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Happiness

*I ask not for a jeweled crown,
Nor for the heights of great renown;
I do not crave a mighty name
That will live on in years of fame;
I pine not for some treasure cold;
For houses, lands, or glittering gold;
I do not seek a world's caress—
To leave me cold and comfortless,
Nor for the smile of pomp and pride—
'Twould leave me all unsatisfied.
No, all of these may be removed,
I shall be happy still — if loved.*

—C. Benjamin Hopkins in Gospel Herald.

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EDITORIAL

The story is told of a young soldier who had just returned from service in Africa, but was reluctant to tell of any of his experiences there. He kept saying that nothing had happened to him while there, but his questioner insisted that he must have had something happened which he could tell. It would seem in all the time he was in service there, that there would be some incident which was impressive to him. After a few more questions put to the young man, he finally said the thing which was the most impressive to him was the fact that so many bullets missed him instead of finding their mark.

This experience of his was truly one in which nearly everyone of us would have been extremely thankful had we been in his position. We wonder if he could have thought that it was the hand of the Lord protecting him from those well-aimed shots of the enemy. Do we suppose that he was thankful to God for this protection?

Many times in the lives of most of us have come experiences which we feel sure God had a hand in protecting us. There are dangers which could have brought about serious bodily injury, or possible death to us.

One time we had an experience which has left a definite impression upon our minds, and we recall it many times. We were driving along the highway going to a certain city to conduct the Sabbath services. As we drove along we approached a narrow bridge, with a steep hill on the other side of it. Coming down this hill was a large trailer truck. The highway was somewhat wet as the day was a gloomy one in the fall of the year. As our car and the truck drew nearer to each other, the truck began flashing its lights off and on. When we saw this, the thought flashed through our minds as to why, and we asked each other that question. Then, like a bolt of lightning it came to me—the bridge must be too narrow for both the car and truck to pass safely over at the same time. The truck driver was giving us this warning, as it would have been almost impossible for him to stop the truck and he probably supposed we could stop our car since we were on level ground. My husband quickly responded when I told him my thoughts.

When this experience was over we both said that it was surely God putting that thought into my mind so quickly to save us from possible death, should we have been side-swiped by the truck.

God's protecting care is gener-

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Longsuffering

By LeRoy Dais, Midwest Student

THE purpose of this article is to bring about a better understanding concerning the wonderful characteristics and the significance of the Christian trait that is termed *longsuffering*. Longsuffering may be defined briefly in these words: "Long and patient endurance of offense." Since patience and longsuffering are so closely related, the former term might be used more readily than the latter. Webster defines patience as follows: "Bearing or enduring pains, trials, or the like, without complaint, or with equanimity."

Many times when people become angry, because of words that were spoken to them, or because of misfortunes that were encountered, they wish that they could overcome this hindering weakness. They may not realize it, but the very trials or troubles which they are facing tend to help them to overcome this weakness. If we faithfully battle each hardship as we meet it along life's highway, then every problem that is to be faced in the future will be solved more easily than the former. If this is the case — and we are assured in God's Word that it is—then we can, with full assurance, say: "... we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: ..." (Rom. 5:3, 4).

Further agreement upon this line of thought is found in James

1:3: "... the trying of your faith worketh patience." Herein lies the secret of the means by which patience is obtained.

Some of us might doubt whether we really have patience. Some might even wonder what patience really means to, and does for one, in one's life. The Scriptures provide a very good test for Christians to find out whether they possess this coveted characteristic. If a Christian fully trusts in the Word of God, and longs for the fulfillment of the yet unfulfilled prophecies of the Word, then we might say that that person has patience in a spiritual manner. "But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it" (Rom. 8:25).

Many people rely upon an example when attempting to start out on a work that is new to them. This is especially true of people who are making a new start in life. For this reason we shall take into consideration several excellent examples in connection with our topic.

