

2
6157

Christian Youth Herald
and
Gospel Call

Vol. XLX, No. 1

Stanberry, Missouri

July 19, 1954

Wings of a Dove

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying,
Far down the pathway of the West,
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying
To be at rest.

"Pilgrim of air!" I cried, "could I but borrow
Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every careful sorrow,
And find my rest."

But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving,
Back came the dove to seek her nest
Deep in the forest, where her mate was grieving,
There was true rest.

Peace, heart of mine! no longer sigh to wander;
Lose not thy life in fruitless quest,
There are no happy islands over yonder;
Come home and rest.

—Henry Van Dyke, D.D. (Sel.)

Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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

OFFICE EDITOR

Elaine D. Christenson

Entered as second class matter Jan. 8, 1950,
at the Post Office, Stanberry, Mo., under the
Act of March 3, 1879. Owned by the General
Conference of the Church of God (7th Day),
published weekly (except one issue during the
annual camp meeting in August, and one dur-
ing the last week of December) at Stanberry,
Mo.

Subscription Rates: Single copies,
\$1.75 per year; six or more to one ad-
dress \$1.50 each per year; foreign
\$2.25 per year.

EDITORIAL

The other evening my daughter and I were lying out on a quilt in the back yard of our home, trying to keep cool. It had been a very hot, humid, day, and now a breeze from the north had come up to help bring a pleasant respite from the heat.

It was a beautiful evening. The sun had set, and it was in the twilight hour when the first star appears. The light which still remained in the west from the fading sunset, gradually darkened into a deep indigo blue as we gazed toward the north and south.

We were looking up into the branches of a huge tree above us and on up into the heavens above. This gazing finally brought on the remark that the tree must have a million leaves on it. Our next thought was that there were millions of trees in the world and each one had many leaves, so how many leaves were there in the world? This led to the thought as to how many blades of grass were there?

As we thought on similar things, one remark led to another until we suddenly noticed the electric light and telephone poles in the alley. From each of these poles were many wires leading to the various homes in our block. We soon speculated on how could one small wire carry enough electricity to run all the appliances in our home. Another thought was, how could one tiny wire carry the conversation over our telephone? How could they keep all these wires straight? The question was asked, how many millions of wires were stretched here and there over the world—some in underground tunnels in the larger cities. As we meditated on and on, we were carried away till we could think only of how vast and wonderful was this world in which we are living and how small and insignificant we seemed to be.

We were made to think of the marvels of the man-made miracles of science and how fallible they are, and how great and infallible is God. We do not need telephone wires to carry our messages to Him. He can hear us as easily as if we were standing next to Him. The wires never need repairs if we keep in tune with Him. Even though we are a tiny speck, and are much like one blade of grass among millions in our smallness, yet He is watching over us. Let us ever put our trust in Him, for we are precious in His sight.

Love gives itself; it is not bought. —Longfellow.

“Good habits are the best
magistrates.”

Christianity's Plight

By Ray Straub

THOSE who read this paper are no doubt part of a small group which still has an appreciation of reading. Few people take time to read anything other than literature directed toward the sensational. A depressingly large class of people read nothing other than a newspaper or magazine. It is not necessary to read in order to learn. Now we have so many mechanical devices that take our time and, in a measure, keep us informed also.

This tragic loss of appreciation for good literature has not only befallen the worldly people, but also more than half the members of our own congregation. It has separated us from the reading of God's Word and from those who have valuable advice to offer us in regard to His will toward us. It has alienated us from one of our most valuable contacts with God and godly men.

How many Christian youth of America are regular readers of at least one religious publication? How many of you readers read this paper regularly? There are numerous people who think it is not only a good idea, but a necessity to read good literature, yet they fail to take time to do so. Because of this and many such laxities, many people who were once faithful now begin to doubt God and His divine powers.

