



Vol. XVIII. No. 43

Stanberry, Missouri

May 24, 1954

Ever See The Man?

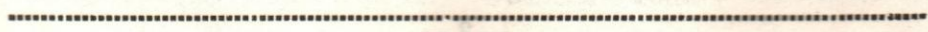
*Ever meet the man who said,
 "Wish that I were only dead.
 What's the use for me to live?
 I have nothing left to give.
 There is nothing more in life;
 All I know is inward strife."*

*Foolish man, you have a mind
 Same as all your human kind.
 Can't you give some little thought
 To a work that's nicely wrought?
 Can't you look about and see
 That you still have energy?*

*Look not on your childhood's day
 As the best in every way;
 Cling to life for at its worst
 Life is better last than first.
 Knowledge gathered through the years
 Should make wisdom and not tears.*

*But if tears let's wipe them dry;
 Give yourself another try;
 Dare to live and do not shirk,
 Dying is not thought as brave
 When there's work before the grave.*

—J. G. Mortimer (Sel.)



Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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

OFFICE EDITOR

Elaine D. Christenson

Entered as second class matter Jan. 8, 1950,
at the Post Office, Stanberry, Mo., under the
Act of March 3, 1879. Owned by the General
Conference of the Church of God (7th Day),
published weekly (except one issue during the
annual camp meeting in August, and one dur-
ing the last week of December) at Stanberry,
Mo.

Subscription Rates: Single copies,
\$1.75 per year; six or more to one ad-
dress \$1.50 each per year; foreign
\$2.25 per year.

EDITORIAL

THE LONE WINDMILL

I was riding by train through the bear grass country of New Mexico the other day, and I was getting to the place where I believe honestly that there was nothing but bear grass, when suddenly on the scene appeared a windmill. The windmill was working as hard as it could. Around and around it went! There was no other moving creatures or materials near. There had been no rain in that country for a long time. There was no evidence of water from the train window. But I knew there was water! The windmill was working hard and was reaching water—water down deep in the earth—water hidden from the human eyes!

There was no doubt water was available right under the train. Not only there, but there was water under the other bear grass out there on the desert. Water was available if one went to work to get it. When the windmill was still, it brought no water; yet if it worked continuously, it brought

water to the dry and thirsty land.

How dry some of our spiritual lives become! The "water of life" is flowing near by, and yet we allow our lives to be covered and filled with bear grass—the crop of dry land. We bring not forth fruit for the Master's use. We are content to remain still, although if we stirred ourselves we could reach the Source of the water of life.

The water of life is as necessary for a live, fruitful life as the water which that little windmill worked so hard to bring to the surface is necessary to make the bear grass country fruitful. Wherever a windmill is located and put to work, water appears. Wherever people live who work hard for the Master, one can tell that the water of life is flowing. Of course, should that little windmill in the desert of New Mexico decide not to work, and should its power be taken from it, the land about it would soon become dry and arid, even as the ground away from it was dry and arid that day I was riding on the train.

As Christians, we must keep busy for Christ. We must keep in close contact with God, the Supplier of the water of life. If we lose that close, workable contact, we will soon become dry and arid. We will lose the spark of life which gives us the power to win and draw people unto Him who is the Giver of the water of life.

Christians are the windmills in the world. If they continue to work, keeping contact with the hidden supply of strength, they will cause the desert to bloom and give strength to all passersby.

—Sel.

If I Have Wounded

By Nelson Caswell, Midwest Student



HE incident which inspired me to write this happened several years ago when I was but ten years of age. It still however, lingers in my mind as vividly as the day it occurred.

A little boy almost nine years of age and his older brother were going to a country school about a quarter of a mile walk from their home. It was during the wintertime and each had his sled trailing along at his heels. Neither was without pride for his newly acquired possession, which could be noted from the numerous and affectionate backward glances which each cast over his shoulder.

As they walked along the older brother, who had fewer free periods for sliding than the younger, asked his brother to guard his sled when he wasn't using it so that none of the other boys would take it. He did not want to have a bunch of boys piling on his new sled and smashing it is the first thing.

Toward the end of the day a good friend approached the older brother and asked if he could use his sled during the period that he was in school. After considerable hesitation, and after the promise to be careful was duly sworn, consent was given.