Our first and greatest example is God. It was through patience that God didn't immediately destroy Adam and Eve because of their disobedience in the Garden of Eden; it was through patience that the Creator of mankind didn't destroy His entire creation in the days of Noah—but instead of so doing, He waited until the ark was built and then saved enough righteous people to produce offspring in order to keep mankind in existence. Again,

through patience as well as love, God provided a way of escape for the Children of Israel when they were in Egypt; and, although they revolted against Him and His prophet not a few times, He brought them safely into the promised land. These instances may be compared to the patience He still has for us today; though sinful and wicked as we are, He is still willing to forgive us of our sins and accept us as His own.

The second example which comes to our mind is our beloved Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. If the people of today, especially those of our country, would have to be without a home, money, and other earthly possessions, it is very likely that they would become unfriendly, selfish, and rude. But, when Christ was here on this earth He was without a home, without any earthly possessions, and almost without friends at times; but still He was the most lovable being that ever walked on the face of this earth. If we would have to meet problems such as Christ met while He was here on earth, we would probably become discouraged and run away like Jonah did.

You might think that we are unfair to ourselves if we consider the preceding examples as examples for ourselves, because their ability and endurance is so much greater than ours. Let us then think of the prophets. How greatly they suffered at the hands of the wicked people, but still they wouldn't give up!

When we think of the patience of some Bible characters we usually think of Job. Here is a man that lost all — possessions, wealth, loved ones, health — everything but life itself. Al-

though Job suffered all these things he was still able to say: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job 1:21).

You might say that since this quality of character is so difficult to acquire, why bother about acquiring it? But the matter is not *quite* that simple. In searching the Scriptures further, we find that patience plays a very, very important role in a Christian's life. Without patience we cannot have the hope of salvation and eternal life: "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope" (Rom. 15:4). Another Scripture stresses this point even a little further: "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise" (Heb. 10:36).

Luke 21:19 erases all doubt as to whether patience is necessary to gain eternal life: "In your patience possess ye your souls." The only logical conclusion that we can possibly arrive at is just this: A person who does not have patience is subject to damnation and eternal destruction.

You might still have a doubt in your mind in regard to how patience benefits man. Patience is needed to bear fruit: "But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience" (Luke 8:15). The verse just quoted is part of the wonder-

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Do You Possess What You Profess?

By Jack Epperson, Midwest Student

MANY are the goals which one may reach or aim to reach in this all too short life, but there is one goal every Christian desires to see reached, and that is to see lost souls lead into the embracing arms of the Lord who tenderly calls: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light" (Matt. 11:28-30). Jesus had seen some of the multitude gathered around Him working or bearing heavy burdens upon their backs. Then He used the example of being heavy laden with material burdens to refer to spiritual burdens which people might have. If only they would bring those burdens and cares to Him, He would give them rest for their souls. Jesus did not promise, however, to completely take every burden of our natural life away; but notice, He comforts us by saying, "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light" (Matt. 11:30).

When we partake of the emblems of Christ's broken body and spilled blood, do we fully comprehend the significance in partaking of them? Jesus instituted His supper as a memorial of His great sacrifice, for all who will accept. His breaking the

bread symbolized His broken body on Calvary; the wine, His spilled blood. Before one of us partakes of the emblems of Christ, let us take heed to Paul's admonition found in 1 Corinthians 11:27, which says: "Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Do you fully understand what Paul meant by these words? He meant that any professed Christian, who has some secret sin yet unforgiven, and partakes of the emblems commemorating the Lord's death is guilty of crucifying Him afresh! May God have mercy upon all who partake unworthily of the Lord's Supper.

To professed Christians, who know they are not worthy to partake of the Lord's Supper, God says in Revelation 3:15: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Church membership does not and will not save anyone. Only God saves us. He will do that if we obey His every Word. If we realize we aren't right with Him, let us repent, lest God reject us in that day of accounting for our deeds perpetrated in this life. "My little children, these things write I unto you, . . . that if any sin, we

have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous" (1 John 2:1). "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9).

