be brought to mind from this story though. Isaiah 64:8 says: ". . . we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand." Christ could be represented by Ed and the vessel could represent us. Christ molds us and makes us into vessels, but many times we reject the blessings the Lord has in store for us by not doing His will. We may live a good life, then be ensnared by sin and become broken—not doing God's will. Someone finds us doing wrong and brings us back to the Master and He is waiting for us. Now as we ask forgiveness we are ready to do work for Christ. Although we may not be able to work so well for Him, if we do our best, that is all He expects of us. We should be just as the song says: "Have

thine own way, Lord; thou art the potter, I am the clay. Mold me and make me after thy will." We should each be so desirous to have the Lord lead in our lives that we will yield our lives completely to Him and let Him mold us after His will and not our will.

My desire is that as vessels we will not get broken; but if we do, we know that God is ready and waiting for us to return.

MIDWEST NEWS

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began gathering until the final number present must have been at least thirty. The blessings of the Sabbath Day's worshiping and the evening's entertainment were really an uplift for us. May God bless Lee and Virginia for their hospitality.

So long, readers. Pray for us, for we need the prayers of our brothers and sisters.

—Max Morrow, reporter

MIRRORS

Two girls were sitting opposite each other in the train. One took out her vanity case, gazed into the mirror, carefully powdered her face, used her lipstick and rouge, penciled her eyebrows, and then sat back with a self-satisfied air. The other girl held in her hand a much-used pocket Testament. She glanced at it reverently and attentively, then looked away out of the window at the flying landscape. Occasionally her eyes would close and an almost imperceptible movement of the lips indicated that her heart was in the presence of the King.

Both girls were using mirrors.

One did so to beautify her outward appearance, and to congratulate herself, no doubt, on the reflection it revealed. The other girl was using the mirror of God's Word. God says, "For if any one is a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was" (James 1:23, 24). God's Word reveals the very thoughts and intents of the heart. It reveals our needs and shows us ourselves as we really are. It does not flatter us, but it shows us how to become different. There is a blessing in looking into God's mirror. "But he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth, being not a hearer that forgetteth but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing" (James 1:25).—*S. S. Times.*

PLEASE EXPLAIN . . .

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and others. (See Genesis 33:20, 35:7—margin).

God's people were called *Israel*. This name was given to Jacob after he wrestled all night with the angel. It was then used for a nation whom He called His own. Strong lists two meanings for this name: "Prevail with God," and "He will rule as God." Thus, whenever the name *Israel* was used, it witnessed to God. *Israel*, God's people, was called by His name.—*Paul Heavilin.*

Life is not done, and our Christian character is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer or to do.—*F. W. Robertson.*