

Christian *Youth* *Herald*
and
Gospel Call

Vol. XVIII, No. 42

Stanberry, Missouri

May 17, 1954

The Way of the Rain

I heard an old farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide new country far away
The rainfall follows the plow.
"As fast as they break it up and see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows, deep and free,
And the tillage is begun.

"The earth grows mellow; and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before
When its face was hard and dry.
And so, wherever the plowshares run,
And clouds run overhead;
And the soul that works, and lets in the sun
With water is always fed."

I wonder if the old farmer knew
The half of his simple word.
Or guessed the message that, Heavenly true
Within it was hidden and heard?
It fell on my ear by chance that day;
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plow. —Sel.

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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

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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

In the human body there are many glands which function to make it perform its operations correctly. If something goes wrong with one of these glands, it causes a reaction which is harmful, and results in illness. The body is wonderfully made and works smoothly the way it is meant to when all is in perfect condition, much the same as any piece of machinery which has several moving parts works smoothly when each part is right and working together.

Near the base of the brain of man, incased in a little bony structure of its own, is a gland called the pituitary gland. This little gland is very small, about the size of a cherry, and has a little stem which connects it to the brain.

The work of the pituitary gland is wonderful indeed. It exerts a great influence over the rest of the body. It is the controlling factor which causes the body to develop normally and work correctly. If it is working correctly

as it usually does, the body grows and develops the way it should and is a normal one.

Sometimes this little gland does not work correctly and enlarges and overworks. When this happens the body does not develop as it should and it is subject to changes and enlargements especially of the bones. The skull and bones of the jaw become much larger than they should, and the head is what we would term almost a swelled head. The body becomes larger too, and takes on the proportion of a giant.

However, this physical disease of the pituitary gland is rare, and we are glad that this is so, because none of us would like to be a victim of such gland trouble. There are though, symptoms like those described, in people today, which are not caused by an enlarged pituitary gland. We are familiar with people of whom it may be said they have a swelled head, which is not caused by physical disease. It is caused by conceit and self-pride. Self comes first with them and so little thought of others that their head is figuratively enlarged and they cannot see anything but "I."

The Bible warns us about becoming a swelled head when it tells us to ". . . not think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly . . ." (Rom. 12:3). We can also find much in God's Word about being humble in the sight of God and man. We are to ". . . put on therefore . . . humbleness of mind . . ." (Col. 3:12).

If any are a victim, even to a small degree, of spiritual pituitary gland trouble, seek the Great Physician and He will help overcome the trouble.

MOTHER

By Bertie Freeman

SHE CAME to me smiling as usual, but her smile held a look of pleasure and excitement. I was tired and rather out of sorts, but if she noticed it she paid little heed. She pulled me toward the couch, and when I was seated she pulled up the footstool and opened up a worn and frayed book of poetry.

"I've looked for this for ages," she confided. "It's one of the poems I'll remember if I live to be a hundred years old. How many times we sat when just small children and listened to you read it to us. I can remember it almost word for word." She began to read—"Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight. Make me a child again, just for tonight."

My tired feeling seemed to melt away, and once again I was sitting in the rocker with two small blonde haired girls at my knees, looking up into my face as I read their favorite poem about Mother. They sat quietly, hardly breathing, intent on hearing every word. When I finished, they would always ask, "Please read it again, and let us say it with you." They were so sweet, so young, I often prayed, "God, help me to rear them for Thee."

Now tonight, my daughter suddenly grown up was reading to me. When she finished she paused expectantly, wanting me to remember, so I asked, "Please read

it again and let me say it with you." She handed me the book. "You read it," she said, "and I'll say it for Sis." So she repeated the poem for Sis, now a Mother in her own right, and many miles away from home.

Afterwards, I sat thinking of the honor and privilege of being called "Mother," or "Mom," and frequently answer other children for sheer force of habit. Then, like tonight, we come to the full realization of the immensity of the word, "Mother."

