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## Little Things

*It takes a little muscle, it takes a little grit,  
A little true ambition with a little bit of wit.*

*It's not the biggest thing that counts, and makes the biggest show;*

*It's the little things that people do, that make this old world go.*

*A little bit of smiling, and a little sunny chat,  
A little bit of courage to a comrade slipping back.*

*It takes a kindly action, and it takes a word of cheer,  
To fill a life with sunshine, and to drive away a tear.*

*Great things are not the biggest things that make the biggest show;*

*It's the little things that people do, that make this old world go.*

—From The Speakers Library, Washington, D.C.

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## EDITORIAL

There is a story about a janitor of a church who had a pet peeve. It seems that one day he happened to overhear some member of the congregation telling the pastor that they would not be there for the next prayer meeting in their bodies, but they would be there in spirit.

Now the janitor of the church was not a "milktoast," but he did have a productive imagination. He never had been afraid of ghosts before, but when he thought about those people's statement, he did come up with a creeping sensation.

How would he feel coming into the church after dark, supposing there might be any number of spirits in the room? One would not know which seats they were occupying, or where they might be. One might happen to sit right down beside one, he thought, and not know it. They might come to church after the meeting had started, as that is the habit of some of their bodies. The jani-

tor's wish was that these people would bring their bodies with them when they attended church and prayer meeting, because he thought everyone would feel better about it.

We rather like the final thought of the janitor, too. How many times have you heard people say that they would be with you in spirit if they could not be with you in body? Sometimes people use that idea of being with you in spirit, for a good excuse to stay away from a meeting. They think that statement will serve as a good pacifier for their absence.

The Lord tells us to not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, and more so as we see the day approaching. We should make every effort to attend the service. Of course there are times when one is incapacitated and cannot attend, and his reason is acceptable, but how many times do people come up with such flimsy excuses for not attending a service.

If we were to attend a service where several were said to be there in spirit, and not in the body, we might think we were at some kind of a spirit meeting. It would cause us to have a spine-tingling sensation were such to actually take place.

The next time someone tells you that he cannot be at the meeting, but will be there with you in spirit, you might let them know you would prefer seeing his person because you don't believe in ghosts. Then, too, we feel that if they attend physically instead of spiritually, they would receive more of a blessing since their spirit ears cannot hear that well.



# "He Loved Him As His Own Soul"

By L. L. Christenson

**I**T IS hoped that our readers are familiar with the touching bit of history surrounding the quoted title above. Briefly: Israel had just won a great victory over the Philistines following David's defeat of Goliath. King Saul had taken special note of this son of Jesse as he saw him "go forth against the Philistine," and inquired about him, but Abner couldn't give the king any information. What do you think it was about David, that drew the attention of the king to him? Can you think of several possible reasons?

When David returned "from the slaughter of the Philistines, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand." (See 1 Sam. 17 and 18). The king talked with him, and during the conversation Prince Jonathan listened in, and we read, "And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

Both Saul and Jonathan were very much impressed with something about this young man. Was it his bravery, fine physique, handsome countenance, outstanding winsomeness, character, or still more? What do you think? He had what it takes to make friends—close friends—and it is indeed well for us to develop

and cultivate just such qualities of character.

There are other stories of such love. One of them is that of Ruth and Naomi. Even our Savior had what we might call some special friends. Two of these were Lazarus ("Behold how he loved him"), and John the beloved. Not that Christ was partial, for He loved all, but it is not unreasonable to believe that He liked some folk in a certain way better than others. Divine love may be a shade different than this particular love here mentioned.

Now all of us are acquainted with many people. And we realize that the second commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and that the word "neighbor" as used here has a broad scope. It is true that some of the people we know, we like better than others, but even those we may like less for some reason or another cannot arouse any "ill-will" in our hearts toward them, if the love of God fills us as it should. A man once asked me if I would shoot Hitler (that was during the war), if I had the opportunity. I did not reply that I would, but rather let God do as He saw fit. "Fret not thyself because of evildoers. . . . For they shall soon be cut down like the grass . . ." Ps. 37.