There are some doubts that are not necessarily harmful. It is not a sin to doubt dogmas, theologies,

and insignificant private opinions. Countless propositions are voiced that no man need believe. It is sinful to doubt God. Some have become so contentious about their dogmas, they have given their love for God a backward seat and have caused men to do likewise. Others have become so interested in modern curiosities that they have failed to renew their love and faith in God.

If we take away faith we have nothing left to Christianity. It is true that we do not have the signs and wonders today when we should have more power from God demonstrated amongst us. However, that is no excuse for lack of faith.

Thomas, the apostle, is an excellent example of the many of us who persistently doubt. He simply could not believe until he saw the signs. It was fortunate for him that Jesus was there to meet Thomas' demand so that he could believe. Many of us are not that fortunate. After Thomas' confession he heard this humbling admonition and encouragement from our Master: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We are qualified to receive this blessing. So few, though, take time to appreciate and believe in their heavenly Father.

Every nation of power believes it has the answer to the great question of how to obtain peace

and prosperity. There are also many cults and organizations within the nations that have the answer, supposedly. If you are a true believer in Christ, you *know* the answer. There is a large number of us who claim to know Christ and His teachings, but our ideals seem to get the least attention of all. Why should a philosophy with so many believers put forth such a weak front? Where is the influence of the millions of Christians the world over? Why is Christianity so powerless? Let us discuss three important reasons.

First, we, as a whole, are wrongly named. Christian means Christ-like, and how far short do we come in this vital matter? We have too little fire within us. Jesus took life seriously, but we lack seriousness of purpose. Jesus' burden was the preaching of the kingdom of God, and He did not fail to spread the message throughout the area of His activity. He compared the kingdom to many things, trying to get the multitude to comprehend the weightier things of life. To His disciples He said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" and taught them to pray, "Thy kingdom come."

We need to become born-again enthusiasts of the kingdom of God. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" is the message we need to preach. To preach this message should be the burden of our hearts.

Jesus was humble. How far short do we come in being Christ-like in this respect? Do you know of any instance where Jesus expended a great deal of energy in caring that His disciples would

not be hurt? We spend so much of our lives defending ourselves and our opinions. We are selfish instead of selfless; childish instead of childlike. Until Christians are Christlike, Christianity will be powerless.

Secondly, much of that which is called Christianity has no influence because it is worldly. Our churches have been corrupted with ungodly practices in an effort to compromise with the fleshly lusts of its members. The programs and instructions of the Master are of secondary importance. Young people and children are patterning their lives after movie stars, boxers, wrestlers, cowboys and senators. Very few of them think they should do things that would show forth Christian principles. Until Christians inject Divine guidance into their plans and forward programs under godly counsel, Christianity's influence will be nil.

Thirdly, Christianity accomplishes little toward fulfilling its goal because it lacks zest. It is a sad thing for gospel-bearers to have to admit that we have less zest than the Communists! Yet, in honesty we must do so.

Jesus had vision. He could see what there was for Him to accomplish in life, and He strove toward those goals. Ideas to Him were realities. So few of us have any far-reaching aims at all. We are only concerned about the problem at hand without regard to the distant future, and too often without regard to judgment and the life hereafter. We need to pray earnestly that God will open our heavy eyes and show us the path we must travel and the goal we must reach, and

(Continued on Page 15)

Who Has "Enmity Against God"?

The word *enmity* means "hostility; ill-will; hatred."

To be sure none of us have any intention of being at odds with our Maker, or holding any ill-will toward Him. Surely we want to be friends and servants of our Heavenly Father, for we need Him and His grace and mercy. God forbid that we court His disfavor, and thereby lay up in store for ourselves the "just recompense of reward."

More than once in the Bible we read words like the following, or which mean the same: "And the thing which he did displeased the Lord . . ."

It is bad enough when we unwittingly or thoughtlessly displease the Lord in things we say or do, but it is exceedingly dangerous to displease God presumptuously or with a careless and "I don't care" attitude. Please take a moment's time to read Numbers 15:30 concerning the sin of presumption. We should know these things and know them well, that it may be well with us.

