

Christian Youth Herald
and
Gospel Call

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Reflections

By Alfie Hallmann

*White gulls have held my heart for many years,
The bent-winged gulls which curve into the sun;
They touch me with a poignancy like tears
As does the sea itself when whitecaps run.
I do not ask a meaning of my heart,
Nor do I ask a question of my mind,
I only know that, when gulls wheel apart
And each arcs on alone, though with his kind,
My own strange loneliness wheels from me, too,
And find the sun the way that white gulls do.*

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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EDITORIAL

BEHIND THE SCENES

There is a cathedral on the continent that is so magnificent that tourists come from far and wide to see it. In this cathedral is much beautiful sculpture work, but oddly enough the loveliest piece of all is hidden in a dark shadowy part of the building, way up near the roof—and it can only be seen once in every twenty-four hours, when the sun reaches a certain window and lights up the beautiful chiselled marble for a few fleeting minutes.

When the cathedral was being built, the authorities sent out an appeal to the leading sculptors of the day, inviting them to devote their talent to the task of beautifying the interior. Among the many who responded was an old man with silver hair, who leaned heavily upon a staff. The authorities felt very dubious about putting work into his hands, for surely those hands would have lost their skill by now, and his eyes grown dim. But he begged so hard to have a share in the work that

they finally pointed him to a block of crude marble that projected out of the wall in the gloomiest part of the building. Quietly he climbed up the scaffolding, with a lamp, chisels and hammers, and set to work. When the other craftsmen slipped away for meals, he continued without a pause. All day long he worked, and throughout the night. Morning came, and the others returned. The little lamp burned steadily up above, but no sound broke the stillness. They set to work on their various tasks, but gradually they began to be troubled about the uncanny silence from above. At last one of them mounted the scaffolding to investigate. As he reached the little platform at the top, a shaft of sunlight lit up an unforgettable scene. Across the platform lay the old craftsman—in his last sleep. A contented smile lingered on his lips; surrounding him were chips of marble, hammers and chisels; and above him, chiselled out of the crude marble block was the face of a beautiful young woman. Later it was discovered that this was his young wife who had died just a year or two after their wedding, more than fifty years before. So dearly had he loved her that her face remained clear in his memory throughout life, and his last act had been to chisel that beloved face in marble. Then, having looked on it once more, he lay down and slept. Do you wonder that it was the most beautiful piece of work in the cathedral? It was the fruit of love!

There are some of us who will work for our Savior in the limelight, and men will praise our efforts—and perhaps we shall lose

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Be Like Samson

By Roberta Harris, Midwest Student

WHEN a Bible student thinks of a man of great physical strength he usually thinks of Samson.

Samson's mother was told by an angel that she would bear a son who would deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines. As Samson grew, he not only gained a good stature, but the Spirit of the Lord moved upon him.

Then we remember that Samson saw a Philistine woman who pleased him very much, and although his parents pleaded with him to find one in his own land he would not. Samson looked at the beauty and the physical characteristics of the woman, and not on her spiritual life. Therefore he brought much evil upon himself.

We have found that Samson was not very wise in choosing a wife. And looking farther into his life we find he had a great temper also. In Judges 15:4-5 we see that Samson caught 300 foxes, tied their tails together, putting fire brands in them and sent them among the corn fields of the Philistines. Why? Because his wife had been given to another man in his absence. Some might say they don't blame him, but remember he was told not to associate with women of a different country. His parents had so advised him. They had better judgment than he had.

It seems that Samson was like so many people today; he couldn't learn his lesson, for soon after

his wife was given to another man he became interested in another Philistine woman by the name of Delilah.

You remember that Samson's mother was instructed not to shave Samson's head for he was a Nazarite, and that his great strength lie in this fact.

Judges 14:5-6 shows one incident of Samson's strength when he tore the lion apart like one would tear a piece of cloth.

The Philistines feared Samson because of his great strength, and told Delilah to entice Samson in such a way as to find how he could be made weak like other men. Three times she asked and three times Samson told her the wrong answer. Each time she had him bound. Then she would cry, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson!" Samson must not have been quick-witted not to have caught on to what Delilah had in mind. Yet how many times are we as unobserving as Samson? The fourth time he told her the secret of his strength lie in his seven locks of hair, and if they were shaved off his strength would leave him. After he fell asleep she had him bound again, and this time when she cried unto him he could not break his bonds, for his strength was gone from him. He became a captive of his enemy, because of his unthoughtfulness.

