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Begin Again

The flowers drooped their lovely heads.

The air was dusty, hot and dry.

The leaves were wilting on the trees;

It looked as if they had to die.

The skies are gray, the skies are lead,

The lightning roars and rends the air,

The rain beats down on our frail flowers,

The wind howls on and does not care.

The rain is o'er. The clouds have gone.

The sun climbs in a sky of blue.

The flowers come back revived, refreshed.

New life, new strength, new joy for you!

—William Swaan in Gospel Herald.

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EDITORIAL

Independence Day, which is July fourth, means much to the people in general of the United States. It stands as a memorial of freedom to them. They are a freedom-loving people, and do not like to be bound by anything which would even hint of taking any of this freedom from them. But, we wonder if many of them ever stop to consider that they are not actually free in one sense of the word.

True, they can go about much as they please, and do as they please, so far as it is within the laws of the land to do so, but still many are virtually prisoners in one respect. How, you may ask? Simply because they are not serving God with all their hearts. They are serving Satan, and anyone serving him is a prisoner of sin and not free.

Satan grants us nothing. When we serve him, we are bound by his shackles and are under his rule. We cannot call our lives free, because there is no freedom in his realm. We go about break-

ing laws, and we all know what the consequences are of breaking them. We may not literally break a law such as to kill or steal, yet, we are breaking them in our hearts if we give way to covetousness and lust.

There are prisoners who are trustees. They are the ones who are trusted enough so they are not kept bound up, but are free to go and come as the rules provide for them.

Paul said he was a prisoner of Christ. He was living for Christ and was trustworthy, so he was free from bondage. He was a prisoner in one sense of the word, but a prisoner in Christ is far different from a prisoner of Satan. In Christ there is freedom through love; in Satan there is bondage through lack of love. Christ's desire is for us to be free, but Satan's desire is that we shall be victims of his curses.

We have all gained our independence if we have accepted Jesus and become an heir with Him unto salvation. Our freedom should mean much to us. We should be happy and seek to make others happy. Our freedom in Christ should cause us to want to help others receive freedom.

We are reminded of this statement by Goethe: "None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free." How sad, but how true is that statement. Many people, whom you may approach, feel they are free and emphatically so, but they little realize they are such slaves to sin, because of their own selfish desires.

We are free in this country by heritage, but we are free from sin by becoming an heir through Christ.

Are We Living In A

Reckless Age ?

Is it true we are living in a reckless age? Could it be that in more ways than one many have cast caution aside and are plunging through life in a heedless and daring manner? Is this the spirit of the times — to be heedless, daring and reckless?

About the first thing most people think of when the word *reckless* is introduced as a subject in a discussion, is in connection with driving an automobile. While that particular point is not the writer's main hub of thought, yet it is a timely item of no mean importance. We are appalled over the growing number of auto wrecks because of the great number of lives lost. Hundreds of lives are snuffed out every week by auto accidents, and a vast share of this is due to recklessness. Automobiles today are built with powerful motors, capable of great and dangerous speed. Horsepower is built into cars, but putting what we call "horse sense" into the driver is another matter. Thinking people are not only ashamed of the record in this matter, but are alarmed, and justly so. May I close this paragraph by saying that Christian youth at the wheel has an obligation to perform — to show courtesy to other drivers they meet, to obey the traffic laws at all times, and by sensibly handling an automobile an intelligent sense of the value of life is manifested. "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example—"

said Paul. And this can be true while driving an automobile.

There are many other ways people have become reckless. One may be reckless (which includes being "careless") with matches, or with gasoline near an open flame. Some are reckless with sharp knives or with firearms.

Reckless means, "rash; careless; heedless of consequences or danger; foolhardy; daring, regardless."

Countless numbers of people are reckless with their tongues. They are careless with their speech to the point of plain recklessness. David spoke of those who "speak wickedly . . . [and] loftily. They set their mouths against the heavens, and their tongues walketh through the earth" (see Psalm 73:8, 9). Both Peter and Jude wrote of those who "speaketh great swelling words" (fulfilling 2 Timothy 3:2). They regard not the consequences of such talk, and heed not the fact that, "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matt. 12:37).

