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In God We Trust

*"In God we trust," is stamped on coins
We handle day by day.*

*"In God we trust," these four plain words—
But think how much they say!*

*They speak for a mighty nation
Brought forth by the hand of God,
And they lived in the hearts of true men
Long buried beneath the sod.*

*Faith with prayer is mightier still
Than war and guns and hate,
And if our land would renew its strength
Upon its God it must wait!*

*Oh, it would be a wonderful thing
For this whole universe —
If these four words were stamped on all hearts,
As well as the coins in our purse.*

—Mrs. H. L. Herland in The Emmanuel Gospel Herald.

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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

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EDITORIAL

This issue of the *Herald and Call* completes another volume. We trust that all who have read its pages during the past year, have received some spiritual benefit from them.

We have tried to make it a paper to interest all the readers, since we have readers from nearly all age groups. The stories have been of particular interest to the teen-age group, although we feel sure there are some oldsters also who like to read them. We try to have at least two main articles each time, which are probably of more interest to older readers, as well as students of the Scriptures.

Most people enjoy good poetry, therefore, the Poetic Gem page, we hope, has had some real *gems* in the past year—the kind you like to cut out and save in your favorite scrapbook. For our front page we like to pick the richest of poems in order to leave for you a special thought to medi-

tate upon after you have read it.

One page which we feel sure has been especially interesting during part of the year is the *Midwest News*. We are not wrong in guessing that when school is in session, that page is one of the first turned to when you receive the paper. We are all interested in what our young people are doing, therefore, the little news items about the students here at the college are of much interest to the readers. Our only regret is that we cannot have that page of news all year round.

Our Teen Talk page is edited with the thought in mind that that is exactly for whom the page is meant. We expect it to have more of the milk of the Word rather than the meat.

Our aim for the new volume coming up is to continue to make the paper one which you shall be happy to read, and for which you shall not regret having subscribed. We like to have as many original articles as possible, but we feel that there is also "meat in due season" from the writings of others which we like to present to our readers.

If you have enjoyed reading the *Herald and Call* during this past year, maybe you can think of some friend or neighbor whom you think might also enjoy reading it. We shall welcome a gift subscription from you for them. Let us boost our young people's paper by giving and getting subscriptions.

I count all that part of my life lost which I spent not in communion with God, or in doing good.—*Donne*.

Pyrrhic Victory

By Mary Holbert

"PYRRHIC Victory" is a victory or success gained at too great cost. This is an allusion to the victory of Pyrrhus over the Romans at Asculum.

Pyrrhus was one of the most celebrated rulers of petty kingdoms who sought to gain power after the death of Alexander the Great. He was king of the mountainous little country of Epirus, to the northwest of ancient Greece. He was a dashing and brilliant soldier who was ambitious for glory and determined to found an empire in the West.

When the city of Tarentum in lower Italy asked for assistance in its quarrel with Rome, Pyrrhus gladly responded. He crossed the Adriatic with about 25,000 troops and a number of war elephants. A bloody battle was fought. The elephants terrified the Roman soldiers, who had never seen this animal before. Pyrrhus won the battle, but his loss was great. So much so that he is said to have exclaimed, "Another such victory and we are lost!" Thus arose the expression "Pyrrhic victory," which we still use of a victory so costly that it is little better than defeat.

Pyrrhus had another such victory at Asculum and withdrew to Sicily. Pyrrhus continued to meet with brilliant success, but soon lost his popularity. He met final defeat at Tarentum and returned to Greece. There he gained the coveted Macedonian crown. However, when he was called to Argos to settle a political quar-

rel, he was killed by a tile thrown at him from a rooftop.

How many people today are winning a "Pyrrhic victory"? Consider Mr. Daniel Winston. Mr. Winston has, over the years, accumulated a fortune. He has along with this wealth gained political power, and tremendous prestige. And strangely enough, Mr. Winston is quite popular by the name, "Honest Dan." He has wealth, power, prestige and a good reputation. Mr. Daniel Winston has certainly won a victory—he has won success. Yet, this success was won with too great a cost. Mr. Winston was so busy achieving success that he had no time for a close walk with God. Sure, "Honest Dan" attended church some, and as far as support was concerned, he was one of the heavy contributors. A "Pyrrhic Victory" is what Mr. Winston, and all the Mr. Winstons of the world, have won.