We know the conclusion of Samson's life; he was cast into prison and his eyes put out. At

one of the kings feasts Samson was called to be made sport of. Standing by the pillars of the room Samson prayed to God for strength to pull down the building so he could avenge what had been done to him. God gave him the strength, and at his death he killed more than during his life.

Think of the wasted life of Samson! There was a man of good stature, the Spirit of God directing him at times, and he threw it all away for the pleasures of the world. Samson could have done good for the Lord and his people besides just getting rid of some of the Philistines.

While we are still young and full of strength, let us consider the lesson Samson's life teaches us. May we use all our efforts to the furtherance of the Gospel of God, to lead those in spiritual blindness and darkness to the marvelous light of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Let us not let the things of this world make us lose sight of the blessings in serving a true and living God. Let us work for Him while we are able no matter how small our work may be.

That which is done for Christ is not lost!

ON SHARING

If nobody smiled, and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along,
If each, every minute, looked after
himself,
And good things all went to the
strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you,
And nobody thought of me,
And we all stood alone in the battle
of life,
What a dreary old world this would
be! —God's Revivalist.

Oregon Youth Rally

The youth rally was held on March 6, Sabbath evening at the Scrael Hill Church of God. The meeting was opened with the singing of the hymn "Will Jesus Find Us Watching." Jim Larson was the leader. The theme of the program was expressed by a group of primary children who sang "Take Time to Be Holy," accompanied by Carol Miller with her accordian. Carol is also in the primary class.

Alma Strunk sang a solo, "But This I Know." The Scripture reading from Acts 3:6-19, was read by Vernon Williams and prayer was offered by Archie Lawson. Ilene Sherman and Pearl Dailey sang a duet, "Be Still and Know," followed by a trio, "Gathering Flowers For the Master's Bouquet," by the Spinnet girls.

Alice Henion read a very touching story, "Such As I Have," which depicted a poor, native girl who was sent back to her village 200 miles from the missions schools. Although too slow of mind to grasp enough to stay in school, she had one ability—she could sing, and she had grasped enough of the gospel choruses to prepare a village of 300 people to receive the gospel message when the missionary came. Following the study, Willadene Johnson read a poem of the same title.

Louella Weavill played a musical number, "I Surrender All," on the vibraharp. Louella Nicholas and Beverly Nicholas sang "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go." The Jenness family sang "Hallelujah For the Cross."

An offering of \$22.90 was received by Leonard Sheffield and Archie Lawson, for Brother Hu-
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TWO SHADOWS

By Thelma Severance

"For thou hast been a strength, . . . a shadow . . ." (Isaiah 25:4).

HIS verse describes God as a shadow to protect us. In the summer's heat, a shadow or shade is refreshingly welcome. It gives a new lift to one who is weary.

But there is the shadow which may depress rather than refresh. In the wintertime just stepping into the shade may send chills through one's body. Small plants which are much in the shadow of larger plants show the effects by stunted growth.

Every day we are casting a shadow; our influence is the shadow we cast. Often children are referred to as shadows, for they reflect in their lives the influence the parents have upon them. Just watch your shadow as you move about—see it move exactly as you move. See the child act according to the influence of parents, relatives, teachers, neighbors, and playmates.

I once came in contact with a young woman whose shadow lives with me yet, although I had forgotten her name until it was recently recalled to my memory. I'd like to tell you about the incident—the shadow which came so refreshingly. I went as a visitor to a certain church, and because we were strangers there, I remained in the kindergarten department with my small son so he might not be afraid. Quickly the room filled with children, and now and then a mother remained with a timid child. One young

mother came in and handed her baby to a friend. She seated several other small children about her and joined in the children's Sabbath songs. Somehow, I could not keep my eyes off her, except that I did not want to appear rude. After the children had sung their songs, the group was divided to study the Sabbath school lesson. The young woman who had attracted my attention taught one group of youngsters. Her face was radiant as she told the little ones of Jesus' love for them. The lady seated next to me spoke quietly. "The little women teaching that group is Mrs. Hall. She is only twenty-four and has six children of her own. They live in a trailerhouse."