This reminds me of hearing a lady, who had said something she afterward wished she hadn't, remark, "I wish I could get rid of my mouth; the trouble is, it's such a handy place to keep my teeth." Okay, then let us use our mouths as they were properly intended.

And, remember, we will need God's help in this matter. (For proof see James 3:8).

We often hear the suggestion, while driving a car, "Come on, step on the gas; let's get going." There are many times when we should figuratively step on our tongues. It would show wisdom, and the better part of valor in many a controversy.

Since recklessness takes in being daring, regardless, foolhardy, are not many just that way with the Word of God? It is indeed a sad fact that many, who know better, have cast aside much of the Bible, or the entire Book, as a thing unworthy of serious regard, and daringly defy it in what amounts to open rebellion. This may sound strong, but it is felt that you readers are mature enough to realize these things and help others to be far more sober minded. May God help all of us to give more due reverence to His Word; it is sacred and holy. Then may we instill in others a like honor for the Word of Life.

In Hebrews 2 we read about "the word spoken by angels was stedfast"—they meant what they said, and every one who dared to transgress received their just reward; then what about disregarding what the very Son of God has said? "How shall we escape if we neglect . . ." I pray we have no need of any escape such would require—there is none. We are after salvation, not escape.

Ezra wrote of "those that tremble at the commandment of our God." He urged, "Be of good courage to do it."

Isaiah wrote, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word . . ." (ch. 66:5). We do not mock or defy His Word, we

reverence, fear and tremble before it in worship and honor. In this case it means to "hear" to the extent of "heeding." We tremble at His Word because we know it is true, sure and certain.

How do thinking folk regard automobile drivers who have this attitude, "I don't need to obey this or that stop sign; I pay no attention to speed limits, except in rare cases; the traffic rules aren't for me"? And isn't it a far more serious matter when folk have the same attitude toward the Bible? Is it any wonder as to why the word is in such a terrible condition today? And, reader, where do we, individually and personally stand in the matter? May the Church of God youth reaffirm their stand for the holy Word of God, and be proud of it in humility and a Christian example to others wherever they go and under every circumstance. God bless you in so doing.

—By L'Roy for the H. & C.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES

"Wouldn't you hate to wear glasses?" asked a small boy of his little playmate. "No-o," answered Donald, reflectively, "not if I had my grandmother's kind. She sees just how to mend broken things; she sees lots of nice things to do on rainy days; she sees when folks are tired or sorry, and what'll make 'em feel better; and she always sees what you *meant* to do, even if you haven't got things just right. I asked her one day how she could see that way all the time, and she said it was the way she had learned to look at things as she grew older. So it must be the spectacles."

—Unknown.

My Privilege As A Christian

By LeRoy Dais, Midwest Student

WHAT are my privileges as a Christian? I believe that too many *Christians* do not stop often enough to think about this question. Probably most of us never have realized the many privileges which we may enjoy as Christians. This article will enumerate just a few of them.

As Christian privileges, we can count in anything that is a peculiar advantage or favor that is being granted us in a spiritual manner. Since we are considering the privileges of a Christian, we shall consider them from a spiritual standpoint rather than from a carnal standpoint. We shall consider them as God-given privileges, rather than privileges granted of men.

Today, a great majority of the human race is given a chance to accept the wonderful plan of salvation and, thereby, become children of God. This is the one privilege which goes beyond all other choices in life; but, still, people reject it daily, and their decision is made for eternity. Many young people feel proud of their parents who are rich. Some highly esteem their father if he is holding some public office, or even if he is in a position that puts him up just a bit higher than some other fellow in the neighborhood. Is it possible that these same people forget about our Creator, the One who operates all things according to His own will? It is a very, very sad an-

swer that needs to be placed after this question mark; but if we open our eyes to see what is going on about us, we can—and must—accept the blow and reply, "Yes."