At the close of the day when all three boys were going home, the young friend complained bitterly that he had not been able to use the sled because the younger brother would not let him. The little brother had been faithful while the older brother had for-

gotten the former contract. All the older brother could see was meanness on the part of his little brother.

He then pushed his little brother into a snowbank and stopped the cries of protest with snow as he proceeded to wash his face in it. He would teach his brother to go against his will. He also would show his supremacy to his friend who witnessed the cruelty with highest glee.

Later that evening the older brother was to repent of his deed. He was reminded of the authority over his sled which he had delegated to his younger brother. When the same words which he had drowned out with snow were finally admitted into his consciousness, he suddenly realized the fact that he had been fickle, forgetful, and hasty. Somehow, in his permission to the young friend he had forgotten the former contract with his brother. It was a great shock to this boy when he fully awoke to the fact that he had mistreated his brother in the moment of his loyalty and faithfulness.

I, only, can know the tides of anguish and upset emotions that so completely drowned and put to shame the former elation. I, only, can know how that older brother felt because I was that older brother.

Every time I think of it, I wonder how my brother could have forgiven me. I can still see the hurt in his eyes and even now it hurts me as much. Yes, I had wounded a soul.

How many times during our life's course, or even the course of a single day do we wound the hearts and souls of the people with whom we associate. May God forgive us.

It is so easy to say the wrong word to someone and wound them just as badly as I did my brother. We do it so many times without realizing it. The Bible says, "Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults" (Psa. 19:12). Yes, it's the little things and small careless mistakes that wound them in big ways. We are more mindful of the larger mistakes. Forgive us Lord, of our secret sins, the ones we do not see; but better yet, help us not to make them.

In such circumstances the question arises, "Can I ever make it right?" Yes, in this case which I related to you I could, but how frequent are the times when there is simply no restitution? How frequent are the times when we do not know when we have wounded another. A spoken word never can be erased. We simply cannot afford to be careless with our speech. To be sorry afterwards is often too late. We Christians must do our thinking before we speak and act, so that such wounds will be prevented. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

I impart to you this experience, and the lesson, I learned, so that you also may benefit as I did. It may save you from ever having to undergo such a sick and helpless feeling in your heart as I had in mine.

* * *

"If I have wounded any soul today;
If I have caused one foot to go astray;

If I have walked in my own wilful way;

Dear Lord . . . forgive.
Forgive the sins I have confessed to thee;

Forgive the secret sins I do not see;
O guide me, love me, and my keeper be.

Dear Lord . . . Amen."

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and, perhaps, judge on particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

—Bacon.

TO PLEASE HIM

It is a poor cold thing to say to an ardent healthy young Christian, "Don't do that, it is wrong." It is worse to say, "Don't do it, it is not expedient." It is altogether different to say, "Even Christ who gave Himself for you pleased not Himself. You may displease Him if you do that; you will certainly please Him if you seek to know and do His will." That is the love that melts the ore. That is the heat that makes flexible the hard, stiff material. That is the motive that gives a new zest to living, and puts delight into what otherwise might be called duty. It invests service with a halo, and is the one motive that can be trusted to secure in us all whatsoever things are noble.

—Scripture Truth.

Satan wants saints to sample sin.

Spring Check-Up

By Vivian Hall

WE ARE told to love without pretense. If we pretend to love someone when we really do not, that person will sense a drawing back, and will not respond to our pretended affection. A child is more sensitive to such a condition than grown-ups are, perhaps because a child takes things and people at true value. Grownups are inclined to add to, or take from, in a way that true value sometimes is hidden.

Some may be such good actors or actresses, that their love seems real to us when it is not. These people are guilty of doing evil, and we are supposed to hate evil and get it out of our minds. We must keep only that which is good about us. This applies to chosen friends, reading materials, and pleasures we choose to enjoy. We might be surprised how much we would toss in the trash can if we were to go through our belongings and *really* eliminate all that would have a harmful influence on others. How surprised we might be to learn who is using us as an example. We can't stand the awful chance of leading someone astray.

