

Christian **Youth** *Herald*
and
Gospel Call

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Today

*Oh brand-new day, I offer thanks
To Him who kindly sent you;
May what I write on your fresh page
Please well the One who lent you.*

*For truly you belong to Him,
No matter how I use you,
And I must give account, if I
Should carelessly abuse you.*

*The things I say and do today
Will never cause me sorrow,
If I should live today as though
There would be no tomorrow.*

—Sarah Carter Lewis in Gospel Herald

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EDITORIAL

When taking a journey through the country by car, occasionally we notice someone standing beside the highway usually with a small suitcase. This person is wanting a ride your way, and he is hoping you will pick him up. More often than not we encounter such a person at the edge of a city. When we do see such a person we are usually reluctant to pick him up since, we do not know him, and wonder how trustworthy he may be.

There are small fish in the marine kingdom which hitch rides too. The little fish called *Remora* have tiny sucking discs on the top of their heads. They attach themselves to other larger fish and get free rides through the sea. They do not have to hunt for food either since they feed on the flowing bits which the larger fish let go by. When there is a sign of danger ahead wherein they may be involved, they quickly hide themselves in the gill cham-

ber and then they are safe. The *Remora* does nothing to help its self-appointed host and usually a hitch-hiker does nothing more for his host than saying "thank you" when he departs.

There are people in the world much like the little fish we have told about. There are young people who attach themselves to others just for the benefit which they might derive from associating with them, but they never contribute anything to the one to which they cling. Young people like these are eager to get everything "free," without any exertion on their part. Some of the young people like these are not always the best Christians either. They slide along on someone else's merit. When they come to Sabbath school and church they cannot answer the questions which they are asked. This shows that they have been too lazy to read and study their Bibles during the week. They ride along on the name *Christian* without contributing anything to show that they are Christians. All they know about the Bible is what they have picked up here and there from the young people with whom they associate, and the young people's meetings they attend for something to do.

When any trouble comes up, young people like the sucker fish are unable to cope with the situation simply because they have not prepared themselves ahead of time by grounding themselves in the truths of God's Word.

We are to be strong in the Lord and not try to slide along on someone else's talent. We must learn to do God's will and depend on Him. We do not want to be hitch-hiking Christians.

Trust In God

By Eddie Mooney, Midwest Student

DO YOU trust in God? Everyone I ask this question immediately replies, "Why, of course I do!" Sometimes I wonder if they really do put their full trust in God. Sure, it is easy for us to say we trust in God when things are running smoothly and going our way, but let a single mishap occur, and where do we put our trust? I sincerely hope it is still in God, for in Him only can we find genuine relief from our sorrows and afflictions.

Whenever I see some of my Christian friends pass through a period of suffering, trying to figure out what sin they could possibly have committed in order to deserve the affliction they are suffering at the time, I immediately think of the story of Job and the lesson it teaches.

Job was a pious, God-fearing man, but was allowed to suffer. Now had Job been a wicked man of worldly character, the afflictions he suffered would have been regarded as deserved retribution. However, Job was a righteous man, so what could he have done to deserve the afflictions he received? The answer to this is that Job had done nothing to deserve his afflictions.

When people of little faith are told this, they immediately wonder how God could have been so unjust as to allow a righteous man, such as Job, to suffer so much for no crime he had committed. But this was not a case of God being unjust! God, with all

His wisdom, was merely testing Job.

Satan had declared to God that there was no such thing as sincere, disinterested piety; that only when righteousness was profitable in a material sense was it displayed, in which case it was not righteousness, but hypocrisy. The Lord denied Satan's accusation and cited Job as an example. Satan made no exception of Job, though, and wanted God to put Job to a test to see how Job would react if his blessings and comforts were taken away from him.

First, Satan was divinely permitted to justify his insinuations by taking away Job's possessions including his ten children. I wonder how many of us today would be able to keep our faith in God if such a thing were to happen to us? Could you? Job did. When he heard all that happened to him he fell to the ground and worshiped God.