The contrast between a Christian and one of the world is that in place of hate for those who do



ill to us we have "pity" inspired by love for their soul. Even though the Jews were Christ's worst enemies while He was here, He wept over them, longing to gather them into His fold; but they refused.

David spoke of those "that love the Lord, hate evil . . ." (Ps. 97: 10). ". . . I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me" (Ps. 101:3). He did not hate the person or soul of those who work iniquity, but he hated their works. Of Job it is said, ". . . one that feared God and eschewed (shunned, avoided, abstained from) evil." Amos says, "Hate the evil, and love the good . . ." (ch. 5:15). I do not think Amos meant to hate evil "people" and love good "people," but we should shun, loath, abhor, have an antipathy toward, and flee from evil of every kind. Some seem to have an affinity for evil, and if we can't do them good it is best to leave them alone. We are to pray for those who despitefully use us. It is "evil" in those who practice it that we may hate, but at the same time both pity them and have a desire to help them to the saving of their souls, if possible.

In the world, along with *hatred* usually goes ill-will, snobbishness, a desire to get even, which may flame into violence and murder. God knows the heart, and He considers hatred as murder.

The antithesis of hate is love. "God is love," and we want God to dwell in our hearts that we may have the proper attitude toward all people. We need to pray that God will shed His love into our hearts. Where love reigns, all of its antonyms are chased away. Where love has control, it will

not allow one to talk negatively of, or find fault with, and complain about the things in our fellow men we may not fancy.

Once again let us consider the many people we know, or know about. Many of them we consider our friends; some close friends, and some very close friends. It may be hard for most of us to pick out, let us say, just three people we consider our very best friends, for we would want to put more than three in this group. One point I want to stress can be put this way: Think of one of your very best friends; name a number of the qualities he or she possesses that causes you to like him or her. Surely you consider these points of character of great value. Are they worth imitating, or developing in your own life? We cannot be exactly like other people, but there are many qualities of character we can all practice. Now, then, have you ever thought that you, yourself, may be counted among someone's very best friends? Not to flatter one's self in so thinking, but we need to take a character analysis of ourselves now and then, and then in prayer ask God to help us put away traits, habits, or whatever it may be, that hinder proper Christian character development, and fit us to be of use in helping our fellow men. With such a prayerful mind and attitude, make a double effort to see how many friends you can make, or how you can improve existing friendships. If some people try to avoid you, give them no occasion to say you have shunned or hurt them. It is hardly possible to cause everybody to like us, but we can do all people


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# God's Word--Our Light

By LeRoy Dais, Midwest Student

*"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path"—David.*

ONLY a child of God, one who has come into the light of His Word, can realize the darkness by which the people of the world are surrounded. Yes, only one who has become acquainted with the Word of God can see the tremendous difference between the God-given light and the faint light which the worldly man thinks he has acquired by himself.

The Scriptures clearly state the conditions of the natural heart and mind to be a state of darkness. The natural man is under "the power of darkness" (Col. 1: 13); he is controlled by "the rulers of the darkness of this world" (Eph. 6:12); his works are "unfruitful works of darkness" (Eph. 5:11); he cannot see "because that darkness hath blinded his eyes" (1 John 2:11).

Because a person can acquire this light from God, he must be brought to the realization that he is in darkness; he must recognize the fact that by groping in darkness he will never be able to find the peace and joy for which the heart yearns. Above all, he must bring into consideration the fact that the power of darkness will lead him unto utter destruction.

God is willing and anxious to shed the light on anyone who has the desire to come in out of the darkness. The first rays of light will draw the sinner unto repentance, for they will give him a

vision of how our Lord Jesus Christ suffered and died on the cross for each of us as individuals. Certainly, every man, woman, or child must feel selfish when they think of the great love of God, which was manifested by Him in giving His only begotten Son to be slain on the cross; and that Jesus Christ, though blameless as He was, gave His life that we might live.

Once Christ has come into our hearts we can feel assured of the future, for He will fill our hearts with love, satisfaction, understanding; and, along with all else, "Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5:12). This new light will give one the understanding of God's Word and will enable one to live according to God's commandments and laws, "For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; . . ." (Prov. 6:23). So, through logical reasoning, we can conclude that once a person has invited Jesus to come into his life, and if one will look to God for His guidance, he no longer needs to be in darkness.

