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Summer Returns

The sunny summer days are here again,
And fragrant flowers glow with lovely light.
The songbird's melodies ring in the glen
And all the earth is beautiful and bright.

The little brooklet winds its silvery way
Down through the grassy meadows green and fair.
The honeybees are humming all the day
And butterflies are dancing on the air.

Beauty's hand is dressing woodland ways,
And soft blue skies are shining bright and clear
To welcome back the sunny summer days
That fill our hearts with happiness and cheer.

—Mark K. Bullock in Gospel Herald.

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EDITORIAL

We were privileged to listen to a lecture recently by a man who had traveled extensively through the Holy Land as well as other countries. During his brief introduction, he made a statement to this effect: The church is to be in the world, but not of the world. Today it is not only in the world, but seems to have very much of the world in it. We had to Amen that remark, for it is certainly a true one.

Many years ago in the days of the Puritan fathers, and even before, the church was more a place where the Spirit of God ruled. People attended the meetings with only the thought of feeding their souls upon spiritual bread from heaven. The sacredness and solemnity of the meeting lent an atmosphere of holiness.

Today, churches have come a long way from the house of prayer that they used to be. Nowadays, many people hurry to church, squirm through the worship hour and leave as quickly as possible

after the meeting to attend to some work or pleasure they have been thinking of during the service.

Many young people's meetings in the modern churches are not as well attended if there are no refreshments served afterward—which most of them are looking forward to with delight. Some churches even condone card parties, bingo, and dancing as well as the drinking of beer and cocktails. People who cannot dress as well as is thought they should, are even excluded from attending certain churches because only the well-dressed are the privileged ones. Indeed, there is much of the world in our modern-day churches.

What would Jesus think if He were to attend some of the churches today? Would He come in with His scourge and drive them out? We think that He would do just that, for there is much that needs driving out even as it did in His day, when He drove out the money-changers.

Many churches have lost their spirituality because of the worldliness that has crept into them. They do not offer to a hungry people the spiritual food they need, because they have not much of it to give. The only way in which this worldliness can be overcome is by the people living closer to the Lord. Madame Swetchine has said that, "The only true method of action in this world is to be in it, but not of it." Her statement is certainly true and closely related to Jesus' words. By having more of Christ in our lives we have less room for the world to crowd into. All of us can help make the church more spiritual by being spiritual.

Let Us Bow Our Hearts

By Vivian Hall

MANY times I've been in church services and heard the minister say, "Let us bow our heads in prayer." The audience did so without question, and it didn't seem unusual to me.

Recently, I was listening to a minister of another denomination, giving a sermon over the radio directly from his church. When it came to the time for prayer, the minister said, "Let us bow our hearts in prayer." Immediately I noticed the substitution of *hearts* for *heads* and I assumed he had made a mistake.

The next week, I listened again with more than the usual attention to his words at prayer time. Again he said, "Let us bow our hearts in prayer." Then I decided he wasn't making a mistake, and it really made more sense when one stopped to think about it—really think about it.

When one bows his head it is only a gesture. His heart can still be in a rebellious, unrelenting, state even though his head be bowed. His heart can be protesting at the words of the prayer leader. He can be making fun of the idea, if he likes, even with his head bowed. The audience cannot tell by his outward signs what he really thinks. To them he is in prayer as they are. They cannot know what he is making plans for as soon as church is over—a party to be held at a friend's house, or maybe a picnic planned by a group of the young people. Perhaps a "date" of the

previous evening is being reviewed mentally, or the coming "date" is being planned. No, we cannot tell from seeing a person with a bowed head as to how deeply he means his gesture. He is merely following the prayer leader's words.

Now suppose we are instructed to bow our hearts in prayer. What does it mean to you? Unless we can really bow our hearts, we are just pretending before man. But God can see if our heart is submissive and repentant. He can tell if we are really sincere in what we ask. He knows if we are really humble, or if it is all just "lip service." He knows if we are really sincere in our thanks, or if it is just a duty we feel we must perform.