During our miserable life here in this confused and selfish world, we are often separated from our parents; and when we seek help from them it might take several hours, or even days and weeks, before they can bring us aid. But when we do receive the aid we are very grateful for it. Let us look on the spiritual side of our life. Just what is the outlook of this life? Do you have to wait very long upon God before you receive that which you have asked for whenever you were in dire need of the blessing that you hoped to receive? I believe that your answer would be "No." Whenever we come to our heavenly Father in true faith, He is never hesitant in answering our requests if they are according to His will, in order to satisfy our needs. It makes no difference to God in regard to what locality we are in, or what race or type of a people we are—He is always willing to help out whenever we come to Him with the proper approach.

Then, if we live perfectly before God through His help, He will bestow upon us many other blessings beside those which are a necessity for our survival. He blesses us by freeing us from worldly lusts, so that we might be able to live a pure life. He

gives us the satisfaction of going through this life, without trying to lay up all the worldly treasures that we can possibly get hold of. He gives us peace and contentment, thereby allowing us to live happily with our neighbors and fellow man; and we, as individuals, may have peace and comfort within our own minds.

Usually a Christian is able to build up a good reputation for himself in his community. I do not mean to say that a Christian will go around and please everyone in the community by mixing in with all the different societies and clubs; but I wish to point out the fact that the people will soon recognize a person who is honest, sincere, and willing to help out where help is needed. Thereby the Christian may have the opportunity to meet more people, and will probably be able to speak to them about the gospel of Christ.

Everyone has the privilege of going to church, but only a Christian goes to church because he really enjoys hearing the Word of God. He isn't afraid of being rebuked through the sermon every time he goes to church. The true Christian does not have a guilty conscience when the Word of God is spoken, because he is acquainted with the Bible and should know where he stands; but in case he did side-step somewhat, he will accept God's Word as a reproof.

Another very great privilege which may be enjoyed by every Christian is the assurance that they are eligible to help out with the Lord's work. Of course, anyone can give offerings and so forth, but it takes a righteous follower of Christ to put full

force behind a movement which is brought about as a furtherance of the cause of Christ.

The one privilege which goes beyond all other privileges that are offered to mankind, is the one that we are yet to receive and that is eternal life. We may have the hope of eternal life now, but some day it will become a reality. If we take these precious privileges into consideration, then we can repeat the words of 2 Corinthians 9:15: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

HOW SIN RUINS

A relief lifeboat was built at London many years ago. While the workmen were busy over it, one man lost his hammer. Whether he knew it or not, it was nailed up in the bottom of the boat. Perhaps if he found it out, he thought the only harm done was the loss of one hammer. But the boat was put in service, and every time it rocked on the waves the hammer was tossed to and fro. Little by little it wore for itself a track, until it had worn through the planking and keel down to the very copper plating, before it was found out. Only the plate of copper kept the vessel from sinking.

It seemed a very little thing in the start, but see what mischief it wrought. So it is with a "little" sin in the heart. It may break through all the restraints that surround us, and but for God's great mercy, sink our souls in endless ruin.—*S. S. Times.*

Humility is the genuine proof of Christian virtue. Without it we keep all our defects: and they are only crusted over by pride, which conceals them from others, and often from ourselves.

Under The CAP



Debbie Simms walked quickly and noiselessly through the door of 127, balancing a stack of gleaming white linens in one hand while she held the door open with the other. She glanced toward the bed and stacked part of the linens on a chair.

"Feeling okay this morning?" she smiled.

Don Brahnan turned his head sleepily toward her. "Better." He watched while she filled his water pitcher and pulled the cord on the venetian blind to let in the sunlight. Then he rubbed his eyes and pushed back a mass of tangled brown hair from his forehead. "Are you going to be my nurse?"

Debbie laughed. "One of them," she told him. "But I'm just a nurse's aid."

Don grinned. "Well, you can see I don't know much about hospitals. I thought everyone dressed in white had spent years and eons earning the uniform."

Debbie slid her arm under the white stack and started toward the door. "It's the cap you have to earn," she told him. "I'm going to earn one some day." Then she stepped back inside the door. "Miss Williams will be along to change your bed."