I could hardly believe it! Is she always that happy?" I asked.

"She's always that happy," the lady replied. "She's such a sweet person."

Further quiet conversation revealed that twins had helped boost the number of Hall children to six. The trailer home had a small room built onto the trailer, but it was wholly inadequate for the family who lived within. Some of the children had been ill and in the hospital, yet the young mother maintained her happy countenance and let it shine forth to others. I felt that if I had been in her place I would have been frustrated and weak, even though my years numbered several more than hers. Surely I would have complained. Being

asked to teach a Sabbath school class of lively youngsters, would I have done it or would I have felt that I was too busy and simply too tired looking after my own little ones? Surely, I thought, she must have patience sent from God to help her live under such difficult conditions. "Godliness with contentment is great gain" came to my mind.

I don't remember the sermon the minister preached that morning. I do remember a face so happy that it cast its shadow of good on me. Just a few fleeting moments, but the happy smiles have lasted over many months and encouraged me in times of discouragement.

I remember another time—the shadow cast was that of the cold wintertime. "You're a liar! Just a dirty liar!" shouted one big boy angrily to another one. Both boys were supposed to be Christians. John 13:35 says, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." When the love of Christ dwells within us, His Spirit restrains us from speaking to another in such a manner as to offend them.

How we speak, what we speak, the way we act, the expression of our face, every way we live—all cast a shadow for good or for that which is not good. We must have God's help to cast the shadow which will refresh someone, even as God shelters us with His shadow in time of need.

REAL WEALTH

"Seek and ye shall find,"
Said Jesus long ago;
Seek from His "gold mine,"
And have that "wealth" untold.

OREGON YOUTH RALLY

(Continued from Page 4)

bert Weekes of Trinidad. The Scrael Hill orchestra played some musical numbers and the men's quartet sang. "The Workers Song." Kenneth Severance conducted a very interesting quiz.

Edith Jenness read a poem about "Our Prayer," after which Brother and Sister Olen Aerni sang "What Are You Doing For Jesus?"

The closing song was "Work For the Night is Coming," and we were dismissed with prayer by Elder Ennis Hawkins. The next youth rally will be at the Harrisbury City Hall, April 3, 1954.

—Betty Williams.

Canada Y.P. Report

A large crowd gathered at the Acme Church of God to enjoy the young people's program. The program was prepared by the Calgary-Acme young people.

The opening song was "To the Work." Jim Kurluk read the Scripture reading from Psalm 30 and Johnny Shapitka lead in prayer. Marvin Keim acted as chairman for the evening.

Linda Keim gave a recitation and then Donna and Doreen Trenchuk sang "It Is No Secret," accompanied by Jim Kurluk on the accordion. A poem was given by Eleanor Fischer and this was followed by a duet by Fencine Moldenhauer and Fennie Schlenker, entitled "Just a Whispered Prayer." Ruby Fischer played a trumpet solo entitled "Drifting." "This Side of Heaven" was sung by Brother and Sister Halverson

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Don't Sell Your Soul

"Don't Sell Your Soul to the Devil" is a fitting title to the following story. I was present when it was impressively and dramatically related, and will try to tell it as best I can remember, trusting the reader will find it both interesting and worth while.

Tom was his name, just plain Tom. Gospel singing came floating through an open window into his room in the basement of an apartment house where he was the janitor. He had spent many years of his life as a bum, but now he was happy for he had recently been converted by a band of mission workers. He now loved their soul-stirring gospel hymns.

One day Herman, a young sinner friend came to see Tom. It happened to be a day when more of this gospel singing came into the room to brighten Tom's life.

"Hey, Tom, are you listening to *that* kind of music?" asked Herman as he hurried to close the window. "I don't like it. It bothers me."

"But I like it," replied Tom. "Those folks saved my soul, and they got me this job, too."

Herman laughed. "Saved your soul! You sold it plenty cheap. You used to be a respectable bum, and now you've gone and sold out to those mission workers. Tom, this is no place for you. I'll show you how to make money. How much have you saved since you got this job as a janitor?"