Satan was not satisfied yet, but proposed another test — that of touching his person with painful afflictions. The Lord accepted the challenge and Satan was permitted to do his worst.

Job, of course, knew nothing about the debate between God and Satan. The test would not have been valid had he known, as it would be comparatively easy to suffer, if you were sure you were suffering to prove God's declaration of your piety. There would have been no problems to solve had he known. The question was,

would Job maintain his integrity, and what attitude would be taken if he knew nothing of the circumstances?

The problem of Job is very real. It is not merely Job's problem, but our problem as well. It is a problem that is world-wide today. How can we solve our problem so that it will have a happy answer? By true faith in God. Unless we put our complete trust in God, I very much fear for our outcome.

When Job received the painful affliction of his body, he had just passed a time of deep sorrow of losing his children and possessions, so it is easy to see why an entirely different Job appeared. His soul rebelled, and he cursed the day he was born. He began to wonder why he was the victim of such afflictions. He knew he had always lived a God-fearing life, and he did not feel he was being treated justly.

Far too many Christians of today feel the same way when they have to undergo some hardship. We must always remember to put our entire trust in God when troubles such as these arise in our personal lives.

Three of Job's friends came to view his condition in sorrow and silence for seven days. When Job could no longer stand the silence and spoke his rebellion, his friends protested. At first they treated him very considerately. Eliphaz could not understand how he, who had comforted so many in their distress, could not apply it to himself when he was under similar circumstances.

This question of Eliphaz's made me stop to think how much of the advice, that we as Christians hand out so freely, would we follow if we were put to the test?

I hope all of it, for what we teach is very true, and will work wonders if we apply it to our individual lives every day. If we are unable to practice what we teach, or in other words fail the test, how can we ever hope to help win souls for the Kingdom? With all the deficiencies a sinner has, he is not blind. We must put our trust in God at all times. If we do, our lives will show it, and will perhaps help win many souls for the Kingdom. Even one soul would be well worth it—and that soul your own.

Job's friends went on to assure him that the innocent do not perish and the righteous are not cut off. They told Job that God cannot act in an unjust manner. However, this did not solve the problem as Job knew that already, but felt he had done no wrong.

The friends thought suffering was the consequence of sin, and since Job was a great sufferer he had committed a great sin. In other words, they felt that affliction was always the result of sin.

We, as Christians, know this to be false. It is easy for many people to read the contentions of their friends and accept them as Holy Writ, and as instructions of the Word of God, not realizing they are nothing of the kind.

Job felt as his friends, that affliction was retribution, but he could not understand why God was being so unjust when he had been living a righteous life. He also knew great sinners who had escaped suffering and felt that God's moral government was very unjust.

It really is not so strange that Job made that error. The world of today is full of "Jobs" making

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Have You Ever Heard The Like ?

All of us have heard and read fairy stories. When we were small children, such stories captured our attention and thrilled us. If we did not know at the time, we soon learned that they were simply made up out of thin air by the active imagination of story tellers, and that they were not true.

Most of us have read some Greek mythology or heard heathen fiction. We have read of strange religions in far-off lands. And who isn't somewhat acquainted with Buck Rogers fiction, or some just as imaginative? There are thousands of books of fiction filled with wild imaginations.

What I am about to present in the following just about eclipses all of what has been mentioned so far. I have never heard the like—not that I recall at this time—and I doubt if many of you readers have. To say that in my opinion much of what I shall reveal to you is utterly fantastic, is describing it mildly. And, it is astounding that such comes from a religious magazine! The editor gives some of his ideas along with some ideas from three different books.

Here is one amazing example of how the editor applies the Scriptures: "Cain must have known about inhabited satellites, for he said to the Lord, 'Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth' (Gen. 4:14)." Reader, does this verse—

stretch it as far as you can—give you the idea that Cain went to some other world, planet or "what have you" to live after he took his brother's life?