If we come to Christ, He will lighten our load and forgive us of our sins, but we must always remember to strive for purity and holiness in our Christian life. If we sin and fail to ask God for strength to resist Satan, all that is required of us to do is to cry out to the heavenly Father for mercy and pardon. If we do this He will forgive us of our transgressions. Those of us who have sinned in various times of weakness, have sincerely regretted it afterwards, I am sure, as everyone of us who fears the Lord is quick to fall down upon his knees and beg for mercy.

May the Eternal Father guide us to the position in which we always will be in His grace and partake of the riches of His love.

Truly, those who fear the great God and keep all His commandments, will not only be *professors*, but *possessors* of salvation, and eternal life in the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ. My prayer for each one is that he will be a *possessor*, so he can be a living testimony of God's limitless love and pardon.

CUTTING SERPENT'S TEETH

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an unthankful child?"

"Disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy" are three sharp teeth that poison modern homes.

War was said of old to be caused by sowing dragon's teeth. Ingratitude poisons all personal relationships.

"What thank have ye?" cries Jesus. "If ye love only those who love you, or do good only to those who do you good; or lend to those who will give back to you? What thank have ye?"

"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

If you expect people to thank you for your good deeds, you are putting your hand in a rattlesnake's nest. Every tooth has a poison sac at its root. You are sure to be disillusioned and sore.

There's the tooth of justice. "It was only fair for you to do them good." There is the tooth of compulsion, "You could not help doing whatever you did." There is the tooth of selfishness, "You did good obviously to better yourself." There is the tooth of criticism. "You might have done a better deed, or in a better way."

Do not ask for snakebites. Do not expect thanks from men. Often you are pleasantly surprised, and helped and healed by real thanks. But do not go fishing for gratitude.

Do your good deed a day, whether you get a good mark or not. Expect your reward in the Kingdom, and in the legal tender of the Spirit.

"And be thankful." Salvation is built on gratitude not on logic. Thanksgiving is the eucharist of everyday life. —*The Watchman-Examiner*.

Little, indeed, does it concern us in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither it is going. Surely such consideration demands the study of life.

—*Southey*.

He Who Cheats

The man did not knock—he kicked with booted foot against the door of the little Pennville railroad station wherein Dan Stillman was busily engaged in listening in on a short wave radio receiver. Again the man outside kicked against the lower panels of the door, this time more violently and impatiently. Dan was perturbed.

A severe storm had been raging since early afternoon. The little station quivered from floor to ceiling; a loose shingle on the roof drummed realistically. Windows rattled as the fierce wind dashed the rain against them. The shades flapped weirdly. It was on such a night as this that burglars might attempt an entrance, forcing the young station attendant to open the safe which at the present time contained a registered parcel worth five thousand dollars in bonds.

"Open the door," roared a throaty voice, "or I'll bash it in!"

Dan looked about for a formidable weapon with which to protect himself. A heavy poker which hung near a warm stove was all that met his gaze as he removed his head set and rose hastily from his chair.

"Who's there?" called Dan, hoping to gain time by questioning.

"Me," growled the man in reply. "Do I stay here all night holding this fellow, or do you open the door before I smash it?"

A frown of bewilderment puckered Dan's high forehead. Suppose the stranger was hoping to catch him unawares by trickery.

He hesitated, but there was no hesitation about the unknown visitor. He kicked on the door so mightily that one of the lower panels cracked.

"He can't make me open that safe no matter what he does," soliloquized Dan. He made no step in the direction of the only available weapon. Instead, he hurried to the door, unbolted it.

In walked the stranger, oil-skins gleaming in the light, and across his shoulder he carried the inanimate figure of a man whose face was unrecognizable because of the mud which bespattered it.

"Where'll put 'im?" asked the man, breathing heavily. "This young fellow's auto turned over and he's hurt real bad. You better call a doctor quick."

Dan cleared a sofa which he some times used when remaining on an all-night vigil at the station. To this sofa the stranger gently lowered the automobile victim. A groan escaped the youth.