From our very earliest recollection, it is Mother, who cares for our every need, who feeds us and rocks us. She heals our hurts with her kisses. She takes time to listen to our happiness, and takes adolescents and teenagers in her stride. She looks profound and acknowledges our intelligence. She looks incredulous when others fail to realize our capabilities. She shares our secrets and gets up to listen to every detail of our first date. She gives sound advice, which we afterwards realize was sound indeed. She mends and sews, cooks, and scrubs, and seems to have an endless amount of love and forgiveness for her children? She spends many a lonely night keeping vigil over a sick child, and rejoices when morning comes to make things seem a little brighter. She is the recipient of gifts on Mother's Day and spends the other 364 days watching the mailbox for a line

from her loved ones. She spends many tearful hours on her knees praying for the salvation of her children. She loves every minute of serving and caring for her brood. She is a Mother. There is a Jewish saying that "God could not be everywhere so He made mothers."

Good mothers leave their mark on society. If every mother would educate her children in the way they should go, there would be no such problem as juvenile delinquency. "Mother" is a one word educational system. C. Simmons has said, "If you would reform the world from its errors and vices, begin by enlisting the mothers."

Mothers should never be too busy or too tired to listen to the problems of youth. Some of the complex problems of youth that seem so mountainous to them, can be solved if they are shared. My Mother was always helping someone in need. She worked day and night raising seven children while living on a farm. Yet, she was never too busy to listen to the trials of her children and grandchildren. Recently, our daughter who had not seen her grandmother for awhile was wishing she would come for a visit. Since it was impossible for her to come, Esther called her. After the conversation she came into the room smiling. "Grandmothers are wonderful," she said, "I pity people who don't have a grandmother to love."

"Say to Mothers what a holy charge is theirs; with what a holy power their love might rule the fountains of the new born mind." Mrs. Sigourney. Timothy's mother realized the responsibility of raising her child for God,

even as her mother before her placed her faith in God, and taught her child of His ways. Not all children will be talented like Timothy, but all mothers can be godly like Eunice. With a world so steeped in sin, every mother should realize that her responsibility is too great without the help and guidance of Jesus.

One of my most treasured possessions is a poem written by my daughter while away at school and mailed to me on Mother's Day.

TO MOTHER

By Esther Freeman

No matter how far I may travel,
In realms of earth's sky and sea,
There's always one theme in my soul
that burns—

My mother's love will go with me.

Though blindly I may stagger
Through this world of sin and pain,
And though I may drop to the depths
of despair,
With mother's love, I shall rise again.

Oh Mother, with love undaunted,
It was you who gave me life,
It is you who will guide me
Through a world of wars and strife..

But though the world is far from
peaceful,
And we be burdened down with care,
There is a mother always praying,
And a God who answers prayers.

It does not require great learning to be a Christian and be convinced of the truth of the Bible. It requires only an honest heart and a willingness to obey God.

—Barnes.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—Sterne.

Peace When There Is None

By Lyle Schueler, Midwest Student

IN PAUL'S writing to the brethren at Galatia, he brought to their minds the fruits of the Spirit. One of these fruits is peace. Reading his words, stimulates my thinking on peace. I thought of the peace in the world, the peace found in Christ, and the peace in God's Kingdom. I found a lot to think about.

One of Webster's definitions for peace is "A pact or agreement to end hostilities or to come together in amity, between those who have been at war or in a state of enmity or dissension." This definition is best applied to the thought, peace in the world. We cannot deny that the world is found wanting of peace.

It was once said, "peace in the world, or the world in pieces," and at this present time the world is more in pieces than it is at peace. Why? Because man has not learned to end hostility and to come together in peace and friendship, bound by love. *Peace!* Peace! the nations cry; and while they shout this throughout the earth, they build airplanes, ships, tanks, and guns, which split the silence of the air with the thunder of war, drowning out the precious cry for peace.

Jeremiah says, "We look for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble." Men of this age believe in prosperity, and in the preservation of life, yet, while nations cry for peace, and look for health, but behold! trouble. The nations fight like ants, because

they are striving to conquer one another for the purpose of being supreme, clothed with authority. Then we all sit back in amazement and wonder why we cannot prosper and preserve life. The brotherhood of man has been shattered, because of the lack of love among men, so badly needed for peace to exist.

Can we as "free people" comprehend peace among all men? We hardly know what it would be like to see all the world at peace. We have never lived in a time when all men had peace and love.

