

*Christian Youth Herald*  
and  
*Gospel Call*

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*A Walk in the Spring*

*One day, midst cool and gentle breeze,  
I took a walk among the trees.*

*It was a balmy day in spring,  
With flowers abloom and birds awing.*

*The sun shone in the azure sky,  
And daisies grew where I passed by.*

*I paused, and as the sunlight fell  
On winding lane and wooded dell,*

*I gave Him thanks who cares for all,  
Whoever sees the sparrow fall.*

*For sun, and song, and flowers that grow,  
I thank Him, Sharon's fadeless Rose.*

—Lois Rowell (Sel.)

# Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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## EDITORIAL

When the Federal Bureau of Investigation wishes to employ someone in their service they at first do a thorough job of investigating that person. It takes several months' time for them to probe into the life of that one wishing employment, for they do not want to leave a stone unturned to find out all they can. The person's past life is gone over almost with a fine-toothed comb, you might say, in the investigation. This thorough job is done so the person will not bear a hint of suspicion in any way. The F.B.I. wants only employees who will give them undivided service and have lives above reproach in any way so they will be completely trustworthy. They cannot afford to employ someone who might be a traitor to the cause and thus disrupt their work in any way.

Have you ever had your life investigated? No, we don't mean by the F.B.I. especially, but by the Lord. We are told in the Scriptures to examine ourselves to see whether we be in the faith.

The Lord gives us the privilege of examining our own selves to see how we stand, to see if we are without suspicion and are not traitors to the cause. The Lord also examines us. In Psalm 26:2 David said, "Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart." He wanted God to give him the once-over to see that he had been a faithful servant. Only faithful servants are worthy to be in the employment of God.

This is the time of the year when all of us need to sit down and take a check on our lives to see just where we stand. Paul in 1 Corinthians 11:28 tells us to examine ourselves so we will be worthy to partake of the emblems of the Lord's Supper. That sacred service which is soon to take place is one in which all of us should have a part if we feel we are a part of God's family. We should not, however, partake of it if we are serving the Lord as true children. We should take an inventory now and see if we have been living up to all of God's commandments; if we have been giving our neighbor as much love as God's word teaches we should; if we are doing for others what we should be doing; if we are letting God lead us in our daily lives.

God does not set us up as judges of each other, or gives us the privilege of investigating each other when it comes to our spiritual lives. He tells us to examine ourselves and by this He doesn't mean our neighbor. We must answer for our own lives and not another's so let us make sure we are true to the trust He left us.

Was your yesterday well spent?



# Dear Diary

By Level Massey

MONDAY.

*Dear Diary,*

Another week end has now passed. Really, it wasn't much different from any other. We had a hilarious time. It seems that I have everything I have always longed for. Bill, Carl and Stan still lavish me with attention, each trying to outdo the other. Then, at the occasion of the year, the Fiesta Ball, my tiny silver slippers floated above the confetti-covered floor until early morning. Any of the girls would have grasped at the dream of changing places with me. Anton Rene', the sought-after young dancing instructor monopolized my every moment. He chose me, really *me*. What a triumph, yet I don't quite understand. Looking back upon the weeks and months of excitement and fun I somehow feel let down. This is what I have always dreamed of, but *Diary*, each week end seems to become less exciting—even actually tiresome! It's really fun while I'm with the crowd, but as soon as I get home I can't remember what I liked about it. I wonder what is going to become of me—?

FRIDAY.

Tonight we went hot-rod racing. The thrill is gone until they put out faster cars. We've raced so often at this, the highest speed the rods will go, that it becomes disappointing. Some of the kids are turning to various acrobatics with the cars in order to make

the speed more exciting, but that is dangerous. The Malone crowd piled up last week. Since they are in the hospital it dampened our spirits, so we got drunk instead. I'm sorry, somehow. At first it made me feel good all over, but then everything seemed sad. It seems that all I did was cry. It's kind of vague, like a bad dream, but now my head is about to burst so I know it all happened. I wonder if there is really a life after this one—?

SATURDAY.