There are times when we displease or even offend our friends without knowing it, and wonder how it happened. However, on the other hand, real friends do not take offense easily. With God and us, it is a matter of right and wrong, a matter of doing our duty, never shirking. Doing our duty is staying on the right side. Do you think there are such things as half-and-half Christians?—half the time Christians, half Christians and half worldly?

James makes it plain that "whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." This does not mean we must not be friendly with sinners, else how would we ever win souls to Christ? But we do not have to flock with them?

In addition, James said, ". . . know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" And John said, "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof . . ." He covered sin very well when he spoke of "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life . . ." (I John 2:16). All things so classified by the Lord will pass away.

To compromise with the world is plainly spiritual adultery (see James 4:4). Ancient Israel failed on this point, probably more so than on any other one point. How about it today?

Is it easy to give up the things of the world which we should, when these things are on every hand and at our fingertips? The world with its great and deceptive ways of advertising practically shouts at us, "Come, take of my wares; come come, flirt with me and I will give you many things."

The enemy says, in effect, to some who are at least somewhat concerned about eternal life, "You can go to church once a week, but walk with me the other six days. My wares are desirable and pleasing; take them while you may."

Amos asked, "Can two walk

together, except they be agreed?" Can we walk with the world in agreement therewith, and then also walk with the Lord as though we were in harmony with Him? How is it possible to sincerely agree with both? There is a definite line of demarkation. There is a definite difference between the world and Christ. There is to be no blending of the two. To attempt such an amalgamation is simply trying to serve two masters. Some call such doings hypocrisy. God deliver us from even the thought of daring to so live.

In Romans 8, Paul said "the carnal mind is enmity against God . . ." While *carnal* pertains to the flesh and its desires, it includes things "secular." Secular "pertains to this present world, or things not sacred; worldly; temporal," says the dictionary. Carnal is shown in the Bible to be the antithesis of spiritual.

The longing for things spiritual does not come to us naturally. We are not born with an urgent desire to always do right and seek things above. We must cultivate spirituality, and this must be done, not weekly, but many times a week. It is necessary to discipline ourselves and brings our desires and ambitions into harmony with God and His Word. It is very needful for us to continually ask God to help us by His Spirit to grow more spiritual day by day. The Word of God is spiritual food for the soul, and we must feed on it, think on it, and let it become the sole master of our lives. If we must force ourselves to read the Bible, does it not indicate something is wrong?

If we are truly a new creature

in Christ (2 Cor. 5:17) and our desires for old things—things worldly—have passed away, will we not love the things freely given us of God? If we have risen with Christ will we not seek those things at the right hand of God?

When the "flesh" has been crucified, it is not a *sacrifice* to give up that which the carnal mind longs after. Does that which is dead have any longing?

The spiritual mind is anxious to keep away from that which pertains to worldliness. When we have reached this standard of living in Christ, we will not be "enmity against God," but we will be friends and joint heirs with Christ.—By L'Roy.

FOLLY OF BEING POWERLESS

If an electric car stands motionless on the tracks, it is nothing against the power of electricity. If an invalid has no appetite, and cannot go out of doors at night, it is no argument against things good to eat and the joy of starlit air. If a man does not know a flower by name nor a poem by heart, it is no indictment of the beauty of a rose or the charm of some poem. If we bear the Name of Christ, and give no other sign of Him; if we go through the forms of Godliness, but live powerless lives, it is a thousand reproaches to us. To be powerless when Christ has all power, and we can have all we want, is an arraignment to which we can make no answer that is not self-incriminating. — *The Missionary Review of the Word.*

There is an awful lot of "loving" in "living."

Made New

Naomi arranged the chairs on the sunny end of the porch. "It isn't too cool to sit out here, is it?" she asked as she pulled another chair across the porch for herself, and sat into it.

