

Christian Youth Herald
and
Gospel Call

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A Song of Nobody

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back, in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mold;
If nobody knows of your faults but a "friend,"
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore;"
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself nobody—cipher 'mong men.

—Leslie Lawrence in Leslie's Weekly.

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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EDITORIAL

One time an itinerant minister was visiting a prison, so the story is told. He was there only a short time, so had to make his visits with the different prisoners brief. He happened to pass by one part of the crowded prison and noticed a man with his feet chained to a ball, sitting crouched in a corner. On the man's face was an unhealed wound he had received when he had tried to escape. The minister asked who this fellow was and why he was crouching and shackled. He was told that the man was serving a life term and was shackled because of his escape attempt.

The minister wanted to know if the man had any loved ones, and was given the answer that apparently he did not have as no one had been to see him since he had been there.

Upon hearing this the man of God wanted to know if he might speak to the man. He was told that he would have to make it very brief. The minister then hesitated and thought of what he

might say in so short a time that would help to encourage this beaten man. He had to hurry, so he reached over and lightly touched the wounded cheek and whispered, "I am sorry," and then "I wish I could help you."

The convict looked up at him, and the hard lines of his face began to soften from the touch of the master's hand. The minister then told him that he was leaving soon and probably would never see him again, but that he had a Friend who would be with him always.

The convict stared at him in wonderment and then the minister said, "Have you heard of Jesus?" The convict replied that he had, and then the minister assured him that if he prayed, He would take care of him. The time was up and the minister walked away with the convict holding onto his hand as long as he could.

Years passed and the convict was sent to work in the mines. One day this same minister happened to visit the mines and noticed a man bent with age and work. When he asked who he was, he was told that the man was a lifer, yet the best of the gang. The man looked up and recognized him. His first response was, "Do you know me?" "Will He come soon?" "I have tried to be good."

How much good that moment years before had done for this convict. It had changed his outlook on life and made him live a worthy life though he was confined to prison. How much good just a spoken word and a hand-clasp might do to someone who is discouraged. It might mean the difference of life and death to

(Continued on page 16)

My Testimony

By Agnes Haffner

ALL THINGS work together for good for them that love God, . . ." This verse in Romans eight is often used as a source of comfort to many who have had misfortune or death visit them and their loved ones, but the purpose of this article is to witness for, or confess, the goodness of the Lord in causing all things to work together for good.

Some years ago as I stood looking down over 1,000 feet into the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and observed how the trees grew smaller and smaller until they were mere specks on the canyon's floor, I recalled the verse: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Psa. 8:4). Thinking along this line one feels among the millions of people living on the earth today that one little me is quite small and insignificant from far up in the heavens. Yet, I am sure all of us can recall instances when plans we had made were upset only to have things turn out later in a very pleasing way for all concerned. Or perhaps you have wanted to do something for years and suddenly developments came about which opened up the way for you without any planning on your part. It is human nature, it seems, to complain when things go wrong and take things for granted when all is well, but let us learn to rejoice a little more

and be more thankful the year around.

Yesterday was my day to be hostess to our Home Demonstration Unit. This is a club for women to help them be better informed homemakers in all phases of homelife. I had cleaned and polished, as women are inclined to do, and had everything in readiness but the last minute dusting and so forth, only to have our three-year-old start taking the mumps the night before. That morning I called another member to see what could be done. She insisted I have the meeting in their church basement. All the other members go to this church. They went to a great amount of trouble to assist me with the work and make me feel welcome, including the minister and his wife. Instead of complaining that "everything happens to me," this seemed to be the goodness of the Lord dwelling in friends and working things out. Had Judy taken sick the day before she did, then she would have been feeling too sick for me to leave her with my mother. So things have a way of working out.