We should rejoice for the hope we have of some day living in the Kingdom of God. If trouble clouds our vision for a time, we should be much in prayer and show patience. There is always a solution to our problems if we but rely on the proper help. When we see our brethren in need, let us give to them and

make them feel welcome. Our friends like to feel welcome when they come to our home.

When someone does something we do not like, we are quick to tell the facts, as we see them, to someone else. And that person repeats what we have said to someone else, adding his own opinion in addition to what he heard. Before we know it, a tale without any reason gets back to us. What a shock to find it is supposed to be *our* story. If someone does something against us, let us instead treat him with kindness, and pray for him.

If friends have a happy time, rejoice with them. If they have sorrow, we can express our sympathy. Others like to know we are mindful of their joys and sorrows. Don't forget others have feelings, too. We aren't the only human beings in this world.

Money doesn't mean a person would be a good friend. We must not be conceited, but treat every man alike whether rich or poor. The poor man is just as worthy, and oftentimes more so, as the man of wealth. It isn't money or wearing apparel that makes the man, but his character.

We are not to pay back an evil deed with evil. Be honest in all our dealings, for God can see and judge our deeds and thoughts. We are to live peaceably with all our fellow men. To do this, we cannot be finding fault, or saying unkind things about them.

If our enemy is hungry, we should feed him. If he is thirsty,

we should give him drink. In doing this, we heap coals of fire on his head. We must not be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. By returning good for evil, we make our enemy more uncomfortable and ashamed than if we were to fight or quarrel with him.

Do you pretend your feelings toward your friends, neighbors, and relatives, or is it the real thing? Let's check up.

THE SHIELD OF CHARACTER

By Mary Holbert

USUALLY the people who are tempted to give up principles are known as people who are in the market with principles to sell. Bribes are not offered to those politicians who are known to possess moral integrity. If you are known as a person who does not solicit temptation or dally with it, people will leave you alone.

This firmness of convictions constitutes a shield, which protects the person who has such soundness of character. This shield of character is not easily gained—it requires steadfastness to principle. Let one exception occur and that shield becomes like a dike with water finding its way through a tiny hole in the wall. Just as the dike is demolished, so is the shield of character.

Take the boy and girl who have been taught that they should not attend social functions on the Sabbath—if they answer a firm "No" consistently, others will not only admire them for their stand, but will try to make it easier for that boy or girl. They may even change the date of the social function, or at least refrain from nagging. But let that boy and

girl say, "Well, I'll go this once!" and what happens? The next time others will say, "You went to such and such a place on the Sabbath; why not this?" The result—you have lost your shield of character.

Have you not seen a shield of character protect against rough language? Yes, many times rough language was not heard because one person in the group was known never to use it and to highly disapprove it.

God wants His people to have moral excellence and strength. He wants them to lead upright lives—not dallying with temptation, but standing firm in their convictions. The world may not agree with those principles, but it will respect those who remain loyal to their beliefs. The world may recognize you only as a good person—not clever or brilliant. But then, did you ever hear Jesus referred to as clever or brilliant? No, because all know that the supreme virtue is goodness.

COMFORT

Comfort does not come to the lighthearted and merry. We must go down into *depths* if we would experience this most precious of God's gifts—comfort, and thus be prepared to be co-workers together with Him.

When night—needful night—gathers over the garden of our souls, when the leaves close up, and the flowers no longer hold any sunlight within their folded petals, there shall never be wanting, even in the thickest darkness, drops of Heavenly dew—dew which falls only when the sun has gone.—*Sel.*

Alone In The Ocean

I met Harry Black the first day he was in town. In fact, he stopped me on the street and asked where he could find a church. I looked him over carefully. He looked all right, tall, thick shoulders, clean-cut features. I decided he didn't look like a church mouse.

I ran into him several times after that and finally decided he was the strangest character I had ever met. He even asked me to go to church with him. I almost laughed in his face. Then I found out he read the Bible every day. A big husky fellow like him going to church and reading kid stuff like Daniel in the lions' den and Noah and the ark. I couldn't figure him out. Then he told me a little about his family and I began to see light. His grandfather, an uncle and an older brother were all preachers.

Well, Harry took a fancy to me. He thought I was great because I make my living at deep sea diving. Of course my having a kid sister about his age didn't detract from my prestige any.