"I've saved a dollar," boasted Tom who used to be broke most of the time.

Herman snickered, "Is that all? As I said, you sold your soul too cheap. I'll show you how to really make money," and he brought out a pair of dice. He rolled several sevens in succession.

"They're loaded," warned Tom. "Gambling is not right. I earned my dollar honestly."

Again Herman grinned, "It's all in the way you look at it. Let's not say 'loaded,' just say they are rebuilt. They're legitimate the way I look at it. Come, now, Tom, loan me that dollar and I'll pay you back double. There's a dice game going on around the corner. I'll double that dollar for you. What do you say?"

Tom was morally weak, and he pondered a moment in indecision. The extra dollar looked good to him. Finally he pulled off his shoe and handed over his only dollar. Herman thanked him. Then he handed him a book he *claimed* was about positive thinking and that he should read it. "It's about a man who sold his soul to the devil and got everything he wanted," said Herman.

Just as Herman was starting to leave, in came one of the mission workers, so he hurriedly left by way of a window.

"What book is that?" she asked.

"It's about a man who sold his soul to the devil," replied Tom. My friend told me to read it as he considered it positive thinking—so he said."

"You shouldn't read a book like that, Tom. I'll bring you a

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TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

My dear Granddaughter:

Is spring coming around where you are?

Here sap is dripping from maple twigs where ice brake or squirrels gnawed them; and people have welcomed the sight and sounds of wild geese flying northward.

I— shut indoors much of the time — had a precious small piece of springtime in my kitchen most of the winter; for on a brief walk in the woods last autumn, I found a small piece of pretty green moss, which I placed in a dish near a sunny window. It kept its green color as I watered and watched it day by day, and after a few weeks tiny leaves appeared that were different from the moss.

As the days went by, and the little new leaves unfolded, I saw they were grouped in threes, according to a very attractive and orderly system. This led me to try to find out if I had a new rare plant coming up in that moss, and sure enough I did.

A friend who lived for a time in Kentucky, several hundred miles south of where I live, had sent me a fern from her woods. The fern could not live because our soil lacks lime; but tiny seeds

of this strange plant sprouted, grew, blossomed and scattered more seeds into the moss I brought into the house from the woods; and in answer to my inquiries as to the name of the strange plant, a botanist told me it is "Sedum ternatum" — the latter word, because of its groupings of three leaves.

This little plant so green and pretty in my kitchen sunshine carries a clear message from God, who all our lives, since before Adam and Eve came to Eden, has made herbs yielding seed grow upon this earth; and moss— often despised—has always been an essential part of His plan. It was and is a big comfort to me to have this tiny reminder of God's faithfulness where I can see it everyday as I go about my kitchen work.

The prophet Zechariah said (Ch. 4:10), "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

Well, we are all prone to; women especially despising kitchen work, but in it there are at every turn evidences of God's truth and faithfulness, and I hope you can find as many as I do, and more, to make your life a joyous one. More on this topic later.

Grandmother Lois

Too low they build who build below the skies.—Young.



TALK

CANADA Y.P. REPORT

(Continued from Page 6)

accompanied by Mrs. Willox at the piano.

Lillian Shapitka gave a reading entitled "The Lord of Love," and this was followed by a duet "The Love of God," by Elmira Keim and Elsie Hrenyk. "Little Things" was recited by Kathy Keim. A mixed quartet consisting of Marvin Keim, Lily Holzer, Elmira and Leroy Fischer sang "You've Gotta Stand It For Yourself."

A congregational song, "On the Jericho Road," was sung, after which Brother Halverson spoke a few minutes on "Eternal Life." He also sang "It Is In My Heart," which was enjoyed by all. Betty Keim gave a poem entitled "Work and Shirk" and then Pauline Chudyk and Jim Kurluk sang "Follow Me." "To Live As Brothers" was given by Billy Keim and then Violet and Paul Chalus sang "A Night Without A Star." Jim Kurlock and Brother Kiehlbauch played an accordion duet "My Sheep Know My Name."

Special music was played by Brother Halverson on the steel guitar with Mrs. Willox at the piano. Elder Straub gave a very good and encouraging talk about young people's activities and used for his text 1 Timothy 4:12.