In 1936 I spent about six months in Michigan working and visiting. I enjoyed making some fine friends there too, and had always wanted to go back. Very suddenly and without any plans being made, the opportunity came for me to accompany friends there. I wanted to go so badly, but felt I shouldn't because of my responsibilities as a wife and

mother. My mother was here at the time and wanted me to take advantage of my opportunity, but still I was reluctant. I did not want to bother the Lord with such a small matter in a world filled with huge problems, but "His eye is on the sparrow and He watches over you," and so we decided to place it in His hands. We placed two slips of paper in a hat and after prayer our small daughter drew out the slip with "Go" on it. This proved to be a very pleasant trip as Spring Vale Academy was our destination. Many times we were conscious of God's directing hand and protecting power.

I am reminded of someone saying, Why boast of a home-run hit when it is probably as much of an accident as a strike out. That is the way man does things. When he does something out of the ordinary he boasts loud and long and when God works out something, man is silent, that is why I feel I must let you know about two things (you may think them quite ordinary) which it seems God has planned and worked out for me. Of course there are many more. One of our babies was born before the howling blizzard blew in, which blocked the roads for days, but perhaps this is sufficient for others to watch how God performs His ways for their enjoyment, also.

Michigan Y. P. Report

The young people's meeting for the month of April was held at Freeland, April 17. Dee Lipincott was program director and Clifford Tuttle was song leader.

The meeting was opened by

singing "Tell It to Jesus." Robert Nicholas read the Scripture reading—Ecclesiastes 12. Elder Otto led in prayer.

The Spanish young folks of Saginaw sang, "He Is My All." Dottie Steide read the poem "Remember Jesus Christ," followed by Ellen Jones singing "Melody Divine."

Esther Freeman gave the poem "The Glory of Life" and the Spring Vale girls' trio sang "Precious Melody."

Elder Steide of Battle Creek gave a short sermon instructing the young people to serve the Master now, while they are young. He showed how the love of God must be within in order to stand for God.

Dora Hassen sang, "I Will Pilot Thee," and Bro. Cook read the poem "Unaware."

For the closing hymn the congregation sang "I'll Be Somewhere Listening." We were dismissed with prayer by Elder Wilkinson.

—Ruth Hassen.

Trinidad Y. P. Report

The quarterly convention program of the young people took place the third of April, 1954. The leader, L. Stewart, opened the meeting with the songs, "Just As I Am" and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Prayer was offered by Brother Raybourne. The Scripture reading from 1 Peter 1:3-13, was read by P. Richards.

To begin the program, "The Love of God" was sung in unison followed by a recitation, "A Mother's Love" by Tommy Barker. The solos "Beyond the Sunset" and "Each Cooing Dove"

(Continued on page 16)

Ministration of Good Angels

By Mary Holbert

WHAT about angels? Have you ever stopped to really think about them and the work they do for the Lord? We can't know all about angels, but we can learn a lot about them from God's Holy Word.

The apostle Paul in his writings, speaks of a family in heaven. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named" (Eph. 3:14, 15). Matthew 18:10 tells us that these members in heaven are commonly called angels. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. This verse not only tells us about the angels in heaven, but says they are privileged to behold the face of God.

Another idea in the verse under consideration is the phrase "their angels." "Their" refers back to those "little ones" Jesus is talking about. The "little ones" can refer to children physically and children spiritually, because Jesus said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Is each child of God under the protection of an accompanying angel of God? It would seem so from Matthew 18:10. Isn't that a comforting thought to know that God cares so much for His children!

Another question we might ask is how many good angels are

there? Revelation 5:11 says, "And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels around about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."

Hebrews 12:22 says, "But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." The number of angels, as brought out in these verses, would be sufficient to carry out any work God might have for them to do.

How do we stand in relation to angels? We have already learned that the angels behold the face of God. We know that "no man hath seen God at any time" (John 1:18). Exodus 33:20 tells us that God said, "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live." These verses harmonize with Psalm 8:5, 6, where we are told, "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." God made man a little lower than the angels, but did give him wondrous powers over His creation. Both angels and men are subject to God and His Son. See 1 Peter 3:22.