Tonight I feigned headache and didn't go out with the crowd. I wish I had! I'm miserable. If I stay here I'll go *mad*. I don't want to think anymore. I don't want to think— The day mommy died she tried to tell me something, "Dear, remember, there is only one place to find real happiness and joy, only one—," and then her breath stopped. She must have meant—no, she couldn't have! Oh, I'm afraid.

WEDNESDAY.

Two weeks have dragged by. Every moment was filled with going, going, going, leaving no time alone with myself to think, except the sleepless nights—

FRIDAY.

Mommy's little brown Bible. I finally found it. It's no use though, it just isn't any use. I read the Sermon on the Mount. It's too hard. No one could live up to it. No one!



## TUESDAY.

Elaine, that smiling young girl at the office, asked me again if I'd like to attend prayer meeting with her tomorrow evening. Of course I wouldn't like to. I'd despise it, because I wouldn't know what to do. I would like to know how people pray. It must be hard to do. I wonder if Elaine lives up to the Sermon on the Mount. Of course not! She couldn't.

## FRIDAY.

How odd. Elaine asked me to go to church with her tomorrow. I always thought that people go to church on Sunday. I asked her about it and she told me a bunch of stuff about the Sabbath and the Bible. I couldn't keep up with her. When I told her no, she handed me a little booklet saying maybe I'd like to read it anyway. I'm glad she did. It took me a long time, but I looked up all the references. There are so many things I don't understand though. I wonder if Elaine would come home with me and talk to me about God. I'm afraid to go to church. I can remember how awful everyone of us were to Ted when he began going to church. I don't know what they do in church either. They might do terrible things. Anton said they are really quite mad. They must be. How could there be a God anyway?

## SATURDAY.

I asked Elaine if she would come over after church and visit me. I had lunch waiting for her and we spent the whole afternoon together. How wonderful she is! She showed me so many wonderful things in the Bible. It all sounds so logical too. Of course there is a God. How could I ever

doubt it! I even got up enough courage to ask her what church is like. She looked really surprised, but didn't say anything about me being dumb, or anything. She told me all about what they do. My, but it sounds fun,—especially the young people's service. It's strange, I always thought that there were only two or three kids who are Christians in each community and that they are nothing but cast outs. I'm going next week with Elaine! I'm not even afraid that they will pray either. I asked her how you pray and she said that prayer is nothing but talking to God. It sounds wonderful.

## WEDNESDAY.

Saturday when Elaine was here she forgot her Bible. I wonder if she did it on purpose. I'm glad anyway. She has places marked. How beautiful it is! I understand so many more things now. God sent His only begotten Son that I might not perish, but have everlasting life, and all I must do is call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, repenting and being baptized in His name for the remission of sins to be saved. It's a *promise*. Now I can see why Christians can be so sure that they shall have everlasting life. Job knew too. He said, "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." I know that one day Job and I will meet and worship God together.

## SATURDAY.

Went to church with Elaine. What wonderful peace I have  
(Continued on page 6)



# The Psalms and You

By Mary Holbert

## *Psalm Thirty-Seven Patience and Confidence!*

"Fret not thyself." "Trust in the Lord." "Delight thyself in the Lord." "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

The keynote of Psalm thirty-seven is patience and confidence. There are forty verses and each one is a gem—verses calculated to give each of us patience to wait on the Lord with confidence.

The Psalmist is telling us not to fret when we see the wicked prosper because their time is coming when they will reap what they sow. David's own experience is recorded in verses 35 and 36. He says, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

Haven't you, too, seen people who had power and spread themselves as a green bay tree for a time, then after awhile they came to naught? The upright man may not show a big splash of power or riches, but the end of his days is not destruction. The Psalmist says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." The Psalmist is convinced that the little a righteous man has is greater than the riches of the wicked.

Throughout this Psalm we see a contrast between the days of the wicked and the days of the righteous. The way of the wicked may be filled with power, riches

and prosperity. The wicked may plot against the just and bring to pass many wicked devices, yet seemingly still enjoy prosperity. But God promises that the wicked will be cut off and will be destroyed. On the other hand the righteous may be poor; and be tempted to wonder at all the prosperity of the wicked, until he remembers David's words, "Fret not because of evil-doers." The righteous may have no power over others. His life may seem dull to the evil-doer who has so much. The upright man, however, doesn't think his life dull for he delights in the Lord. He has confidence in God's promise that the righteous shall inherit the earth and shall delight in the abundance of peace. David tells us that the good man may fall, but will not be utterly cast down because the Lord upholdeth him with His hand.