Paula shook her head. "This is perfect weather," she said, taking a deep breath. "And it might not be this nice very long — I'm glad we decided on this week for the weiner roast, aren't you?"

Marian agreed, studying the toe of her shoe at the same time. "I stubbed my toe and almost fell down the library steps."

"Speaking of the library steps," Paula laughed, "we got the game book, Naomi. And there are some real cute ones in it — wait'll you hear them."

"Wait a minute," Marian whispered. "Someone is coming up the walk, Naomi."

Naomi turned, and without moving from her chair, watched the girl walk the length of the walk from the street to the steps. She stopped on the bottom step and looked up at the girls, and for a minute, Naomi wondered if she would speak or burst into tears. But she gave Naomi a sacred smile and began. "Do you know where Sandra Creighton lives?"

Naomi shook her head slowly and looked at the other girls. They were gazing in an amused way at the girl on the steps, who looked more uncomfortable by the minute. Naomi suddenly felt sorry for her. "Does Sandra Creighton have a phone?" she asked, standing up. "Maybe I could find her

address in the telephone directory."

The girl brightened. "Maybe so," she said. "I'm visiting my aunt down the street, and she told me which house Sandra lives in, but I guess I got confused."

Naomi went into the house and took the directory from the stand with an irritated jerk. Why she bothered, she thought as she ran her fingers down the list of C's, she didn't exactly know. To say she didn't know hadn't been enough — oh, no, she had volunteered to do a little detective work and find this lost Sandra Creighton. Creighton — Donald Creighton, 419 Maple Street, two doors down the street on the other side. This must be the lost Sandra.

After she had told the girl the listing, and pointed out the house, she was rewarded with the most relieved smile she had ever seen, and she was glad she had gone to the trouble to help her. She watched her go directly to the house she had pointed out, and then turned back to the girls.

"Well, Miss Helpful," Paula laughed. "Are you getting a servant's salary?"

Naomi laughed and pulled her chair closer, now ashamed that she had been irritated with the girl. "All in a day's work," she said. "Where's the game book?"

Marian produced it, and the session started, winding up about two hours later in the kitchen over sandwiches and hot chocolate. "That's enough—more than

(Continued on page 10)

TEEN



READ SLOWLY AND MEDITATE

1. Does my life please God?
2. Am I proud to be a Christian?
3. Do I shelter in my heart any feeling of disgust or hate toward anyone?
4. Do I study my Bible every day? (Why not?)
5. How much time do I employ in secret prayer?
6. Have I obtained some direct answer to my prayers?
7. Have I gained some soul for Christ?
8. Do I appreciate time and eternity as things of true value?
9. Do I pray and work for the salvation of some one?
10. Do I have anything I cannot give for Christ?
11. Where am I committing my biggest mistake?
12. How do those who are not Christians see my life?
13. Do I place anything in preference to my Christian duties?
14. Do I use the Lord's money in an honorable way?
15. Am I negligent in my acknowledged debts?
16. Is the world better or worse for my living in it?
17. Am I doing anything that I would condemn in others?
18. Do I have a clear conception of my place in the Lords' work?

—Avivamiento (Revival) Magazine, published in Medellin, Columbia, by the Interamerican Missionary Society, copy of May, 1954. Taken from Christian Digest—July, 1954.

GOD'S JEWELS

We cannot expect God to bless us, or prosper us, unless we obey Him and seek the interests of His Kingdom. If we remember Him, He will remember us.

Those who fear Him by often thinking of Him, and speaking about Him, are recorded in His Book of remembrance. Such are called jewels, or special treasure.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name."

We all know how jewels are prized, and cared for. They are kept safely. None need fear that God's jewels, His special treasure, will be neglected. Christ will care for them. He may have to polish His treasure by chastisement, but that shows how God cares for us. He wants us to shine, and not cast His pearls before swine.

If the jewels seek the company of swine, He will tear them away



TALK

from sinners, even if He has to use extreme means.