What about the character of angels? Do they have feelings? Psalm 103:29 tells us this: "Bless

the Lord, ye his angels, that excell in strength, that do his commandments, hearken unto the voice of his word." This verse gives us clues to the personality of angels—they excell in strength and obey God's commandments and His voice.

Luke tells us that angels experience joy. "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10). This is rather wonderful to know. We, through God's help, can show sinners the way to repentance and cause joy in God and His angels.

God uses His angels to perform a grand and noble work. Hebrews 1:14 says, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The Scriptures tell us of many missions the angels perform. Christ was in Gethsemane, "and there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him" (Luke 22:43). An angel assisted at the resurrection of Christ. "And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it" (Matt. 28:2). The third verse describes this angel a little for us, "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow."

Not only did angels minister unto Christ, but they did for the children of God. When the apostles were put in prison, the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, "Go stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."

When the three Hebrew chil-

dren were cast into the fiery furnace, God sent an angel to deliver them. Even Nebuchadnezzar recognized this. He said, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him . . ." (Dan. 3:28).

Angels protected Daniel when he was put in the lions' den. He said, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me . . ." (Dan. 6:22).

These are only a few instances where God has sent His angels to deliver those in trouble. The Psalmist sustains this by saying, "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Psa. 34:7).

Why should we worry and fret, knowing all this about God and His ministering spirits? We need not be overcome with fear and dread? We shouldn't! Just think what blessed peace of mind awaits those who trust God and His promises! We are told this peace passeth understanding. God does not change. What He did for His people in Bible times, He will do for His people today. So, why don't we all believe what the Psalmist tells us in Psalm 91:11, 12: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Words may be cheap and easily spent, but often a dear price is paid in repairing the damage they sometimes do.

A Call For Ruth Davis



"Who is the girl who sits across the aisle from you now?" asked Ruth Davis of her friend, Dora White, on the way home from school one afternoon.

"Her name's Helen Bently, I believe. But you'd never know it if you waited for her to tell you. She's very unfriendly," declared Dora.

"Why?" asked Ruth.

"I don't know why. She just is."

"Maybe it is because she's new here."

"I believe it is just her nature. I spoke to her yesterday morning and she just nodded. And I tried to talk with her today, but she showed clearly by her manner that she didn't want to talk. I like to be friendly, but Helen Bently won't let a person be friendly with her."

The subject of conversation changed and that was all that was said about Helen. But Ruth thought about her that night. She decided to try to get acquainted with the new girl.

Next morning, before school started, Ruth walked over to Helen and said as she smiled, "You are Helen Bently, aren't you?"

The girl looked up. Her serious brown eyes were wide open, but she said nothing.

"I'm Ruth Davis. I know you are new here. Where did you live before you came here?"

"Clayton," said Helen, quietly.

"Oh, Clayton! I have a friend,

Janice Black, who goes to Central High there. Maybe you know her."

"No, I went to Glenn Oak High," said Helen.

"I notice you have a book on singing there," continued Ruth. "Evidently you, too, are interested in music."

Helen admitted that she liked to sing. Then she asked with increased interest, "Do you sing, too?"

"Some," said Ruth. "And I like to play the piano."

"You do?" said Helen. "That's something I have always wanted to be able to do."

"Never too late to start," smiled Ruth. "Say, I have an idea. Why don't you come over to my house tomorrow evening and we shall sing together?"

It seemed that Helen was about to accept the invitation and then her expression changed as she thoughtfully said, "No, I'm afraid I can't come."

"Perhaps we could make it Friday evening then. There would be no lessons to study and no school the next day."

Still Helen would not agree to come. Ruth wondered if it would be wise to say any more at that time about a visit. Then she decided to make a bold suggestion. "She said, 'You have a piano, don't you? I'd be glad to play it for your singing sometime.'"

"I'd like that," said Helen. "But

(Continued on page 10)

TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

My dear granddaughter,

I promised to write to you more about finding the presence of God in the kitchen, and working with Him to help advance His Kingdom.