Just as all mankind exists in a state of mortality and survives for only a short period of time (1 Peter 1:24), so it is with any earthly light. But it is not so with God's Word and light, for it will never fail, and will never pass away (Matt. 24:35). With this assurance, it is foolish for mankind to rely on an earthly



light, the endurance of which is only for a short time. We might consider these "earthly lights" to include the teachings of paganism, the teachings of false doctrine, the teachings of evolution, and all else that contradicts or opposes the Bible.

When we think of how the Holy Bible has been able to exist from the time its various books were brought together into one volume until the present day, we realize that it is truly a great miracle. Through the years, the men who were interested in the Word, started to translate it into different languages and to reprint its pages so that more people could become acquainted with it, and they were greatly persecuted by the rulers of different countries. It was against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church to bring the Word of God to the common people; only the priests were supposed to have Bibles.

Although some of these men were put to death when governments found out what they were doing, some of them, such as Wycliffe and Tyndale, were bold and zealous enough to go right ahead with their work, no matter what the consequences might be. One author likened the spreading of the Bible to a little story of an Irishman:

This Irishman built a wall four feet wide and three feet high. When someone came by he asked the Irishman why he was so foolish as to build his wall wider than its height. The Irishman replied: "I built it that way, so that if the storm should come and blow it over, it will be higher afterward than it was before."

—Sidney Collett, *All About*

*the Bible*, (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.), p. 62.

Surely, it is the same way with the Bible. Many storms have come up against this sacred book, but steadily and assuredly its standard among other books rose higher and higher until today it is the most important book of all. With such a miraculous survival in the past years we can be all the more assured that the Holy Word will do likewise in the years to come.

Since the Bible is a light that will lead us away from our transgressions, and show us the way of salvation, it makes one to wonder why the world is in its present condition even though there is at least one Bible in practically every home, especially our own country.

It makes one wonder how a country can call itself a Christian nation and, yet, it is filled with wickedness, and ungodliness; and it would not be wrong to say that a thick, dark cloud is overshadowing it and is tempting even those who do have the true light.

A person must admit that the majority of the people do have a little light of God's Word, but he is justified to say that the darkness in them so strongly overpowers the light that it becomes impure and defiled. We might liken their knowledge of God's Word to a lamp that is untrimmed and low on oil, the globe of which is completely covered with soot, except for a small crack on the front side.

This small crack will admit only enough light to pass through to faintly brighten the path right

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# If You've Never Been Tempted To Cheat, Don't Read Of Barby's Dark Secret

Barby whirled down the steps of Central High, her fleecy blue coat billowing around her racing figure. The bright sun dancing on the bushes mocked the tragedy in her face.

"It's done," inward voices clamored, "it's DONE." And, Barby reflected wryly, no one in the entire student body or staff of Central High would ever know. No one would ever suspect Barbara Kay Simms, known affectionately among her friends as "Barby the Brain," of grand larceny—because that's what her actions amounted to! She had stolen 1500 polished, glowing words written in 1868 by a man known as Edgar Manley Bard. And, what's more, she reassured herself defiantly, I'm glad! Her thoughts flew back to the events of last night . . .

She was sitting in the worn leather chair in the "Hermit's Nest" as Dad had laughingly referred to his den in the attic under the eaves. During the last few months of his illness, he had spent long hours up there with his beloved books. Since his death Barby had felt somehow closer to him up in his "Hermit's Nest" and often brought her books up there to study.

She had been sitting at the wide oak desk, eyeing the black keys of the old typewriter beligerently. She had hoped tonight to make a rough draft of her entry in the contest, "What Our American Schools Have Meant to Me." Tonight she just had to get

something started—there were only three days left to enter the competition. But no words came—nothing fresh—in fact, nothing at all. The overflowing wastebasket was mute witness to countless false starts.

Winning the contest was so important. Everyone realized that it would play a large part in the scholarship to the State University awarded this year to the student voted "most likely to succeed." Barby realized, too, that the main competition would come from Friederike Schiller, that brilliant German girl who had enrolled in Central High just three years ago. She and her parents were displaced persons, being sponsored by the Collinses to work on their large dairy farm.