Any success in this life which leaves no time for God is won at too great a cost. What will a man give in exchange for his soul? "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matt. 16:26). If one neglects salvation, only destruction awaits him. A life without God in a barren, lifeless, existence. What is wealth or prestige or power, if one loses out in eternity? Let the one who strives for success in this life be careful that his is not a "Pyrrhic Victory."

The Mr. Winstons of this world might ask, "What assurance do you have that attaining success as a Christian is not a 'Pyrrhic Victory'? The early Christians won a martyrs death; seems that is a victory with too great a cost!"

Let Mr. Clark answer that. Mr. Clark has that inner serenity that comes from perfect faith and trust in God. Mr. Clark would quote from Paul, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept" (1 Cor. 15: 19, 20). Jesus says, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it" (Mark 8:35). In John 12:24, 25, Jesus explains a little more, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

"You see," explains Mr. Clark, "a Christian's hope of eternal life is the anchor to the soul, both sure and stedfast. The hope transcends this veil of tears. The person who wins the victory over sin will never win a "Pyrrhic Victory," for God has promised eternal life to overcomers."

Hebrews 13:5 reassures us — "For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

God has promised many things to the overcomer. "And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations"

(Rev. 2:26). "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son" (Rev. 21:7).

It is important to be an overcomer—to be successful in our fight against sin. "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23).

Our prayer should be: ". . . thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15:57).

Please Explain

Question: When some one quotes Romans 10:13, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," and say that's all there is to being saved, what shall I answer?

Reply: This verse, though it implies faith, does not mention faith or believing. Ask the following questions: Is calling upon the Lord, or prayer, all that is necessary? Didn't Jesus say, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom . . ."? Are not the "doers" the only ones built upon the rock? Didn't Jesus say, ". . . except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"? Didn't Jesus say, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"? Doesn't the Bible plainly say, "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him?" and that "faith without works is dead?"

Those who live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*German Motto.*

Paul's Example

By Lyle Schueler

CONSIDERING Bible characters, I find Paul to be very outstanding. He lived a life that was quite interesting, and left us testimonies as a result of hardships endured for Christ. He spoke words by the leading of the Spirit. He was bold in the days of man's judgment, yet he considered himself least of the apostles.

Before his conversion, Paul lived a very rebellious life toward God, as many people live today. However, there is a great lesson in the conversion of Paul. His conversion left a wonderful example to millions lost in sin—people who are daily in disagreement with God and His works. The fact remains—God is still merciful to the hardest sinner. Why should a sinner refuse God's mercy when He can change a sinful life so miraculously? If only each transgressor would be obedient unto the heavenly vision, and would let God use him to the edification and promotion of the gospel—what a great blessing to humanity this would be.

Paul went through severe persecution in behalf of the teaching of Christ. His life was in jeopardy every hour. Men rose up against him, accused him falsely and would have taken his life, but God was with him.

Paul went before council after council defending his life and the doctrines of Christ. When Paul appeared before King Agrippa, his witnessing was so strong that

the king admitted he almost persuaded him to be a Christian. We should be thankful that our lives are not standing in jeopardy every hour while we witness for Christ. We are living in the time when persecutions are not as severe, as they were in Paul's time—at least not in many countries. Yet, some Christians are not faithful to their calling. We are called according to His purpose. That purpose is to carry the burden of Christ. If we are slack in our labor for God, He will be slack in giving a righteous reward.

"I like to think of the charge given to Timothy, ". . . be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God." Why should this be important to us? For this reason, God saved us and called us with a holy calling according to His purpose and grace given us in Christ. This is why Paul was appointed a preacher, apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles. He suffered under this burden of teaching Christ to sinners; nevertheless, he was not ashamed and he committed his life into God's hand.