"What do you see in that freckle-faced guy?" I asked Miriam one evening. She came across the room to me, and there was a look in her eyes I had never seen there before. It was almost as though she were looking right through me at a field of silver comets. Then suddenly she looked at me and said, "Miriam is a Bible name. Did you know that?"

I almost swallowed my tongue. "Miriam," I told her carefully, "is

your Grandmother Wells' name."

"Harry said Moses had a sister by the name of Miriam. Jake, do you know about Moses?"

"Sure," I said and laughed. "He is the colored gent who sells hot dogs down at the beach. I didn't know he had a sister."

Miriam flashed me an angry look, rose majestically to her feet and removed her indignant self from the room, away from my uncouth presence.

The next day I looked up Harry.

"What's the idea of talking religion to my sister?" I growled. "Next thing I will know she will be going to church.

"I'm working on that," Harry grinned.

Now Miriam is a lot of fun and I didn't intend for her to grow into a tight-faced church mouse. I appointed myself a committee of one to discourage it. Maybe, I decided, some good-natured joking would do the job. I would pretend I hadn't seen the stars in her eyes, that I thought she was going with Harry just for laughs. I waited up for her one night.

"How was prayer meeting?" I greeted her.

"Go ahead and laugh!" She stood with her hands on her hips pitying me. "Harry and his crowd have something we don't have."

"Sure," I gave the paper I had been reading a toss. "Prayer books."

I would have stamped out of the room but she grabbed both

(Continued on page 10)

TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

My dear granddaughter:

One verse in the Bible that used to puzzle me was James 2: 10, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." I knew it must be true, for it is woven in with so many other wise and beautiful sayings. Also it seemed advantageous to try to solve the puzzle, because there appeared so much guilt and sin in the world, which would be lessened if we all knew how to go about overcoming it.

One day I did something carelessly that showed me the answer to my puzzle. I was making a shopping bag from new remnants of strong cloth, and as I planned and cut and shaped it, I accidentally cut off an inch too much on one side. Almost at once I began to realize and regret that mistake which came near ruining my work. If I had been more careful and less careless, I would have had a better and neater bag, and one that was more satisfactory, with much less waste of precious time. I came very close to causing a total loss of my whole project involving good material and time. In fact, I did somewhat spoil what might have been a useful article.

As I worked to avoid losing the whole thing, I gradually began to see the truth in the words of the apostle James which puzzled me, and now I understand how one careless blunder can bring guilt that will spoil much good. God is kind to forgive us our sins and cleanse us through His grace, but the effects of the mistakes we make teach us to be more careful.

Jesus used to say "Take heed" quite often, and I recall how my mother used to say (when I made some childish blunder) "I wish you would not be so heedless." Now I am old and I see how I ought to fit good advice into my life, to keep me from mistakes I will surely regret, and I try to live the grand truth, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

We are all very fortunate in having Bibles handy where we can look into them to jog our minds and bring them into line with our Creator's Kingdom. Our daily prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done" is an important safeguard to keep us from doing little foolish things we shall regret.

If you have a puzzle like mine was to me, try a penitent prayer to God, with a desire to avoid mistakes that will hinder the work of His spiritual Kingdom in



TALK

your heart, and I am sure you will find Him near to help you. May you find this joy, is the wish of

Grandmother Lois

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

(Here is a brief word study to help you understand the meaning of words found in your daily reading of the Scriptures.)

Abated—(Gen. 8:3, 11; Judges 8:3) demolish; reduce; put an end to; deduct; omit.

Cleft—(Deut. 14:6; Micah 1:3) open by splitting; crack; chasm.

Impenitent—(Rom. 2:5) unrepentant.

Nethermost—(1 Kings 6:6) lowest.

Seared—(1 Tim. 4:2) to burn; scorch; to brand by searing.

Whit—(John 7:23; 2 Cor. 11:5) the smallest part or particle; a bit; jot; iota.

STORIES OF FAMOUS HYMNS

“Throw out the Life-line!

Throw out the Life-line!

Some one is sinking today.”

Throw out the Life-line!

Throw out the Life-line!