I have heard several say, "I hope and pray such and such a thing happens, or comes true." Do they really meant it? Do they really pray for that particular thing, or is it merely an expression? Is it only to impress people of a religion that doesn't exist? Let us be honest with our fellow man as well as with ourselves, and with God.

How wonderful it is to feel so humble, so serene, and submissive before God that truly our hearts are "bowed" in prayer. Man cannot see the condition of our hearts, it is true. But then, we do not pray to man, but to God, and He can see if our hearts are truly receptive to Him. If so, He will be quick to supply our

Idaho Y.P. Report

needs. He will give us that longed for peace of mind, and the joy that comes only in serving Him.

We may feel we are happy in our everyday life and work, but are we including God in our everyday life? If not, then we haven't reached full happiness. We cannot have a complete life until God is included. If you are single, you need Him. You need Him to help you choose your life's companion. If you do not take His help, your choice will not be a completely happy one.

If you are married, your home is not complete without that Unseen Partner. He may be unseen, but there will be such a "felt" presence if you truly have Him installed in your home. You had better do without that certain piece of furniture you have been wanting to fill a particular spot in the living room, than to do without God.

If you have children, be sure you make them acquainted with their Savior. If they learn of Him early in life, they will be in the habit of talking with Him and not feel out of place when they visit a Christian home. Some young people feel lost when they go into a good, Christian home, if they have never experienced any familiar relations with God at home. Do not be responsible for your youngsters' feeling embarrassed under such circumstances.

Let us truly "bow our hearts," and all will be serene, because God will have complete control of our lives. Then we will all know what real happiness is, but only then.

"There is no little enemy."

Theme: "His Way."

Sabbath, April 24, the young people of Nampa presented their program. The opening hymn was "His Way With Thee." Scripture Reading was Psalm 23. Prayer was offered by Elder Roy Davison.

Joann Sheffield gave a poem. The song, "Tell Me More of Jesus" was sung by Alice Cory and Anita Crabtree.

Opal Williams gave a reading. Maxine Cory gave a poem titled, "Thy Will Be Done."

The Junior class sang, "Seek Him Early." "His Way" was the title of a poem given by Pearl Cory.

Viola Moldenhauer and Alice Cory sang "Willing to Take the Cross." A reading was given by Arnold Moldenhauer.

The congregation sang choruses, then we had a wonderful testimony meeting.

The closing hymn was "Glory to His Name." Brother Bert Sheffield dismissed us with prayer.

—Anita Crabtree, Sec.-Treas.

Keep Sweet

Losing the temper takes all the sweet, pure feeling out of life. One may get up in the morning with a clean heart, full of song, and start out as happy as a bird, and the moment he is crossed and gives way to temper, the clean feeling vanishes; and a load as heavy as lead is rolled upon the heart. Be the master of your temper and you hold the key to joy and contentment.—*Unknown.*

Egotism is the tongues of vanity.—*Chamfort.*

Master The Tempest Is Raging

"And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full . . . and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest not thou that we perish?" (Mark 4:37-38).

By Bertie Freeman



THE Christian life is a voyage. If we have Jesus as our Captain, even though the sailing is not always smooth, we are always safe. Christ is the Captain of our salvation. His word is forever settled in heaven, and cannot be destroyed by the winds of adversity, criticism, nor vengeance. With one word Jesus can still the raging storms, and bring peace to troubled hearts. Fearfulness and unbelief are conquered by the manifestation of His power. Without His power our frail craft would sink and our hope would perish, but with it we can sail triumphantly toward the Kingdom of God.

When Christ comes into our hearts in a spiritual sense, He says to us as He said to His disciples, "Let us pass over unto the other side" (Mark 4:35). Unafraid, we would climb into the frailest craft, if we knew that Jesus were to be our guide. Every day we are pushing toward the "other side," not as "painted ships upon a painted sea," but as human souls rising and falling with the swelling of the waves, drifting dangerously at times. Often upon the reefs of unseen dangers we see where the crafts of others have been dashed to pieces because of the lack of faith and trust in their Captain to safely pilot them home, and lack of

power to carry them through dangerous waters.