Have patience, the Psalmist is saying; live your days in peace; wait on the Lord and know He will give you peace of mind and deliverance to the upright.

David says, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." David is giving us the benefit of his observation. If we think back over the years of our lives we can agree with David. God does not forsake the righteous!

"Rest in the Lord, and wait



patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass" (V. 7). David is giving some wonderful advice for us of this age, for certainly we see the prosperity of the evil-doers on every side; we see the vast wealth accumulated by wicked devices. If we fret because we aren't prosperous too, then we certainly won't have peace of mind. A fretful worried mind does not make for a desirable way of life. Better it is to commit our ways to the Lord and trust in Him. The Lord will not forsake His saints; He is their strength in time of trouble.

Life is too short to envy evil-doers of their prosperity. We need first to be a good person knowing that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way." If the Lord sees fit to prosper our days here in this vale of tears, that is well and good; or if prosperity is withheld from us, that is all right too, because the main thing is to be a saint of God, delighting ourselves in the Lord. "Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it."

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### "DEAR DIARY"

(Continued from Page 4)

found. The memory verse, my very first memory verse, was Psalm 19:14, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." Oh, yes, Lord, let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight!

WEDNESDAY six months later.

Dear Diary,

I thought I'd write once more to you to explain my neglect and to thank you for listening so patiently so many times when I was so very miserable and mixed up.

I won't be writing to you anymore now though, for you see, I have found God now, and I take all my troubles to Him. I talk to Him and He doesn't only listen, He whispers sweet peace to me. It's a highway to glory this strait and narrow path, but there is not a fear, for you see,—I find contentment.

*I find contentment in His blessed  
love,  
And streams of mercy from His  
throne above;  
Though storms assail me here  
below  
He gives me sunshine as I go.  
I find contentment in His won-  
drous grace,  
No cloud or shadow can obscure  
His face;  
When great temptations I must  
bear  
I find the secret place of prayer.  
I'll find contentment when He  
comes again,  
And I'll be ready, for I know not  
when  
The trump shall sound through  
the sky  
And I shall meet Him by and by.*

—By Merrill Dunlop

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### ENCOURAGE THEM

Write to boys in the service.  
Bob Burge SNQM307-059 C.G.C.  
Kukui, WAK-186  
c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, California



# Opal of Thetis Island

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Opal buttoned her blue sweater. Even though it was summer a breeze came across Thetis Bay. She walked along the rocky shore with her father. In his low, deep voice, he remarked, "Honey, Thetis is really a beautiful place."

Opal glanced across the small bay at the pine trees so straight and tall; their clean scent wafting toward her. A shell cracked under her foot. Red starfish dotted the shore, and the rocks were thick with rock oysters. If only there were someone her own age with whom to enjoy these things!

"I know you're lonely but someday you'll find the answer to your loneliness. I did." His square face was serious. He patted her shoulder; then climbed over the rocks, toward the house.

Opal leaned back against the rocks, the breeze blowing her brown hair away from her face. Her dad's small boat bobbed in the water. It wasn't so bad in the winter when she crossed Georgia Strait to go to Ladysmith to school, but—

Startled, she looked up. She could hear a girl singing, "He Bought my Soul at Calvary." Why there was a ship coming into the harbor! The song was coming out of the blow-horns.

She watched while the anchor was lowered, and the ship, straining in the wind, came to a stop. Then she climbed the rocks, and ran through the tall grass to the house. She flung open the kitchen door. Her mother was standing in front of the stove. She asked, "What's up?"

"A ship, in our harbor."

Her dad pulled aside the old-fashioned heavily fringed red and green portieres and stepped into the kitchen. "It must be the *Ambassador*. When I was in Seattle, I met Captain Stewart and invited him to drop the hook on his way to Alaska."

Opal crossed to the sink and stared out of the window. She could see the tall mast of the ship and wondered if there were any one young abroad.