"I guess he's pretty bad hurt," said the man in oil-skins, "but I got work to do at the Sutro Mines. They asked me to come quick. If you want to find me to let me know how this young fellow comes out, just ask for Mike Donnelly." The husky man hurried to the door, opened it, and before disappearing into the turbulent night, he called over his shoulder, "Almost forgot to tell you—the trestle to the south of here is due to tumble any minute."

"Trestle in danger of collapsing in storm," murmured Dan. "I

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TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

My dear Grandson,

I wrote to your sister how a small blunder in sewing can spoil a whole project in needlecraft, and I would like to talk with you about conditions in mechanics and in agriculture. I would like to see you for a chat on these topics; but as neither of us can travel to meet face to face, I will briefly mention in this letter one case in each department.

In mechanics, take for instance an auto that has become out of order and won't operate safely. Sometimes the repair man has to go over the machine very carefully before he can find out what screws are loose or parts are worn or broken which are making the whole machine either dangerous, or helpless, or both. One small part out of its designed order can upset an important program, and if not corrected, can be a cause of serious harm.

One day, when I was riding on a bus, I heard a change in the sound of the motor and soon the bus stopped. The driver got out and began to investigate. Soon he came to the tool kit for his screw driver, tightened some small, part, then returned to his starter

and wheel, and on we passengers rode to complete our successful trip.

Now for an example in agriculture. Tomato plants will wilt very quickly if there are any small leaks of poisonous gas near by. They are sometimes used as gauges to detect leaks that might otherwise go on poisoning other plants that do not show the hidden danger so quickly. Those small concealed leaks can destroy plant life and cause barren desert conditions. I have ridden through country where escaping poisonous gases have turned to deadly brown all green trees and other vegetation. To save life in such areas the little leaks must be found and stopped, or people will have to live elsewhere.

If we look about us, we find a variety of little influences that can bring danger and death to us, and other varieties that are more effective to bring us aids in life. Jesus came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly than we do now. Following Him, faithfully in what is small but leading to what is greater, is life worth living. I hope, my dear boy, you are daily growing into a life that co-operates with His Kingdom, with clear vision to find and stop little leaks of poisonous habits that will turn life into barren death.



TALK

I must close now, with sincere interest in you and your life's work.

Grandmother Lois

IT'S YOUR GUESS

What do you know about—?

1. The grandson of Ham—
a. Nathan, b. Nimrod, c. Nathanael
2. Where Sergius Paulus became a believer—
a. Paphos, b. Philippi, c. Perga
3. A sect of Jews who did not believe in the resurrection—
a. Pharisees, b. Orthodox, c. Sadducees
4. An accuser of Paul at Cesarea
a. Tertullus, b. Tobiah, b. Titus
5. The son of Rizpah—
a. Jonathan, b. Mephibosheth, c. Absalom
6. Where Saul saw a witch—
a. Endor, b. Emmaus, c. Ephron
7. The queen of King Hezekiah—
a. Jezebel, b. Herodias, c. Hephzibah
8. One place where the ark was stored—
a. Bethlehem, b. Obed-edom, c. Nazareth
9. The wife of Ahasuerus the third—
a. Vashti, b. Salome, c. Bernice
10. A son of Simon the Cyrenian
a. Andrew, b. Matthew, c. Rufus

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.)

- Emulation*—(Romans 11:14) ambition; desire to equal or excel; rivalry.
- Goad*—(Judges 3:31; Eccl. 12:11) to prick; sting; urge; impel.
- Oblation*—(Isaiah 1:13; Ezek. 20:40) an offering to a church; that which is offered.
- Chide*—(Judges 8:1; Psalm 103:9) to reprove; rebuke, scold.
- Satiate*—(Jer. 31:14; 46:10) satisfy fully, glut.
- Wanton*—(1 Tim. 5:11; James 5:5) undisciplined; unruly; reckless.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 2)

ously given to His children. Have you thought of some of the ways in which He has protected you, and have you given Him the glory? He says that the very hairs of our head are numbered, and when God has given thought to so small a detail about His children we know that we can trust Him explicitly. Be thankful.