The voyage to the other side is fraught with dangers and trials. "There arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship." Every Christian has his share of trials and difficulties. There are storms without, and fears within. As long as we can keep the waves out of the boat, we are safe. The presence of Jesus in our lives assures us of safety when the storms are raging. The storms of affliction and sorrow may come, even though we have Jesus with us, but it is through His grace that we weather the storms and find peace in the haven of His love. Jesus has said, "I will never leave thee . . ." (Heb. 13:5). "Lo, I am with you always . . ." Christ dwells in our hearts by faith. He casts out all fear, and brings calm and repose to the soul.

There are times when we, like the disciples, lack faith, and choose to escape the storms that are meant to reveal God's preserving power, or possibly chasten us that we may become brighter gold in the furnace of affliction. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness" (Heb. 12:11). We become fearful only when our faith in Him is lacking. Now faith

is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1). We must renew our faith by the evidence of His presence, by witnessing His power over all earthly matters, by reading His Word, by supplication and prayer, and finally by simply trusting Him.

Sometimes like the disciples we, too, ask the question, "Carest thou not that we perish?" The storms without beat upon us, our business may fail, sickness may overtake us, death may visit our home, and we feel that Jesus is asleep. No help seems nigh. Doubts within us fill our hearts with dread, and hopelessness floods our soul. It is then that we need to cease struggling and call on God for help.

Does He care? "He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea." God arose to the need of mankind and sent His only son to die for their salvation. He rebukes the stormy power of sin and delivers from the wrath to come. He wants us to cast all our care upon Him, for He cares for us.

Ask God for that blessed peace that comes from a dedicated life; and inner repose that speaks of a surrendered heart, and He will tell you as His Son told His disciples. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid" (John 14:27).

Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

—Thomas Carlyle.

California Y.P. Report

Mother's Day was the theme chosen for the young people's meeting held at Lodi, California, on May 8, 1954, with Esra Dais as leader. The song service was led by Emmanuel Reimche with Marylin Hughes at the piano. The meeting was opened by the singing of the hymn, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," and prayer by Clarence Severson. The Scripture reading, Ephesians 6, was read by Alvin Brenneise.

The first number was by the primary class: Debrah Reimche, Janie Severson, Wanda Schmeier, Darrell Dais, Jerry Ogren, and Dennis and Dannie Schueler, with their teacher, Sister Frieda Schueler, in charge. The group sang a chorus, and the children said poems and Bible verses which they had learned.

Kenneth Ogren then read a poem, "I thank God for a Mother." Pat Schueler and Mary Sue Perry sang, "My Mother's Old Bible is True." The poem, "Nobody Knows But Mother" was read by Lenora Brenneise. Alice Springer then sang "My Task." A poem about Mothers was read by Betty Jarwin. Emmanuel Reimche and Alvin Brenneise sang a duet, "Be Thou Near." A solo, "My Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me," was sung by Esra Dais. Arlene and Alice Springer sang "Faith of Our Mothers." A mixed quartet composed of Luella Severson, Leah Kauzlarich, Nathan Straub and Emmanuel Reimche sang, "I Know He's Mine."

Alvin Brenneise presented an interesting quiz on mothers in the Bible. The poem entitled "No Occupation" was read by Pat

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The Call of the Drums

Rachel Siverson sat on the bank of Deer Lake and looked across its sparkling waters to the tree-bordered opposite shore. Actually, she wasn't seeing the dark green foliage beyond the water, nor was she seeing the half covered mountain that towered protectively in the distance, but Rachel's eyes were seeing what her heart felt.

Most of Rachel's seventeen years had been spent on an Indian reservation to the south of their present location. Her father had faithfully done missionary work there until the Indian church was well established and able to call its own pastor. Then, just the year before, he had felt the call to move to this huge northern reservation which had never before entertained a Protestant missionary. The Indians had grudgingly tolerated the new white man's presence on the reservation. It was in this atmosphere Rachel had lived and completed her final year of high school.