"Call the children," her mother said, as she began to take up the corned beef and cabbage.

Opal called Cecil, Sidney, and little Elvira and helped them wash for dinner. Once the family was served, her dad explained, "Captain Stewart is taking some Bible teachers up the Inland Passage to hold Vacation Bible Schools for the natives and the children of the loggers."

Opal's blue eyes glistened as she asked, "Are they young?"

"Older than you, Honey. Most of them are college students.

The cabbage tasted strong to Opal as she wondered if there wasn't anyone else in the whole world who was sixteen! But even if the group were older, it would be fun to meet them! But her dad made no suggestions.

She was washing dishes when there was a knock on the back door. Wiping her hands on the coarse towel, she crossed to the door and opened it.

Standing there was a stranger in tan work pants and a red flan-

*(Continued on Page 10)*



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# TEEN

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## Letter From Grandmother Lois

*My dear Grandson:*

A man named Blake Clark has recently written about Palestine and the forgotten wealth now being discovered there, according to suggestions mentioned in the Bible prophecies of the Old Testament.

Another man named Walter Merkel has also told us there are indications of countless sun-and-earth systems in the heavens, which are likely inhabited by people—maybe like us humans, maybe different. Could it possibly be that Jesus referred to them in John 10:16?

These two newly published ideas make our Bible all the more precious, and we may well feel encouraged to “search the Scriptures” with more interest and love than ever. This search takes time and attention just as much as is spent searching for minerals in the ground to make for us dishes, tools, and so forth.

After the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and were safely settled, newcomers who joined them spread westward into the country where I live, and looked around for earth’s minerals. They found iron which they used to hand-forge tools, and those carefully shaped tools paved the way

for the discovery of deeper, richer veins of iron still farther west in our country.

Great factories have been built in recent years to make war tools in abundance, and the users have grown rich and wasteful in the controlling areas, but poor and wasted in controlled areas.

The Bible contains many of God’s plans, many of them hidden till His own time to reveal them. I am glad you are willing to memorize choice Psalms and that you have also chosen to look deeply and prayerfully into different languages our present Bibles have come through to reach you and me.

While some men have dug in the earth for minerals, others used their talents to dig out the meaning of God’s plan. They search the Scriptures, as Jesus said, because they testify of Him and His plans. You will find this searching of the Word will help prevent the wasting of divine mineral gifts, as well as lost human souls.

Wouldn’t it be nice if you and I lived near each other so we could talk more about these things; but no, letters must do for now, so a fond farewell for this time.

Grandmother Lois

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God loaned us time; use it well.





# TALK

## IT'S YOUR GUESS

What do you know about the Ancient Tabernacle?

1. We read about the tabernacle first in—  
a. Gen. 50; b. Ex. 12; c. Ex. 26.
2. The tabernacle was made chiefly of—  
a. moveable cedar boards  
b. many curtains  
c. expertly fitted stone
3. To minister in the tabernacle were the—  
a. sons of Moses  
b. sons of Aaron  
c. sons of Joseph
4. The veil of the tabernacle was made of—  
a. fine twined linen  
b. fine spun wool  
c. dyed badger skins
5. The ark of the testimony was  
a. in the holy place  
b. in the most holy place  
c. behind the veil
6. Curtains to cover the tabernacle were made of—  
a. pitch-treated cloth  
b. selected woven reeds  
c. goat's hair
7. The veil was—  
a. of one color  
b. red, white, and blue  
c. blue, purple, scarlet
8. On the veil were—  
a. cherubims cunningly worked  
b. pomegranate wrought in beautiful colors  
c. woven palm trees in needle work
9. The hanging of the door of the tent was—  
a. white, blue, red  
b. linen, wrought with needle-work  
c. made of fine wool  
\* \* \*

Answers: c, b, b, a, a & c, c, c, a, b

## WHICH CLASS?

Do you belong to the Jawbone Class, the class of folks who talk about the many things they'll do, the path of fame they'll walk? Who boast about their conquered worlds, and deeds right nobly done, while yet their efforts end with words—no task is e'er begun?

