

*Christian Youth Herald*  
and  
*Gospel Call*

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**Be Not Afraid**

By Mable J. Baker

Though nights be dark and surging all around me,  
The waves toss high and seem to flood my soul,  
I shall not doubt the wisdom of my Pilot;  
He can, by one word, check the billows' roll.

"Be not afraid," He whispers, "I am with you."  
And cheerfully I face days dark or fair.  
The One who spoke, "Let not your heart be troubled,"  
Said also, "Cast on me your every care."

I'm not afraid to walk where He shall lead me,  
To falter now would show a lack of trust.  
I'm not afraid to face the trials before me,  
I know He'll heal the wound of Satan's thrust.

(A reprint.)



# For Your Inspiration . . .

## The Golden Age

It seems fitting that those of sunset  
years

Should be considered in the Golden Age,

For after busy years of daily  
striving,

They need the uplift of a brighter  
page.

They have more time for rest and  
recreation,

Letting the brightness of a happy  
past

Reflect its light upon these present  
shadows,

Keeping alive sweet memories that  
last.

So may the record of these years  
have beauty.

May we jot down each word more  
prayerfully,

And plan each deed with greater  
thoughtfulness,

Leaving to Heaven's grace what  
is to be.

—Anna M. Carroll.

\* \* \*

## God's Weather

Sometimes do you almost murmur  
When the clouds are hanging low?

Oh, be careful, never grumble;

It's God's weather, this we know.

When the earth was dry and barren,

How we longed for clouds of rain!

How we welcome e'en their shadow!

How, too, oft we looked in vain!

Now tho' earth is filled with plenty

And its rushing streams o'erflow,

Let's be careful not to murmur;

God permits it, this we know.

—The Shining Light.

\* \* \*

Sin has many tools but a lie is  
the handle which fits them all.

—Oliver W. Holmes.

## On Winter's Doorstep

I stood on winter's doorstep

'Twas just the other day;

I felt her frosty fingers

And skies above were gray.

Just then the tiny snowflakes,

Such dainty, fragile things

Came slowly drifting earthward,

Borne there on icy wings.

I caught one of those snow-gems,

To hold it without melting

(You really must be quick!)

Is quite a clever trick!

I could not help admire its

Symmetrical design,

So perfect in proportion,

In lacework, oh, so fine.

Lost in wonder, there I stood

Held by its magic spell;

Oh who can make a snowflake,

I wonder, can you tell?

Yes, God is the Creator;

I bowed my head to pray,

Standing on winter's doorstep—

'Twas just the other day.

—Georgia B. Adams

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## Christian Youth Herald

### and Gospel Call

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Donna D. Faubion

EDITOR

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# A Bible Beacon

By Bertie B. Freeman

"...While he yet lingered... the Lord being merciful to him, they brought him forth" Genesis 19:16.

There are lives in the Scriptures which have been called "Beacons." These men have started well. They have had every advantage, and much promise. Some have ended in failure and disaster. Lot lived such a life. His life is full of warning and instruction for the Christian of today. "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come" 1 Corinthians 10: 11. Let us examine our lives in the light of the Scriptures and see if we fall as far short of obedience as did Lot.

Lot encountered some dangers in life that were hazardous to his spiritual welfare and life of obedience.

First, let us look at the things lawful for Lot, yet not entirely right. Because something is lawful does not always mean that it is right. More people are lost through abuse of things lawful than the things unlawful.

It was not wrong for Lot to choose the good land. To possess the land in itself was not wrong, but being possessed by his possessions was wrong. It is alright for a ship to be in the water, but wrong for the water to be in the ship.

Lot's first mistake was separation. He became separated from godly Abraham. He was Lot's prop that held him steady in the path of obedience. Instead of just putting enough space between himself and Abraham so their herdsman would not quarrel, he became entirely separated from Abraham. Whether with or without a motive, he pitched his tent toward Sodom.