The closing song was "God Be With You" and Elder Straub dismissed with prayer.

—Elmira Keim.

CHRISTIANITY NO DISGRACE

Some years ago a Chinese of good position called his literary friends together for a feast and a consultation. While at the table, he addressed his friends as follows: "My son is determined to be a Christian, and is so obdurate that I can do nothing with him, so I must disown him."

"Why," one replied, "what wrong has he done? Has he stolen your things, or injured you, or brought disgrace on you in any way by his bad conduct?"

The father was obliged to confess that he had not.

"Well," the other replied, "before he became a Christian he was at home, smoking opium, and gambling, and living at your expense; but now he does none of these things. You ought to be thankful that he is doing so well." Such was the sensible answer he got from his heathen neighbor.—Sel.

OUR WORDS may be like sunlight that cheers or like barbs and thorns that sadden; they may stir up anger or turn away wrath and promote joy and love.—Think!

DON'T SELL YOUR SOUL . . .

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Bible the very next time I come. The Bible is real positive thinking." Then she turned and left.

Tom was too curious. In spite of the mission worker's advice he sat down and began reading the misleading book. Soon he fell asleep. Suddenly the devil appeared to him in a long black coat. He looked somewhat like a tricky magician.

"Who are you?" asked Tom.

"Ho, ho," he said with a friendly, but evil, grin, "I'm the devil, but you see I don't have horns and a tail like most folks think. I wouldn't go around that conspicuous. Just call me Red. By the way, I hear that you sold your soul to the mission workers. Ha, ha. And what have they promised you? Tom, if you'll now sell me your soul I'll give you everything you want. Just write your name in my little book." He handed Tom a little book and a pencil.

Tom hesitated. "I don't know about that. Do you really mean you'll give me all the *money* I want?"

"Why sure, my friend, and lots of happiness toboot. If you ever get into trouble just snap your fingers for me and I'll be there. Now sign your name. I'm in a hurry."

"But suppose you die and I happen to need you, what'll I do?"

The devil laughed. "No danger of that. I've been around for centuries and am as well as ever. Don't worry about that."

Finally Tom signed in the devil's little book. "All the money I want," he said to himself.

"Now would you be willing to lie a little for money?" asked Red.

Tom hesitated. Then he replied, "I'd even tell the truth for money."

"Would you commit murder for money?" quizzed Red.

That question startled Tom at first. He paused for thought. After a moment an idea struck him. "I might help someone take their own life."

"Well said," encouraged Red. "Every sin you commit I'll pay you well," and then he added in a low tone with an evil twinkle in his eye, "but there'll be a carrying charge."

"And how do I get my money?"

"That's simple," promised Red. "A man will come to see you today who has a lot of money, half of which belongs to you, but he will not want to divide up. Then you simply use this," and Red opened a drawer and pointed to an old relic firearm. Remember, I'll help you. If the police come, never mind, I'll be there to help you. Just snap your finger and call for Red. If they sentence you to the electric chair, just snap your fingers and I'll be there," lied old Red.

"But that old thing won't work," informed Tom. "It hasn't been used for years. It's a relic."

"It'll do," went on Red, and then he vanished.

At that moment in came Herman with a happy grin and a hand full of money. "Here's your dollar," he said happily, "and another one as your profit."

"But what about the rest you have there? Half of that belongs to be. Come, hand over my share. We're partners you know."

Herman broke out laughing. "I paid you back, and more too. Then after winning that, I decided to go into business by myself."

Tom was growing angry. "Yes and I went into partnership with a pal named Red. Now come across with my part of that money or I'll show you," he threatened, reaching for the old iron relic.

Herman roared with laughter. "That won't work; it's no good," he taunted as Tom made it click once, twice, three times in disgust. He muttered to himself, "Red must have been bragging." Tom pounded and slapped the weapon with his hand. Suddenly . . .

Herman fell, still clutching the hand full of money. Tom was surprised at first. Then seeing the money again he grabbed and ran, saying, "Old Red will take care of him."

In spite of promises and true to life, Tom soon found himself in jail. He snapped his fingers, calling, "Come here Red, I need you. Hey Red, where are you . . . Red, Red, Red?"