She drew aimless hierglyphics on the margin of her paper as she remembered that Friederike of three years ago. Awkward in her heavy brown shoes, Friederike had stumbled and sprawled across the threshold of the 10th grade assembly hall on enrollment day. Everyone had tittered as she clambered up, her face flaming scarlet with embarrassment. Barby had jumped up to help her retrieve her scattered pencils and notebooks. Through the next few hard months, Barby had been Friederike's close ally. She had always admired "Freddie," for that's how Friederike's name had inevitably been shortened, for her eagerness to learn and her enthusiasm. She had defended

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# TEEN

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## DON'T LET AN UMBRELLA OBSTRUCT YOUR VIEW

A man who was considered poor once met a famous millionaire who was working diligently, and becoming richer every year. The poor man made just enough to support a growing family and take them on a little vacation once a year. He said gently to the rich man, "I am richer than you are."

The millionaire looked nettled. "How can that be?" he asked.

The poor man smiled. "Why," he said, "I have as much money as I want, and you haven't."

Ambition is a fine thing, and a necessary one, but there is much in knowing when we have enough. Life is filled with the tragedy of people who are going to start living when they have just a little more money. But so many of the joys of life cannot be bought with money, and will not wait until we have the financial security upon which we are so dependent. Better a small joy now, when the family is together and in the mood for it, than an expensive world tour tomorrow, when it may be too late.

It is right to save for a rainy day, but the fear of future rain may obscure the present sun. We must remember that money can be saved up to spend later, but

years can't. Sometimes a simple pleasure purchased for a small amount now, and shared with someone we love, will prove far more lasting and valuable than future wealth when we are too tired or lonely to care. Here is today; the future may never come.

Let us save what we can, but remember that the people who do not acquire the fun habit early in life, when they have a great capacity for enjoyment, may not be able to learn it later, no matter how much they spend.

Poverty and wealth are so often a state of mind. The man who has scrimped and saved for years will probably keep on doing so. Rich people are those who think they are rich. They are like the little girl in the poem:

*"If she had a broomstraw  
Stuck in her hat,  
She'd think it was a feather—  
She's like that."*

This is today, and the sun is shining. Don't let an umbrella obstruct the view.

—Dorothy Stickwell in Sunshine.

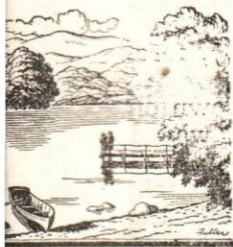
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We pardon as long as we love.  
—Rochefoucauld.

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Religious contention is the devil's harvest.—Fontaine.





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# TALK

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## ONE WAY TO ANSWER

When someone insists that the parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16) is literal, in an effort to prove people go to heaven or hell at death, try this for a reply:

Now if this parable is all literal, then Abraham's bosom is literal too. Nothing is said about heaven or paradise in this parable and we dare not add either of them. Nothing is said about a funeral for the beggar. We have no objections whatsoever to real angels literally appearing and bodily carrying away anyone who dies. Nothing is said about the soul so we dare not add anything about a soul departing from the lifeless body and going any place.

The Bible does not teach that we can by-pass the resurrection or detour around it and receive our reward before Jesus comes bringing it with Him.

—Written of the H. & Call.

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## TODAY HAS PASSED

Whatever it held of good or evil is now woven into the inevitable pattern of life. I cannot recall one unkind word, nor retrace one foolish step. The tapestry is woven. I might look at the pattern and regret the threads of selfishness, the ravels of hate, but

I cannot remove them, for they are now a lasting part that holds together the weavings of today.

I may search for a thread of human kindness, may look for a touch of love and beauty to give color to my drab design, but if I did not weave them in my gleanings of today, I cannot add them.

Today has passed.

But if tomorrow comes, it will offer me a clean and empty loom, and fresh strands of hope and faith. Perhaps then I can weave a lovelier pattern, with less of the gray of care and the purple of pain, and more of the gold of truth, and the blue of trust, and the shimmering white of faith and purity.