Now as Rachel gazed out across the lake, two pictures persisted in exchanging places of prominence in her mind—vivid pictures, which caused the conflict of her heart to increase.

On the one hand, Rachel could see the office in the city where her cousin, Wade Turner, said he had a job waiting for her. She could see the neat rows of desks, one of them hers, hear the clacking of the typewriters and the other machines, and feel the busy,

friendly atmosphere of the office. She had always longed to be a part of a progressive office force—one of the cogs in the wheel of business. She could visualize herself as a capable young business woman, having the poise and self-assurance which comes from knowing her work and being well dressed. She had met some of the girls from Wade's office. They were so trim and smart-looking. It would certainly be a different environment than she had known.

Then the other picture pressed in upon her. Because of its familiarity, it was even more vivid than the first. She could see the swarthy faces of the Indians. She could see the women in their gay colored full skirts, the babies and small children in their birthday clothes, and the men lolling about in their levis. She could feel their taciturn indifference, and in some cases, hostile resistance to the gospel which her father had brought them.

Oh what a need was theirs! Almost she could smell the sickening odors which came from some of their shacks? Civilized? Yes, some would consider them so, for they wore the white man's clothing, some of them drove cars, and their children attended the government school when compelled. But when it came to religion, there was a great void in their understanding. To make it worse, they were content to worship the Great Spirit; they didn't

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TEEN



Trapped

Tubby is the crude name that became attached to a little brown-and-white terrier that was about as wide as he was long when just a puppy. He became a good, faithful dog about the farm and very much liked by the entire family. It was always the joy of us boys when we went for the cattle to have our Tubby along.

One night he didn't return with us when we brought the cattle out of the woods. This happened once in a while when he would stay in an old hollow tree or somewhere and he would stay there and work until dark. But, nothing was seen of him the next day nor was there any Tubby to go with us for the cattle the following day. He had never stayed away that long before and we boys were concerned no little about our Tubby.

That evening, after the chores were finished, we boys decided to go into the woods and see if we could find him working on something that he had treed. We could hear him, but he sounded so far off. At times we would seem to get farther away, but never did we seem to be close. In the area in which we could hear him, we observed an old tree that had

been blown over by the wind. It was uprooted on one side but on the other there were a lot of roots that were partly pulled out leaving holes around them and under the stump of the roots of the partially uprooted tree.

As we approached it we could hear Tubby under it. Upon close inspection, we found a pathetic sight. Having chased a rabbit into a hole, the rabbit could go farther than he could. He began to dig. Very shortly, he could neither back out, nor could he get turned around in order to dig his way out. His own works were his trap. A few handfuls of dirt were removed, and Tubby was a happy, yelping, thankful dog.

I wonder sometimes, if we human beings aren't often trapped by our own good works. We are supposed to do good works but when we pile them up behind us so that we can point to them and say, "Look what I've done," or "See my good works," I'm convinced that we are trapped by our own good works. Our good works are to be done with the Lord having all the praise, without glory or honor to ourselves. When they bring glory to us, they bring pride with them, and with pride in our hearts, we're trapped. Also, we will remain trapped until we see that we and our works are nothing and that Christ is



TALK

all, thus removing the few hand-fuls of dirt that we have piled up to our own credit.—*Clyde A. Trumbaur in Christian Life.*

IT'S YOUR GUESS

What do you know about—?

1. A grandson of Eli—
a. Enoch, b. Ichabod, c. Achan
2. First husband of Ruth—
a. Mahlon, b. Mahali, c. Marcius
3. The tree Absalom caught his hair in—
a. elm, b. ash, c. oak
4. A famous king of Media—
a. Nebuchadnezzar, b. Ahab, c. Darius
5. The place where Miriam died
a. Kadesh, b. Kidron, c. Kirioth
6. A bishop of Colosse—
a. Phichol, b. Philemon, c. Philetus
7. A tax collector of Jericho—
a. Zaccheus, b. Matthew, c. Luke
8. A wind instrument of Bible times—
a. cymbal, b. harp, c. sackbut
9. The son of Beor—
a. Balac, b. Balaam, c. Barak
10. The home of Goliath—
a. Gath, b. Gaza, c. Calilee

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

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.)