Answers to "It's Your Guess"

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

HE WHO CHEATS

(Continued from page 7)

must send out a warning." He sat down before his telegraphic instruments, but it was not long before he realized that the line was down. "More ways than one of reaching the next station," he mused, and lifted the receiver of his telephone. The operator asked for his number, but a moan came from the youth on the sofa, and instead of giving the telephone number of the next station, Dan called Dr. Hanley's number.

Dr. Hanley was at home. He would make all possible haste to the station and ask his wife to make hospital reservations for the patient.

Again Dan lifted the receiver, but this time the operator did not greet him. He smiled grimly, casting a glance at his radio receiver. Of what use was a receiver without a transmitter? He must journey to town. Somewhere he would find a telephone that would enable him to communicate with the dispatcher if not the next station, but he still had plenty of time. He would give the injured youth a little first aid.

There was hot water on the warm stove. Dan found clean towels. He poured some of the water into a basin, and rinsing one of the towels after soaking it in the hot water, he wiped away the mud from the youth's face.

He stared down at the man. "Paul Merton!" he gasped. His eyes flashed in anger. "The man who caused my brother so much trouble," he hissed. Then he laughed, a hard laugh that echoed strangely in the cozy little station room. "Playing nurse to a fellow who's caused poor Bob more de-

spair than anybody could ever think possible."

Dan dropped the dirty towel into the basin of water. "Bah! Help you! I should say not!" He rose to his feet, his face flushed.

Paul Merton, son the Pennville banker, had caused the latter to refuse Bob Stillman, who was married, a much needed loan for his radio business, a loan that would carry him over the busy Christmas season when all radio shops usually made most of their profits for the year. Paul had told his father that Dan Stillman had cheated in a football contest between the two rival high schools in Pennville, hence Bob Stillman, a brother, was likely to cheat in a business matter.

"He lied when he said I cheated by holding him," Dan said in a hoarse whisper, gazing down upon Paul's still figure. "It was not I who did the holding, but Paul won't believe otherwise, and there was such a pile of players on us that even the referee failed to see the play. Paul's still sore because our team won by a single point, and he's taking revenge on me through Bob. That isn't at all fair."

Paul groaned and shifted restlessly. Dan also shifted uneasily. He should be examining Paul for cuts. He closed his lips grimly, and bending over Paul removed his coat. A red stain showed vividly on a white shirt. Cutting away the cloth of the shirt and the under garment, Dan revealed a deep gash which was still bleeding profusely.

"He's lost quite a bit of blood," mused Dan, "and it's still wide open. If I don't stop the bleeding Paul might—"

A strange and unusual silence

in the little station had caused Dan to glance at the clock immediately above the telegraphic instrument. The time-piece had stopped, for how long, Dan had little idea. He quickly reached into a pocket and withdrew a watch. His face paled as he noted the time. The train due to pass his station in exactly fifteen minutes had already passed the station which he had intended to warn about the trestle. There was only one thing for him to do: he must stop the train himself. He hurried across the room and thrust in a switch. Then he opened the door of the station and gazed down the rain-swept tracks. He saw the red danger signal.

"Only a blind engineer would fail to see it," he said, shuddering as he again entered the warm station room. "Wonder what's keeping Dr. Hanley. Paul surely needs him."

The young man still lay unconscious. He was breathing heavily, and the deep gash on his side still bled. Dan disinfected the wound with a full bottle of iodine, and then selecting a towel which he had washed himself, he made a pad. This he placed over the cut. Then he tore a second towel into strips for bandaging. Despite all his efforts the deep gash in Paul's side continued to bleed.

"Needs a dozen or so stitches," muttered Dan. "That doctor is certainly taking his time." He placed his hand over the cut, holding the flesh together in such a way that the bleeding almost stopped. "Can't keep this up all night," murmured Dan, not daring to remove his numbed hands for fear of starting the bleeding which he knew to be so weaken-

ing. "If Dr. Hanley doesn't hurry."