But if God-fearing saints speak often one to another about their Lord, they will be thereby kept from the swine. Fearing God and keeping the means of grace, meeting with God's children, and bringing the tithes for His cause, is the very means that God uses, to keep us in remembrance, and to keep us from falling, making us shining, glistening gems for His crown. You see God does a lot for us, but we have to let Him do it, by doing our part. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." His love does compel us, our love compels us to.

—*Faith.*

Jesus Only

Leonardo Da Vinci, the Italian painter, produced that wonderful picture of the Last Supper. He had worked on it for months. Finally he admitted some intimate friends to view it. One, in whose judgment he had great confidence, stood in rapt admiration, then said: "How wonderful is that golden cup in Christ's hand!" The artist seized a brush and daubed black paint over the cup. Da Vinci wanted nothing to compete with Him whom he intended to portray for wooing the hearts of men.—*Sel.*

THE LORD HATH NEED

"Nobody seems to want me," said a young girl forlornly. "I'm a cripple and in everybody's way."

As she spoke thus to herself, she chanced to be passing a book shop. Her eyes fell upon the words, "The Lord hath need."

She repeated the words a number of times so she would not forget them. When she reached home she looked them up in her Bible.

"Jesus once needed a donkey," she said. "Perhaps He wants me—a cripple. I'll ask Him."

Forty years later a lame Bible woman died—mourned by hundreds of people. That woman was once the little lame girl.

It does not matter who you are, the Lord needs you. If you will give your life to Him, He will use you for His glory in just the place where you can serve Him best.—*Gospel Sunlight.*

What Christian Workers Need

"Love, that will not fail.
Faith, that will not waver.
Courage, that will not flinch.
Perseverance, that will not stop.
Earnestness, that will not trifle.
Sympathy, that passes none by.
Simplicity, that will not confuse.
Tact, to use best means."—*Sel.*

(Continued from page 7)

enough, probably," Paula said, slamming the book closed and gathering up the stack of copied games. "I think they'll be a lot of fun, don't you?"

"Yeah," Marian said, draining the last drop of chocolate from her cup. "Hope Davie is satisfied with them—maybe he'll improve my grade a little if he is."

"Davie" was called Mr. David usually, at least to his face he was so addressed. But being History teacher was one strike against the grey haired teacher, and being the Senior Class advisor was another. Paula laughed. "He will. Will like the games, I mean."

"Now you'll bring the straws and spoons and some beans, didn't you say?" Naomi nudged Paula as she wrote. "And you won't forget them . . ."

Marion was standing in the window. "Naomi, here comes your friend down the street again. And she smiled at the empty porch as she passed. Want me to rush out and smile back?"

As Naomi washed up the dishes after the girls left, she thought it all over again. And before she had put the last cup away, she had made a resolution. And she owed it to Marian and Paula, who would laugh themselves into hysterics if they knew. For in them, Naomi had seen what she did not want to do—be unfriendly and critical.

"If that had been I," she reasoned, "I would have felt silly standing there that way."

And if it had been I, I think I would have appreciated being offered a chair and not being made

to feel as if I were intruding. If it had been I—"

And before Naomi snuggled down between the warm blankets in her bed that night, she made a promise—to herself and to the Lord. "I'll never again be haughty and ungracious to anyone, Lord. Help me to always do for other people what I would like to have done for me . . ." She smiled in the darkness. "Funny I didn't think about that Scripture that commands that," she thought. "Christians are commanded to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, and I thought I was volunteering something extra!"

After that, even though it took a lot of reminding herself of that promise, Naomi did that very thing. When Mrs. Lambert next door needed someone to take care of her dogs while she went away for a week, Naomi offered. And when her brother Paul needed a loan, she made it—the amount of two dollars, with no date set to return it.

The wiener roast was Saturday night, and it was a big success. Someone had loaned a pasture for the occasion, and the bonfire they built was one which could only be built by a senior class.