Do you belong to the Wishbone Class, the class of folks who long that wealth and fame might flow to them for just a little song? Who wish that ease might be their lot, and praise their fortune, too, while all the while they nod and smile, and all but nothing do.

Do you belong to the Backbone Class, the class of folks who work from early morn till late at night, and never, never shirk? Who dig right in and fight their way until they reach success that waits around for folks who give, and always do their best?—Anon.



## OPAL OF THETIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 7)

nel shirt, with a friendly smile on his face. With him was a teenage boy in blue jeans, and white shirt, with his brown hair slicked back. The man said, "I'm Captain Stewart and this is my son, Dan. I'm a friend of your father's. Is he around?"

Opal swallowed, embarrassed, then answered, "No. He's gone over to the sawmill."

"Thanks, but before I go over there, could I use your phone?"

"Yes. It's in the front room." She led the Captain through the portieres. After she showed him the phone and he had the operator, she went back into the kitchen. The boy was still standing in the open door. He grinned. A fly buzzed by him, into the house. If he stood there with the door open he would let in a million flies! She picked up the swatter and gulped, "Come in and shut the door."

He came in, shut the door and took the swatter from her. With a quick bang, bang, bang, he killed three flies on the table. Then he grinned again and asked, "You live here, all year around?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"It's a pretty island. Dad thinks it might be a swell place for the *Ambassador* in the winter."

If it did, she'd have a neighbor. She smiled.

"Is there a school on Thetis?"

"No, Dad takes me to Lady-smith."

"Across the strait?" he frowned. "Got a church?"

Sad, she shook her head. Her dad had family worship every night but there was no church on Thetis.

"Well, Dad wouldn't like that."

Of course he wouldn't. Opal's heart rebelled. Thetis didn't have anything!

"We'll be in harbor a couple of days while the Bible teachers prepare lessons for the schools. Would you like to go riding this evening in the speed boat?"

"Yes." Her blue eyes twinkled and abruptly she asked. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

He was a year younger than she but at least she'd have some fun while the *Ambassador* was in the harbor.

That evening Dan picked Opal and her dad up at the shore and took them out to the ship. Her dad talked to the Captain while she met the young people and then went in the speed boat with Dan, Bertha, a fat girl in a green linen dress, and Clyde, a young man who was studying to be a minister.

Dan guided the boat completely around Thetis. Opal huddled in the front seat, behind the glass, watching the spray break over the bow. A light haze hung over the island. Bertha and Clyde talked about Jesus and they sang choruses. They taught Opal to sing "Everybody ought to know who Jesus is."

Opal thought, "I know who He is but I don't know Him like they do. They talk about Him as if they really knew Him and to me, He is Someone Dad reads about in a book."

Dan headed the boat toward the shore and remarked, "Dad said he'd take your father back, so I guess this is the end of the line."

Opal nodded, sorry the good time was over.

"We're going to have a bon-



fire on the beach tomorrow night, won't you join us?" Bertha invited.

"You must," Clyde chimed in. "Cap is giving devotions and you will enjoy hearing him talk."

"I'd like to," Opal nodded, thankful for the unexpected extension of her good time. Dan steered close to where some rocks jutted out from the island. Opal stood up, the boat rocked slightly but she jumped onto the rocks. She stood there, watching, as the speed boat cut through the water, back to the ship. The light shone brightly from the top of the mast. As Opal climbed over the rocks, she wished the *Ambassador* would never, never leave!

The next afternoon she hunted for oyster pearls with Dan, Bertha, and Clyde. The oysters clung so tightly to the rocks that one had to take a hammer and pick to pry them loose. In about an hour they had pails of them.

They gathered wood for the beach fire. It was cool and shadowy in the thicket of trees, but they found plenty of fallen branches and carried them to the beach.

When everything was ready, Dan said, "See you about eight."

Opal nodded and once more watched the boat clip through the water toward the ship. It's all right this time. They'll be back, but soon they'll get onto the ship and not come back. She found herself praying, "Lord, can't they stay?" She flushed. She hadn't prayed since her mother stopped listening to her prayers at night. She believed in prayer. She had heard her dad pray many times and God had answered. Only, she hadn't felt close enough to Him to pray. But hearing Dan, Ber-

tha, and Clyde talk about Jesus made Him seem nearer.