"Williams?" Don pulled his

head off the pillow and stared at her. "That one who was in here yesterday?"

Debbie nodded her head and went on through the door, closing it after her.

Don dropped his head into the pillow and listened to the soft footsteps going into the next room and out of hearing. When he heard them again, he flipped the button that would signal above his door. In a moment the door opened; Debbie stood there.

"Yes?" she smiled as she turned off the signal light.

"I don't like this Williams character. Why don't you make my bed?"

Debbie laughed. "My job this morning is distributing the linens, her job is to make the beds. Besides," she said, looking sideways at him, "maybe Miss Williams has that same sentiment toward you."

Don frowned at the door as she closed it. Then he turned his head and looked out the window. He guessed he had given Miss Williams a pretty rough day yesterday, but no worse than she had given him. After all, he was sick, and nurses were paid to give at-

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TEEN



THE LORD'S MASTERPIECE

By Alice Cory

MANY of us have read the humorous poem, "The Deacon's Masterpiece." I wonder if the Lord has a masterpiece? Or does He have more than one? What is the Lord planning for you? for me? Does He put His trust in one of us? What is a masterpiece?

A masterpiece is something that is made or worked on for the pride or future of some individual.

Are we masterpieces for the Lord? I do not mean masterpieces are supreme or high-classed. Who are we to be supreme or high-classed? In Psalm 100, it reads, "Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture." Isn't that wonderful! It means if He wants us to do His work or obey Him, He can make us do so. He then can make us His masterpieces.

It must be truly wonderful to be a masterpiece for the Lord! We will live only for Him. We wouldn't want anything of the world and would not have time for the world! His masterpiece must work only for Him and do only His will.

Would it be asking too much if we all cleansed ourselves, tore down that shelf behind the door,

and made ourselves holy for the Lord to enter?

Much work can be done that His will might be fulfilled. Isn't this really what we all want to have part in? It is what I want to do and I am sure it is what God wants, and He will bless us. It is not too late, yet. The final harvest has not come. Can we do it, that is, our part, now?

Let us pray for a great revival in the hearts of the church membership, and then the hearts of the world. This is a part of God's plan!

IT'S YOUR GUESS

What do you know about—?

1. The father of Joseph, the husband of Mary—
a. Herod, b. Heli, c. Hamath
2. An aged prophetess in Jerusalem—
a. Anna, b. Hannah, c. Lydia
3. A vessel used for cooking meat in Bible times—
a. Casserole, b. casement, c. caldron
4. A king of Hazor who conspired against the Israelites—
a. Jabin, b. Jehu, c. Jabesh
5. Methusala's father was—
a. Elipah, b. Ebenezar, c. Enoch
6. He was chosen in place of Judas—



TALK

a. Matthew, b. Mathias, c. Mark

7. An ancient name of God meaning "Almighty"—

a. Shaddai, b. El, c. Rabbi

8. Where the widow's son was raised to life—

a. Jericho, b. Nazareth, c. Nain

* * *

Answers to "It's Your Guess"

2, 4, 7, a; 1, 6, b; 3, 5, 8, c

TRUTHFUL JAMES

James was trying to sell his coaster wagon to a little neighbor boy. He had told him all the good points he could think of, but he had not mentioned that the tongue had one time been broken and his father had fixed it so now it could hardly be noticed. He was afraid to mention it for fear that Dick would not buy. Yet he knew that as a Christian he must be truthful. Finally he decided it would be best to tell Dick about it.

"Oh, sure, I'll buy it anyway," said Dick, "if you are truthful enough to tell me about it, I know you would tell me if it doesn't work all right."

How happy James was that he had been truthful! And he knew too, that Jesus was glad that he had not yielded to the temptation.

—O. P. Boys and Girls.

REFLECTED LIGHT

I was speaking to my large class of business men on the Christian's being the "salt" and "light" of the world: salt, penetrating power, the effect of a quiet influence that works internally; light, an illuminating power, working externally, reflecting from the Light of the World. After the class a gentleman came and related this experience. Going into his cellar one day, he discovered in one of the darkest corners a number of potatoes that had alone taken root and flourished.