Often we pray "Thy kingdom come," and it is wonderful to let knowledge of the coming kingdom dwell in our hearts as we carry on in our daily routine tasks. Almost every episode experienced in life carries for us possibilities for good or evil. Even so small a thing as a drop of water falling from a kettle onto the hot stove teaches us something. It makes a sharp explosion. It teaches us to be careful.

So, if we are wise, we are careful in working around the stove to avoid hurting anyone who may be near, or even ourselves. We continually find object lessons.

Water is a good gift from our Creator. It is necessary to our life, but by a little carelessness, even in preparing a meal on the stove, it can cause us harm, pain and trouble.

Last evening I heard on the radio a lesson on safety first—how to avoid painful accidents in our homes as well as on highways. God's kingdom was not mentioned. Some people grow

blind and deaf to the Creator's lessons which teach us the way to avoid utter destruction.

Just a quick, careful turn of one's hand near the hot water keeps one from the evil of a burn. "Turn" is a very common and frequently used word in the Bible. Conversion and turning to good, or perversion and turning to bad, are as simple as turning a corner safely to prevent an accident and possible death. Why don't folk see it plainer than they do?

When I write of these things to you, and you take the advice and pass it on in your life, and others catch it and turn from bad to good, they are nearer to the kingdom to come and all its comforts and glory. Mother Eve let the destroyer into her life. It is up to us to push him away, whether we are young women like you and your friends, or old like me and my friends.

Cheerio!
Grandmother Lois

It's Your Guess

What do you know about—

1. Where Asa burned the idol of his mother?
a. Jerusalem, b. brook Kidron, c. Bethel
2. Where David and Jonathan parted?
a. Ezel, b. Padan-aram, c. Joppa



TALK

3. The second judge of Israel?
a. Elath, b. Eleazar, c. Ehud
4. The sea of Chinnereth was better known as—
a. lake of Gennesaret,
b. Galilee, c. Dead Sea
5. The eldest daughter of Herod Agrippa I.
a. Anna, b. Salome, c. Bernice
6. The Chaldean name given to Azariah—
a. Abednego, b. Shadrach,
c. Meshach
7. The eighth king of Israel—
a. Saul, b. Ahaziah, c. Ahab
8. The high priest in Jesus' day
a. Cainan, b. Ananias,
c. Caiaphas
9. The national god of the Philistines—
a. Dagan, b. Baal, c. Diana
10. He was a son of Eli—
a. Eleazar, b. Hophni, c. Achan

Answers to *It's Your Guess*
b, a, c, a, c, a, b, c, a, b

My Mother

She carried me under her heart; loved me before I was born . . . Took God's hand in hers and walked through the valley of shadows that I might live. Bathed me when I was helpless; clothed me when I was naked; gave me milk from her own body when I was hungry; rocked me to sleep when I was weary. She pillowed me on pillows softer

than down, and sang to me in the voice of an angel . . . Held my hand when I learned to walk . . . Suffered with my sorrow; laughed with my joy; glowed with my triumph, and while I knelt at her side, she taught my lips to pray. Through all the days of my youth she gave strength for my weakness, courage for my despair, and hope to fill my hopeless heart . . . She was loyal when others failed; was true when others tried by fire . . . Was my friend when other friends were gone . . . Prayed for me through all the days, when flooded with sunshine or saddened by shadows . . . She loved me when I was unlovely, and led me into man's estate to walk triumphant on the King's highway and played a manly part.

Though we lay down our lives for her we can never pay the debt we owe to a Christian mother.—*Anon.*

—Selected by Mrs. Dwane Joyner.

DO WE FORGET?

The day was nearly o'er
And the sun was sinking low
When suddenly I thought—
I forgot in prayer to go.

All day long I'd labored
Without praying God to abide,
So then and there I vowed—
Tomorrow I'll pray, "God guide."

—A reader.

A CALL FOR RUTH DAVIS

(Continued from page 7)

I don't think you'd want to come to our house to see me. I never have any visitors."

The bell prevented further conversation.

Ruth was really puzzled. Here was a girl who seemed to want companionship but one who was afraid to invite it. What did she fear?