What can we conclude from this? We, in like manner, should not be ashamed to suffer for the cause of Christ. Christ was not ashamed to suffer for us. Peter tells us, ". . . if ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled; for the eyes of the Lord are over the

righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil. And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

Paul was faithful in this respect. God blessed him in his efforts of witnessing under hard trials. We are entitled to these same blessings while we witness for Christ. Receive the testimony upon your heart as it was upon Paul's, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness . . ." Let us consider our Christian walk, and be a Paul in our fight for Christianity.

SACRIFICE

Many Christians are deprived of spiritual blessings because they do not consider sacrifice to be necessary.

Sometimes I try to think of a sacrificial work comparative to that which is recorded in John 3:16 — 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

In James 4:8 we read, "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners and purify your hearts, ye double minded."

Yes, double-mindedness, unclean hands and lack of purification is a great problem of the flesh, but we have an outlet for all those things if we heed Christ's Words when He said, "If any man [He didn't specify a certain kind or class] will come after me, let him deny himself

and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matthew 16:25).

Yes, dear reader, it's true, as the old folks would say, "You can't eat your cake and have it, too." We cannot expect God to give us wisdom, vision, peace and all the spiritual gifts if we participate in the things of this world. In Psalm 37:1 we read, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity."

Yes, the weakness we have in the flesh may sometimes cause us to have a great desire to go against the things that the Holy Spirit speaks to our hearts, but there are some comforting words spoken in Psalm 37:3, "Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

We have one of two things to consider in this life — the fleeting things of the world, or the eternal things of God's Kingdom. How can we attain the things of the Master's Kingdom, one might ask. We must sacrifice the things of the flesh, and we can do this by taking heed to the words of the apostle Paul when he said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).—Joseph Murray.

—In Christian Fellowship Class News.

Christian stewardship is facing the Master each day with open countenance, with glad heart, with willing hands, with ready mind, thanking Him for blessings and seeking His will for the day. When the steward does this each day, the giving of money is but an additional opportunity to seek and find His ever-waiting blessing.—*The Holiness Era.*

Room For Rebecca

From the depths of her favorite fireside chair, sixteen-year-old Sue Adams watched in amusement as her father brushed the rice from his hair.

"How I ever managed to get the rice instead of Jim, I don't know," Mr. Adams said, as he sat down beside his wife on the divan.

Sue laughed, "I think Jim got his share. I saw to that. Oh, wasn't it a beautiful wedding! And didn't Julie look lovely?"

"No lovelier than her sister Sue," replied Mrs. Adams.

"You can say that again," Sue's father remarked. "But just don't make me go through the agonies of another wedding very soon, Sue."

"You needn't worry," Sue said, "I'm not ever going to get married—if it would make everybody in the family feel as desolate as I feel now that Julie is married."

"You won't be saying that six or seven years from now," her father teased.

"Maybe not," Sue said dubiously, "but it's the way I feel tonight. Oh by the way, Mother, did you see that letter from Aunt Nell? I put it on the telephone stand."

"I saw it," Mrs. Adams replied, "but I couldn't take time to read it. Bring it to me, will you, dear? My feet ache too much to move a muscle."

Sue brought the letter, and when her mother had opened it she listened rather half-hearted-

ly while it was read aloud. Her cousin Rebecca, Aunt Nell's only daughter, wasn't exactly among Sue's favorite people. But the third paragraph down she began to sit up and listen. Mother was reading:

"... and if it wouldn't be too much to ask, we'd like to leave Rebecca with you folk for the school year. Since she and Sue are the same age they should be a lot of company for each other, now that Julie is married."

"Aunt Nell doesn't need to compare Rebecca's company with Julie's—favorably, that is," Sue sputtered. "And just why should my dear cousin spend this school year with us?"

"You must not have been listening very carefully," Mrs. Adams explained. "Your uncle is being detained another year in Alaska on that construction job, and he wants Nell to join him."

"Then why not take Rebecca along? I imagine they have schools in Alaska."

"I think one word would answer that question very neatly," her father laughed. "I hear Ed has had some financial setbacks recently."