Some one is drifting away,

Almost any night, in gospel missions from Main to Florida and from New York to California, one is likely to hear the chapel rafters echoing with this grand old soul-winning hymn. It was

written in 1888 by the Rev. Edward S. Ufford, a Baptist minister.

Mr. Ufford, who lived on the Massachusetts coast, went one day to visit the life-saving station at Point Allerton, Nantasket Beach. While he was there the station crew went through a rescue practice and some of the men told the pastor-poet about a recent shipwreck near the beach in which the life-saving apparatus had been used to bring many passengers to shore safely.

Mr. Ufford was fascinated by the drill and by the rescue story. As he heard the command given again and again to “throw out the life line” and watched the line go out to imaginary victims in a storm-tossed sea, he thought of how men and women, buffeted about on the sea of life, need the saving message of the great Life-Saver. He went home to write the hymn which through the years, has proved a life-line to Christ for thousands of drifting souls.—By Horace Powell, selected by Grace Ward.

In the time of Jesus, the mount of transfiguration was on the way to the cross. In our day the cross is on the way to the mount of transfiguration. If you would be on the mountain, you must consent to pass over to it.

—H. C. Trumbull.

ALONE IN THE OCEAN

(Continued from page 7)

my arms, "You need another tender. Why don't you hire Harry?"

"What?" I roared. "I need an experienced man on the telephone, not that empty-headed guy."

But there is something about a pleading kid sister with sunny hair and wide blue eyes that is hard to resist. I hired Harry, though I insisted I was taking my life in my hands. I promised Tony that as soon as someone else showed up I would let Harry go. Tony takes care of my airline.

Harry was all attention when I showed him how to work the compressor and told him the poundage I wanted, and how to lock the helmet so the air pressure in the suit couldn't blow it off. I showed him everything because I can't always depend on Tony reporting for work. Then Harry started asking questions.

"Twenty-pound lead shoes. Why so heavy?"

"To keep the diver's feet on the ground. If he didn't have all that weight under him the water would push him over."

"And a seventy-five pound lead belt. Doesn't it pull you in two?"

"Hasn't yet," I said and then grinned. "That's needed to keep the diver right side up too."

We anchored over the spot where I was to dive; Harry and Tony helped me shuffle to the ladder and watched me climb down. Harry's eyes were wide and he kept swallowing. When the water was to my neck and my feet were resting on the last rung, Harry bellowed through the telephone.

"This is a good time to pray, don't you think?"

I heard the catch in his voice and laughed. "Sure, if you want to. I haven't time. I have work to do."

After that I had a feeling Harry prayed every time I dived. I was amused. A big fellow like him praying! I got to wondering what he said when he prayed, and so I asked him.

"I just talk to God like I talk to you." He said it without a trace of embarrassment. "I say whatever is on my heart at the time."

Harry puzzled me. He was a regular fellow. He could guzzle more chocolate sodas than any fellow his age in town. He fished and swam and played tennis and horseshoes. He drove Miriam places in a nondescript car painted a fire-truck red. He was no sissy like I always figured fellows with religion ought to be. And he wanted to dive.

He was thrilled and grateful and excited the day I started training him. We set the compressor up on the beach, and I helped him into my suit. He waded out into the ocean and ducked his head under a wave. After several lessons he insisted he was ready for deep water, but I insisted he needed more practice. In this job you flirt with death every time you go down. I told him he had to learn what to do in emergencies.

"I know what I would do, I'd pray," he told me placidly.

I shook my head, and exchanged grins with Tony. "This is one job where a man needs something more sure to rely on than prayer. He needs practical, common sense logic. When you are one hundred feet under water and in a jam you have to work yourself out."

Then a cyclone swept part of a dock into the ocean. A barge had tangled with it and had sunk with thousands of dollars of machinery on board. It lay in seventy feet of water. I had to go below, loosen the machinery and fasten cables around it so it could be hauled to the surface, then dynamite the pilings.

We anchored over the place where the barge had sunk, and I went below. The barge lay in a bed of piling, some of which was cradled at dangerous angles. I didn't like the job. I knew that the right disturbance would send some of those creosote-coated jobs crashing about my head. I worked with my heart in my mouth.