During the days that followed Helen spoke to Ruth in a friendly manner, but she never said any more about singing.

Then one day Helen did not come to school. And when she missed coming on the next two days Ruth decided that she must be ill.

From the office at school Ruth obtained Helen's address. She lived in a fashionable part of the city.

On Saturday afternoon Ruth, with a package in her hand, stood on the front porch of Helen's home. She hesitated. But she knew why she came so she pushed the doorbell.

A man came to the door. He was tall and heavy. His big chin was firm and his eyes were cold as he asked, "Yes, what do you want?"

The greeting was so reserved and cold that it caused Ruth to tremble a bit as she said, "I would like to see Helen, please."

The man studied Ruth for a few moments, then he asked, "How do you know she lives here?"

"We're schoolmates. As she has been absent from school for a few days I supposed she might be sick."

"You're right about that," said the man. His tones seemed to be

a bit softer. "But she must not see anybody now."

"Would you please tell her Ruth Davis called, and give her these?" asked Ruth. And she handed Mr. Bently the small package.

"What's this?" he asked "Flowers?"

"Yes, roses for Helen," said Ruth.

The man took the flowers. There was an odd expression in his eyes as he looked at Ruth and said, "Thanks." But Ruth felt that he expressed thanks rather grudgingly.

Four days later Helen came back to school.

"Oh, Helen, I'm so glad to see you," said Ruth. "How are you feeling now?"

"A bit weak," said Helen. And she smiled feebly. "Guess I had the flu."

"You must take care of yourself so you won't get a backset," advised Ruth.

"Yes, I will," said Helen. "And I want to thank you for the lovely roses you sent. It is the first time anybody ever did give me anything like that." Helen's voice was filled with emotion and she was blinking her eyes to keep back the tears.

"It wasn't much," said Ruth. "But I hoped you'd like them."

Later that afternoon Ruth said to Helen. "Next Thursday, for an hour after school, some of my friends and I are going to get together at my home. I would be glad to have you come. It's only three blocks from here. Will you come?"

Helen hesitated. Then she asked, "What would we do?"

"Oh, talk, sing and have refreshments," smiled Ruth. "Then

you'll be much stronger. And I think you'd enjoy it."

"For an hour after school?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I don't know. Father always expects me home right after school."

"Why don't you ask him to let you come? Probably he would."

"I'll let you know tomorrow," promised Helen. But next day she said nothing about the occasion.

"Did you find out about next Thursday?" asked Ruth.

"I intended to ask father last night, but I just didn't do it," said Helen.

"You'd really like to come, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I think I'd like it very much. Maybe I can come."

But as nothing more had been said about the invitation by noon Wednesday, Ruth had decided that Helen would be unable to accept.

"There's something strange about that girl," remarked Dora White.

But before Helen went home that Wednesday afternoon she said, "I'll be there tomorrow afternoon."

Helen was there. At first she only listened, but then she participated in the singing. She seemed to be especially interested in the hymn, "Make Me a Blessing."

"It was always my mother's favorite," she said.

That night Ruth thought much about Helen. Here was a girl who seemed to be "hungry" for salvation, but afraid to accept it.

Next day Ruth talked with Helen for a few minutes after school.

"My mother was a Christian," said Helen. "Father was very angry when she was converted. She died about a year ago. And he has always been careful to see that I don't get what he calls 'foolish religion.'"

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Ruth. "But I believe that everyone would be helped by a genuine Christian experience, don't you?"

"I always wanted to be good like mother was. I miss her so much," said Helen.

There were other invitations for Helen and occasionally she visited Ruth at her home for a half hour or two on evenings after school. On the piano Ruth accompanied Helen's singing. They sang together, too. And they talked about the Savior. Helen was under deep conviction, but she was afraid to let the Lord Jesus come into her heart. "Father would be so angry! It's hard to tell what he would say," she said.

"But don't you think that the God we serve would be able to care for His own?" asked Ruth.

"He would, wouldn't He?" said Helen hopefully. "I never thought of it that way before."