Maimed—(Matt. 15:30; Mark 9:43) to mutilate; disable; deprive of use of a member of the body.

Railer—(1 Cor. 5:11) one who scolds; scoffs; reviles.

Gallant—(Isa. 33:21) showy; gay; stately in appearance; brave; courteous.

Churlish—(1 Sam. 25:3) rough; surly; niggardly; mean.

Immutability—(Heb. 6:17) unchangeable; invariable.

Laud—(Rom. 15:11) praise; high commend; extol.

Many think themselves to be truly God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears. But I believe they would be more so, if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think everything right in the world, than with those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment?—*Richter.*

When one puts "self" first he is the first one to help shove himself on the shelf.

THE CALL OF THE DRUMS

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care to listen to the story of the Savior.

Even now, as the sun was beginning to tuck itself under the cover of the horizon, and the shadows, like long fingers, stretched out to embrace her, Rachel could hear the beating of the drums, and the low chant of the braves. This sound of tribal celebration was coming from around the bend in the lake. A little shiver played hide and seek in and out of Rachel's vertebrae as she thought of the stories she had heard of white men who had ventured into that sacred area, never to return.

Could this be in America, the land of the free? Impossible, yet it was!

Rachel stirred. She must get back to the cottage before dark. But she was no nearer the solution than before. Which life should she choose? Wade would be coming after her on the following day. Of course, she would go with him. She would be foolish not to go. Wasn't it the break she had always hoped to have? Because of living on the reservation, she didn't have any friends her own age. She, or her mother made most of her clothes, and that didn't matter for there was no one to see them who cared, anyhow. In the city she could live the normal life of any girl. Rachel arose. She would go to the house and pack her things.

As she walked slowly through the woods to the cottage, she could hear again the beating of the drums for the tribal ceremonies, and her heart ached for them to know of her Savior.

"But my staying would not help the situation," she reasoned. "Dad has lived among these people and witnessed to them for a whole year, and not one of them has been saved, yet. Even in my children's services, the children just seem to come to get the colored pictures I give. It's foolishness to waste my time when they don't want the gospel. I can go out and build my own career. Then after I get a few clothes, if Dad and Mom are still sticking with it, I can send them some money to help out."

The next day about noon Wade and his wife, Lillian, pulled up to the missionaries' modest cottage in their Cadillac. After lunch Wade said, "Are you all packed, Rachel? We need to get back to the city." Rachel got presentable clothes that she owned and started toward the car.

Suddenly, a little Indian boy darted around the corner of the house. He shyly approached her, carrying a small Bible picture card. "Miss Rachel, if you go away, who will give us Jesus-cards?"

"Why do you want the cards, Sharp Arrow?" asked Rachel.

"The Man who died. He is so good," Sharp Arrow said simply.

A twinge of pain struck Rachel's heart, and a lump rose in her throat. She hesitated, then walked on to the car with misty eyes. Were some of their hearts beginning to soften?

Soon the high powered car was speeding down the highway, and Wade was saying, "I'm glad you are getting away from here, Rachel. That is no place for a girl of your intelligence. We had a number of desirable applicants for stenographers, but I held the

position open for you. This is a good opportunity. If you want to go to night school, you will soon receive a promotion."

Rachel's mind jumped to the future ahead of her while Wade continued, "You may have a room at our house until you get on your feet, then you will probably want to get an apartment of your own. The position we have for you will be open Monday. That will give you a few days to get accustomed to city life."

For the first time Rachel began to relax and enjoy herself. She looked around her at the luxurious interior of the car. What a contrast! This should be the life!

The next evening Rachel asked her cousins if they were going to prayer meeting. "No, we don't usually have time to attend church during the week," Wade replied. "The church is just down the street. You may go if you like."

Rachel was hesitant to go to a strange church alone, but she hadn't been in a city service for so long, she was anxious for the fellowship. So she walked down the well groomed street to the friendly looking brick church on the corner.