The doctor came to examine Tom, and an officer questioned him. "You can't do this to me!" protested Tom. My friend Red will help me." When he was alone again he snapped his fingers indignantly, calling, "Red, Red, come here, help me."

Suddenly Red appeared with an amused grin lighting up his face. He sat on the cot beside Tom in the prison cell."

"Where have you been, Red? Why didn't you come before when I need you? Get me out of here. You promised to help me."

"I have other contacts, lots of them, and I can't always be on time. Now don't worry."

"Well," said Tom, "you'd better not take on any more business if you can't take care of me."

"Tom, quit your worrying. Everything will come out my way, —I mean it'll come out all right. Even if you are sent to the static chair, I'll be there to help you."

"What!" cried Tom in nervous excitement at the very mention of the throne for the condemned. Then he looked around, but Red was gone. Tom felt around with his hands, but couldn't find him.

In court Tom kept snapping his fingers, calling, "Come here Red." Then he told the judge, "My pal, Red, will help me out of this. He'll show you. The judge rebuked him for his foolishness.

The lawyer joked, "Why not try black?"

"I'll try anything," gasped Tom excitedly, but Red did not appear so that Tom could see him. Once he appeared off to one side but he was invisible. He just laughed to himself at Tom's predicament.

"Now didn't you use this instrument," displayed the lawyer, "in order to get Herman's money? Answer me. Isn't that the truth?"

"Let's not say that," answered Tom. "Let's say he died of lead poisoning. He was hit in the teeth and he swallowed the lead."

Poor Tom was taken to "death cell." He snapped his fingers call for Red, but Red did not come. Likely he was busy with other deviltry elsewhere.

The day of execution a minister came to see Tom, but all the old man would do was snap his fingers and call for Red. "Don't you want to make your peace with God?" pleaded the minister.

"I sold my soul to the devil and he promised to help me any time I needed him."

The minister went sadly away and Tom, in his prison clothes, was led to the electric chair. He

was told to sit down. "No, you sit down," said Tom, "I've been sitting long enough already. Then he reached over and picked up a tack from the spine tingling seat. "Look here," he shouted, "What trick is this? I might have died of lockjaw!"

"Men," ordered the warden, "set the man down and strap him tightly; no more foolishness."

"Don't strap my right hand, that's my snapping fingers. Red promised to be here to keep you from pulling the switch."

The devil had lied, as we all know, for he did not help poor old Tom. The order was given for the switch to be pulled, and then Red appeared, not to help Tom, but to pull the switch himself.

The heavy charge surged thru Tom's body as he lurched and squirmed and struggled. Smoke filled the room until no one could see any more.

Just then Herman came running into the basement room and found Tom almost jumping out of his chair in which he had been dreaming. Finally Herman got him to wake up. "What's the matter?" he asked in amazement.

"I'll never sell my soul to the devil again," he vowed, beginning to explain things.

Tom no more than got started with his dream before in came the mission worker again. "I've now brought you the Bible I promised, Tom. This is real positive thinking. Read it every day." Then she turned, "And who is this?" she asked.

"He's my friend, Herman." Then Tom reached toward the table and picked up a hand full of bills, dropping them into her offering plate. "This is for your good work of saving souls."

She thanked him very much and left, saying, "Tom, come to the mission tonight and bring your friend Herman."

As Herman stood there surprised beyond words, beautiful gospel singing began to flood the room once more. It touched his soul.

"Come," ordered Tom gently, "let's get down to the mission right away. We must both make sure our souls are saved. I'll never serve the devil again. He's an old liar."

L. L. Christenson

IT'S IN THE BIBLE

A Global God—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else" (Isa. 45:22).

A Global Guilt—"Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Rom. 3:19).

A Global Gospel—"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

A Global Love—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, . . ." (John 3:16).

A Global Salvation—"For God sent not his Son unto the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3:17).

A Global Invitation—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (Matt. 11:28; John 6:37).—*The B. C. Shantyman.*

MIDWEST NEWS

Today is another of Missouri's beautiful spring days. It makes one happy just to be alive when the weather outside is so beautiful. The students appreciate the new rising bell—the singing of the birds in the trees. What sweeter music can be found!