His second mistake was his compromise with sin and wickedness. True, he was not called wicked, but he was in direct association with sin. Lot first moved toward Sodom (Genesis 13:12), but the next thing we see is Lot dwelling in Sodom (Genesis 14:12). Perhaps his move into Sodom was gradual, almost imperceptible. Christians sometimes fall into sin in the same manner. A little lowering of the standard here, a little "white lie" there, a gradual loss of spirituality, and we find that like Lot, we are living in the midst of sin, trafficking in the ways of iniquity.

Lot was a big man in Sodom. We find he sat in the gate of Sodom. Maybe he thought to bear testimony to the people of this wicked city, but evidently if he did, it was of no effect. The word tells us that "The men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly" (Genesis 13:13). These people did not need to be influenced, they needed to be saved. It seems a poor excuse for Christians to excuse their association with the ungodly by saying they are trying to influence them. True, your life may be an influence to those in sin, but not if you go to the same excess of rioting that they do. Jesus told the disciples in John 15:19 "...Ye are not of the world." Why? Because they were chosen out of the world. You may not be taken out of the world, but Jesus is able to take the world out of you. There is no compromise with sin.

Lot's third mistake was getting involved in worldliness. He testified before the people and the word says he was vexed with their filthy conversation. Yet, he entertained them and gave his children in marriage



to the citizens of Sodom. Parents cannot urge too strongly that their children marry Christians. Often times they do not, and they find, much to their sorrow, that they are gradually drawn into Sodom.

For all of Lot's success in Sodom he appears to be very miserable. Success does not always mean happiness. Some people cannot bear success. Some people grow big with success, others grow big-headed.

Let us look at Lot's needs after he moved to Sodom. He needed the strength and stability of Abraham. We also need association with church, godly people, and communion with God in order to avoid being Sodomites.

Lot needed to make a decision. When he was warned of the destruction of Sodom he had to make a decision as to whether he would forsake family and friends and all his treasures for a chance to be saved. We must also decide whether we are to be of the family of God or the family of the evil one.

By Old Testament standards we would assume that Lot was lost. The New Testament says he is of those "saved or delivered from the ungodly."

Driven by sorrow and discontent, Lot is mentioned in the faith chapter, Hebrews 11. Abraham drawn to God by love and obedience is called a "friend" of God.

The lesson we should derive from Lot's life is to keep close to God and His people, "Forsaking not the assembling of yourselves together," "Praying always with all supplication making our requests known to God."

We are to witness to the world whole heartedly and without fear.

We must resist evil, insist on obedience, and persist until the end.

\* \* \*

To use liquor is to the nervous system like placing sand in a watch.

—Luther Burbank.

"Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done.'"

\* \* \*

## Parents to Share in Children's Guilt

A Chicago crime prevention expert urged that parents be forced to make restitution in cash when their children steal or destroy property.

The director of the police department's crime prevention division made the proposal before a luncheon meeting of the Chicago Lions Club in the Bismark Hotel.

Passage of a parental financial responsibility law, he said, would "help eliminate the 'so what' attitude of many parents" of children who get in trouble with the law.

He said he once was against such a law because he felt it would impose hardships on some families.

However, he said, parents have increasingly shown such a "disinterest" in their responsibility that it is "high time" the law should "gain restitution where the source of trouble usually begins, from the family itself."

In the Holy Scriptures, children are commanded to "obey" and to "honor" their parents. And parents are commanded to rear their children "in nurture and admonition of the Lord" (Ephesians 6:1-4).

Judges have said that it is very very seldom that a child who is the product of a godly home has been brought before them.

The Apostle Paul could thank God that Timothy had a godly grandmother, and mother (2 Timothy 1:5); also that he was taught the Holy Scriptures from childhood, which made him wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus (2 Timothy 3:15).

—Tom Olson in *Now*.



# You Can Conquer!--

## Your Past

*"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isaiah 1:18).*

*"Whiter than snow" (Psalm 51:7)*

What is whiter than the newly fallen snow? Past, Present, and To Come. For some the present is difficult, others dread the unknown future; but the worst foe of the soul is the past, because the past has in it power to become a dreadful present.