"So I suppose you'll say she can come." Sue turned pleading eyes to her mother.

"Do you want us to say no?" her mother asked.

Sue was silent. It would be selfish not to offer Rebecca a

(Continued on page 10)

TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

Dear Granddaughter:

There were a few years I spent in a place where close by the house grew a starved looking rosebush. It yielded only one small yellow blossom each year, along with some scanty foliage. I watched it with some regret.

The people who lived there previously, had let grass crowd in around the rosebush, and never fed or watered it. I began to take an interest in it, and watered it in dry weather. When autumn came, I put leaves around it to protect it from freezing in winter.

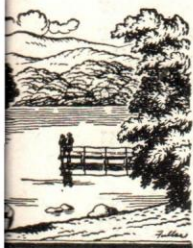
In just one year of care I could see an improvement in its appearance; and a few more blossoms appeared that June. I continued my care for it, and in two more years it became a thing of beauty, yielding beautiful, rare, yellow roses.

I was reminded of Jesus' words recorded in John 10:10, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." That rosebush responded and awoke so quickly to more abundant life, that it made me wonder if people couldn't wake up to a more abundant life when encouraged by the care our Savior has for us.

Young folks have lives naturally full of energy for a few years. During those years they should not forget to turn their energy into spiritual channels, in preparation for problems that come later in life. This should not be done merely for their own special selfish benefit, but with interest in other people too.

The satisfaction from helping people to more abundant life, by having found and shared the gifts of God, is greater and just as sure as that gained from care of a rosebush. As truly as we can water a thirsty rosebush, just so truly, by the grace of God, can we pass love on to other needy folks. That is the way the fullness of the gospel works. If we contact it, and put it to work in our lives, we can help God's Kingdom to come on earth.

Along with cherishing the beauty of a rose, come those thorns to be avoided. The thorns are created to teach us the fine art of wise caution in life, separating the harmful from the helpful. In other words, choose what is good and avoid what is bad. Nowadays, many grown people choose the bad, for Satan makes it seem fun. But you are a keen thinker, and will no doubt find other object lessons in your daily life besides rosebushes to lead you onward into the abundant



TALK

life Jesus came to give us. I surely hope you find it.

Grandmother Lois

IT'S YOUR GUESS

What do you know about—?

1. The father of Moses—
a. Haman, b. Hebron,
c. Havilah
2. A famous Syrian warrior—
a. Naaman, b. Gideon,
c. Nebuchadnezzar
3. The place where the Benjamites took refuge—
a. Jericho, b. Parah,
c. Rimmon
4. An orator who accused the Apostle Paul—
a. Tertullus; b. Gamaliel,
c. Festus
5. The author of Lamentations—
a. Lemuel, b. Jeremiah, c. Ezra
6. The name of the lukewarm church in Revelation—
a. Philadelphia, b. Corinth,
c. Laodicea.
7. A royal city of the Philistines
a. Gath, b. Decapolis,
c. Maarath
8. Last letter in Greek alphabet
a. Alpha, b. Omega, c. Omri
9. A Corinthian Christian at Ephesus—
a. Fortunatus, b. Nathaniel,
c. Claudius
10. The son of Beor—
a. Goliath, b. Aachan,
c. Balaam

(Continued on Page 16)

Idaho Y.P. Report

Idaho Faithful Youth Challengers had their meeting June 26. It opened by singing "Kneel at the Cross" and "Glory to His Name."

Maxine Cory, who is local chairman, led the program.

The Scripture reading, Galatians 5:1-10, was read by Marvin Cory, and prayer was offered by Thomas Meikle. We then sang "What a Friend," "'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer" and "Lord I Believe."

Joann Sheffield, who was first on our program, had a poem. Una Williams sang a beautiful solo entitled "Gethsemane," which tells of the sorrow and pain Jesus suffered for us. Pearl Cory had a poem. It was followed by a poem by Opal Williams.