After several days he discovered that the cook had hung from the ceiling near a cellar window, a copper kettle which was always kept brightly polished, and which caught the sun and reflected it down into the dark corner, causing the remarkable growth. "When I saw that," said he, "I simply said to myself: 'I may not be a preacher or a teacher with ability to expound Scripture, but at least I can be a copper kettle catching the rays of the Light of the World and reflecting them down to someone in the some dark corner.'"

—Keith Brooks (Sel.)

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

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tion to sick people. And he hadn't asked so much.

First of all, he had turned on his signal light for someone to get fresh cold water for him, and he had expected service. But he waited and waited, and after what seemed an eternity, Miss Williams had come in and clicked off the light. He had said he wanted water, and she had left without getting it for him. So, he turned the light on again, and Miss Williams came back.

"I'll get the water for you as quickly as I can," she had told him. "But right now I'm very busy. I'll take care of you as soon as I can."

He had waited a while longer and turned the light back on. This time it was even longer before the door opened and Miss Williams walked briskly to his bedside, turned off the light and took the water pitcher without a smile, without a word, and left.

She was filling his water glass when Debbie came into the room, a chart in one hand and a thermometer in the other. "I'm going to take your temperature," she told him, shaking the mercury down.

Miss Williams turned to Don. "Is that all for you?"

Don glared at her. "If it isn't, it's just tough. It took a *day* to even get a drink of water!"

Debbie's eyes looked sober, and the smile dried on her lips. She held the thermometer toward him and he opened his mouth. He hadn't expected to feel like a worm for saying what was the truth to Miss Williams. Maybe he

could smooth it over, so as soon as Debbie took the thermometer from under his tongue, he moistened his lips.

"That woman surely isn't a very good nurse," he said. "I have been signaling for at least two hours, and she just now gets the water for me."

"Everyone is pretty busy right now," Debbie said after she had read the mercury and made a notation on the chart. And she only smiled a part of a smile as she left.

That was yesterday — that was why Debbie thought he was a louse. And she knew he was a Christian, because they had seen each other at city-wide young people's meetings. But surely even Christians can expect the service they pay for, he reasoned. Footsteps were coming closer to his door — this would be Miss Williams, and he'd apologize.

But it wasn't the dark head of Miss Williams. It was Debbie's brown one. She grinned. "I just *thought* I wasn't going to make your bed. I got sent back. Guess Miss Williams dreaded you as much as you dreaded her."

"Good," Don moved his feet toward the edge of the bed. "I like your disposition better."

"You can walk okay, can't you?" Debbie asked. "Minus your appendix?"

"Oh, sure—like an old hand at it," Don told her as he shuffled toward the chair in the corner of the room. "See? Just took me thirty minutes to get here from the bed."

Debbie's hands worked fast, and she was just slipping the pillows into fresh cases when an old man appeared in the doorway, tying

the cord of his robe into a hard knot.

"I wondered where you were!" he yelled, his eyes fiery. "I've been calling for somebody to come and comb my hair before my visitors come, and you just ignored my light. I had to come and look for you!"

Debbie had turned and faced him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Langely," she told him quickly. "I'll come right down as soon as I've finished making this bed. I didn't see your light."

Mr. Langely grunted and teetered back down the hall, and Debbie turned back to the bed. She didn't look up, but Don saw the shiny tears through her lashes and he gritted his teeth.

"That old geezer," he said after the old man. "I'm sorry I let him talk to you that way, Debbie. I was so surprised, though, and he was gone before I got my breath."

"That's okay," Debbie smiled. "Some people just forget that we're people with feelings, too. But that's just something you have to learn to take if your work is serving people."

She hurried through the open door toward Mr. Langely's room, and Don didn't move from the chair. He hadn't felt badly about snapping Miss Williams up, but with Debbie it was different. But Miss Williams had feelings the same as Debbie, and so did the clerks and the waitresses and the telephone operators whom he had either treated very curtly or had acted as though they were some sort of machinery instead of people with feelings. People whose feet hurt, or maybe their heart—people you could make cry—and yet they had to smile and be gracious.