"Bob!" whispered Paul Merton. "Bob!"

Paul opened his eyes, staring upon Dan in bewilderment.

"I'm—I'm not Bob but his brother, Dan."

"How—how long have I been here?"

"Pretty long, but don't worry. I got Dr. Hanley on the 'phone. He's on his way—if the storm doesn't stop him."

"The storm!" gasped Paul. "We were on our way to—where am I?"

"In the Pennville Railway station," replied Dan his tired hands still holding both sides of the deep gash in Paul's side. "Don't move, you've got a big cut in your side."

Paul Merton had attempted to sit upright. He fell back, groaning with pain.

"All my fault," he sobbed. "A tree fell across the road, and like a fool I jammed on the brakes of my car. It skidded, turned over, and then crashed into the tree. I remembered falling clear. How did I get here, and where is—" He looked about him, and his face turned as white as chalk. "Where is Bob?"

"Keep still, keep still," soothed Dan. "Bob is safe home, of course, where he should be on such a night." His voice hardened, yet he retained his firm pressure which kept Paul's deep cut from opening. "Why do you ask about Bob?"

"He—he was in the car with me!"

Nothing more than the roar of the storm could be heard while Dan stared incredulously, unbelievably at the terror-stricken face of Paul Merton. He realized

that Paul was telling the truth, and the realization caused his face to whiten, and his hands trembled. Paul's wound immediately opened. Dan gazed in consternation. He must prevent Paul from losing too much blood.

By a supreme effort Dan managed to control himself. He again gripped the bandages that held the gash closed.

"With you in the machine?" cried Dan. "Why was Bob with you, *you* of all people?"

"He—why ask questions? Bob is out there yet and is probably more seriously injured than I. If you don't hurry—"

"If I leave you," said Dan, his tone harsh, "you'll bleed to death. I must wait for the doctor. The storm is probably causing him no end of trouble with his machine."

"Maybe I could hold the bandages myself," muttered Paul, his voice very weak.

"No!" snapped Dan. "You're all in, and might collapse any moment."

"I'm a better man than you think!" cried Paul. "Think I'm a weakling, do you? I started out to show one man, and now I'll show you. Let go of me! Let me up! Keep your hands off. I stand on my own feet, and no man can say I'm afraid—"

Paul struggled, straining his weakened body. He fell back. His eyes closed. He had lapsed into unconsciousness.

The wind screamed about the little railroad station. Rain still rattled against the window panes, and the loose shingles on the roof still drummed intermittently as if in weird symphony.

"That miner didn't know there was another man in the machine," mused Dan. "At this moment Bob

might be bleeding to death as Paul here might if I were not here to attend him. Why should I risk my brother's life for Paul's?"

Depending upon Bob was a wife. How could one sit quietly by a person one disliked when one's brother was in danger?

Dan thought of what might happen if he left Paul. The deep cut would open. Paul was helpless to assist himself, and continued bleeding might result in his death. On the other hand, suppose Bob was in the same condition.

"Maybe he's all right," thought Dan. If Bob had not been hurt would he not now be at the little station, wondering how seriously Paul had been injured? He would have followed the sturdy miner who had carried Paul over his shoulder. The very fact that he had failed to do so was evidence enough to convince Dan that Bob had been seriously injured.

"I must hurry to him," murmured Dan. "He—he might be dying." He glanced at the silent clock. The train that was due to pass had not yet arrived. A hasty glance at his watch satisfied Dan that the train was overdue, but that was to be expected because of the unusually bad storm.

When the long line of passenger cars did arrive, the engineer would stop and make inquiries about the danger signal. Finding the station attendant absent and seeing the wounded youth, the man would assume that the signal had been set so that the train would stop to take the man to the hospital. The engineer, already late, would not await the return of the station attendant who had presumably hurried to town for a doctor. He would not

waste time with such a passenger, but would hurry onward—to possible destruction, for by this time the trestle was no doubt down.