Perchance I can throw open my mental blinds so that there may be reflected upon my loom more of the sunshine of cheer and the hope of optimism. Perchance I can focus upon the beautiful instead of the ugly.

I will not be mortgaged to the past. Today is no more.

—Leola Archer in *The 20th Century Christian*.

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"Pity swells the tide of love."

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God is great, and therefore he will be sought: he is good, and therefore will be found.

—John Jay.



## BARBY'S DARK SECRET

(Continued from page 7)

Freddie vigorously when Sylvia Haan had started an insidious whispering campaign against her. Sylvia had maintained that there was something suspicious about the Schillers always speaking German at home and had refused to be in the same orchestra with Freddie, accusing her of being an "enemy alien."

What a different girl Freddie was today. With pluck and perseverance she had overcome her humorous struggle with the American language until today she spoke with just a mere hint of intriguing accent. With her boundless vitality she had plunged into the activities of the school and had won everyone with the alert sparkle of her wide blue eyes and her winning smile. Her eyes under the beautiful cloud of wavy blond hair were always filled with enthusiasm.

What a tribute to our American schools Freddie would write, thought Barby. In her glowing sincere way Freddie would tell her story and none of the judges would be able to resist the magic in the words. Yes, thought Barby mutinously, it would be a crowning triumph for Freddie to win the contest but it's equally important for me. How else will I ever manage to get to college with Dad gone and Mother and I just barely able to get along?...

A shout penetrated the thick misery of her thoughts. Running footsteps echoed behind her and then a strong, right arm spun her around.

"Wow," Jerry huffed and puffed elaborately, "you should have come out for track! I've been trying to catch up with you for a

block. You must have been doing a mile a minute!"

"Oh," Barby said lamely, forcing a smile. "Hi."

Jerry beamed happily down on her. "Yes sir, that's the way I like my girl to react—full of vivacity and sparkling small talk for her steady guy! What's the matter? I thought you'd be on air after getting that contest entry in."

"Have a heart, pal." Barby tried to match his lighthearted mood. "A girl can't be radiantly beautiful and dazzlingly clever all the time!"

"I just saw Freddie turning in her contest entry," Jerry drawled. "She came bouncing out of Miss Greenwood's room as bright as a brass button. Say, Barby, she doesn't have you worried, does she?"

"Worried," Barby's black eyes snapped, "of course I'm worried. It would be wonderful for Freddie to win and I'd even try to be happy for her, but it would be disastrous for me. College will be out of the question for me without a scholarship. What will I have to look forward to except a full-time career clerking in the Busy Bee Bargain Basement? And Mom—how about Mom? What will she have in the future except more years of pecking away at her typewriter?"

"If I do manage to win," she continued stormily, "Freddie will still get her college education if she wants it. Mr. and Mrs. Collins are just as proud of her amazing progress as if she were their own daughter. They'll see that she gets any break she needs and they have the money to do it. But no one is watching out for me but me, myself and I. Why



else do you think I did it . . ." She broke off hastily, guiltily.

For a minute Jerry studied her thoughtfully. Then he said teasingly, "Simmer down, Cinderella, it isn't as bad as all that. Don't ever forget that as Christians we have God on our side—He's watching out for us. You don't have to do it all by yourself. Maybe God has some other plan for your life, other than college and a big dazzling journalistic career—such as the plain comfortable role of being just plain Mrs. Jerry Brent in a couple of years!" Then he went on to talk lightly of the Senior class barbecue scheduled for that night . . .

Barby's thoughts had flown back to the night before. She had just about blurted out her guilty secret to Jerry—the secret that from now on she would have to conceal and live with. And, she reassured herself rebelliously, it isn't hurting anyone else but me.

She had been idly opening and closing the drawers on Dads' desk when her eyes had been attracted by a thin leatherbound volume. How much Dad had loved to browse through second-hand book stores in search of some additional book treasures to add to his collection. Idly she flicked the pages. Suddenly her eyes were magnetized by an essay titled simply, "Our American Schools." She quickly scanned the pages and then sat very still. It was good—very, very good. The words sang and yet were sincere and simple. Suddenly her pencil flew. With just a short sentence, perhaps in the third paragraph, mentioning the Korean war and the boys fighting there that our schools might go on teaching the democratic way of life, it would be

perfect. With just a few penciled changes the essay might have been written yesterday instead of ninety years ago.