Anita Crabtree and Alice Cory sang a duet entitled "The Meeting in the Air," and then Anita gave a poem. Martha Cory and Cora Stewart sang a duet. Following this Maxine Cory read a poem.

After the program, we had testimonies led by Elder Roy Davison, the assistant overseer.

Our next meeting is to be July 31.

—Submitted by Alice Cory,
(Asst.-Sec'y)

ROOM FOR REBECCA

(Continued from page 7)

home, but why couldn't it have been her cousin Ruth, who was such a darling? Their cousin Rebecca was a pill—everybody had agreed to that the last time the two families were together.

Sue caught the faintest suspicion of a smile on her father's face. "You think I'm scared to have her come, don't you Daddy?"

"Are you?" he countered.

"I guess I am," Sue admitted. "But I don't think we'd have any more hair pulling episodes like we had that time in the mountains when she helped herself to my best sweater and tore it."

"Rebecca has probably forgotten all about that," Mrs. Adams laughed. "As I remember it, you girls kissed and made up."

"Only because our mothers made us," replied Sue. "Rebecca didn't mean it any more than I did. I pinched her and she kicked my ankle while we were 'making up,' as you call it."

Mr. Adams burst into loud laughter. He turned to his wife. "This might prove to be a most interesting winter, even though our Sue has developed more lady-like ways."

"Perhaps Rebecca has changed, too," suggested Mrs. Adams.

Sue snorted. "Not Rebecca. But tell her she can come, Mother. I suppose I can stand it for one year. She'll have to use the attic bedroom, though. I couldn't stand her sharing Julie's and my room. It would be plain sacrilege for her to use Julie's things."

"Well, now that that problem is settled," Mr. Adams said, get-

ting up from the divan, "who wants to raid the refrigerator with me? Nobody could exist for long on wedding refreshments."

"You two can eat something if you want to," Mrs. Adams replied. "I'm going to bed. I'll write Nell in the morning."

A very grateful letter was received a week later in reply to the one Sue's mother wrote. Rebecca enclosed a note to Sue. Sue read it aloud to her parents.

"No claws showing there, certainly," Mr. Adams said. "Her letter sounds as though she has become a very charming young woman."

"That I will have to see," Sue said, stuffing the letter back into the envelope.

Rebecca arrived one evening in time for supper. The meal went off very nicely and Rebecca helped Sue with the dishes. She seemed so delighted with the tiny attic bedroom that Sue was almost ashamed to show her own room with its twin beds, dressers, and closets—a room perfectly designed for two girls. But Rebecca seemed to understand perfectly that Sue preferred to be alone now that Julie was married.

In fact, as the days passed, Rebecca seemed to understand so many things, and to fit so beautifully into the household, that Sue was more than puzzled at the change in her cousin.

"She's different, Mother," Sue confided one night late in September. "I'm almost glad for the teachers and kids at school to know that she is my cousin. I certainly hadn't expected to feel that way. Something mighty revolutionary must have happened to her in the last few years."

"I was cleaning in her room this morning," Mrs. Adams commented, "and I noticed a rather well-worn Bible on the bedside table. I wonder if that has had anything to do with the change we notice in Rebecca."

"I can't imagine her getting religious," Sue smiled. "But if that's it, I'm all for it. We'll find out. She'll be wanting to go to church."

"The lady down the street was telling me about a lovely new little church over on Market. If Rebecca wants to go to church you might go with her to see if you like it."

"Now, Mother," Sue chuckled her mother under the chin, "two religious girls in the family would be more than this household could stand, don't you thing? Besides, Tom and I are playing tennis that morning. If Rebecca wants to go to church I'm afraid she'll have to go by herself."

The very next day as they were eating lunch, Rebecca asked where the Adams went to church.

"I haven't gone to church since I was a little kid," said Sue. "But Mother says there's a nice little church over on Market. I'll show you where it is on our way back to school. Then you can find it."

"Wouldn't you like to go with me?" Rebecca invited.

"Thanks, but Tom and I are playing tennis. If you'd like to play with us, maybe we could get Clyde to make it a foursome." Sue felt very generous indeed as she made the offer.