After dinner she washed the dishes and went up into her room. She changed into her best pink print dress and blue sweater. Through her open window she could hear the laughter of the young people as they landed on the island.

She hurried down to the crowd on the beach. Bertha beckoned for Opal to sit beside her. It was pleasant to sit in the twilight and watch the flames. The young people sang "Since Jesus came into my heart," then "Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus." The Captain prayed and Opal felt a warmth in her heart. She breathed, "Oh, Lord, if only I could always feel like this."

The Captain stood beside the fire, its light on his serious face. He reminded the young people that they were on their way to tell others of Jesus. "Let us not take for granted that anyone is a Christian. It is too easy to grow up in a Christian home, to know the name of Jesus and yet not know Him as Savior. Those who don't, are unhappy and don't know what is wrong with them. They think the trouble is the place they live or something of that sort, when if they really knew Jesus, He would make them happy anywhere."

Opal's blue eyes opened wide and she was thankful for the growing darkness. Was that what was wrong with her? She bowed her head and knew there was an empty place in her heart.

"Opal," Bertha whispered in the darkness, "do you know Jesus?"

"No," Opal gulped.

Captain Stewart began praying. Bertha caught Opal's hand in



hers, and whispered, "Come with me."

Opal stumbled after Bertha, down over the rocks to the shore. Bertha asked, "You do understand that Jesus died on the cross for your sins?"

"Yes," Opal swallowed hard. "Don't you want to kneel and tell Him that you believe in Him as Savior and will live for Him?"

Opal knelt in the damp sand, closed her eyes and slowly, gropingly, told the Lord how unhappy she had been and that she did believe in Him. When she opened her eyes the rippling blue water seemed covered with shining jelly fish.

She stood up, brushed off the sand, and sighed, "It is every bit as beautiful as Dad said."

"I wish we could stay longer, but I understand the *Ambassador* is sailing early in the morning, so let's join the others."

Opal and Bertha hurried over the rocks, back to the others who had made a long S like line. Bertha and Opal got at the end and edged forward until they reached the Captain.

All too soon the young people were getting into the speed boat, going back to the *Ambassador*. Opal watched until the last boat left, and she was alone on the beach. The scent of the pines filled the air, and the water shimmered in the moonlight. Opal was surprised, "Why Lord, I won't be lonely with them gone because I have You. Captain Stewart was right. Now I know you can be happy in any place."

Her dad stepped up behind her and put his arm around her shoulder, "Opal, I've been talking to the Captain about making Thetis his home port."

"Dan mentioned it but he can't because there's no school or church on Thetis."

"I offered to take Dan across the strait to Ladysmith and the Cap is going to start a church."

Opal reached up and squeezed her dad's hand. She thanked the Lord that not only would He never leave her alone but He was providing her with friends, too.

—Dorothy Haskins (Sel. and adapted).

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### BEING PRESERVED

The Bible says, "The Lord will preserve us." I never fully understood that until I went into the kitchen when my wife was making preserves. She had a big pan of peaches peeled and cut up, and a big bowl of sugar, and emptied them both into a brass kettle. I said, "What are you doing?" She said, "I am preserving peaches." I said, "What is that?" She said, "I am fixing them up so they will keep and keep sweet." Some of you kicking, quarreling, grumbling Christians think you are preserved. You are not preserved you are just pickled.—Sam Jones.

—(Sel.)

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Dr. Peter Eldersveld, clergyman, Chicago, Illinois: "One wonders what the Creator thinks about all the foul talk, the multitude of profane voices, the chorus of cursing that rises to high heaven from the lips and hearts of men who were created in His image. One wonders why God doesn't smite mankind with dumbness because we have so perverted the gracious gift of speech, and taken His name in vain. The first lesson in Christ's model prayer is, 'Hallowed be thy name.'"



# MIDWEST NEWS

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Here at *Midwest* time never gets a chance to slow up. Probably we should say that time never allows the students to slow down with their work. It seems as if only a few days back the second semester started, but now the first quarter of the latter semester has already passed into *Midwest* history; even the first week of the second quarter has been clipped off and the scholars are ready to start 'a cuttin' on the second.