A grim laugh escaped Dan. "As if I couldn't leave a note of warning," he said grimly. "I'm not bound to help Paul, and it's entirely his fault that Bob was in the accident."

He wanted to leave Paul and rush to the scene of the automobile accident, yet something urged him to stay. He looked down at the white face of Paul Merton, wondering why hate failed to make him act differently. Truly, he had sufficient cause for hating Paul. Had not the youth branded him a cheat, to say nothing of causing Bob much despair?

"I'll leave him! I must! Bob is more to me than any other man in the world. Why should I stay here—" Again his gaze met the face of the silent clock. It again reminded him of the train.

Suppose the engineer failed to see the danger signal in the storm? Or suppose the signal no longer showed red? Should not the station attendant be in the station, ready to warn the oncoming locomotive crew of the danger which threatened? Dan realized that his duty was to remain in the station. At this moment he heard a locomotive whistle above the tumult of the storm.

He must see that the train did not pass without a warning. Paul might be left to himself for a while. He lighted two lanterns, one for use in emergency, and not daring to glance at Paul, he dashed out into the storm. The signal still showed red. Soon the train came into view, its great

headlight showing the heavy downpour.

The train stopped at the station, and the engineer leaned from his cab and called to him, "What's up?"

Dan explained about the trestle. "Thanks," said the engineer, "but it wasn't necessary to give me that danger signal. I was due to stop here anyway. There goes the conductor now. In the station. Better hurry."

"You wanted something?" asked Dan of the conductor who was gazing in surprise at Paul Merton lying there so still.

"Yes. You have a package containing five thousand dollars in bonds. It is very important that those bonds reach a certain party by tomorrow, so please turn them over to me and I'll sign for them."

Within a minute Dan had a receipt for the bonds. He explained Paul's presence in a few words, and two minutes after the passenger train had stopped, it had started again.

Paul's wound had opened again. Dan frowned. Should he attend Paul or, now that his duty was practically over, go in quest of his brother? The blood on the bandages decided him. He sat beside Paul, holding the bandages in place. This stopped the bleeding considerably.

A man's heavy tread could be heard outside on the station platform.

"Dr. Hanley!" cried Dan in his relief.

The doctor entered, wet from head to foot despite his oil-skins. The man appeared haggard, yet he immediately removed his outer garments and set to work to take care of Paul Merton's injuries.

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Poetic Gems

SET YOUR HEART RIGHT

By Mary Sue Perry

Whenever I'm discouraged
And a little downhearted too,
I take my troubles to the Lord,
And leave them there, do you?

I've often found quick relief
By doing just that thing
For He takes my burden off my heart
And makes my heart to sing.

He will never let you down
If you come to Him in prayer.
For God is not a chastening God
Nor a God in despair.

He knows your every heartache,
Your every sorrow, too,
And if you come to Him in faith,
He will hear and answer you.

For God is God who gave
His Son upon Calvary,
That all who love Him might be saved
And live in the home to be.

If you have not accepted Christ,
The man of Galilee,
Why not come to the altar and pray
And set your heart at ease.

When Christ comes in clouds of heav'n
To this earth again,
Let not a one be left alone,
But all go with Him to reign.

* * *

GOD'S PEACE

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trialway too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and
deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

—Youth's Comrade.

* * *

A PRAYER

Thou blessed Lord of life,
Save us from contentment with things
That fade and die.

Save us eternal values;
Our days pass swiftly by.
The tale of mortal life is,
Oh, so briefly told

May we use well while time is ours
Thy mercies manifold,
Form in us Thine own likeness;

Bestir our power for good;
Teach us of selfless service,
Of peace and brotherhood.

Awake us if we rest at ease,
Seeking our own desires to please—
Lethargic to the suffering
And sin on every hand.

Grant us the grace to press Thy cause,
And after that to stand.
Acceptably may we perform the tasks
Our hands may find.