He was a man who, under great provocation, had shot a physician and killed him. Because of certain extenuating circumstances, his stay in the penitentiary was brief. He had true Christian background and training; but in his present state of mind he felt that he had turned his back on God, and that there was no forgiveness for him. This is one of the punishments which the enemy of our souls is able to inflict upon them. First, he tempts the soul, making light of sin and the consequences of sin. That was true at the very beginning of man's history when the tempter told the woman not to fear what God had spoken, that if they ate of the forbidden tree, they would die. He told them they would not die but live; their eyes would be opened, and they would be as gods knowing good and evil. Then, when the soul has disobeyed God and obeyed the tempter, the tempter endeavors to persuade the one who has sinned that now there is no forgiveness. That was the state of mind this man was in.

His friend came to me and requested that I should put down on a sheet of paper those passages in the Bible which promise full for-

giveness, and which might bring hope and peace to this troubled man. Here are the passages I selected. The first, the words of our text: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Also, that other passage from Isaiah, the fifty-fifth chapter—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy, and unto our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Then that great verse from Psalm 103—"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." In the New Testament the words of Jesus at the Lord's Supper, as recorded in the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel—"This is My Blood which is shed for many for the remission of sin." In St. John's Gospel, in the sixth chapter, the words of Jesus—"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." In Paul's First Letter to Timothy, the first chapter—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." In the Letter to the Hebrews, the eighth chapter—"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." In St. John's First Letter and the first chapter—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Also in the second chapter of that Letter—"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."



And in the Book of Revelation, the first chapter—"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood."

These were the passages which I sent to him, and which I hope were used of the Holy Spirit to bring peace to his troubled soul. There are scores of other passages which I might have sent him; but these were the ones which came to my mind at the time. Every one of them is radiant with the light of God's mercy, His infinite love, His wonderful forgiveness.

Probably not a few of you will remember a house in your neighborhood which was spoken of as "a haunted house," and which as a child you did not care to enter because you were told that a ghost inhabited the house. However that may be with houses, there are certainly houses of the soul which are haunted by the specters of conscience. Sometimes one feels that the sense of sin is fading out of human thought, and that the word "sin," which is one of the great and powerful and repeated words of the Scriptures and of the Gospel, today strikes no chord of reality in the heart of man. The great physicist, Sir Oliver Lodge, who in his last years thought and wrote so much about communication with the dead, said in one of his books or essays, "Today the sensible man is no longer worrying about his sins." If he had added to that, "By a sensible man I mean one who has accepted God's plan of forgiveness and has put his trust in the redeeming death of Christ on the Cross and the cleansing power of His Blood," then no fault could be found with what he said, for the man who has laid the burden of his sins upon Christ need no longer worry about them. But I am afraid that that was not what he meant. He seemed to make light of sin, the devastation that it works in human lives, and also of the pronounced judgments of God upon sin.

But if there is much in the life and thought of men today which might lead us to the conclusion that sin, to the majority, means nothing, every now and then you come upon an experience which lifts, as it were, a curtain from the soul, and the house of the soul, and reveals to us anew that sin is a fearful reality. "Can Christ do anything for my sin?" one asked me in a letter; and then went on to say that what was meant was definite and specific sin. Some time ago one of our soldiers who got hold of the printed sermon, "The Way of Life," wrote me about his state of mind. He had read the sermon, and found that reading the Bible and praying helped him; but said "I keep going back to my old, evil ways. I hope I'm not condemned, for I know what that would mean. I have sinned, and sinned terribly, and am always thinking about my sins. Furthermore, other people won't let me forget my sin." Here was another to whom sin is not a myth, or an outworn idea, but a dread reality.

It is a blessed thing, therefore, that we have these great assurances of Christ and the Bible, that for those who confess their sins and turn from them, there is full forgiveness. What a verse that is in the sixty-eighth Psalm—"Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver; and her feather with yellow gold." God says He will put away our transgressions "as far as the east is from the west." And who can measure that?

Perhaps the best way to show how by repentance and faith in Christ we can conquer the past, is to tell how Christ dealt with those who were troubled by their past. We might start with that publican, perhaps not an imaginary one, but a historical one, whom Jesus had actually heard praying in the Temple. Two men went up into the Temple.