She was enjoying the service until a young woman arose to testify. With great effort she said, "I don't know why, but the Lord seems to have laid a great burden of intercession upon me today. I've been so burdened for the Indians on our large reservations. There are so few people who are willing to live among them and witness to them of the Lord. From what I've heard, I know that it must take a lot of patience to stay with them, but

they have souls which need salvation. The burden is so heavy. If I could, I would go to them with the gospel, but I have an invalid Mother to care for. Do pray with me that the Lord will send someone to go to them." Sobbing from the heaviness of her burden, the young woman sat down.

All the time the woman was speaking Rachel seemed to hear the same beating of the drums and the low chanting song that she heard every night on the reservation—a chant in a minor key, hollowly echoing the hopeless darkness of their souls. Her heart yearned to help them.

She knew the ways of the Indians. Had God meant that for her? But what of her career? What would Wade think? He would think she was crazy. She couldn't go back, now. This was her chance of a lifetime to break into the business world. For a moment Rachel had visions of climbing to success—maybe even to be private secretary to the president of the firm.

But her ambition was fleeting, for there passed through her mind the picture of the small Indian boy, holding a picture card and saying wistfully, "The Man who died. He is so good."

The pastor called them to the altar for prayer where Rachel sobbingly emptied herself of selfish ambition, and made her consecration complete by firmly resolving to use the few dollars left in her purse to buy a ticket back to the reservation. Wade could employ one of those other applicants he had mentioned; she must obey the Lord and answer the call of the drums and Sharp Arrow.

King For A Day

Although Jesus was born to be a king, He rarely lived like one. He was not one who ruled, but one who served. Each day was so full of exciting events that He had no time to be king. One moment He was giving private instruction to His disciples. Another moment He preached to the multitudes. At other times He administered healing and comfort to the sick and troubled. What moments He had alone He spent in meditation and prayer.

Because the time for His Kingdom was not ripe, Jesus was never privileged to sit upon a throne. He never realized the honor and glory the King of the world deserved. Since the world was not ready to receive Him, He suffered cruelty and humility at its hands. But before the bitter end of His ministry arrived, Jesus experienced a moment of triumph. The world awoke to its senses for one day and honored Jesus by proclaiming Him King above all kings.

What a wonderful day it was! It all started when Jesus and His disciples had left Jericho and were on the road to Jerusalem. The disciples had not suspected that anything unusual would happen. In fact they were downcast because their Master insisted on going to Jerusalem where His enemies waited to capture Him. When they reached the foot of the Mount of Olives, Jesus paused and gave unusual instructions to two of His disciples. 'Go to the next village, and as you enter it

you will find there a donkey that has never been ridden. Untie it and bring it here. And if anyone asks you why you are untying it you are to say, 'The Master needs it.'"

The disciples hurried to the village and found the young donkey as Jesus had told them. They had untied the animal and were leading it away before the owners standing near by noticed what was happening. "Hey! What are you doing?" they demanded.

The disciples yelled back over their shoulders, "The Master needs it!" For some reason, this answer was sufficient. The owners of the donkey had no objections.

As the disciples returned to Jesus with the donkey, they remembered an old prophecy in Zechariah 9:9, "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass." Yes, this is the day we proclaim our Master King! The disciples became excited. Their enthusiasm spread to the crowds that were gathered around Jesus. The disciples took off their coats, threw them over the donkey, and then mounted Jesus on it. As they went, others spread their coats on the road before them. The disciples, becoming more excited, began to praise God loudly, and the crowds took up their words and magnified them.

Meanwhile people who had arrived early in Jerusalem for the Passover heard that Jesus was coming and went out to meet the procession. They cut down palm

branches and waved them in greeting. As the procession neared the city, more joined the crowds, and all shouted in chorus, "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest!"

This was too much for the wicked Pharisees who watched the scene. They wouldn't be insulted any longer. They cried out to Jesus, "Master, reprove your disciples!"

Jesus answered, "I tell you, if they keep silent, the stones will cry out!"