Just how many nations possess this fruit of the Spirit called peace? James tells us that "... the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." No wonder the nations are away from God, lacking righteousness and brotherhood. The nations, to their own downfall, have not cultivated the spirit of peace.

No matter how unpeaceful the world is, peace has not entirely dwindled from man—thanks be to God. This is brought out in the thought of peace found in Christ. Webster further defines peace as "A mental or spiritual state in which there is freedom from that which is disquieting or perturbing." Are you at peace with God? This question involves freedom from disquieting and confusing situations. Although the world is in a turmoil, God has given you the opportunity to have and to retain peace within

you, which comes through the redeeming blood of His Son.

Of Christ, Paul wrote, "For he is our peace . . ." This peace in Christ is for all men. He came to give life and peace. At present we can have it in a spiritual sense. Think how great it will be at His second coming when it will prevail throughout eternity!

Jesus set the example of how to obtain peace—by obedience to the heavenly Father. He was victorious over sin. Sin is despised by God and His people.

We are told that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and to be carnally minded is death. How many times have we walked with or after the things God abhors? Don't we know all that leads to death? It is time to seek peace, lest the opportunity we now have be taken from us. Paul said "to be spiritually minded is life and peace." The spiritual mind is what we need in order to have peace.

When Jesus was telling the disciples of His return to the Father, He said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you . . ." By this we can see the world offers no peace. How wonderful it would be if man would wake up and receive the free gift of peace, life and happiness that God wants us to have! The peace found in Christ means a feeling of contentment in the world of trouble!

Now we come to the thought on peace in God's Kingdom. This is the most wonderful peace. It would take more than a dictionary to define the peace that will prevail in this glorious Kingdom. To comprehend fully the peace to be there is entirely beyond the

human mind. True, we can reach a certain degree of comprehension, but that is even limited. As mortal men we have suffered things in life that have caused us to wonder if the burdens would ever go and leave peace and comfort in their place.

It makes my heart rejoice to know that in God's Kingdom every burden will be gone; no wars will shed innocent blood; no murderers, no sickness and sorrow will be experienced any more, but as the Psalmist said, "The meek . . . shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." Are you desiring to be in a place where peace is in abundance? The Kingdom of God affords this. Words cannot tell how great the peace will be there, but I know it is a worthy goal to seek.

God's Kingdom affords you a home eternally, where you will be able to live in the presence of Almighty God and His Son. With sin destroyed the reign of peace will begin. Let us strive to share that peace with Them!

Our Opinions ?

A man who thinks he is guarding himself against prejudices by resisting the authority of others, leaves open every avenue to singularity, vanity, self-conceit, obstinacy, and many other vices, all tending to warp the judgment, and prevent the natural operation of his faculties. We are not satisfied with our own opinions, whatever we may pretend, till they are ratified and confirmed by suffrage of the rest of mankind. We dispute and wrangle forever; we endeavor to get men to come to us when we do not go to them.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

DESIGN

Sylvia carefully spread the creamy pink icing over the freshly baked cake and set it down with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Oh! there you are!" Rosemary appeared in the doorway looking fresh as a daisy. "Whew, but it's hot in here! How can you stand it?" she asked breathlessly.

"It isn't too bad. This cake doesn't take long to bake and I promised the kids I'd bring one to the picnic."

Rosemary eyed the cake with an envious gleam. "That's just like you! A little flattery will make you bend over backward. Besides, I think you have a martyr complex. Not I! I'm taking potato chips; no trouble attached to that. Say, let's get out of here — it would take a martyr to endure this heat."

Sylvia slipped her apron off and hung it up. As she walked out to the front porch with Rosemary she turned Rosemary's words over in her mind. She had sincerely enjoyed baking that cake to please the young people who were going on the picnic. Did that signify that she had a martyr complex? And had it been nothing more than flattery when they declared how much they liked the cake? If Rosemary had designed to make her look like a first class dope, she certainly had succeeded. Did everyone feel as Rosemary did? Were they all laughing at her behind her back—making a fool of her? Suddenly Sylvia was furious with the whole group of young people.

"Don't look so glum, Sylvia," Rosemary said cheerily. "The

fellows will be here in a few minutes. Are you all ready to go?"