Don could have kicked himself in the teeth thinking about it all. He, Don Brahnan, had gloried in the fact that he could order people to serve him, and it had never occurred to him that those people said "thank you" to him.

He didn't see Debbie any more until late in the afternoon. She breezed into his room before he heard her. "Everything okay?" she asked. "I'm making a final check before I go off duty."

Don pulled his eyebrows together. "Tell me something, will you? How do you keep so sweet with so many grouches around all the time?"

Debbie smiled and looked out the window. "Oh, I like people, so it isn't hard usually. And when they're sick or think they're sick, they get grouchy sometimes. Then if it does get hard, I ask the Lord for some extra love for them. You're a Christian — you know how the Lord helps you when you think you can't stand something any longer."

Don looked at her. This was the kind of person the Lord must be proud to be called one of His people. The kind of people like Debbie, who used the provision the Lord made for her to be sweet to people like him. . . .

"You mean you want to stay in this?" frowned Don.

Debbie started toward the door. "I'll be back in just a minute," she told him.

When she came back, she carried a white cap in her hand. "I borrowed this," she said, pinning the cap in place. "When I wonder if I want to be an RN, I put this on and look at myself." She turned toward him. "Wouldn't you think I would want it?"

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The Consequence Of Sin

By Jean Groce

A HERE are two classifications of wrongdoing; one might be called a mistake and the other a sin. A mistake can be described as someone doing something that is wrong, but thinking nothing about it because he does not know that it is wrong. But, if this person should learn that such is wrong and should do it again, he would be committing a sin. Sinning is a terrible thing, for after sinning one has yet to suffer the consequence. No matter how small the sin is, there is a consequence; and if one does not ask for forgiveness it even may be death.

David, the anointed of the Lord, served God with a willing heart; for he loved the Lord, and the Lord loved him. Even when reading about him we can hardly imagine his doing wrong, but David did sin. At the height of his power while in immense favor with God, he committed his first great sin with Beth-sheba, the wife of one of his warriors. He was severely rebuked and acknowledged his guilt; but still he had to take the consequence, and his child died because of this sin. This grieved David, for he had loved the child dearly, but he knew there was no other way out because he had done a great sin and had to pay for it. God took the little child that Beth-sheba had borne for him and thus David's grief therefore was his punishment.

After David had suffered the consequence of that great sin, he

still let the devil persuade him into transgressing again. God did not want the Israelites numbered, but David said to the captain of the host, "Go now through all the tribes of Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, and number ye the people, that I may know the number of the people" (2 Sam. 24:2). Even the captain of the army reminded David that it would be a great sin to number the people. Afterwards, "David's heart smote him after that he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done: and now, I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant; for I have done very foolishly" (2 Sam. 24: 10). Of course, when David asked for forgiveness, God forgave him; but he still had to suffer the consequence. Thus, David had choice of one of three punishments: seven years' famine; three months' fleeing from his enemy; or three days' pestilence.

So, do not do the things that you are questioning in your mind, for they may be mistakes, which could lead to sin. For then you have the consequences to take, which is death, if forgiveness is not sought and obtained.

The friendships of the world are oft confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.—*Addison*.

Man must be disappointed with lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—*Bulwer*.

Correction

By Ned Coulson

JONAH, a prophet of the Lord, was very disobedient to the Lord when he was commanded to preach to the people of Nineveh. Nineveh was a wicked city. God planned to destroy this city, but before doing so, He wanted to send Jonah forth that he might preach unto them to see whether or not they would repent of their wickedness.

Jonah was like many men of today. He did not want to go to Nineveh, but wanted to do as he thought. The prophet went aboard a ship that was going to Tarshish. Soon the Lord caused a great wind to come upon the sea. The rest of the men on board wondered who was at fault to be the cause of such a storm. They cast lots, and the lot fell on Jonah. Jonah was thrown overboard, because he was the cause of the great storm.

Jonah did not drown. A large fish or whale, swallowed him. After Jonah prayed in the belly of the whale, God made the whale throw him up on the shore. Then the prophet did as God told him and started for Nineveh, so he could preach to the people there.