The Pharisees were thoroughly disgusted. When they saw they were outnumbered, they said to one another, "You see, you cannot do anything. The whole world has run after Him!"

By this time, the procession had rounded a turn in the road, and the city of Jerusalem came into full view. Jesus was so stricken by the scene that He forgot His day of triumph for a moment and wept. He prophesied that this city that had refused to recognize its Messiah would be destroyed completely.

When the procession reached the city, people gathered around to see what the excitement was about. Some asked, "Who is He?"

The crowd answered in unison. "He is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee!"

Thus temporary tribute was paid to Jesus the King. Within the next few days, loyalty of the crowds turned into enmity. But soon we expect Jesus to return to this earth, and be given proper honor, and crowned "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

—By William Dick in Restitution Herald.

Hinds Feet

In Psalm 18:33, David said that the Lord gave him feet like the feet of the hind. Let us compare the walk and habits of the hind with the walk and habits of the man in Christ to see what David meant by this.

The hind is a sure-footed animal, picking its way through the most dangerous of pathways. It picks a smooth, safe path through trails fraught with danger. Loose rocks and pitfalls lurk at every turn to cause it to fall, yet it goes safely and securely. The Lord guides our steps through dangers and evil; there is safety in Him as we are told in Psalm 23:4.

Then the hind is powerful, for we read that as a hind David leaped over troops; he was swift to overtake his enemies. God helps us to overtake—to be victorious over our greatest enemy, Satan. We need not be overpowered by evil, but rather we can overpower evil through Him who is all-powerful.

The path of the hind leads away from the familiar haunts of men and away from the world. So we as Christians walking in the newness of life no longer walk in the ways of the world, but we now are to refrain from the path of the wicked (Prov. 4:14).

We sing, "trying to walk in the steps of the Savior . . . stepping in the light." We are now children of light and are to walk in His steps (Isaiah 2:5). Peter walked in His steps when he walked upon the water even as Jesus did, but Peter's faith weakened and he began to sink beneath the water. Then the Lord simply

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Poetic Gems

THE DIVINE PURPOSE

God is working out His purpose
Spite of all that happens here;
Lawless nations in commotion,
Restless like a storm-tossed ocean—
He controls their rage and fury,
So His children need not fear.

Calmly at His right hand sitting
Is the Christ once crucified,
Waiting for His exaltation,
Where He faced humiliation,
When His foes become His footstool,
Where His rights were once denied.

Let our spirits turn to Heaven
Where Christ bides His time in
peace.

Giving Him our heart's affection,
One with Him in His rejection
Where He walked a homeless
Stranger,
Till the present troubles cease.

Though the sun and moon be dark-
ened,

Ancient landmarks disappear;
Though the stars fall down from
Heaven,

And the earth beneath be riven;
God is working out His purpose
And His children need not fear.

—Max Reich in Hebrew Christian
Alliance Q'ly.

* * *

UNBALANCED BUDGET

A nickel for church and a dime for
the show,
A quarter expended wherever we go;
A dollar for this and a dollar for that,

But a penny to place in the beggar's
hat

A pittance for Christ, but a billion
for war,
So much that we scarcely know what
it is for,

Dollars for having our tresses all
curled,

But a nickel for saving the soul of
the world.

A penny for sending the gospel afar,
But dollars and dollars for gas in the
car,

Money for football, for silken cravats
For numerous coats and superfluous
hats.

Money for chewing gum, money for
cokes,

Money to burn in innumerable smokes,
For anything worldly, we pay what
it's worth;

Then a nickel for spreading God's
Word on earth.

—Maifred B. Hunt (Sel.)

* * *

NOT ALONE

You are not forsaken in this world:
God watches over you

He is mindful of your trials,
He's interested in everything you do.

You are not left alone in this world:
God is forever by your side.

He's waiting now to help you;
He will with you abide.

So do not worry and fret yourself:
Do place your trust in Him.

Under His care you can't lose,
He'll see you through to win!

—A. L. Guerard in Wonderful Word.