"Let's play Flying Dutchman, and make the circle around the fire," Marian suggested. "That would be best, don't you think?"

Evidently everyone thought so, and soon the game was going as all games of Flying Dutchman go. Letha and Tom were going one direction and Ann and Grady the other when Naomi nudged Marion. "I think everything is going okay, don't you?"

But before Marian answered, there was a squeal from Letha as

she broke into the circle, and a scream as she slid into the burning red coals of fire around the edge of the bonfire.

The circle broke and everyone ran to her. "How badly are you burned?" Mr. Davis asked when he helped her to her feet. "Hmm, just that place on your foot? Not too bad, but I imagine it hurts plenty—right?"

"I think I'll sit the rest of the game out, anyway," Letha smiled as the circle formed again."

"She's sitting alone," Naomi thought as she took Marian and Steve's hands in each of hers in the circle. But Naomi didn't relish the thought of missing this game—I'll do for others, Lord . . ."

"Oh, don't stay out of the games, Naomi," Letha told her when Naomi dropped down on the grass beside her. "You go ahead—I'm all right."

Naomi smiled. "I'd rather sit the rest of it out, too," she said, examining the burn on Letha's foot.

"You know something?" Letha said, and when Naomi looked at her she thought she saw tears blurring Letha's vision. "I *knew* that you, of all the others, would drop out of the game to sit with me. Kid, I wish—" and now the tears were rolling down her cheeks. "I wish I were like you—so thoughtful and all. I honestly want to be . . ."

As Naomi tried to think just how she could explain to Letha how the Lord helps those who trust Him, she paused enough to thank Him for showing her an old commandment, but making it new!

—Jewell Ready in HiCall.

Give this paper to a friend.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST ATTENDS 'YOUTH FOR CHRIST' RALLY

(Former Roman Catholic priest, J. A. Fernandez, recently was engaged in a year's speaking tour throughout the country. He was the main speaker at a Youth For Christ rally in a small rural community in Oregon, where, he writes, the following occurred:)

As I drove up in front of the modest building where the Youth For Christ rally was to be held, I was told the building was packed with Roman Catholics and the local priest was coming down the street. I instantly recognized that since the service was not held in a Protestant Church the Roman Catholic people and their priest felt this was a good opportunity to attend a service conducted by a former Roman Catholic priest. The startled Protestants in the community looked askance, but I assured them that I was delighted with the opportunity to preach to my own Roman Catholic people, and that services where I had been the speakers, have often been visited by Roman Catholic priests. In Hartford, Connecticut, last winter as many as six priests in their clerical garb attended one of my meetings.

I went to the door to greet the priest. When I shook his hand I noticed it was full of cold nervous perspiration. After exchanging a few formalities, the priest said to me, "I hope you will go back where you belong."

"Where do I belong?" I inquired.

"In the Roman Catholic Church, of course," he replied, adding, "you'll be better off there."

I answered, "I may be better

off there physically and financially, but not spiritually. Roman Catholicism offers me financial security, but not eternal security."

"Tell me," he interrupted, "aren't you ashamed to come to places like this and associate with these heretics?"

"Jesus won't be, neither am I," I replied.

"But why did you leave the Church?" he questioned.

"I'll answer that in a few minutes."

"I'll be interested in what you have to say," he answered, walking to a front pew.

The service opened and was conducted in the regular manner. When I first addressed the congregation, as is my custom, I inquired of their denominational affiliations. I finally asked, "How many Roman Catholics are here tonight?"

I was amazed to see the raised hands of many of the people sitting in the center pews. Their priest also looked surprised.

It was a marvelous opportunity for me to bring the Gospel to this large Roman Catholic audience. I started by reading Titus 3. After a brief prayer, I told them the story of my conversion, how God saved, guided and protected; then I pointed their attention to the true way of salvation—salvation according to God's Word, by grace, through faith in Jesus Christ, Who is the way. I concluded my message by bringing out the great principles of the Protestant faith: the universal priesthood of all the believers, salvation by grace through faith, the infallible authority of the Bible, to be interpreted according to the light received by the individual from the Holy Spirit,

Who is its author and infallible interpreter, and the One Who guides us into all truth.