Sylvia pushed the porch swing slowly back and forth with one foot. She didn't feel one bit as though she was ready to go. In fact, at the moment it was the last thing she wanted to do.

When the boys did arrive Sylvia was far from being her usual good-natured self.

"I trust that's our favorite cake you have all bundled up there?" Ted said taking the carefully wrapped cake from Sylvia.

"So do I!" Charlie chirped up from the back seat.

Sylvia could feel her face getting red, but she forced a small smile to her lips. "Well, at least it's the cake you said was your favorite."

"Whew! you had me worried for a minute," Ted said with a grin.

"Boy!" Charlie drooled, "the rest of the gang will be glad to hear that."

Sylvia's face burned even more at that remark. This was evidently some of that flattery that Rosemary had been so careful to mention. No doubt everyone was in on this little bit of hypocrisy. She bit her lip and sat staring out of the window as they drove along the highway toward the picnic spot.

The whole gang was at the picnic and everyone was in high spirits — that is everyone but Sylvia. The girls were all busy arranging the food on the table.

"Hi, Sylvia, come on over and

(Continued on page 10)

TEEN



NO HOARDING PERMITTED

The Lord permits no hoarding. If we lock up our strength in selfish indolence, it will be invaded by mysterious moth and rust, and subtle thieves, will break through and steal. A joy that is selfishly enjoyed dies out like a lamp deprived of oil. A blessing that is not shared withers away like grass which has no rain. Things are always fertilized when they are shared. They begin to propagate in the fine atmosphere of communion. God's holy dew and rain and sunshine fall upon human fellowship, while the selfish and exclusive life becomes dry and barren as a blasted heath.

Strange and gracious discoveries are made in the fraternal and sacrificial life. We go about distributing comforts, and we find comfort. We take heartsease to our neighbors, and we return to find the gift of peace. We go down the roads of life lighting lamps of happiness for our neighbors, and lo! on our return blessedness is shining in our own dwelling. We scatter flowers of good will and beneficence, and lo! Eden blooms in our own garden. We come to our own life through the welfare of our fellows; by lighting their streets we find our way home.—*J. H. Jowett (Sel.)*

“Every believer is God's miracle.”

Bible Crossword Puzzle

| | a | b | c | d | e | f | g | h |
|---|---|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1 | | | | | | | | |
| 2 | | | | | tree | | | |
| 3 | | tree | | tree | tree | | tree | tree |
| 4 | | | | | | tree | | |
| 5 | | tree | tree | | | | | |
| 6 | | | tree | | | tree | | |
| 7 | | | | | tree | | | |
| 8 | | | | tree | | | tree | |

ACROSS

- 1-a. Not subject to death
- 2-a. One of eight persons saved in the ark
- 2-f. To direct one's endeavor or effort to the achievement of a purpose
- 4-a. A seeking; adventure
- 4-g. Syllable applied to the fourth tone of the diatonic scale
- 5-d. A fertile or green spot in the desert
- 6-a. First word in the Bible
- 6-d. Abbreviation for pint
- 6-g. “Abearer revealeth secrets”
- 7-f. Insect which produces honey
- 8-a. “....., though I walk through the valley” etc.
- 8-e. “. . . what wait I for? hope is in thee”



TALK

DOWN

- 1-a. Sin
- 1-b. Abbreviation for Missouri
- 1-c. A husband or wife
- 1-d. "..... that men would praise the Lord for his goodness"
- 1-f. Tribute or toll
- 1-g. City where Israel was defeated because of Achan
- 4-d. "... for he is like a refiner's fire, and like a fullers'"
- 4-e. To work at tatting
- 4-g. "For our God is a consuming"
- 4-h. A fall-blooming flower
- 6-b. No
- 7-c. Abbreviation for Louisiana
- 7-f. "Ye shall know them their fruits"

—Opal Coulson

IT'S YOUR GUESS

What do you know about—

1. John was banished to—
a. Crete, b. Patmos, c. Malta
2. The one who cursed David—
a. Shimei, b. Shimron,
c. Shishak
3. A teacher of Paul—
a. Felix, b. Marcus, c. Gamaliel
4. The mother of John the Baptist
a. Anna, b. Elizabeth,
c. Priscilla
5. The place where our Savior was crucified—
a. Gennesaret, b. Gilboa,
c. Golgotha
6. A Hebrew word meaning:
"my master"—