On page three it is claimed that the "ancients knew that they could overcome gravity. If that Tower [of Babel] had been completed then they would have built earth satellites, or dwelling places in the sky. The book of Jasher says that the Tower rose so high that it took 365 days to transport building material from the ground to the top of the Tower. When that Tower fell, undoubtedly the earth was thrown off balance and great earthquakes and geographical changes in the topography of the earth occurred." That's interesting, isn't it? So is the story of Jack and the Bean Stalk.

Let's go on—there's more yet. This magazine claims that "there is: 1. a race of men above the earth. 2. a race of men on the earth, and 3. a race of men under, or inside the earth." No, that's not a misprint, it's a reprint—"men under, or inside the earth." On page four it is claimed that Christ "visited and redeemed the race of men that are inside of the earth" and that He then ascended up "through all the 'stories in the heaven.' . . ."

On another page it says that "Many more large areas or sections of the earth besides the Garden of Eden may have been thrown off or ascended into heav-

en—that is, beyond the gravity of the earth, and they may be inhabited. This is not at all impossible. All meteorites were once a part of the earth. No meteorites can come from another planet; all meteorites belong to this earth.”

On page two is a picture, a “Reproduction from ‘The Phantom of the Poles’ by W. Reed,” 1906. It is a picture of the earth with a hole in the top thereof, which is supposed to be several hundred miles across. Under the drawing are these words: “The earth is hollow. The poles so long sought are but phantoms. There are openings at the northern and southern extremities. In the interior are vast continents, oceans, mountains and rivers. Vegetation and animal life are evident in this new world, and it is probably peopled by races yet unknown to the dwellers upon the earth’s exterior. The Author.”

On page seven of this magazine it says when “the flood came the earth turned upside down. (Isa. 24:1). The energy from the sun was diminished to one-seventh of its previous strength and the energy of the moon decreased by 385,000 times its previous energy (Isa. 30:26). This cut down the longevity of man from as much as 969 years to from 20 to 100 years. Thus the curse of death was issued . . .” We do not believe the verses in Isaiah have any reference to such an application, or interpretation.

Page seven also claims that “the Garden of Eden which was an area 1200 miles square and 1200 miles high ascended unto heaven” when man was driven therefrom. Then “the regions on earth immediately surrounding

the Garden of Eden were frozen instantly.”

Page 8: “My opinion is that neither the North nor the South pole has been discovered. Even in the vast stretches of the Pacific there may yet be discovered new continents as large as North and South America. I say again that the poles and the latitudes and longitudes are theories and not proven facts.”

Now doesn’t that read like a fairy story mixed with some new Buck Rogers fiction? Imagine, then, trying to find Bible to bear it out! I am reminded of Paul’s words, “Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth” (2 Tim. 3:7). We must confess, however, that a knowledge of fiction is not *learning*.

God, through His Word, has revealed many things to man, but “The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: . . .” (Deut. 29:29), and the imagination of man cannot find them out.

—By L. L’Roy.

The Polisher’s Wheel

Sometimes the things against which we rebel most in life, and look upon as obstacles and hindrances, are the very things needed to develop our highest usefulness and efficiency.

We doubt not that if the diamond could express itself, it would rebel against the grueling, burning contact of the polisher’s wheel that grinds and polishes its several facets. Without the contact of the polisher’s stone, the diamond has little commercial value. The swift revolving wheel cuts into its surface and produces

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Pocketful of Posies



Henry furiously ground his teeth together and cracked the reins over the backs of the horses. They jumped and ran faster, dragging the rattling wagon behind them over the dusty road. The sun was down, and it was the time of day that songs of the west speak of—the time Henry knew so well and loved. This was always when he did his thinking—when the air cooled and there was a strange nothing between heaven and earth.