Quickly then she had typed it—her fingers racing madly to drown out the protests from her heart. And in the same frenzied haste she had rushed into Miss Greenwood's office today and turned in the stolen essay as her own.

Barby was pulled back to the present by Jerry's voice. "Fine company you are," he teased. "We've walked the whole six blocks to your house without a single word from you. If that isn't one of the Seven Wonders of the World!"

"My abject apologies, Sir," Barby forced some gaiety into her voice. "I promise to be my old scintillating self tonight at the barbecue if you still plan to stop for me at 6:30." Then she raced into the house.

The barbecue was a huge success. Happy shouts and the aroma of sizzling meat greeted Jerry and Barby as they walked through the fragrant spring night to Phelps Park. Barby's coppery hair glistened in the firelight and her eyes were black and feverish with excitement. She had dressed quickly for the barbecue in a bright green pullover and skirt and had escaped restlessly from the house, not being able to meet her mother's eyes as she asked affectionately how the contest essay was developing.

As they neared the campfire, a figure all in red detached itself from the group around the fire and whirled toward them. "Barby," Freddie's gay voice rang out, "did you get your entry finished for the contest?"



"Such as it is," Barby answered weakly, "it's in."

"Oh, Barby," Freddie's words tumbled out. "I just have to tell you now. I made you the theme of my essay. I told how when we first came to this country you were the symbol of America that I tried to pattern myself after. You were democratic to me as no one could ever merely explain it. My folks and I read that address of Lincoln's where he said that this country was 'dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' I didn't know what he meant until I met you. I know I was funny and awkward and clumsy, and you were pretty and popular and smooth. Still you never once showed snobbery or disdain as you could so easily have done. I told in my essay how I'd learned more about democracy from your example than in our American history and government classes combined. I've never forgotten . . ."

"Oh, no, no, no," Barby choked incoherently. "That's not me you're talking about. I'm not that way at all I'm a cheat . . . and, . . . a thief . . . You don't know me at all." She sobbed hysterically and rushed headlong into the darkness leaving Freddie and Jerry staring after her.

Blindly she fled through the soft night until she reached 817 Linden—Miss Greenwood's apartment house. There to an astonished Miss Greenwood she blurted out the story, her eyes downcast and her smooth cheeks flushed with shame.

"I guess I got sidetracked somewhere," she finished. "All my life I've been taught and have practiced putting my trust in God that He would work out the de-

tails of my life. But lately I've rushed ahead of Him and clung to this firm belief that I just had to win this contest and the scholarship and never even spent a moment on my knees asking God if that was His plan for my life. I kept telling myself that no one would ever know that I had copied until just now when I realize that the One I care about the most knew my terrible secret all the time. God gave me the courage to come here and ask you to tear up my entry in the contest. And He'll give me the courage to go back to explain my actions to Jerry and, and Freddie. I must have left them awfully confused," she concluded ruefully.

Miss Greenwood's eyes were kind. Quietly she picked up Barby's entry, tore it into pieces and dropped them into the waste basket. "Barby," she said softly, "I don't know God as you must, but if He gave you the courage to make this difficult admission then I'm sure that you can trust Him to guide your future."

—Marion Perkins in HiCall.

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It is quite right that there should be a heavy duty on cards; not only on moral grounds: not only because they act on a social party like a torpedo, silencing the merry voice and numbing the the play of the features; not only to fill the hunger of the public purse, which is always empty, however much you may put into it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery with number one at the head is the best part of them; and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves.—*Southey*.



## The Deception of Sin

By Jean Groce

SIN is any act in which one disobeys and wilfully or forgetfully fails to keep God's commandments; it is, essentially, a departure from God. A person who sins is one who suffers Satan to reign over him with a willing mind, for he is ruled by gluttony, intemperance, deceit, pride, anger and ill will.