- a. Rabbi, b. Rabbith,
c. Rabshakeh

7. She was the wife of Esau—
a. Miriam, b. Mahalath, c. Mary Magdalene
8. He was caught up by a whirlwind—
a. Enoch, b. Elisha, c. Ezekiel

* * *

Answers to *It's Your Guess*

b, a, c, b, c, a, b, a

It is the fixed law of the universe, that little things are but part of the great. The grass does not spring up full grown, by eruption: it arises by an increase so noiseless and gentle, as not to disturb an angel's ear—perhaps to be invisible to an angel's eye. The rain does not fall in masses, but in drops, or even in the breath-like moisture of the fine mist. The planets do not leap from end to end of their orbits, but inch by inch, and line by line, it is that they circle the heavens. Intellect, feeling, habit, character, all become what they are through the influence of little things—by little influences acting on us, or seemingly little decisions made by us, that every one of us is going, not by leaps, yet surely by inches, either to life or death eternal.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Flowers are love's truest language.—*P. Benjamin.*

DESIGN

(Continued from page 7)

help," they called gaily.

"Oh, don't go," whispered Rosemary taking her hand. "What's the use of working like a dog? We came here to have fun. Let's take a walk."

Sylvia hesitated a moment. Ordinarily she would have enjoyed helping, but maybe Rosemary was right. Why should she knock herself out helping if the kids were making fun of her for it? Pretending not to hear, she walked off toward the river with Rosemary.

Rosemary's timing was good and they got back from their walk just in time to sit down and enjoy the delicious food. When it was time for dessert, Ted handed Sylvia a knife. "How about cutting that luscious cake now?" he asked.

Sylvia was reaching for the cake when she noticed Rosemary frowning and shaking her head.

"Cut it yourself," Sylvia said darkly and handed the knife to Ted.

Ted looked startled and a deep red spread slowly over his face. The whole group was enveloped in an embarrassed silence for an awkward moment or two. Then Rosemary began to chatter brightly about what a wonderful time she was having and how grand everyone was.

Sylvia suddenly felt on the outside of things as she watched the warm smiles that flowed in Rosemary's direction. She lowered her eyes and sat there feeling utterly miserable and confused.

At last it was time to go home and everyone started to help with the cleaning up. Suddenly Rosemary was at Sylvia's side.

"Come with me," she whispered. "I'm going down to the river."

Sylvia fell in step with her, glad for a chance to escape. She listened listlessly while Rosemary explained that they'd just remain down there until the work was all done since there was no use to kill oneself working when one could get out of it. There was something wrong with this line of reasoning Sylvia felt, but she was too miserable to think it through. In a little while they returned to find everyone packed and ready to go.

"We talked over the plans for the next get-together while you girls were gone," Tex explained. "Sylvia can we depend upon you for another cake?" he asked.

Rosemary quickly raised her eyebrows at Sylvia. Sylvia felt her heart beating fast and hard. "No!" she said sharply. "Count me out of the next get-together."

Ted's mouth proclaimed his bewilderment. There was a rather smothered gasping from the others and in the middle of it all, Rosemary's voice piping up sweet and clear.

"I'll be glad to bring a cake if you all are willing to take a chance on it," she said modestly.

Sylvia was silent on the way home, but at last she was thinking clearly. Finally she said, "Ted, can you signal to the others to stop at my house on the way home?"

"Sure thing," he agreed in a puzzled voice.

The young people entered Sylvia's living room looking as though they didn't know what to expect next. When they were all there Sylvia stepped to the middle of the room. Her mouth felt dry and her heart was doing flip-flops

but somehow she got the words out.

"I owe all of you an apology for my behavior today and I couldn't think of a better time than right now to say I'm sorry. Please forgive me. If you'll stay a few minutes I'd like to make us all some lemonade." For the first time that day Sylvia felt like herself.

Everyone gathered around her and assured her she was forgiven, and Sylvia breathed deeply of the nice clear, happy air as she hurried to the kitchen to fix the lemonade.