"I'd love to play with you some other time," Rebecca replied, "but I like to go to church."

"Okay," said Sue, "but I'd rather not be so stuffy."

"Sue!" her mother said reprovingly, "that was neither kind nor true. Rebecca is not stuffy, as you call it."

"Sorry, Rebecca," Sue apologized. "I guess you're not—but religious people usually are, at least the ones I've known."

"There is a difference between 'religious' people, and real Christians," Rebecca said.

"Tell us about it some other time," Sue interrupted. "If we don't run, we're going to be late for biology. And Mr. Carter doesn't take kindly to latecomers."

The two girls slid into their seats in biology just as the bell rang. "Saved by the skin of your teeth," Tom leaned over to whisper to Sue. "Carter's on the war-path today. Clyde told me at lunch that he's been lecturing all morning on the antiquated ideas that some religious people seem to have concerning the creation of the world. Seems as though somebody on that test yesterday raised his ire by quoting the Bible. I'm glad somebody had the nerve to challenge his statements. It's about time."

Sue looked at Rebecca sitting across the aisle from her, already at work with her microscope. Somehow she knew that it was her cousin who had dared to take issue with the teacher, and she could not help but admire her courage.

Suddenly Mr. Carter rapped on his desk for attention. "Rebecca Adams, will you please repeat for the class the idiotic statements you made on the test yesterday concerning the creation

of the animal kingdom.

Sue felt sorry for Rebecca as she saw the color drain from her cousin's face. But Rebecca stood quietly and began, "I think I began by stating what the textbook says, then I gave an explanation of the account of creation as the Bible gives it in the first three chapters of Genesis."

As Sue listened to Rebecca's calm recitation of the Genesis account of creation, she marveled more than ever at the change in her cousin. The Rebecca she had known would never have bothered to raise an issue in the first place, nor would she have taken so calmly the teacher's scorn. What kind of religion had Rebecca met up with, anyway?

When her cousin sat down, Mr. Carter said in an icy tone, "That, my dear pupils, is an example of the antiquated ideas of so-called religious people. I trust that no one else in the class will be so foolish. You may spend the rest of the period on your microscope work."

Sue was glad that the teacher became immediately occupied with a book on his desk. She did not want him to see the admiring glances cast in her cousin's direction. Another scene might not end so quietly. And Sue had had enough to disturb her for one day. She simply must find out what had changed Rebecca.

But Rebecca did not even mention the biology incident until Sue brought it up that evening when she described the scene to her folks. "And Rebecca was simply superb," she finished. "I would have been scared to death. How did you manage not to tell him off for his trying to make you look like a fool?"

"I was scared," Rebecca admitted, "but I asked the Lord to help me."

No one at the table seemed to be able to think of a suitable reply, so Mr. Adams changed the subject. But Sue couldn't get Rebecca's remark out of her mind. She talked as though God was a personal friend. "I believe there is a God, all right," she thought as the girls did the dishes, "but Rebecca seems to believe or know something about him that I don't know."

When the girls went to their rooms to study, Sue couldn't keep her mind on her books. It was a hot night and it would be even hotter in the little attic bedroom. She looked around her lovely big room and made a sudden decision. Taking the steps two at a time, she burst into her cousin's room. "Look, Rebecca," she said, "that big room of mine needs two girls in it. Why don't we move your stuff down there?"

"Oh, do you really want me to?" Rebecca's eyes showed her delight.

"I want only one thing more," Sue said. "What has made you different? You're not the same girl who kicked my shins that time we were in the mountains. Remember?"

Rebecca picked up the Bible from beside her bed. "The answer is here, Sue."

"Then take it downstairs first," said Sue. "We'll get the rest of your things, and then I'll dig out my Bible. I haven't read it for years, but whatever is in yours ought to be in mine. Come on, let's get going."

—Dorothy Morris in HiCall.

Somewhere East of Warsaw

For two hours I had stood in line in the wrecked shell of Warsaw's station. Finally I pushed my way through the multitude and climbed aboard the train. The aisles were jammed and my compartment already overtaxed with occupants. We were packed in like so many cattle.