The long awaited revival meetings are finally here. Friday evening opened the series of ten meetings with Brother Ray Straub as speaker. The choir is happy to be making use of those long practice periods as they present a special each evening. Much special music is also being used in the form of solos, trios, quartets, and sextettes. How encouraging it is to see the response of the Stanberry townspeople as well as those from other communities. Their interest is certainly appreciated. It almost seems as though we are in the midst of a camp-meeting as the meetings continue.

Our Wednesday morning chapel speaker was Elder Clayton Faubion who presented a very challenging sermon entitled "Let No Man Despise thy Youth." He impressed the students with the thought that they should strive to live in such a way that people would have no reason to think evil of them.

Those term papers have a way of coming due before we realize it. The typewriters were really clicking last week as the students tried to get them handed in before the revival meeting started.

Although the meals served at *Midwest* are simply "luscious," the students look forward to more than fine food as they ga-

ther at the dining table. Studies are forgotten as the students enjoy each other's presence. Although the group has spent almost seven months together, that same friendliness which began the first day still prevails. Each day they spend together draws the bond of Christian love a bit tighter.

It was good to have Elder E. A. Straub back in our midst for a few days this week. Although he was usually very busy, the students did manage to have a short chat with him at the Friday dinner table.

Brother and Sister Virgil Morrow were welcome additions to our Sabbath dinner table—as was the delicious food that they contributed to the meal. The girls enjoyed showing them through the dorm after dinner.

A special thanks goes to that good-hearted Sister Collinsworth this week as she once more presented the students with several delicious cakes. She and Sister Ward, as well as the other local church ladies, have certainly made wonderful temporary mothers for the student body. Thank you again, Sisters Collinsworth and Ward, for those delicious cakes.

Brother Paul Heavilin, one of our instructors, was walking proudly around the college this week after he became the father of a son born on his birthday, March 15.

Jim Stroupe and Nelson Caswell spent the Sabbath at Milan. They accompanied the L. L. Christenson family and Jean Groce. We missed them here, but

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Poetic Gems

YOUR COMRADE

He was so young and while He walked
on earth:

Thirty and three years—all so swiftly
flown,

He had no home, no roof, no glowing
hearth,

No little child that He could call His
own,

And yet the whole wide world was
His—His love

For all mankind, a passion in His
breast,

The sky His roof, and He was mind-
ful of

Each little child that came at His be-
hest.

Thirty and three years—burning like
a flame

For righteousness, for justice and for
truth,

A life that will perpetrate His Name
Throughout eternity upon the heart of
youth,

For He was young—and ever will be
young.

—Grace Crowell in *The War Cry*.

* * *

THE SECOND BIRTH

“Born again?” the rabbi asked.

“How can that be, pray tell?”

I do not know just what you mean

Nor do I wish a fool to seem.

Good Master, is my life not clean,

And serve I God not well?”

“Yes, born again,” the Master said.

“It is the only way.

For life’s not only meat and drink,

Nor how you serve or what you think,

Nor how from sinful acts you shrink.

Life’s more than this, I say.

It is the way I’ve come to show,

The way of faith and love;

The love of God who gave His Son
That all to Him through faith may
come,

And find in Him new life begun
And blessings from above.

“What think you, then,” the Savior
asked.

“Will you not walk this way?”

Thus speaks He now to you and me,
And offers pardon full and free,
And asks each one if He will be
His child of faith today.

How shall we answer Him, dear
friend?

This question we must face.

Christ is God’s gift to sinful men.

He says we must be born again.

Life will be holy only then.

Let us accept His grace

—Edwin Frey in *The Watchman-
Examiner*.

* * *

WE PRAY

Kenneth H. Steward (Trinidad)

Heavenly Father, to Thee we pray
As on the narrow way we tread,
To guide our feeble feet each day
Walking the road which Jesus led.

Help us Lord to serve thee right
And to walk in light with Thee
That we be ever in thy sight,
And all of thy glory see.

When Thou comes as Prince of Peace
To take us all unto Thee,
All life’s sorrow then shall cease
And that bright day we’ll see.

Has He Touched You?

By Nathan Straub

Man is a creation of God, and in some measure, is a reflection of God. One might say that in taking this stand is exalting the flesh, but upon further thought it may be seen that this is giving God the glory for making this creation called man. Just because man fell in the Garden of Eden does not necessarily mean that God made a mistake in creating man. God doesn't make mistakes. We are not exalting the carnal or fleshly part of man.