Then, to my horror, I saw a piling slipping toward me. I tried to duck but the thing caught me about the waist and lay there propped against another piling and I was caught like a rat in a trap. I shoved with all my strength, which is tremendous under water, but the piling held. I couldn't pull myself over it, or squeeze under it.

"Harry," I bellowed into the telephone, fighting the panic that swept over me. "Send down the saw. I have to saw a piling in two."

There was no answer.

"Harry!"

Still no answer. The truth dawned slowly. The telephone was dead. Harry and Tony would never know my plight. I tried to twist into a position that would help me dislocate the piling, and I froze. The cold clutches of the ocean oozed into the suit with me. In struggling I had ripped my suit, and now I hung there feeling the water creep up, up, up like the cold fingers of death

slowly squeezing the very life from me. Breathing became difficult. The water pressure threatened to crush my ribs. I listened to the steady beat of the compressor forcing fresh air into the helmet. It was my only connection with outside world, my one hope of life. But with every beat of the compressor the ocean rose higher in my suit until it reached my chin. There it was stopped by the air pressure. As long as I kept my head up I wouldn't drown, but if I dropped it the water would cover my nose.

I barked into the telephone again, breathing hard. It was no use. Harry couldn't hear over a dead wire. I was alone in the ocean.

For the first time in my life I found myself in a situation where cold logic wasn't enough. I could not even lean upon the help of a fellow man.

After two hours a shark came and investigated the barge not twenty feet from where I hung. I wondered which would get me first, the sea or the monster. I decided on the sea. If he came at me I would drop my head and let the water rush around my face. But life was sweet, and a lot of it lay ahead of me. I would not give up yet not even with all odds against me.

I thought of Harry wanting to dive, a fellow who thought he could hurdle any trouble with prayer. Somehow the idea didn't seem so ridiculous with seventy feet of water over my head, and that shark nosing around a few feet from my air line.

I had told Harry I was no heathen, that I believed in God; there had to be a supreme Power. But I didn't go along with this

idea of a personal God. I didn't believe that any amount of going to church and praying would make the Power concerned over a man. Now I hoped I was wrong because I wanted to pray. Only I didn't know how. Harry had said he just talked to God like he talked to me. I swallowed and opened my mouth and closed it again. Would God hear me? Did He know I was hung up on the floor of the ocean? Did He care? I wasn't sure.

I watched the shark lashing his tail and getting closer. What should I say to God? If the telephone were working, what would I say to Harry? I would ask for a saw and bark instructions fast.

"Look, God," I started. "I'm in a mess. I'm hung up here with that monster trying to decide if he will eat me now or invite over his friends and have a party and I can't do a thing about it. If he doesn't kill me the water will. Won't You do something for me, quick?"

There, I had prayed. Only it didn't sound right, somehow, but it was the best I could do.

I was so sick with fright I knew I couldn't stand even if the piling moved over. My heart was tired of beating but it kept on, almost drowning the sound of the compressor.

Then the shark turned and I stared into his eyes. I started praying again. I don't know what I said, but I prayed. Never had I been more earnest, more frightened, more helpless. For what seemed an eternity the shark hung there, eyeing me. Then a school of fish swam between us, and thinking them more to his liking, he turned and dived into them. Maybe it was the move-

ment of the fish, maybe it wasn't, but something disturbed the piling. I felt it give, just a little. I pushed and it gave a little and refused to budge a fraction of an inch more. But it had moved enough. I could crawl over it.

But now I had to get to the surface. Ordinarily I would have closed the outlet valve and inflated the suit and floated to the surface. But with the ocean inside and hugging my neck there was no way to inflate. The only thing to do was climb the air line. And that was a man-sized job in a suit weighing two hundred pounds and filled with water. Nevertheless I tugged on the air line. It pulled tight. I put my weight on it. It held. Slowly, painfully, I started climbing up, inching my way through the water, fighting the fatigue that dragged like lead on every bone in my body.

"Help me, dear God," I breathed and somehow I knew He would. I looked up. I had a long way to go, but peace, as real as the ocean, swept over me. I wasn't climbing alone, I had help.