While the revival meetings were going on here at the Chapel, the students were expecting to get a little more rest the week following. However, this dream was almost a complete failure, because they were almost as busy as the week before.

On Tuesday evening the weekly two-hour choir practice session was cut short to one hour and the rest of the evening was spent at the Faubion apartment. Elder Faubion, the choir director, felt proud of the choir because of the good work they did during the revival meetings. To show his approval of their work, the choir was invited to the Faubion home where the evening was spent by playing games and by devouring the refreshments that were served.

Bro. Floyd Turner was the speaker at the regular 10 o'clock Chapel service on Wednesday. His timely message was entitled, "The Message to Messengers."

Another one of the students had some visitors during this past week. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McNeal, brother-in-law and sister of

Lawrence Meier, and their little daughter stopped in here on Thursday to see Lawrence and some of their friends. They spent the night at the Roy Marrs home.

On Friday evening Lyle was in charge of the prayer meeting. The topic for discussion was "Prayer." Many wonderful thoughts were brought out concerning our uninterrupted communication with God.

This last Sabbath Haskell, accompanied by Paul and LeRoy, traveled to St. Joseph to present the day's message there. Nelson Caswell went to Kansas City to speak there, and was accompanied by Jean Groce, Helen Christenson, and Jim Stroupe. Nelson's message was entitled, "Are we deceiving ourselves?"

Max was the messenger to bring the regular Sunday morning message at Mount Zion.

This concludes the main headlines of the news for this past week at *Midwest*. So, until the dial of time has been turned one more week into the future, we shall say good-bye and God bless you.

—Reported by Le Roy Dais.

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## HOW IT STARTED

Not a word was said,  
'Twas the nod of the head  
And a smile as soft as a breeze  
That said, "Let's be friends  
Until eternity ends"—  
So started our friendship with ease.

—A Reader.

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How did you spend yesterday?  
Are you doing better today?



# Poetic Gems

## UP TO YOU

When you start out of a morning  
With your luck a-running wrong,  
The birds along your pathway  
Have a harshness in their song;  
And the grass, though soft and velvet,  
You will sort o' stumble through;  
Such times if you want things better,  
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

'Tain't hard smiling with the sunshine,  
But it's during stormy spells,  
When your weary feet are slipping,  
That the stuff what's in us tells.  
No, you don't have flowers always  
In the paths you travel through,  
Still, if you would have things better,  
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

—Sel.

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## "THIS IS THE WAY"

God's way is giving,  
Unbounding and free.  
He offered His Son  
On Calvary's Tree;  
He gave of His all,  
And so we must too;  
This is the way,  
No other will do.

God's way is living,  
Abundant and pure,  
Victorious in Christ,  
The Rock that is sure.  
He emptied Himself,  
Refills with His grace;  
This is the way,  
The path we must trace.

God's way is praising  
For all that He sends,  
Sunshine or shadow,  
Fellowship, friends,

Content on the mountain,  
Or valley below;  
This is the way  
In which we must go.

God's way is serving  
At home or afar,  
Constantly, faithfully,  
Just where we are.  
The tasks may be humble  
He calls us to do;  
This is the way,  
He bids us walk through.

God's way is perfect,  
His way is the best;  
At the end of the road  
Lies a haven of rest.  
He leads us along  
By night and by day,  
And lovingly whispers,  
"This is the way."

—Hilda Crawford (Sel.)

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## GOD, MAKE ME KIND

God, make me kind!  
Not only when an act of mine  
Will gain me praise,  
But every day in little ways  
To those around me make me kind.  
Help me to find  
The lonely heart that I may speak  
A word of cheer. Help me to seek  
The weary, and to change a tear  
To laughter.  
Help me, God, this day, and after,  
Desire to give one kindly word—and  
then,  
Oh, God, to give again!

—Helen B. Davis in Southern Church-  
man.



# Signs That Prove Christ's Coming Is Near

By Roberta Harris, Midwest Student

**B**Y READING the newspapers, listening to the radio, and conversing with people we know that the world is in a confused and complex situation. Why is the world in this condition? Is there hope for a brighter future—a future of peace and well-being?