"You're just a stupid goof after all!" A voice mumbled close behind her and she turned to find Rosemary's envious, angry face close to hers.

"Well, maybe so," Sylvia said kindly, "but at least I've learned one thing today—I must live and act the way I feel the Lord wants me to and not let another's opinions or actions influence me in the least."

Rosemary left the room with a loud bang of the kitchen door.

—Ellis Martin in HiCall.

Stories of Famous Hymns

Sweet Hour of Prayer, one of the world's favorite devotional hymns, was composed in 1842 by the Rev. William W. Walford, a blind English preacher who was known for the spiritual beauty of his memorized sermons.

One day, while chatting with the Rev. Thomas Salmon, a fellow clergyman in Warwickshire, Walford recited the first stanza of his famous "song in the night." Then, as his friend wrote down

the verses, he dictated the entire hymn, just as it is sung today.

When he sailed for a visit to the United States, a few days later, Salmon took the hymn poem with him and it was published for the first time in the *New York Observer*. Almost overnight it became a prayer meeting favorite in England and America and its popularity increased when William Bradbury, the composer, fitted it to its present tune.

Even before he wrote "Sweet Hour of Prayer," Walford had gained fame with his sermons. He was a colorful pulpit figure and on each Sunday morning, just before preaching, he announced the text of his sermon and gave the complete quotation from memory. He could repeat from memory, the Psalms, the prophecies, some of the histories and most of the New Testament, and from this feat he gained a reputation for knowing the Bible by heart.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escapes the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

—By Horace Powell (selected by Grace Ward).

The Bible tells us not to use vain repetition when praying. "The Rosary is a determined prayer in honor of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, consisting of 150 'Ava Maria', . . ."—*Breviarium Romanum*, Sect. I. *Ava Maria* means "Hail Mary." The Bible does not tell us to pray to Mary.

Oklahoma Youth Rally

Theme: REVERENCE

The Oklahoma F.Y.C. Rally of April 24 was held at Shady Point. The meeting was opened by the congregation singing "Deeper, Deeper," "Victory," and "Gethsemane," led by Bill Craig and accompanied at the piano by Dorothy Whitten.

The Scripture reading, Psalm 100, was read by Garlyn Brunson, after which Harry Krause led in prayer. "Glory to His Name" was sung and Ronald Chandler took charge of the program.

A poem was given by Philip Walker. Delores Chandler sang "The Prayer Perfect." "I'm Free Again" was sung by the Woody children. Fred Krumsick and Barbara Hill sang "I Cannot Touch the Hem of His Garment." A quartet composed of Maudie Johnston, Barbara Hill, Harry Krause and O. T. Whitten sang "We Shall Meet Some Day." Billy Hinds and Harry Krause sang "God is Calling the Prodigal." "Can He Depend on You?" was sung by Delora Taylor, Sue Grubis, Ronald Chandler and Bill Craig.

The Shady Point girls sang "Walking up the King's Highway." Bill Craig sang a solo, "What I Give Thee, Master." Sue Grubis played a piano solo, "Open the Gates of the Temple." Mike Brunson recited a poem, "What Would Jesus Have Me Do?" "I Won't Have to Cross Jordan Alone" was sung by Bill Hinds, after which he and Joyce Brunson sang, "Life's Railway to Heaven." Wayne Chandler read a poem and John Kanady read Psalm 120.

K. C. Walker, Jewel Walker, and O. T. Whitten sang "Help Me, Lord, to Stand." Maudie Johnston

read the poem "Reverence," and Ronald Chandler read "As the Dew." "All Upon the Altar" was sung by Elvert Chandler, Sue Grubis, Ronald Chandler, and O. T. Whitten. Bill Craig gave the reading, "My Heart — Christ's Home." We were very glad to have Bill with us for our rally. The closing song was "I Intend to Go Through With Him," and Elvert Chandler dismissed with prayer.

A business meeting and social was held after night services.

—Dorothy Whitten, Sec.-Treas.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man; but none is so useful as discretion. It is this which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them at work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantary; wit, impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice. Though a man has all other perfections and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his station of life.

—Addison.

Ever Try This?

Definitely make it a point to return good for evil.

Pray for someone who had ill-treated you.