The Pearl of Great Price

By Haskell Hawkins, Midwest Student

THIS was one of the many parables Jesus told, but I like it as well as any, for it brings out so clearly the purpose of life and the incomprehensible value of inheriting a place in the Kingdom of God.

He likened the people of this world unto this merchant who was seeking goodly pearls. Jesus often admonished the people to seek. While He was delivering the sermon on the mount He spoke these words, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). Later in the sermon Jesus said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7). First, we notice this merchant was seeking this pearl of great price; secondly, we notice he found it. People must seek as he sought and they will find as he found. We are assured of that by the text quoted from Matthew 7:7.

After the man found the pearl, he went out and sold all he had and bought it. In Romans 12:1 Paul says, "I beseech ye therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." The merchant willingly sold all he had to purchase this pearl; likewise we must give our all — sacrifice our lives — to purchase the Kingdom. Notice

also, that Paul said it was a reasonable thing to do.

No doubt before the merchant made up his mind to buy the pearl, he examined it to see if it was worth the price he was paying. Being convinced that it was worth as much or perhaps a lot more than he was paying, he made arrangements to buy it. These thoughts alone would make us think that the kingdom will be worth the sacrifice we have to make, but let us do this in a business way. We want to see whether or not it is a profitable thing. Isaiah tells us in chapter 35:1-10, that the land will yield abundantly, the eyes of the blind will be opened, the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, the lame man will leap, the tongue of the dumb shall sing and we will all have everlasting joy.

Will you agree with me that it is profitable? Don't we see what Paul meant when he said it was reasonable to sacrifice yourself in order to inherit the Kingdom? Doing differently is very unreasonable.

Education, briefly, is the leading of human minds and souls to what is right and best, and to making what is right and best, and to making what is best out of them. And these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means. . . .

—*Ruskin.*

(Continued from page 6)

Schueler. Nathan Straub then read a letter from Lyle Schueler, *Midwest* student, which was addressed to the Lodi and Sacramento young people.

After prayer, the congregation sang, "Give Me Oil in My Lamp." Alvin Brenneise was in charge of the testimony service. The meeting was closed by the singing of "We'll Work Till Jesus Comes." Closing prayer was by Aaron Dais.
—Alice Springer, Asst. Sec.-Treas.

HINDS FEET

(Continued from page 13)

stretched forth His hand and rescued him even as He will do for all those who will call upon Him today.

The Lord went about winning souls to His kingdom, and we are to follow His example and publish salvation to all people everywhere. May the Lord give a missionary burden to every one of His children that they may send forth the good news of His salvation and win many souls to His kingdom. Let us walk worthy of the vocation to which we have been called (Eph. 4:1). "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation" (Isa. 52:7).

The Lord has no feet but our feet to carry His message to the unsaved — let us therefore walk worthily and serve Him faithfully.

—By F. Graftsma in Christian Fellowship Class News.

Have you ever heard of a righteous man ever opposing or belittling the Bible?

OUR ROCK NEVER TREMBLES

Dr. J. U. Stotts tells the story of a man who was out in a boat, when a terrific storm came up and the boat was capsized. The man struggled to a rock and with great difficulty clung to it until rescued. One of his rescuers asked him if he did not tremble greatly during the raging of the tempest. "Yes," he replied, "I did tremble, but the rock didn't." Christ our Rock never trembles, no matter how severe the storms of life or how much we may tremble. On Him we are safe until the boat comes that shall take us ashore to our eternal home (Matt. 7:25).

—Moody Church Herald.

"THEN TO THE DOGS"

The Turks, having tortured and slain the parents of a little American girl before her eyes, turned to the child and said: "Will you denounce your faith in Jesus, and live?" She replied, "I will not." "Then to the dogs!" She was thrown unto a kennel of savage and famished dogs and left there. The next morning they came and looked in, to see the little girl on her knees praying, and beside her the largest and most savage of all the dogs, snapping at every dog that ventured near, thus protecting the child. The men ran away terrified, crying out, "There is a God here; there is a God here."—*Assembly Annals.*

"All excess brings on its own punishment, even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of him who is the God of nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution which temperance would preserve."