Glancing from the crowded misery of the train compartment as we crept across the countryside, I could see the bombed out bridges, the destroyed stations, and the burned homes left in the wake of the German and Russian armies.

A day passed — then a miserable night. We changed trains several times. I was cold and hungry, but so was everyone else. I had a sandwich in my pocket, but I couldn't eat it with all those hungry people looking at me and there was no place to escape their eyes. I was sharing for a brief moment the misery of postwar Poland.

Little did I know that in a few hours I was to have one of the most humbling and arresting experiences of my life. My complacency was to be shattered and my heart filled with a new gratitude for the Christian influences that led me to the Savior.

On the second day my train pulled into a tiny station, somewhere east of Warsaw. A few Christians met us. They were almost beside themselves with joy. Then began a long cross country hike to the strategic town where

we were to preach the Gospel. These Christians insisted on carrying our baggage although they were weak and some lacked proper shoes for their sore, bleeding feet.

As we approached within some distance of the town, we were met by a curious crowd of young people and children. They strolled beside and behind me gazing all the while at my clothes in amazement and wonder. Upon entering the city, curious elders thrust their heads out of windows to look at me as I walked along the cobblestone street.

Word spread like wildfire that the strangers would speak in the Town Hall very soon. While we were offered some thin soup, the "makins" of which we brought along, and some chunks of black bread, the crowd gathered from the whole countryside. We elbowed our way through the packed throng surrounding the Town Hall. The building was filled to its capacity; even the aisles and windows were jammed with people. The platform was so crowded that I could not move my feet in any direction while speaking.

That night we preached the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and hundreds of decisions were made — decisions for time and eternity. It was apparent that most of these simple folk had never before heard the plain Gospel message. Time after time

(Continued on Page 15)

Poetic Gems

THE BOOK SHE WOULDN'T READ

Her Bible's, oh, so dusty,
And she's quite forgot to pray;
But she entertains at luncheons,
And she drives her car each day.
She's very, very careful
On acquaintances to call;
But the Word of God—the Book of
books—
She never reads at all.

She is fond of moving pictures,
She, her club each week attends;
Introducing every speaker
To her new and stylish friends.
Yet her Bible still is dusty,
For somehow she doesn't care
To peruse its sacred pages
With their riches waiting there.

I am sorry for this woman,
With her Bible thick with dust;
In her search for worldly pleasures
She will find some day she must,
That she took from life the tinsel,
When she might have had the gold;
When she left the Book dust covered,
Saddest story ever told.
—Susan Martin in Gospel Herald.

* * *

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

All things are possible to Thee,
Oh, Lord, we know it's true;
The little things we cannot see
The things we cannot do,
Oh, praise Your Name, are easily done
With little pain or fret.
You help us gain, the battles won,
You have not failed us yet.
It's we who fail to do our best—
It's we who do not meet the test.

We look at things and groan and say,

"I can't go through, I'll fall,"
But oh, You help us to obey—
Help us to conquer all.
You give us strength in time of need,
Encouragement in grief;
And sometimes, You from Heaven
feed
Our hungry souls, and bring relief.
It's we who take our hand from Thine,
We cannot blame Your Name Divine.

You take us over rocky roads,
You pull us from the mire;
But oh, You take away the load
And help us to go higher.
We thank You for each task, each
tear,
For things that weren't so nice to
do,
Because the times that seemed so
queer,
Are just the times You took us
through.
We thank You, Lord, for victories
won,
But oh, we know You've just begun!
—Sel.

SILENT SWEARING

○ If the devil cannot get you to swear with the tongue he will try to get you to swear through the hands or feet. Slamming a door when you are angry is hand-swearing. When you have been corrected and go out the room as though each step would put holes in the floor, you are foot-swearing. Sometimes a swear spreads over the face like a cloud across the sky.—J. M. Farrar (Sel.).

SOMEWHERE EAST OF WARSAW

(Continued from page 13)

the building was emptied and a new capacity crowd admitted. The hours flew by until we were exhausted—we had preached for six and one-half hours — and still the people came.