Thank the Lord for every day of life in which to serve Him.

Do more than one good deed each day.

MIDWEST NEWS

Greetings in the name of the Lord! The students of *Midwest* wish to disclose another of a series of brief summaries of the events that occur in their presence from day to day.

The students and teachers of M.B.C. always enjoy having visitors, whether they are old acquaintances or just new found friends. The visitors this week were Brother and Sister M. S. Marrs, the parents of Brother Roy Marrs, from Shawnee, Oklahoma. They spent some time with their son and his family and then continued on their vacation trip to Wisconsin, where two of their daughters and their families are residing. Brother and Sister L. I. Rodgers spent a few days here also, as they were visiting friends and relatives and taking care of other matters.

The speaker at chapel service on Wednesday was Brother A. S. Christenson. The central theme of his message was the "five summits" which we, as Christians, must achieve in our lifetime. The thought was brought out that a person often wonders what will become of him after this present life. It was concluded that man does not need to worry about the things that are yet to come if he takes Christ as his way in this life; if he receives, and yields to, the Comforter; and if he keeps God's commandments. The fourteenth chapter of John was the text upon which this message was based.

The regular monthly social took place on Sunday evening, May 2. To spend the evening, the

ladies had a shower for Sister Carol Hart, while the men were visiting. Refreshments were enjoyed at the latter portion of the evening.

The representative for the Salvation Army from St. Louis asked the *Midwest* group whether they would solicit the town of Stanberry for them. The request was accepted, so several of the students have been out soliciting, and will continue to do so next week. The students are very busy during their last few weeks of school, but they are still willing to help out wherever good might be accomplished.

On Sabbath morning all the students went to Kansas City to attend an all-day meeting there. Most of them stayed over night for a school picnic at Swope Park on Sunday.

The *Midwest News* column will come to you only a few more times during this school term. We wish to ask you to remember every one of us here at *Midwest* in your prayers, so that we might be under the Divine care and guidance for the remaining school days, and also when we leave here at the end of the term. May God bless you, one and all.

—LeRoy Dais

Solomon said—

"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

"The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness."

—Proverbs 15:1-2.

Poetic Gems

LOST

What? Lost your temper, did you say?

Well, dear, I would not mind it.

It is not such a dreadful loss—

Pray do not try to find it.

It chased the dimples all away,

And wrinkled up your forehead.

And changed a pretty, smiling face

To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,

The laughter and the singing

And clouds upon a shining sky

It would persist in bringing.

And now it's gone. Then, do, my dear,

Make it your best endeavor

To quickly find a better one,

And lose it never, never.

—Scrapbook.

* * *

THE MASTER WORKER

It's the Master who holds the chisel

He knows just where

Its edge should be driven sharpest,

To fashion there

The semblance that He is carving;

Nor will He let

One delicate stroke too many

Or few be set

On forehead, or cheek, where only

He sees how all

Is tending—and where the hardest

The blow should fall

Which crumbles away whatever

Superfluous line

Would hinder His hand from making

The work Divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,

We pray Thee, then,

The vehement stroke is needed.

And where, and when

Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,

I will not mind,

If only Thy chipping chisel

Shall leave behind

Such marks of Thy wondrous working

And loving skill

Clear carven in aspect, stature,

And face, as well

When disciplines' ends are over,

Have all sufficed

To mold me into the likeness

And form of Christ.

—G. Matheson in *The Soul Winner*.

* * *

SPEAK OUT FOR CHRIST

You talk about your business,

Your bonds and stocks and gold;

And in all worldly matters

You are so brave and bold.

But why are you so silent

About salvation's plan?

Why don't you speak for Jesus,

And speak out like a man?

You talk about the weather,

And the crops of corn and wheat;

You speak of friends and neighbors

That pass along the street;

You call yourself a Christian,

And like the Gospel plan—

Then why not speak for Jesus

And speak out like a man?

Are you ashamed of Jesus

And the story of the Cross,

That you lower His pure banner

And let it suffer loss?

Have you forgot His suffering?

Did He die for you in vain?

If not, then live and speak for Jesus,

And speak out like a man?

—The Gospel Witness (Sel.)

Which --

HONOR FROM GOD OR MAN?