Paul's letter to Timothy doesn't give much hope for a bright future in this present dispensation when he says in chapter three, verse one of his second book, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come." He continues to describe what the people will be like: "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unholy, truce breakers, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and many more which describe the character of many people of our time. This is one of the many texts in the New Scriptures to show we are in the last days.

Daniel 12:4 is a very fitting text from the Old Scriptures: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." It has only been in the last hundred years or so that knowledge has so rapidly increased. Only after the discovery of America and its growth were the discovery of electricity, and the invention of modern machinery, airplanes, war machinery and many more made. Men have invented improved

cars until they can travel at a very dangerous speed. All our modern day equipment in the factory and at home is evidence that we are in the time of the end as foretold by Daniel.

We are living in the toes of the image dreamed of by Nebuchadnezzar in Daniel two. The kingdoms represented here are gradually breaking up. Soon the stone cut out of the mountain without hands shall appear and complete their destruction (Dan. 2:35).

Another proof that we are in the end of time is Daniel 12:9-10, where the Lord said, "... Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried, but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." Today, we know many more of the interpretations of Daniel, whereas in years back they could not be understood. Many who have stood for God have been tried and persecuted, and the wicked one is still very evident in the world. Those who have studied know the signs of the times, but the Scriptures have no meaning that impresses them.

The wicked scoff and ask, Where is the sign of His coming? The world is just as it has always been, they say. Thus they fulfil 2 Peter 3:3-4, and we are told this will happen in the last days.

Christ tells us in Matthew 24 one of the signs of His coming would be that antichrists would



arise and deceive many. Certainly we see that today with the many churches and conflicting teachings, and some with their prophets whom they hold to as being equal with the prophets of old.

Another sign was that we would have wars and hear rumors of wars. This fact cannot be denied. With war so often comes famines and pestilences.

Earthquakes would be in divers places, said Christ. In the last few years there have been so many quakes throughout the world.

In Matthew 25:37 and Luke 17:26 Christ says the world would be in the same condition at His coming as it was in Noah's day. We understand that in Noah's time the world was exceedingly wicked and the people would not listen to Noah and turn from their evil ways. Likely they scoffed at him until the day he went into the ark and the rain began to fall. Isn't the world in a very similar condition today? In the United States, which is considered to be a Christian nation, there are many divorces, robberies, idolatry and sins of every kind committed. There are many who scoff at religion and will not accept Christ. Yes, the conditions are very much the same.

These are just a few of the signs which show we are in the last times. Books could be written on this subject, but I think I have presented enough here to show that we are in the last days, and that Christ's coming is near.

May we not be as those who are unfamiliar with the Scriptures, but be ready and looking for our Savior who is coming to reward the faithful.

## SHAKESPEARE VS. THE BIBLE

While speaking of the power of God's Word one night in Hyde Park, I heard a man interrupt, crying out, "There are plenty of other books just as good."

"Well," was my reply, "tell us one!"

"Shakespeare!" he returned.

"Now I happen to know," said I, "many men who were won to Christ from drunkenness, gambling, vice, or ungodliness, by just one verse out of the Bible. Can you tell me of one man rescued from the curse of drink through reading a sentence of Shakespeare, or even the whole book?"

"No, sir," he answered more civilly.—*Christian Digest*.

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### WHERE TO LOOK IN THE BIBLE—

When tempted to do wrong—  
Psalm 139.

When things look blue—Isaiah 40.

When discouraged—Psalm 23.

When business is poor—Psalm 37.

When lonely or fearful—  
Psalm 27.

When anxious for dear ones—  
Psalm 107.

When planning your budget—  
Luke 19.

When leaving home, for labor or travel, carry Psalm 121 along.

When weary—Matt. 11:28-30.

When everything seems to be going from bad to worse—2 Timothy 3.

When your friends seem to go back on you. 1 Cor. 13.

When you have sinned—1 John 1; John 3:1-21.

Make Psalm 51 your prayer.

—Sel. by Mrs. Ed. Winckler.

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Jesus' death proves a soul's worth.