But today the only feeling Henry knew was a mixture of shame and embarrassment, and he suddenly grew angry that he had been such a fool. He glanced behind him, past the clouds of dust. He would never go back.

Automatically he glanced toward the tree where he had seen the sign that sent him to the brush arbor meeting in the first place. It was still there, and Henry had an impulse to jerk out the nails that held it and tear the words that invited him to the preaching services into little pieces. But he looked away from the tree and flipped the reins again. After all, he had stepped out of his place—he knew he was being nervy to dare try to join those folks who were so different from him and the way he lived.

And he really hadn't intended to sit inside on a bench that night—he wanted to hear the music and the singing, and he meant to stand outside the light. But the place didn't look very fancy—just rough poles holding up a lot of brush, and sawdust spread over

the ground under it. So Henry edged inside and sat on a bench, and nobody noticed him at all.

He sat through the sermon, forgetting all about the dirty shack-like house on the edge of the ranch where he and his father worked, about the fact that he had grown up with the feeling that he belonged to the lower class of people—the class that no one cared about. And when the lady who sat at the piano began to run her fingers lightly over the keyboard to make a background for the preaching as he begged the sinners to come and repent, Henry couldn't help what he did. He watched his shoes scoop sawdust up and scatter it as he made his way between the benches in front of everybody to the altar. He didn't look up when he saw the altar, but dropped before it and buried his face in his arms.

There were people gathered around him when he raised his head later and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. The preacher was right behind him, with both his hands on Henry's shoulders, thanking God for a new soul; and all the others were smiling at him, just as though he were one of them.

After that, Henry went every night to the arbor. Last night, just like almost every night, he got there early. He was sitting listening to the lady play tunes on the piano when a little girl came up to the piano with a vase of flowers.

"Oh, how pretty," the lady said

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TEEN



Letter From Grandmother Lois

My dear Boy:

With parents and grandparents who loved the heavenly Father and His kingdom, you know something about the treasures of thought there are in the Bible, and I am wondering if you have ever considered the same wonderful idea that came to me recently.

It is the fact that the Spirit of God was the ruling power at creation's beginning, as we read in Genesis 1:2, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

With this fact is another of equal value, namely, God's Spirit is still present near the end of the Bible record, in Revelation 22:17, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Many years those precious words have been there, telling us how the Spirit of God exists and invites us to come and share its treasures, but our ears have been deafened, and our eyes blinded to the wonder, beauty, and enjoyment hidden there. When worldly people find fault with winds and storms or too cold or too hot sun,

we are tempted to join them, missing a large part of creation's facts, and God's Spirit hidden there.

Instead of finding fault with wind, heat, cold and other features of earth life, I am sure it is better to think of God's Spirit moving there and inviting us to "Come" along too; for that word translated "move" meant in ancient Hebrew and other simultaneous languages "hover, cherish, move gently, brood new life." So we have nothing to scare us in the work of God's Spirit, as it calls us to share and "Come."

If you want an interesting, reassuring study, focus your attention on what God's Spirit was doing all those years between Genesis and Revelation. Cruden's Concordance will help lead you. Then, remembering Nahum 1:3 says, "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm...", look up what Isaiah says about storms, whirlwinds and tempests.

Then, whether you are watching the beauty of a silent yet gorgeous sunrise or sunset, or the disturbance of a tempestuous storm, you will surely feel your love for God grow stronger and your desire to be closer to Him, and to know Him better. I love to draw my own spirit into this communion, for confidence and



TALK

courage grow stronger, as my heart draws near Him.

I have heard the call of God's wonderful Spirit saying, "Come," so I pass it on to you, to lead you to tie your life in with Him who gave you your life.

"Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you" is my farewell for this time.