In hours of stress when cares oppress,
Still teach us to be kind.

Grant us to follow close to Thee;
Keep bright the light of faith;
Indwell in us Try purity,
Thou Lord of life and death!

—Herald of Holiness.

Do Good to Persecutors

By Ned Coulson

IT IS HARD always to take punishment and persecution without trying to defend one's own rights. It is even harder to take the blame for something that is not actually our fault. It may still be harder to endure punishment which may result from well-doing. Although it may be very trying to endure such hardships, nevertheless, if we want to be God's children, we must be willing to suffer in such cases if need be.

There are people who seem to receive pleasure in doing evil. Isn't it a fact all sinners do evil because they are pleased to do so? Many take pleasure in making other people very unhappy. Such people make life harder and more uncomfortable. But these are the kind of people we must tolerate. It is not only our duty to tolerate such people, but we must love them also [though we do not love their evil ways].

On the other hand, there are such people who do not intend to do evil. But because of some misunderstanding or ill feeling, trouble comes up. Still, we must consider the other person and always be willing to go more than halfway to make him feel right.

It could be that some criminal might find his way into our home. In so doing he might ask for all the money we have. Even worse than that, he might demand us to hand over all we have by poking a gun in our ribs. Is it needful

that we should give all that we have earned by the sweat of our face?

Sometime there might arise a situation in which someone may take occasion to sue one of us. This might be a very trying experience. What would one do in such a case? Perhaps you are in the right. In that case you might feel like taking it to court, and fight your way out. Would this be the right thing to do?

In such a situation we should not fear, but think of what Jesus would do if He were in our place. "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also" (Matt. 5:39-40). These verses clearly answer the questions that might arise when we face trouble in dealing with our fellow men. It may be hard to follow the instructions given in these verses, but there are reasons why we should live this way.

Those who persecute others do not believe in God, or else they would not do such things. Not believing in God they have no hope of a life hereafter. But those who believe in God, have the hope of living in His kingdom, and that is why they should not be worried about the persecutions received here on earth. Our aim is to help save those who persecute others. It is far more impor-

tant to save a soul from eternal death than to fight for some selfish motive in this life. By following the instructions given in Matthew 5:39-40, we may cause one to be ashamed of himself and repent unto God. Let us all endure persecution and hand none out, for it may save some soul.

HE WHO CHEATS

(Continued from page 13)

"Help me, Dan. Some warm water and—"

"Sorry, Doctor," replied Dan, "but I have reason to believe that my brother was in the same accident that caused Paul's injury. I must go to him."

"And where do you think I was all the time?" demanded Dr. Hanley. "Attending your brother, of course. He was under the car, but I hauled him clear. Bruised and lacerated. I drove him home where he's now quite safe. He refused to have me help him, telling me that Paul here was more seriously hurt, but I was persistent."

"I—I was wondering why he was with Paul."

The doctor smiled. "He told me. Said Paul learned that he was wrong about your cheating in a football game, so like a gentleman Paul goes to your brother and apologizes. Then he asked Bob to accompany him to his father's home to arrange a loan which you probably know more about than I do."

—Erald Schivo in Lutheran Young people.

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.

—George Eliot.

LONGSUFFERING

(Continued from Page 4)

ful parable of the sower and the soils. The seed referred to here is the Word of God and the good ground refers to the honest and sincere people who eagerly come to hear the Word and keep it—not just with the mind, but from the heart. Those are the ones who possess the patience with which to bring forth fruit.

Since we are in the discussion concerning fruit bearing, it might be well for us to remember the admonition that is given in James 1:4: "... let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." When we take this verse into consideration and then look about us in this world of today, we find that almost every single person has yet to make this inexpressible characteristic his goal in order to achieve perfection. It behooves us to study God's Word with all sincerity and to wait patiently upon the Lord, for then He will clearly show us the way of salvation and will bless us with His righteous blessings. If we will only remain faithful to Him, He will reward us with the greatest blessing of all — eternal life.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. 12:1, 2).