When I poked my head out of the water Harry and Tony, mouths hanging open, reached down and helped me up. They stared as a good portion of the ocean poured around us through the rip in my suit. I sat down and Tony unscrewed the helmet and lifted it off. I sat drinking in great gulps of sweet air, and feasting my eyes upon the beautiful world.

"What happened?" Harry finally managed to gasp.

"I snagged my suit," I grinned. Then I told how the piling had hung me by the waist. When I

(Continued on Page 16)

MIDWEST NEWS

Greetings again from all of us Midwesterners. We won't be able to greet you as a student body many more times. In fact there will be only one more greeting until college begins in the fall.

Tuesday evening, May 11 the students and members of the Stanberry church presented an all musical program to the public. The response was very good with about 190 people filling the church. Each participant of the musical hopes that the spirit of God might have been planted just a little deeper in the lives of those who listened.

The students were happy that Dr. A. L. Carlin found time to take a few minutes from administering physical aid, to administer spiritual aid, as he spoke to us during the chapel service, May 12. His main thought was loyalty; loyalty to one another as fellowmen, and loyalty to one another in the church. He brought to our attention the importance of love and loyalty in the church.

It seems when we lose one student for a week end one or more people come to take his place. Max and his mother left Thursday to spend the week end in Bassett, Nebraska. Mary Selleck, of Storm Lake, Iowa, who spent a few days here the first of the week, spent Friday with us before boarding a bus for home. Other week end guests were Virginia Butler and Ann Muncy of Kansas City, Missouri. The boys were happy to have Bob Wirth spend Saturday night in the dorm with them.

Lawrence had a happy surprise

Friday morning, when his father and mother arrived from Eads, Colorado. They remained for the Sabbath services, returning home Saturday evening.

The students and young people were invited to the Selleck farm for an evening of entertainment, Saturday night, in honor of Esther and LeRoy. Esther had a birthday May 15 and LeRoy has one today, May 16.

Haskell and Lyle filled Lawrence Christenson's place at Milan this Sabbath, as Brother Christenson found he had two appointments to fill—one at Milan and one at Des Moines, Iowa. He went to Des Moines.

Lawrence Meier spoke this last Sunday at Zion.

This completes the news for this week, but we'll be back next week, for the last time this school term. Until then may God watch over you and bless you.

—Roberta Harris.

Discouraged! This is a good word with a bad prefix. What a sad and evil company this prefix leads—*disease, disgrace, dishonor, distrust, discontent!* Get out from under the juniper tree. Gird up your loins for a pilgrimage with God. Pray for the touch of the angel that your eyes may see that the hills are full of the chariots and the horsemen of God. "And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat."—*Sel.*

The Christian challenge challenges courage.

Poetic Gems

MAKE ME A LITTLE CAKE FIRST

Few were the sticks the woman could find

For the fire she sadly needed;

'Twas at the gate the Prophet drew near,

For a cup of water pleaded.

"Bring in your hand a morsel of bread"—

But the woman frankly told him,
Little she had of meal or of oil,
And no bread had she to give him.

"Make me a small cake first, and my God,

Who rewardeth faith at all times,
Surely will multiply thy small means,
And give strength to hearts, and strained minds."

Quickly the woman made the first cake,

To the Prophet gave it gladly;

Made she two more for son and herself,

For the food they needed badly.

All through that year the miracle-meals

Were by God, alone, provided;

Constant His love and care over them,
For in Him they all confided.

—Fannie Brown in Gospel Herald.

* * *

MY GARDEN

I have a little garden,
The queerest you did see
It spends its whole entire life,
Brings happiness to me.

It's not like other gardens
Where I plant seeds or grains,
But one to which I go each day,

To bury aches and pains.

I take great care to water them,
Each day and do my best,
To keep them clean and weeded out
When I have time to rest.

Then to my little garden
I go when I am blue,
And instead of seeing trouble,
Little smiles are peeping through.

So if you want a garden
Like mine, you must take care
To bury all your troubles,
And have smiles a'growin' there.

—Sel.

* * *

WEAVING

The fabric of life is a homespun web:

Each weaver fashions his own;

The warp and the woof are God's own giving,

But the "filling-in" of the daily living
Is the weaver's choice alone.

Then choose bright threads for the homespun web,

As the shuttle is daily thrown.