Grandmother Lois

It's Your Guess

1. Who said, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?"
Saul, David, Samuel
2. An Aramite commander-in-chief
Nebo, Naaman, Nebuchadnezzar
3. One of the Christian churches was located at—
Philadelphia, Pamphylia, Pergamos
4. The wife of Zebedee—
Sarah, Salome, Stephanie
5. The chief minister of King Ahasuerus—
Haman, Hananeel, Hamath
6. A little Moslem village, the home of a famous woman—
Macron, Medan, Magdala
7. An important city of Syria—
Damascus, Philippi, Bethany

- 8—The father of Saul's wife—
Abner, Ahimaaz, Abijah
9. A famous plain where Babylon was located—
Ashdod, Jericho, Shinar
10. A famous Roman orator —
Tertullus, Gamaliel, Felix

* * *

Answers to **It's Your Guess**: Samuel, Naaman, Philadelphia and Pergamos, Salome, Haman, Magdala, Damascus, Ahamaaz, Shinar, Tertullus.

IT WORKS

A doctor once met an atheist who ridiculed him for putting any faith in the Bible, seeing that the authorship of some of its parts is uncertain.

"Look here," said the doctor, "who wrote the multiplication table?"

"I don't know," confessed the skeptic.

"What a man you are!" said the doctor. "You believe it, and you use it and yet you don't know who wrote it."

This placed the skeptic in some difficulty, but thinking he saw a way out, he said, "But the multiplication table works!"

"Doubtless," was the triumphant retort of the doctor, "and so does the Bible."—*Unknown*.

POCKETFUL OF POSIES

(Continued from page 7)

as she stopped playing and took the flowers in both her hands. "Thank you so much, Ruthie."

She carefully set the vase on the piano and looked at the flowers often while she played that night. Henry had never thought much about flowers, but now he remembered that there were a lot of pretty ones growing at the ranch.

So the next day he went along the fence before he went to the arbor, and picked a bouquet of the prettiest and most perfect flowers. He would do just as the little girl had done—walk up to the piano and hand them to the lady. It would please her.

All the way to the arbor, Henry held the flowers carefully in one hand and the reins in the other so as not to crush them even a little bit.

The very instant he saw the arbor, though, he knew something was wrong. The lights were not on, and there were no people, and the piano was covered with canvas. Henry pulled the reins.

"Whoa," he ordered, and the horses obeyed. He climbed out of the wagon and walked over to the arbor. It was plain there would be no service here tonight. That's what the sign said, too, when he saw it hanging on a bench—the meeting would be in the church because of predicted rain for tonight.

Henry knew where the church was, but the idea of walking into that lighted building and sitting on a cushioned seat gave him the "willies." He tied the horses to an arbor pole and walked over toward the white church that had always looked so mysterious to him as he passed it.

The doors were opened, and people were walking up the big cement steps and into the church just as though they belonged there. And they did, Henry knew. Those people from nice clean homes were the people who belonged in the white church—not people like Henry who . . . he looked down at his faded jeans and wrinkled shirt and his dusty moccasins . . . who belonged in another class.

Henry suddenly knew how silly he had been to think of coming to the meetings. He looked at the flowers he still held tightly in one hand, and they looked silly too. Turning sharply, he jammed the whole bouquet into his pocket, making a wad of them. Then he ran to the arbor where the horses stood, and turned them toward home—toward the shack where he rightly belonged.

The rest of the week, Henry was more miserable than he had ever been. He wanted to talk to the preacher about the things he didn't understand about this new experience he got in the arbor, but he would not step out of his class again, not for anything. . . .

Thursday afternoon he was just hitching up the horses to go into town when he saw a car turn into the driveway. He stood and watched while a man got out and started toward the house, then turned and came toward Henry. It was the preacher, but Henry couldn't hide—he had already been seen. So he stood still until the preacher got to the fence.

"Hi," he called. Henry came over and climbed the fence.

"We haven't seen you this week," the preacher said as he grabbed Henry's hand and shook it in a friendly fashion.

Henry shook his head. "I won't be coming any more."