Ruth prayed with Helen, but she did not give her heart to God. She did, however, invite Ruth to go home with her after school the next day.

"But wouldn't your father object?" asked Ruth.

"He won't be home from the office until five o'clock. And maybe he wouldn't object to your coming. Ever since you brought the roses he has seemed a bit kinder."

So Ruth went home with Helen. They talked. And Ruth played

the piano while Helen sang. She sang Gospel songs beautifully.

"You need this Savior of whom you sing," said Ruth. And she talked at length with Helen about God. Finally Helen yielded herself completely to God and took the Savior into her heart. She rejoiced with her new experience, but she looked up fearfully when she saw her father standing in the door.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"Oh, father," replied Helen. "Something wonderful has happened. I have taken the Lord Jesus into my heart as Savior."

The man stood as though he was turned to stone. Then he turned to Ruth and said, "What do you mean by coming into my house and talking with my daughter about religion? Didn't you know that I will have nothing to do with religion?"

"Everyone needs God in his life," said Ruth, steadily. "You need Him. Everybody does."

"I'll be the judge of that. And as for you, get out of this house and never come back again. Do you understand?"

Ruth looked squarely at the man. Then she turned to leave.

"And as for you, young lady, you go to your room and I'll attend to you later," said Mr. Bently.

Helen started to speak, but her father interrupted by saying, "Not another word! You have displeased me very much!"

Ruth looked at Helen sympathetically.

"You've done enough, now go!" commanded the man.

As Ruth walked home her heart ached for Helen. What would happen? Ruth wished she could

talk with Helen for a few minutes but she knew that would be impossible. She would not be able to see her until Monday at school.

That night Ruth prayed earnestly for Helen and her father.

Saturday Ruth was curious to know about Helen. Did she dare call her at her home? Her father would be away. Perhaps it would be all right.

While she was debating in her own mind whether or not to call Helen, the telephone rang. Ruth answered. Helen was calling!

"Yes, yes, this is Ruth. Oh, I'm so glad you called. I was just wondering about you."

"Father wanted me to call you," said Helen.

"He did! Why, I thought—"

"Yes, I know," said Helen. "But it's different now." And then she started crying.

"Don't cry, Helen. Surely everything is all right now. Tell me what happened."

"Father beat me with a belt," said Helen. "At first I—I wanted to hate him. Then I remembered about Jesus—how He suffered, and yet He prayed for those who persecuted Him. I wanted to be as much like Jesus as I could. So I prayed aloud for Daddy. He couldn't keep on beating me then. Tears came to his eyes and he cried out to God for mercy. Everything is all right now, because Daddy gave his heart to God. He wants you to come over this evening, will you?"

Ruth promised to go.

When she arrived at the Bently home that evening she saw at a glance that Mr. Bently was a changed man. Now he was good and kind.

"Young lady, will you forgive

(Continued on Page 16)

MIDWEST NEWS

Although this happens to be a very gloomy morning, the students of *Midwest* are constantly looking ahead to brighter days, and therefore, send you a greeting full of sunshine and good wishes.

Sunday evening, April 25, Sister McMichael and Joyce, Sister Grantham and all the students were invited to Carlins' for an evening which was well spent. The Carlins entertained the group the first part of the evening with snapshots they had taken while across the waters, which were shown through a projector. Then, as you've probably already guessed, the group was entertained the second part of the evening with cake, apple pie, fruit salad and ice cream. A cold drink was also furnished, which was downed without hesitation by that "dry-bunch." Thanks to Brother and Sister Carlin for a very enjoyable evening.

The first part of the week we were privileged to have the following ministers visiting with us: Brothers Straub, Burge, Whitten and K. C. Walker. They were all here on business.

It was made possible by the local churches to bring the Billy Graham film, "Mr. Texas," to Stanberry. The film was brought Tuesday evening and shown in the school auditorium. Hymns were sung and prayer was offered before and after "Mr. Texas" was shown, and it proved to be a spiritual uplift to all those who attended.