Stop and consider the experience, or punishment Jonah went through. Imagine yourself in a whale's belly. It was probably dark, wet, and slimy, in the belly of the old whale. No doubt, Jonah thought that this was the last of himself. However, God spared the old prophet. It seems that it was all in God's plan to punish Jonah

in order to show him that he had been disobedient.

Many lessons can be learned from the experience of Jonah. We may make a comparable mistake, unless we are very careful. When we do make mistakes, or fail in some way to meet the requirements God has set for us, the Lord often punishes us severely. Jonah did not get by in doing wrong; neither can we do wrong and get by. The Lord will make us straighten up and walk right. The means by which He does this is not always pleasant.

In the first place, God spoke to Jonah and told him where to go; but he disobeyed. God gave him a real experience that woke him up, and made him realize his condition. If God's instructions and warnings concerning our obedience to Him are not good enough as He has stated in His Word, then He is liable to wake us up so that we will know just how we stand with Him. In being extra cautious about serving the Lord, we can avoid many sad, unpleasant, experiences, and be happier in the service of the Lord.

THE BOSS

"I won't" is a tramp,
"I can't" is a quitter,
"I don't" is too lazy.
"I wish I could" is a wisher,
"I might" is waking up,
"I will try" is on his feet,
"I can" is on his way,
"I will" is at work,
"I did" is now the boss.—Sel.

Poetic Gems

NETTLE STINGS

Why are we prone to wound our own
By word or deed unkind?
To say the thing which pricks and
stings

And rankles in the mind?

Why speak until our loved one's cheek
Is bathed with tears that smart
From ugly words or one half heard
That pierced like a poisoned dart?
Why not today try not to say

Those words that cause unrest?
The oft-times smart of a poisoned dart
Makes festering wounds in the breast,
Why do we wait till it's too late

To give the flower of praise
When words of cheer will help them
here

To lengthen out their days?
Everyone knows the power of the rose
To drive away a tear;
Yet a sting of the nettle.. hid 'neath
its petal.

May last for many a year.

—Advance.

* * *

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

In Christ there is no east nor west,
In Him no south nor north,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their true communion find,
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands, then brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both east and west
In Him meet south and north,
All Christly souls are one in Him,
Throughout the whole wide earth,
—Sel.

* * *

GO FORWARD

Go forward, Christian people, and high
His banner raise;
God speaks to us His people, as in
the olden days,
To Moses and to Joshua, to David and
to Paul,
To prophets, saints and martyrs; again
we hear His call
As in the days of Zwingli, of Huss,
and Luther, too,
God's voice is still resounding, in ac-
cents clear and true;
Up with the Cross of Jesus! Up with
the Word of God
Be heralds of the Gospel, and spread
its truth abroad.

No time for idle dreaming, for care-
less living now;
The Church must rise to action, and
in allegiance bow;
As Christ was sent from heaven, so
are His people sent;
To follow in His footsteps to go the
way He went.

Go forward! His for service, and His
for sacrifice;
When Jesus calls for helpers, we dare
not count the price;
His was the greatest offering, His was
the grandest love,
And we must have His Spirit and lift
His cross above.

—E. E. Hewitt (Sel.)

Argument And Agreement

By Kenneth McCoy

THESE two words, argument and agreement, look quite a bit alike when placed side by side, but what a difference there is in their meaning. The result of agreement is love, friendship, and fellowship. The result of argument is discord, strife, and hard feelings. These words may look somewhat alike, but what a difference when they are put to work.

In Amos 3:3 we find a question: "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" The answer to this question is obvious. Of course, two people who do not agree will not seek companionship with each other, that is if the disagreement is very strong. But, disagreement can be overcome. Those two people can forgive each other for the disagreement, forget all about it, and be friends till the end of their days.

One cannot have both argument and agreement. If argument is present, there can be no agreement. If agreement is present, there can be no argument. Both cannot be present at the same time. Since agreement and argument are enemies, there is no agreement between them. Therefore they cannot be together at any time.