The congregation was most attentive and some faces expressed signs of real conviction. Immediately after my message the priest left the service, his people following him in silence. As I watched them one by one leave the church, I thought of the Pharisees and the only sermon that Jesus ever wrote.

But this is not the end of the story. That night I prayed as I never did before; I prayed that God's Word would work in the hearts of those people, as He promised it would not return unto Him void.

The following night I preached in a large neighboring city and when the invitation to accept Christ as personal Savior was given, several hands were raised expressing a decision to follow Christ and accept Him as personal Savior from sin. Among those whose hands were raised were two Roman Catholics who attended the meeting the night before.

Praise be the Lord, whose Word never comes back unto Him void.

—From *Converted Catholic*.

There is this difference between the two temporal blessings—health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.—*Colton*.

"For His Mercy Endureth For Ever" Psalm 136

By Mary Holbert

DISCOVERING the Psalms is a strengthening experience. This is especially true, if one makes the Psalms discovery a "time exposure" instead of a "snap shot." We should read quietly and slowly, alertly and searchingly, with our inner responses attune with the message we read.

With these ideas in mind, read Psalm 136. Every verse ends in "for his mercy endureth for ever." Read the verses leaving this out, and you have a story of God's mercy from creation even down to our day. God's mercy is enduring, and we should be thankful to God for this. This Psalm is David's exhortation to give thanks to God for particular mercies. We do say in our prayers, "Thank you, Lord, for these many blessings"; but often we forget to thank God for particular mercies shown to us. David's writings are full of praise and thanksgiving. We should take his exhortations to heart.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good." God is good. Doesn't that bring a warm feeling of comfort to one's heart? God is good—words to cover us as a warm coat on a cold day!

"O give thanks unto the God of gods." "O give thanks to the Lord of lords." God is supreme. He is all powerful. "For the Lord your God is God of gods, and Lord of lords, a great God . . ." Deut. 10:17. God is supreme—

One we are not ashamed to acknowledge with thanksgiving and praise.

"O give thanks":

"To him who alone doeth great wonder."

"To him that by wisdom made the heavens."

"To him that stretched out the earth above the waters."

"To him that made the great lights . . . the sun to rule by day . . . the moon and stars to rule by night."

Do we take for granted the miracle of creation? The Psalmist is telling us to give thanks to Him who made the heavens and earth and the great lights. We should acknowledge God's power. There is much to remind us of God and His enduring mercy—the springtime with its sunlit green of newness, a starry sky on a moonlight night, the harvest!

Who has not heard the story of God bringing His people out of bondage in Egypt? It is a familiar story that never grows old. David tells us to give thanks:

"To him that smote Egypt in their first born . . . and brought our Israel from among them . . . with a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm."

"To him which divideth the Red Sea into parts . . . and made Israel to pass through the midst of it . . . but overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea."

"To him which smote great

(Continued on page 16)

Poetic Gems

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all! and thus today,
Communing you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessed day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true,

Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So today and all thy days
Shall be molded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.
—Frances Ridley Havergal, in Gos-
pel Herald.

All who would win joy, must
share it; happiness was born a
twin."—Byron.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

By Jean Groce

"YE are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

We, as Christians, are instruments whom God chose to make use of to enlighten the minds of men. As God uses the sun to shine before men, so that it will brighten their way, we are as a city that is set on a hill, which cannot be hid. A city thus situated gives light that can be seen for miles and miles throughout the country. The same can be said of a person who lives a Christian life. Such a life is something very high and sublime. It places us in view, and as a mark, for the malice of carnal men.

We are as a light which brightens people's lives, for a Christian's privilege is to be always fighting for the salvation of others. In doing this, we have to live lives that can be set as an example for others; which shines as a light to others.