The preacher actually looked sad, Henry thought, as he watched the older man's brows come together and the smile leave his face.

"Why, Son?" he asked, and Henry could hardly believe his ears.

Before he knew what he was saying, he had told the preacher why. "I'm not good enough — I don't want to come any more..."

The preacher just looked at him. "The God who created you created me, and all the people of the earth, and He created us alike." He put his hand on Henry's shoulder. "The blood in your body could be used to save my life and my blood could be used to save yours. We're the same flesh and blood and bone—equal in God's sight."

He must have seen Henry glance at his clothes, for he leaned back against the fence and smiled. "The difference between being rich and poor has often been the difference between being a real man and not. Some of the greatest men of all times started out with far less than you have, Henry."

The preacher put his hands into his pockets. "Several folks asked about you—especially Mrs. Carter . . . she plays the piano for us. . . ."

That was all Henry heard. He automatically looked down at the flowers along the fence row. He would take another bouquet . . . that would please her. . . .

—Jewell Ready in HiCall.

Silence is one great art of conversation.—*Hazlitt.*

Oklahoma F.Y.C. Rally

The Oklahoma F.Y.C. rally of January 29, was held at McAlester, in connection with the Oklahoma quarterly meeting. The morning worship service, under the direction of Elder Ross Johnston, was opened with singing led by Harry Krause and accompanied by Mary Lee Glover. The Scripture reading, Proverbs 3, was read by A. N. Dunn, after which R. K. Walker led in prayer. K. C. Walker and O. T. Whitten sang a duet number and then Brother Walker delivered the message. "Kneel At the Cross" was sung, and Burt Ford dismissed with prayer.

The afternoon service under the direction of Harry Krause was opened with singing led by Lena Faye Williams accompanied by Dorothy Whitten. J. C. Kanady read the Scripture reading from Matthew 4:1-11, and Garlyn Brunson led in prayer. After a special prayer led by F. M. Craig the following program was presented:

Solos were sung by Mary Helen Burrell, Linda Sue Chandler, Kay Bledsoe, Benny Rosell and E. E. Chandler.

Poems were given by Wayne Chandler, Linda Beech, Mary and Kathy Beech, Calvin Burrell, Sandra Bledsoe, Frankie Lou Beech, Ann Taylor, Sharon Dunn and Harry Krause.

Readings were given by La Fern Kanady, L. E. Glover and Mary Kanady. Carolyn Beech recited the twenty-third Psalm.

A piano solo was played by Mary Grubis. Joyce and Bill Hinds sang a duet, and a trio number was sung by Harry Krause, Susie Jetton and O. T. Whitten.

Short talks were given by Harry Krause and O. T. Whitten. After singing several choruses we closed with "Is Thy Heart Right With God." Benny Rosell dismissed with prayer.

—Dorothy Whitten

TRUST IN GOD

(Continued from page 4)

the same mistake, when affliction overcomes them. Job was groping after the truth and missed it, as did his friends and many of us today. When we are overcome by affliction we, too, often do as Job did, start to question the goodness and justice of God. We are prone to draw too many conclusions from false premises.

The very fact that Job was not permitted to know the reason for his afflictions brings out a very precious lesson for us today. That lesson is the importance of trusting God under unknown conditions. While we may be ignorant of the conditions, it is not an ignorant trust. We know God, and that is reason enough for trusting Him, no matter what the condition may be.

It may seem to you when you first read the book of Job that Job's conduct under suffering did not discredit Satan's accusation. However, upon close analysis it is easy to see that Satan's charge was definitely discredited. It is the one fact that stands out in Job's inquiries and yearnings. He is always thinking of the time when he enjoyed the fellowship with God. Time after time he shows that he is wanting this fellowship renewed.

Can you imagine how wonderful it was when Job finally saw and heard the God of the universe

in his vision. He was truly astounded and humbled when he had the vision of God whom he had never seen before. How crushed he felt when he realized that it was the God whom he had charged with injustice and declared He did not govern His world in righteousness.