In almost every story there is a hero and a villain. Need I state which is which in this article? Since argument is a disagreeable character, I believe that he would be considered the villain. Then who would be the hero? Agree-

ment is the hero. Agreement is welcome anywhere. Almost everyone likes agreement, therefore he is invited to attend everything.

Of course argument has his friends too. They are the people who are always fussing about this and fussing about that. They are never satisfied with anything, but think they have something better, and try to convince the other fellow of it. The result is that argument sticks his ugly head in and causes discord and confusion. Why anyone would like this character, argument, is something which I cannot figure out.

Argument and agreement cannot both dwell in our lives. One must be evicted. Since we are Christians, we want only the best things in our lives. This answers the question of who must be evicted. The low character, argument, must go.

After argument has been evicted, there can be no discord. Agreement gets along with the other tenants very well, and is well liked by all. There is little danger of his being evicted.

Let us all try to agree instead of argue. We will find that we will be better liked. Best of all, we will not be branded as a follower of that evil character, argument.

The Spirit of God must dwell within to make it easy to return good for evil.

Kindness is the sweet scented bouquet of one's personality.

Oklahoma Youth Rally

Theme:

LOVE NOT THE WORLD

The morning worship service of the Oklahoma F.Y.C. Rally held at Oklahoma City on June 5, was under the direction of Ronald Chandler.

The opening song, "Are You Washed in the Blood" was led by Benny Rosell, accompanied by Mary Sue Grubis. Scripture reading, 1 John 2:12-17 was read by Mickey McCoy, after which J. C. Kanady offered prayer.

"Tell It to Jesus Alone" was sung, and Elder O. T. Whitten delivered the message "Love Not the World." "Where He Leads I Will Follow" was sung, and Benny Rosell dismissed the congregation with prayer.

Afternoon services began by singing three hymns, led by Ronald Chandler, accompanied by Dorothy Whitten. The Scripture reading, Romans 6, was read by Garlyn Brunson, after which Harry Krause led in prayer. The following program, under the direction of J. C. Kanady, was presented:

A poem, "The Bible," by Betty Kanady. A solo, "In the Garden," by Rebecca McCroskey. "My Savior's Love was read by Calvin Burrell. R. C. Atwood sang, "I Saw the Light. A solo, "The Prayer Perfect," was sung by DeLores Chandler. A poem, "It Isn't the Church — It's you," was read by Sonny Maher. La Fern Kanady read the poem, "My Experience." Benny Rosell sang "The Heavenly Vision," and Joyce Adams read the poem, "The Grace of God." The children's chorus from Fairview sang, "For God So Loved the

World" and "God Everywhere?" A piano solo, "Meditation" was played by Sue Grubis. Two instrumental numbers by the Burrell family, "Give the World a Smile" and "Keep on the Firing Line," were given, and they also sang, "It Pays to Serve Jesus." Lena Williams read the poem, "The Bible — A Test." Harry Krause, Ronald Chandler, and O. T. Whitten sang "There'll Be Light at the Crossing." A quartet composed of Garlyn Brunson, Mary Sue Grubis, Roland Chandler and Harry Krause sang, "I Know God is Real" and "One of His Own." O. T. Whitten, Ronald Chandler, and Harry Krause sang, "Hide Me, Rock of Ages." Mary Kanady gave the poem, "Christian."

An offering was received to further our state projects, and after prayer and announcements an inspiring testimony service was led by Harry Krause. The closing song was, "Nothing Between," and prayer by Ronald Chandler dismissed the congregation.

A business meeting and social followed the night service.

We were very glad to have Joyce Adams, who just returned from *Midwest Bible College*, and Mickey McCoy of Dallas, Texas, with us. Mickey is a member of the F.Y.C. board for District 5.

—Dorothy Whitten, Sec.-Treas.

UNDER THE CAP

(Continued from page 11)

Don looked at Debbie. "You are right," he said after a minute. "You're just the kind of girl who can do it. You belong under the cap. . . ."

—By Jewel Ready in HiCall.

Give this paper to a friend.