As Brother Straub was visiting here on Wednesday, he spoke to

the students pertaining to their life ahead as they had chosen to be in the ministry. They were favored with a special from Lyle, which was in itself a sermon.

Again this week *Midwest* participated in the Friday evening prayer meeting as Max was in charge.

Saturday night the girls welcomed Joyce McMichael and Jean Groce to the dorm for a slumber party. All the girls enjoyed the slumber afterwards.

The pulpit at Mt. Zion was filled on the second of May by Brother Roy Marrs.

Jim Stroupe and Sister Grantham accompanied the L. L. Christenson family on a trip to the southern part of Missouri. Sister Grantham stopped at Rich Hill to visit with her folks while Jim continued with Christensons further south to visit their relatives.

Until next week at this time, each of the *Midwesterners* say, "So-long, and we'll be seeing you."

Reported by Joyce Adams.

Men may have the gifts both of talent and of wit, but unless they have also prudence and judgment to dictate when, where, and the how those gifts are to be exerted, the possessors of them will conquer only where nothing is to be gained, and be defeated where everything is to be lost; they will be outdone by men of less brilliance, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength, in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another.—*Colton*.

Poetic Gems

PEACE FOR YOU

People seek peace in many ways,
Yet never find it all their days,
If all their restless seeking's done
In futile ways except the one
And only way to peace of mind
That ever human heart can find.

Only when Jesus Christ comes in
And frees our hearts from fear and
sin.

Can we have peace, and when we do
We know at last Christ's word is true,
For Christ alone can meet our need
Of peace that is true peace indeed.

—Dr. A. L. Murry in *The Bible Friend*.

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ALONE WITH GOD

Softly fall the shades of evening,
Twilight spreads her mantle broad,
O'er my soul there comes a longing,
To be alone—alone with God.
To some quiet place retreating,
Forbidden is each earthly care,
Closed the door to all but Jesus
At this sacred hour of prayer.

Alone with God—a holy stillness
O'er my spirit gently steals,
In the secret of His Presence
Here my soul His glory feels.
Far above this world's confusion,
Winged by faith my spirit soars
To the throne—where my dear Savior,
In my soul His glory pours.

Alone with God, O blest Communion,
Naught on earth could sweeter be,
For my soul is lost in rapture,
When my Savior speaks to me.
Here He tells me how He loves me,
How for me His life He gave,

On the rugged Cross He suffered,
There my soul from sin to save.

Alone with God—could I but tell it,
As by faith my Lord I see,
And the joys of life eternal
In that Home prepared for me.
Alone with God—ah, yes, I love it
Naught on earth could sweeter be,
For my soul is lost in rapture,
When my Savior speaks to me.

—Sel.

* * *

A HELPING HAND

The round of life is not all song,
So, give a lift;
And oft the good is marred by wrong,
So give a lift;
One toils beneath a heavy load,
Another tramps a dreary road,
And grief and sorrows sometimes
goad,
So, kindly lift.

Whene'er you see another down,
Just give a lift;
Don't look askance or darkly frown,
But give a lift;
You, too, have troubles, but you know
Before the sun the fogs must go;
Pass on a smile and not a blow,
And give a lift.

Then ever lend a helping hand,
And seek to lift;
Upon the side of weakness stand;
And give a lift;
Another's burdens shared by you,
Will hope inspire and faith renew;
The world has need of friendship true,
So, gladly lift.

—Fred S. Shepard in *Gospel Herald*.

Occupy Till I Come

Max Morrow, Midwest Student

JESUS often spoke to the multitudes in parables so that those who desired to know the meaning of the words He spoke could study them and understand. Thus, it was not unusual for Him to offer the parable of the pounds to the company with him during their discussion of different things as they journeyed to Jerusalem for the Passover.

He realized the people's belief that the "kingdom of God should immediately appear" (Luke 11:19), and He wanted to explain to them that their understanding was wrong—that the literal kingdom was not to be established immediately. Thus, He spoke the parable for them to consider as they came near Jerusalem, as recorded in Luke 19:11-27.