It is so easy for us to trust in God when we come to know Him with that deeper knowledge, and see Him in a purer, spiritual vision such as Job had.

It was certainly worth all of Job's sufferings to be brought at last by them to see God in this manner. He did not need to know why he suffered. If God willed it, he would rather suffer than be in health and prosperity.

With all his sufferings Job finally reached the point where he could put his entire trust in God under all conditions, whether known or unknown. Can you?

THE POLISHER'S WHEEL

(Continued from Page 6)

from a common-appearing pebble a gem of beauty and lustre that is much admired and much sought after. There is no other way to produce a diamond except by grinding and polishing.

In the same degree, it is necessary to subject the human life to difficulties, adversities, and discipline in order to bring out those qualities that will make it a life of value to its possessor, and of service to those about it. Many who have achieved much in the world can look back to incidents in their lives which at the time were viewed as misfortunes, but that later proved to be responsible for much development and enrichment of their lives. — S. T. Osterhold in *Sunshine*.

MIDWEST SIDELIGHTS

The periods we spend gathered around the dining table afford no end of relaxation and enjoyment for the students, dean of girls, cook, and others who eat in the dining hall. Naturally, those of us who especially like to eat receive the most enjoyment; however, more is gained than just the good of physical aid. It is there, relating stories of days gone by, events of the day, or just plain visiting, that we learn to laugh. Perhaps to a bystander the laughter does sound a little hilarious at times, but it was Emerson who said "Mirth is the medicine of God."

When we laugh, our organs take a momentary holiday. It is known scientifically that every time a person laughs certain physiological changes occur within their body. The diaphragm moves up and down vigorously, thus emptying the lungs and stimulating the heart. Laughter is one of the best tonics we have for the circulation of the whole diaphragm; and through its beneficial effect on the lungs and stomach, laughter improves the quality of the blood supply to the brain.

Bells start ringing here at *Midwest* at 6 a.m., and continue on with little break in classes until five o'clock. With that grind each day, that 11:30 a.m. period is a welcome period in which to re-fuel our bodies and brains. One thing is very noticeable throughout the days that contain either work or play. Each has a smile

for the other as they meet dozens upon dozens of times each day—never too busy for a smile or a greeting. This is a part of *Midwest*. The habit of happiness is being formed.

It is my prayer that each one will so form that habit that they will be carriers of sunshine just as long as they live. You see that sunshine and happiness is bound to "rub off" on those around. You just can't live around a merry person without catching it. It is as contagious as a bad cold. Students going out of here as ministers, missionaries, or secretaries will win people to their side and souls to Christ if they practice the happiness habit and have true greatness within their hearts.

A little thought along the line of true greatness as it was written in an essay by a little girl. "One time there was a woman that had done a big washing and hung it on the line. The line broke and let it all down in the mud, but she didn't say a word, only did it all over again; and this time she spread it on the grass, where it couldn't fall. But that night a dog with dirty feet ran over it. When she saw what was done, she sat down and didn't cry a bit. All she said was: 'Ain't it queer that he didn't miss a thing!'" That was true greatness, but it's only people who have done washings that know it. *Midwest* students and teachers are striving for true greatness.

—Doris Grantham

Poetic Gems

A CHALLENGE OF FAITH

All failures are but stepping stones—
A challenge made to faith!
By seeking God I'm trusting Him,
To do just what He saith!

He e'er fulfills His promises,
Claimed one by one in prayer!
For they that know their God are
strong —
Do exploits anywhere!

Obtaining first the victory
Where I had known defeat!
For if I could not win it there,
I'd nowhere else compete!

So then I said unto my soul,
"Why fearful be at all?
But if so full of unbelief,
Then on Jehovah call!"

Perchance my plans became revealed—
All unexpectedly,
I still could trust in God who knows
What is His best for me!