Do you, as a Christian, let your light shine before men? Or do you try to live a Christian life and hide the marks of a Christian? It is quite impossible for a true Christian to hide the marks of a Christian. He cannot hide his good morals any more than a city on a hill can hide its light.

Also, remember that you are always being watched by other people; so, if you are a Christian you will have your standard of living set very high, and then you will be a shining light for others that they may also glorify the Father which is in heaven. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Fa-

ther which is in heaven" (Matt. 5:16).

CHRISTIANITY'S PLIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

then may He give us ambition and strength to travel nobly.

We also lack the vision that looks beyond our immediate selves, to the needs of those around us. Christianity is now composed of those who will help the needy as soon as they have all the material things they have wanted since childhood. Our compassion hardly goes beyond our immediate families and circle of close friends. We forget the facts about eternal life contrasted with hell. In permitting countless spiritual deaths we jeopardize our own souls. Christians need to wake up, starch their banners and hold them high to be seen of all men, instead of wearing them as underclothes. We need many more eyes and fewer tongues!

Jesus had difficulty at times in getting the multitudes to understand what He was teaching. Therefore, He used numerous comparisons. We have them recorded in the Gospels today. They speak mostly of the kingdom of God. The mustard seed, the sower, the ten virgins, the sheep and the goats, the tree bearing fruit and numerous others demand vision in order that understanding may be gained. With all our knowledge, our eyes are still shut to the marvelous philosophies brought out in these parables. We fail Jesus in lacking the vision He so emphatically stressed we should have. Until Christianity's eyes are opened, the road to accomplishment will remain a conglomeration of the oblivious.

Christianity needs men in which God has absolute rule. We need to be so God-possessed that all our actions will be God-directed. May the scales fall from our eyes; our bodies cleansed of leprosy; our hearts purified; and our minds singled to the great work God has for His children.

**"FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH
FOR EVER"
PSALM 136**

(Continued from page 13)

kings . . . and slew famous kings.
. . . Sihon king of Amorites . . .
and Og that king of Bashan . . .
and gave their land for an heritage . . . even an heritage unto Israel his servant."

The story of God's bringing His people out of bondage into a land which was to be an heritage is told here in few words. God's enduring mercy made their deliverance possible. If we read the record we know that the Israelites did try God's patience, but God still brought a remnant through "for his mercy endureth for ever."

David goes ahead to say "who remembereth us in our low estate . . . and hath redeemed us from our enemies . . . who giveth food to all flesh." These words apply to the children of Israel, but hasn't God done these things for His people of all ages, right down to our time? Today God remembers us in our low estate, redeems us from our enemies, and gives us both physical and spiritual food.

From the depths of our hearts we can echo the words of the Psalmist: "Oh give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever."

THE BONES GO TO CHURCH

Quite often wishbones go to church
And do a lot of wishing,
But if a headache's coming on,
They spend the day a-fishing.

My, how they wish the church would
grow;

More go to Sabbath School;
The choir greater interest show;
A good sermon were the rule.

Then there are the jawbones
Who always have their say;
They scold, advise, and criticize,
And drive the folks away.

They forget it takes a Samson
Who knows how to wield this bone,
And without just such an expert,
The jawbones should stay at home.

But, oh, those faithful backbones—
They really do the work;
Pick up the load and carry on;
Not one is known to shirk.

They go to church on Sabbath morn
To swing doors open wide,
And then shake hands with all the
bones
To welcome them inside!

—Florence D. Wolfe in *The S. S. Banner* (adapted).

NOT NEXT DOOR—BUT HERE

A recently converted drunkard was speaking at a street meeting. He talked about the Lord Jesus Christ so warmly and with such enthusiasm that at last a man in the crowd cried out, "You talk as if Jesus Christ lived next door to you!"

"No, indeed," answered the speaker, "He lives nearer than that. Jesus Christ lives and dwells by His Holy Spirit in my heart."

—Sel.