Not long ago a friend quoted a saying which struck me as being very good. Maybe you, reader, are familiar with it, but I shall give it as one would give a text for his sermon: "Some people are born great; some people achieve greatness; and some people just grate on you."

"Isn't that the truth?" some one said when I quoted this very thought-provoking statement.

With reference to these three types or classes of people, which one has the most effect upon our lives? All of us can think of some great men. Most of them have achieved greatness, and that by a lot of hard work, rather than having been born great.

Abraham Lincoln had a humble birth in meager circumstances, but he climbed to greatness by persistence, honesty, humility, trust in God, and likely an ambition to do what he could for his fellow men.

Because of their birth, some people have been born famous rather than great. Some, with what is known as royal parentage, have become famous, and a few became great. We might say that geniuses, for example in music, art work or science are among those born great. They must develop their talents or remain unknown.

Often great men are not recognized to be what they are until they have passed away.

Reader, do you have an inner desire to be great? It is natural to want to be somebody. However,

we cannot say it is a wise thing to follow the natural man. A proper amount of self-esteem is all right, but only so when coupled with humility. Moses was a great man, and wasn't the greatest thing about him his humility?

If we have an ambition to be great in the eyes of the world without a *first regard* for achieving things for God, we will end up in the debits column. It is safe to say that such an urge is usually prompted by that dangerous spirit known as pride. The world's brand of fame and greatness so often merely curries pride, unless humility prevails.

You may remember reading in Mark 9, where the disciples once "disputed among themselves who should be the greatest." When Jesus asked them what they had been disputing about "they held their peace," likely because they felt ashamed of themselves, and fearing rebuke so much in order just then. Jesus merely set a child in their midst. "... of such is the kingdom of heaven" (Mark 10:16), said He. Such an example of humility (and faith, too) has no ideas as: "See who I am?" "Look at me!" "I have my special rights." "I'm so and so." Jesus said, "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant" (Matt. 20:27). "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18:4).

Christians must be careful not

to carry an air that gives people the idea, "That person thinks he is somebody." Great people do not put on airs. On the other hand care must be taken not to mis-judge people in this respect.

Our first aim is to be just what God wants us to be. We can't be much worth-while without doing something. Doing our duty will make us what we should be.

Self-styled "great people" (?) sometimes just grate on us. No doubt all of us know some folk less friendly, more self-centered, than others. If these or any other people "grate" on our nerves, or as it were, go against the grain, then we should make out a search warrant and investigate ourselves. We may not love the ways and means of some folk, but we must have the spirit that causes us to pray for all men. We must have the desire that all men be saved.

Since we are to love our very enemies, surely we can have the proper regard for those we might not otherwise especially like. True, it is impossible to like, in every respect, those with a disagreeable disposition or evil ways, as we do those who are pleasant and are just naturally likeable. Yet, consider how Christ regarded all men.

We must be "water-proof," "rust-resistant," and "non-inflammable," in a manner of speaking, and resist irritation by clashing personalities. Many in old Jerusalem hated Jesus, but He wept over the city. Many wanted to crucify Him, but He prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Young folk, our aim is not to be great like the disciples once argued. We are not looking for fame and glory in this life — that is, not from man. God said,

"... for them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed" (1 Sam. 2:20). Many "seek not the honour that cometh from God only" (John 5:44). This comes by the love of God deep down in the heart which does according to Matthew 25:34-40, and not to get a pat on the back from man. We love to please God. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," said Jesus, "ye have done it unto me."

—Written for the H. & C.

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.)

Recompense — (Num. 5:7; Rom. 12:17) to compensate, to pay for, to give in return for something done.

Tarry — (Isa. 46:13; I Cor. 11:33) to wait, stop for, linger, delay, stay.

Fraud — (Psa. 10:7) to trick, cheat, deception, craft, fake.

Babbler — (Acts 17:18) to chatter, talk idly or foolishly, disclose by too free talk.

Dandled — (Isa. 66:12) to fondle, pamper, move up and down on one's knee or in one's arms.

Ignominy — (Prov. 18:3) disgrace or dishonor, infamy.

Most persons would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

—Longfellow.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.

—Chrysostom.