Persistently, I prayed until
The promise, tried and proved,
Came right to pass and Satan's darts
Were void and far removed!

At last triumphant faith became,
Glad songs infest my soul;
And all because upon the Lord,
My cares and burdens roll!
—A. Irene Sampson in Gospel Herald

* * *

MATTHEW 10:41 — MADE PRACTICAL

She gave a cake to a little child
Whose doll had come apart;
She wiped the tears and smoothed the
frock

And cheered the little heart.
She carried soup to a weary soul.
Who long had laid a-bed;
Then swept the floor and washed the
bowl
And tidied the towzled head.
She phoned the preacher's wife that
day,
And said, "I'll keep your baby,
And mend your socks and bake a cake,
And you can rest some, maybe!"
Then slipping to her knees that night,
She prayed, "Dear Lord, I oughter
Do more for Thee. Seems all I do,
Is give a 'Drink...of...water!'"

—Velma B. McConnell, Sel.

* * *

'TIS BETTER TO GIVE

The dewdrops give their freshness,
The sunbeams give their rays;
The flowers give their fragrance
To fill with joy our days.

God gave us all things freely
To make our earth-life sweet;
And Jesus gave Himself for us,
God's purpose to complete.

And this is why 'tis better
To give than to receive.
'Tis sweet to share our blessings
And someone's want relieve.

So if you're fond of giving,
I say to you, give more
To help the far-off heathen
And the needy at your door.

And if you have been thoughtless
And oft withheld your mite,
Won't you begin all over,
Right from this very night?

—Sel.

Procrastination

The Thief Of Time

By Vaneda Friddle

LAST Monday was a cold day with icy snow blanketing the bare earth. It was one of those dark days when we must drive with our lights on at eight o'clock in the morning. As the pupils came into the school, I helped them remove their boots and coats. Little Carol came up to me and said, "Teacher, my feet are so cold. I haven't any boots to wear."

Her small legs were blue with cold, and she shivered underneath her thin coat. As I put my hand on her shoulder I thought, "Some warm clothes would do her more good than all of my sympathy." I immediately thought of the boots in Betty's closet at home that she could no longer wear. I had planned all winter to give them to the Salvation Army, but there were always so many things to take my time that I had kept putting it off until another day or week.

Here was a little girl who needed clothes as badly as any child down in the mountains, or over in Europe, and no one had taken the time to notice it. She had come to my school from a large consolidated school, where she could ride a bus instead of walking two miles through bitter cold.

When I asked her if she would like to have a pair of Betty's boots she was very happy. The next day she was at school very

early, and when I handed her the boots, she sat down in her seat and put them on. Now, she says every morning, "Teacher, I'm not cold now. My feet are nice and warm."

So often the past few days this has caused me to think of how many things I might have done that I have neglected to do by thinking something else was more important. I very well realize that, we who are doing professional work are meeting more tasks than we can accomplish, but in the mechanics of our daily routine, let us ask God's guidance that we do not put off doing those things that are needful to Him and the needy people.

Often a word of comfort, assurance, or needed advice, will do more for those around us than a whole day of manual labor would. Sometimes we think of inspiring words that we should say to someone, yet neglect to do so. If we fail to speak the words that God puts into our hearts to speak, He will give them to another to say, and we will have lost one of life's blessings.

Solomon said in Proverbs 3:28, "Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee." Again in Ecclesiastes we read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wis-

dom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Dr. Loesell, in a college lecture last summer, admonished us never to permit a child to waste his time in school, as that time never could be regained in years to come, because other days and years will take their own demand on time. Certainly, an adult person can never regain lost time. If we do with our might what our

hands find to do, we never will have time to pick up a task that has been pushed into the background. There are new tasks for every day; there are new problems to be solved, and another fallen person to help over the rough paths in life. If we neglect to do our duty well, our tasks will be given to another, and we miss the joy to which we are entitled.

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