Finally the flesh couldn't stand more and we ended the meeting. We went out in the dark pressed by a great crowd of people who had been unable to get in. Their faces could not be seen, but their presence could be felt. The rustle of their clothes and the murmur of their voices told of hundreds who had not yet heard about the Savior.

An old man plucked persistently at my sleeve. He was wrinkled and shriveled and bowed down with age. He hung on to me through the jostling crowd, talking excitedly all the while. I asked my interpreter what he was saying. "He wants you to tell him if his piece of paper is really from the Bible," the interpreter said. Then slowly and with infinite care the old man took some cloth wrappings from a folded paper he had drawn from his inside coat pocket. The page was yellow with age, its edges were ragged, and it bore every indication of having been much read. "Why, this is a page from the Book of Exodus!" cried the interpreter, and he told the old man in his native language.

"I have read this page again and again all my life," said the old man, his voice trembling with emotion. "I thought it was from the Bible, but I was never sure. There is something different about it — this I know. But I have always wondered what

comes on the next page." And he began to weep. He asked for my Bible saying it was the first Bible he had ever seen. He took it turned it over and over. Then he thumbed some of the pages carefully and held it as one would hold a baby. He gently peering at the print and murmuring softly to himself. Past eighty years of age, almost ready to die, at last he had a copy of the Word of God in his hands for the first time.

My heart went out to him. I thought of the abundance in America. Bibles in department stores, Bibles in ten cent stores, hotels, churches, and most of our homes. I thought of Bible distributing agencies, tract societies. I thought of the different copies I had, different sizes, bindings, and translations. It isn't fair, I thought. There isn't equal distribution of the Word of God throughout the world.

Then I thought of the millions more in central and western Europe without God's Word — millions like this old man. I remembered how in France people had asked for the "Gospel of St. Claude," thinking that each of their saints had a Gospel named after him in the Bible. The masses know nothing of the Book, and those who have the Word usually have no one to point out the way to Christ from its pages as Philip did for the Ethiopian eunuch.

Yes, the old man had my Bible in his hands with its wondrous message of salvation. But alas, he could not read it. It was not printed in his own language. Gently and understandingly I took my Bible from his hands. I had to leave him that night

"some-where east of Warsaw."
—Roy Evans in Gospel Gleaners.

GOSSIP

IT TAKES COURAGE

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are, and not pretend to be what you are not.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To live honestly within your means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace, and dignity for years before the lie can be corrected.

To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another."

—*Success Magazine.*

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.)

Lavish—(Isa. 46:6) bestow profusely; very abundant; extravagant; unstinted.

Perjured—(1 Tim. 1:10) to falsely tell when sworn to tell the truth; proven guilty.

Redound—(2 Cor. 4:15) to rise or surge; overflow.

Deemed—(Acts 27:27) to think; judge; support; have an opinion.

Heath—(Jer. 17:6; 48:6) a tract of waste land; a place uninhabited.

I am more deadly than the screaming shell from the howitzer. I run without killing; I tear down homes, break hearts and wreck lives. I travel on the wings of the wind. No innocence is strong enough to intimidate me; no purity pure enough to daunt me. I have no regard for truth, no respect for justice, no mercy for the defenseless. My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and often as innocent. I never forget and seldom forgive. My name is — gossip!—*Atlantic Journal.*

THE WARMTH OF LOVE

A man found frost upon his windows, and tried to scrape it off. A neighbor saw him. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Getting rid of the frost," said the other, "for I can't see out."

His friend saw it was foolish and slow work, so quickly said, "Light a fire inside, and the frost will disappear of itself."

How wise this remark, for if our hearts and lives have gotten chilled by the cold atmosphere of doubt and reason, ask God to light the fire of His love within us, and soon there will be warmth and light and joy, both in heart and life.—*Sel.*

Life is divided into three terms—that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

—*Wordsworth.*

Answers to *It's Your Guess*
2, 4, 7, 9, a; 1, 5, 8, b; 3, 6, 10, c