—Johnston.

* * *

THE CREATION

The Creator "in beginning,"

Showed His majesty and power

In the planets hurling onward,

In the grass and blowing flower.

But His tender love and wisdom

Reached its climax in His plan,

When He took the dust and fashioned
In His image, living man.

—O. Ray Burgess (Sel.)

If You Vow To God Defer Not To Pay It

By Jean Groce



A VOW to God is a solemn, voluntary obligation to Him, usually assumed in return for certain blessings. Sometimes man makes a vow when he is in distress. He agrees to do certain things, provided he is released from his difficulties.

For an example of someone making a vow we will consider Jephthah. Jephthah was a mighty man of valor, the son of a Gileadite. But, because he was the son of a Gileadite's harlot, he was thrust out by his brother and was not to receive any of his father's inheritance. Jephthah then fled from his brethren and dwelt in the land of Tob. During this time the children of Ammon made war against Israel. The elders of Israel went to Jephthah and asked him to be their captain so they could fight against the Ammonites. Since they were the ones who had thrown him out of his father's house, Jephthah said unto them, "If ye bring me home again to fight against the children of Ammon, and the Lord deliver them before me, shall I be your head?" The elders then answered him saying, "The Lord be witness between us, if we do not so according to thy words."

Jephthah then started for the land of Ammon, but on the way he made a vow unto the Lord, saying, "If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to

meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering" (Judges 11:30, 31).

Jephthah went over unto the Ammonites, and the Lord delivered them into his hands. On returning to his house, his daughter, an only child, came out to meet him. When he saw her he rent his clothes. He had made a vow to God, that the first thing coming out of his house on his return would be given unto the Lord. Although Jephthah loved his daughter very much he had no choice, but to do as he had vowed.

In Numbers 30:2, we find: "If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth." So Jephthah did with her according to his vow.

We should never make a vow unto the Lord, unless we intend to pay it, for we read in Ecclesiastes 5:4-6, "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin; neither say thou before the angel, that it was an error."

"Methods are the master of masters."

(Continued from Page 12)

told Harry the phone was dead and he didn't hear me ask for a saw the blood drained from his face. When I mentioned the shark Tony looked as sick as I had felt only a few minutes before.

"What did you do?" he asked. I saw that his hands were shaking, though my own had grown steady.

"I prayed," I said and I didn't feel embarrassed like I had once thought I would.

"Then what happened?" Harry asked.

"A school of fish came along and the shark followed them off. Then the piling slipped over enough for me to wiggle loose, and I climbed the air line."

It sounded like a dream, like something that had happened to someone else.

"God climbed the air line with me," I said "I was petered out before I started. I couldn't have made it alone." A sudden impulse caused me to grab his hands. "If it hadn't been for you I would be down there yet because I didn't know enough to pray. I didn't believe in a personal God."

"Now you do?"

"Now I know there is one. Man, I told you, He climbed the air line with me. A God that will do that will give His Son to save me from sin." Then I asked. "Has Miriam gone to church with you yet?"

Harry sobered and shook his head. "I haven't given up, though."

"Maybe," I said and squeezed his hands, "maybe if I go along she will. I kind of think she has

been hesitating because of me."

Harry's fingers tightened around mine. He had strong, capable hands. I bowed my head and thanked God for sending him to Miriam and me.—Billie Avis Hoy in *Council Fires*.

FRIEND OF MINE

When you are happy, friend of mine,
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.
Tell me the hopes that spur you on,
The deeds you mean to do,
The gold you've struck, the fame
you've won
And let me joy with you.

When you are sad, and heart is cold,
And all your skies are dark,
Tell me the dreams that mocked your
hold,
The shafts that missed the mark.
Am I not yours for weal or woe?
How else can friends prove true?
Tell me what breaks and brings you
low,
And let me stand with you.

So when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us, or both of us,
The long, long road must go,
Look with your dear eyes in mine,
Give me hand clasp true;
Whatever fate our souls await,
Let me be there—with you.—Sel.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath. For occasions do not make a man frail, but show what he is.—*Thomas a' Kempis*.

Obedience to God is the most infallible evidence of sincere and supreme love to him.—*Emmons*.