We know that all the sin that has darkened human life and saddened human history, began by one believing a falsehood, that is when Eve was tempted in the garden. Although being tempted, she was not compelled to sin. Only when she took of the forbidden fruit did she sin. Since that time all people have sinned.

Romans 3:23 says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." This includes you and me—we have come short in bringing glory to God. If we recognize our sins and confess them, it is the beginning of our salvation.

To have salvation or the promise of eternal life one must be converted. And to be converted, one must be forgiven of all sins which he has committed. To have forgiveness of sins we have to go to God in prayer, and pray earnestly that He will forgive us of all our transgressions.

Often the reason why people transgress God's commandments is because they do not want to give up what they call happiness. We should know that God did not give the commandments to us to cause unhappiness in keeping them, but He gave them that we might find happiness.

When we look around to see

who is happy, whom do we see? No, not the worldly people, but the true Christian. They keep God's commandments. Many people cannot seem to understand this, and so they sin against God. We find that when a person sins once, and doesn't ask forgiveness, his sins are like circles in the water when a stone is cast into it—one sin leads to another.

We know also that the wages which sin bargains for with the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it *pays* him are torment, destruction and death.

If you have unconfessed sins, confess them to God now. The Word says, "Blessed are they whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin" (Rom. 4:7, 8).

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"HE LOVED HIM AS HIS  
OWN SOUL"

(Continued from Page 4)

good when the occasion presents itself.

The closest kind of friendship is found among brethren of like faith in the Lord. One can find closer friendship with brethren in the Lord than in relatives out of the Lord. "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him" (1 John 2:10). "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (ch. 3:14).

May God help us to love one another, "consider one another to provoke unto love," and have a character and spirit that will help others, and make it easier for them to fulfill 1 John 3:11 toward us.—*Gospel Call to Youth.*



# Poetic Gems

## PRONOUNS

The Lord said,  
"Say We."  
But I shook my head  
Hid my hands behind my back, and  
said  
Stubbornly,  
"I."

The Lord said,  
"Say We."  
But I looked upon them, grimly and  
all awry,  
Myself in all those twisted shapes?  
Ah No.  
Distastefully I turned my head away,  
Persisting,  
"They."

The Lord said,  
"Say We."  
And I, at last  
Richer by a hoard of years  
And tears,  
Looked into their eyes and found  
The heavy word that bent my neck;  
Then bowed my head  
Like a shamed schoolboy I mumbled  
low,  
"We, Lord."

—Author Unknown.

\* \* \*

## MY DUTY

Just to be faithful in things that are  
small,  
Just to walk steady where others  
may fall,  
This is my duty to Him.

Just to be friendly to those I dislike,  
Just to act kindly when others would  
strike,

Just to keep busy with things that  
are right;

This is my duty to Him.

Just to drive somebody's darkness  
away,  
Just to make brighter the world of  
today,  
Just to strew flowers along life's  
pathway;

This is my duty to Him.

Just to let Jesus have perfect control,  
Just to know daily His grace makes  
me whole,

Just to have Heavenly grace in my  
soul;

This is my duty to Him.

—Silent Messenger.

\* \* \*

## OPPORTUNITY

I ask no one to lift my load,  
No one my burdens bear;  
I ask that all along life's road  
I may my talents share.  
If I my brother's keeper be,  
My course in life is plain:  
To note his needs unceasingly,  
And spare him every pain.

The talents which have graced my life  
Were given from above;  
That in this world of sin and strife  
They'd shine like light and love.  
What right have I to hide their power  
While lives are sorely stressed;  
My chance to serve is every hour—  
Lord, help me give my best!

—Orson Clark in Sunshine.

Music washes away from the  
soul the dust of everyday life.

—Auerbach.





### NICHOLAS - JELLISON

Miss Beverly Jean Nicholas, daughter of Sister Luella Nicholas of Lebanon, Oregon, and Paul Jellison, son of Sister Eunice Jellison of Albany, Oregon, were united in marriage on Sunday, June 20, at 3 p.m. in the Scrael Hill Church of God (7th Day). Elder Ennis Hawkins performed the ceremony.

Miss Barbara Nicholas, sister of the bride, sang "My Wonderful One" preceding the ceremony, and "God Will Take Care of You" at the close. She was accompanied by Miss Dorothy Haffner.