God created man for His glory and honor. Christians are to some extent reaching this end. We are herein dealing with God-fearing, God-controlled Christians. Such a man is a reflection of some of God's personality. For instance, let us take this earth to explain what I mean. The ocean with its depth is just a sample of the depth of God's love. The mountains are just a sample, in a small sense, of God's omnipotence. The breeze, like God's tenderness is real. Like the earth, God's creature, man, reflects His Creator.

Perhaps most of you readers have heard the poem about the old violin and the message it carried. If you recall, it was about the violin that was being auctioned off for a small amount until "from the room far back" came the "master" of the violin and played a "melody pure and sweet, sweet as an angel sings" and the value of the violin increased from a few dollars to thousands. It was the "touch of the Master's hand."

Using this example we might say that man has no value alone, but when God takes him over he not only increases in value but he reflects the personality of the Master operating him. When God is in man, His Spirit dwells in him and His reflection is seen in the face, and his actions. I do not mean to say that God exists only in the mind, but it could be concluded that a portion of God's personality exists in Christian mortals.

The good in one's life and the pure and good thoughts in one's mind are the portion of Him that is in our hearts and minds. God is everything which is of any real lasting value to man.

Referring to the poem again, it was the "Master's touch" that increased the value of the violin. So we may say God is the value of man. Man was created pure, but he fell into deadly sin, and in himself became worthless. God must come, through His Son, into the lives and hearts of men to redeem them from their fallen state to make them of satisfactory use to Him.

Actually man has nothing without God. He can earn money (which really belongs to God) and gain earthly wealth, but what is it? Money may buy a kind of friends, but not loyalty; medicine, but not health, and many things we could mention. However, lasting values come from God.

One day I was talking to a couple of men who were on a world tour. I asked one of them

when had he started out. He remarked that it was five years ago. He said he was searching for security and had found it in God. Silver and gold and other things of earthly value alone were not security.

In thinking of these words I am made to believe more and more that God is *All*. Any security, riches, hope or love which would be of any value must be from God.

Everything that man has that is good he owes to God.

God is far greater than man, to be sure, but everything that man is above his natural self must be credited to God.

May the touch of the Master's hand cause us to believe and live a life which satisfies God and reflects His goodness. He is our All.

MIDWEST NEWS

(Continued from page 13)

were glad to hear of the good meeting at Milan.

Once again the curtain falls on a wonderful week at *Midwest*. Until next week, here is a personal "goodbye" to each of our readers.

Reported by Gladys Larson.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 2)

a little spiritually, for that very reason; but there are many, many more of us who will live our lives quietly, out of the public eye, and only the One for whom we labor will see the result. But if our service is the fruit of our love for Him, it will be beautiful in His sight, and His "Well done!" is going to be worth far more to us than all the applause of men. God bless you.

—Cousin Frank, in *The Christian*.

Please Explain

Question: In Esther 9 what is meant by "days of Purim"?

Reply: It is assumed that the reader is somewhat familiar with the story of Esther and how her people were delivered from the hand of wicked Haman. Briefly, Haman hated Mordecai and determined to get rid of all the Jews in the kingdom of Ahasuerus. Esther learned of his wicked plan and revealed it to the king at a special banquet which she had prepared for the king and Haman.

When the king learned Haman's plan he was angry with him, and had him hanged. Then he gave orders that the Jews should defend themselves. The Jews won a great victory. They celebrated and made it a day of feasting and gladness. The Jews still celebrate the feast of Purim. It comes in the month Adar. This year it is on March 19. It is called Purim after the word *Pur* which means *Lot*. Smith's Dictionary says they cast lots to determine which day they should carry into effect their defense against their enemies.

LOSING OR KEEPING YOUR HEAD

Why lose your head when things go wrong? Is not a boy's head like a canoe? It must be kept well balanced or it turns turtle. Why not think twice, possibly seven times, before you speak or act once?

A noted physician once said that if he had only five minutes in which to save the life of a patient, he would take three minutes to think how to do it.

—*The Youth's Evangelist*.