Christ typified himself in the story as a "certain nobleman" (verse 12) who left his country to go elsewhere to acquire a kingdom. He had told the multitude before that He must ascend to His Father in heaven, there to "prepare a place" for His followers and return to them (John 14:2). However, they had failed to comprehend the meaning of such words and had continued ignorant of what He meant. Again He showed them that He was to leave them "to receive . . . a kingdom and to return" to them (Luke 19:12).

Then to go on further with what must accompany His leaving, He told them that the noble-

man gave each of his servants "ten pounds" and instructed them to "occupy till" he should return, to utilize their time and efforts in the interest of their master. Likewise, Christ gave His apostles the charge to wait "in the city of Jerusalem until [they were] endued with power from on high" (Luke 24:49); until they received their separate gifts. Then they were to "go . . . into all the land, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15). They were to occupy until He returned.

In a similar fashion, we are instructed to work while we have the opportunity and to use our time and abilities to the best advantage. As Paul wrote, "Neglect not the gift that is in you" (1 Tim. 4:14); for if we fail to exercise what ability we have in the promulgation of the gospel, then we, too, will be drawn before our Master as the nobleman's servants were. However, if we wisely utilize our opportunities to spread the word of God, we shall receive accordingly. As the nobleman said, ". . . unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him" (Luke 19:26).

There is a prize at the end of the road for him who works diligently. Will we attain this prize?

Where the speech is corrupt, the mind is also.—*Seneca*.

(Continued from Page 4)

were sung by Roslyn Paul and Eula McWilliams respectively.

A quartet number, "Asleep In Jesus" was sung and then we were favored with a program by the Morvant juniors which was conducted by N. Farrell. The first number was the rendition of "The Lord Is My Shepherd" by the group and then a recitation "The Will of God" was given by S. Balfour. A solo "We Are But Little Children Weak" was sung by Lyn Farrell and the story about Samuel was related by N. Farrell. A duet number, "Fishers of Men" was sung by R. Edwards and David Balfour, and the other juniors joined in the chorus. "When He Cometh" was sung to close their program.

"Love On! Oh Heart, Love On!" was given by Evelyn Stewart. Elder James and Sister S. Stewart and L. Redhead presented a trio number, "The God of Harvest." Elder R. Lindo and Sister O. Lindo, and E. Stewart and J. McWilliams sang duet numbers.

An article, "What Is Your Life?" was read by M. John and J. Registe, followed by a quintet number "Near to the Heart of God." Brother P. Edwards sang "Breathe on Me Breath of God."

To close the program, Sister C. Saunders and S. Stewart sang "After the Hours of Sorrow." "Almost Persuaded" was sung by the congregation and we were dismissed with prayer by Lloyd Stewart.

—Bernice Agard

"The man who expects to die like a beast generally lives like one."

(continued from Page 12)

me for the way I treated you and Helen?" he asked.

"Our Savior teaches us to forgive freely," said Ruth.

"Helen and I want you to help us. The greatest desire of my heart is that we can serve God faithfully. It is hard for me to understand how I could ever have been so blind as to deny God."

Helen's smile told Ruth that everything was all right.

"By the way, we have a little present for you," said Mr. Bently.

Anxiously Ruth opened the box. There was a dozen of the most beautiful roses she ever had seen!

—Leroy Brown in Gospel Herald.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 2)

them. When people are spiritually ill, they are in need of food for their souls. Young people can do much to make this world better by helping to lift up someone who has fallen. Dedicate your life to doing good and thus make life worth-while.

What EVERYONE Can Do

The great Wilberforce wrote to his son: "Let me conjure you not to be seduced into neglecting, curtailing or hurrying over your morning prayer. Of all things, guard against neglecting God in the closet. There is nothing more fatal in the life and power of religion. How much better I might serve God if I cultivated a closer communion with Him." Haste in prayer means fever and failure. Time spent in prayer is time saved.—*The Christian Herald.*