The bride sang, "God Gave Me You" before the ceremony. She was given in marriage by her mother. She wore a gown of white taffeta and carried a white Bible, a gift from the groom, topped with a small bouquet of roses.

Miss Marilyn Neill was maid of honor, and Misses Jeanette Singleton and Geraldine Dennis were bridesmaids. The flower girl was Sharon Barnes.

Otis Jellison, served his brother as best man, and ushers were Robert Nicholas and John Jellison.

Barbara Nicholas and Ruth Jellison were the candle-lighters.

A reception was held at the home of Brother and Sister Charles Henion following the ceremony. Nila Yates, Merle Jenness and Beatrice Larson served.

Sister Jellison is a student at Oregon College of Education at Monmouth, Oregon, and Brother Jellison attended Midwest Bible College at Stanberry, Missouri, the last year.

After a wedding trip along the coast, the couple will make their home in Jefferson until September, when they will reside at Monmouth where the bride will again attend college.

We wish the richest blessings of God upon this couple as they take up their new life together for Him.

—Mrs. Merle Jenness.

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### GOD'S WORD — OUR LIGHT

*(Continued from page 6)*

in front of its possessor, and he is hardly able to walk along the middle of life's highway. Because his light is so faint, he cannot see the signs along life's highway which would show him the way; in fact, he is unable to see even the outer side of the road; so he doesn't know whether he's traveling the broad or narrow way. However, the fact that he cannot see the signs along the way, clarifies the fact that he is on the broad road because none can travel on the narrow without Bible direction.

With the true child of God, his lamp is trimmed and bright and is ever filled with oil. The globe of his lamp is kept clear, allowing the light to shine brightly upon his path and also shedding light



unto others so that they, too, can find the right way. God's light will lead them in the paths of righteousness (Ps. 23:3), just as the pillar of fire led the Children of Israel through the wilderness during the night.

Their final destruction shall be an entrance into the Kingdom of God, where "The sun shall be no more the light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory" (Isa. 60:19).

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### Texas Y. P. Report

The Three Rivers, Texas, youth program was held on June 26, 1954, under the direction of Johnny Smith. It was opened with the congregation singing "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Stepping In the Light," and "What a Friend." Melvin Sweet read Psalm 57 for the Scripture reading after which Brother Walker led in prayer.

A poem, "The Grumble Family," was read by Woody Harrod. Haven Harrod read the 23rd Psalm, and then John Crisp read the poem "Security."

Herman Rathke gave a reading, and then a song was sung by Doris Crisp, Sandra and Linda Modgling.

"The Things That Count" and "The Difference" were poems read by Wilma Rathke. George Crisp read the poem "Happiness" and Roy Modgling read "June Roses."

Wesley Sweet gave a reading, and then the congregation sang the hymn "To the Work." Lola McCann then gave a reading entitled "Cutting Serpents Teeth."

The poems "One Step More," "Surprise Prescription," and "Hallowed Be Thy Name," were given by Lindon Hicks, Sandra Modgling and Louis Hicks respectively.

Sister M. Harrod read "Our Life Compared to an Automobile" and then the congregation sang "Beulah Land" for a closing song. We were dismissed with prayer by Melvin Sweet.

Visitors at our meeting were Elder Kenneth Walker and family, Brother Frank Modgling and family and Brother George Crisp.  
—Wilma Rathke, Sec.

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### Please Explain

*Question:* How had the Galatians been bewitched? (Gal.3:1).

*Reply:* In the first chapter (v. 7) Paul said, "... but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ." Later on he said, "I would they were even cut off which trouble you" (5:12).

How were these false teachers troubling the Galatians? They were teaching contrary to Paul's pure gospel. Of them Paul said, "... they constrain you to be circumcised," and the apostle showed that this rite had been abolished. In chapter 5 it is explained that through this rite some were aiming to be justified by the law—the law containing this ancient rite. Paul showed that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," therefore we should be careful as to what we believe and practice.

Do we want our own way, or do we want God to have His way with us? Which is it?

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You believe easily what you hope for earnestly.—Terance.