*(Continued on page 14)*



# Thou Crownest the Year

## With Thy Goodness

"Harvest time is here!" ran a refrain through John's mind as he loaded the golden ears of corn into the trailer. John and his father were busy gathering in the harvest. It had been a good year.

"Dad," spoke John, "you know, we could quote the Psalmist this fall."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Hoskins.

"*Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn...*' (Psalm 65:11, 13)," answered John.

Mr. Hoskins smiled. That certainly did fit the harvest this year. He didn't say anything to John for a moment. He was thinking of the Thanksgiving Day just past—a tradition cherished in our land since the Pilgrim Fathers started the custom.

John interrupted his Dad's thoughts with another quotation. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High' (Psalm 92:1)," quoted John grinning. "I knew what you were thinking, Dad," said John, "You were thinking that we ought to thank God for His goodness every day. I agree."

"Yes, son," answered Mr. Hoskins, "too often we think of giving thanks only on Thanksgiving Day, when it should be a part of our way of life. Since you've been quoting from the Psalms, I thought of this verse—'In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you' (1 Thessalonians 5:18). Not from Psalms but from it we know it is God's will that we give thanks."

John looked about the field. It was a beautiful sight—the harvest. His heart felt a lift in spirit as he

thought on the goodness and the enduring mercy of God. He mused aloud, "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name' (Hebrews 13:15)."

Mr. Hoskins was pleased to hear his son quoting from the Bible. So many young people these days did not take time to read and study the Word of God. He said aloud, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever' (Psalm 136:1)."

John, catching on to the spirit of quoting verse for verse, came back with "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name' (Psalm 100:4)."

"For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations' (Psalm 100:5)," continued Mr. Hoskins.

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God' (Psalm 147:8)," responded John.

"...I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will be withhold from them that walk uprightly' (Psalm 84:10, 11)," quoted Mr. Hoskins.

John laughed, "That's good, Dad. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God'. Yes I would too—the lowliest position in the house of God would be a privilege."

John and his Dad were in the truck on their way home with truck and trailer loaded with the golden corn. They were tired but happy.

"Dad," said John, "Why don't you



use these thoughts for that layman's sermon you have to give next Sabbath?"

"That is a good idea, especially appropriate since we've had such a good harvest this year," answered John's father, "We have covered some very important points in our quotations today. God has crowned the year with goodness. He tells us it is a good thing to give thanks and that is his will concerning us that we give thanks continually."

Father and son arrived home with more work facing them. Father smiled when in the midst of a busy time, John remarked, "Dad, call your sermon, 'Thou Crownest the Year With Thy Goodness'".

"I will," agreed Mr. Hoskins smiling. Silently he thanked God for this wonderful boy of his.

\* \* \*

## Artisans of Service

Forty years ago a certain boy lived on an isolated farm out in the Middle West. One day the older brother fell dangerously ill. The younger brother watched his father jump on his horse and gallop frantically away across the prairie to the nearest doctor who lived twenty miles away.

At last the father returned with the doctor. The father and doctor walked into the little log cabin together, anxiety written in deep lines on the father's face, and a look of certainty and calm on the doctor's face. The younger brother never forgot that.

Also, he never forgot the scene which followed, for he hid himself behind a big chair in the room where his sick brother was lying, pale and dying on a crude bed.

That younger brother watched the doctor take out his stethoscope and noted every confident, sure gesture he made, as he took the brother's temperature, felt his pulse, and

looked down his throat. After what seemed an eternity to the small boy, the doctor straightened his back, looked into the faces of the anxious parents and said, "He is a very sick boy, but in two weeks I hope we shall have him all right again."

From behind the big chair, that small brother saw the deep lines of anxiety on the faces of his parents relax into smiles of relief and hope. They looked happy again. Then that small boy said to himself—and the feeling that came over him was as if a great light had suddenly flashed into his young life—"When I grow up I am going to be able to do that too. I am going to make little boys and girls better when they get sick, and I am going to learn to make fathers and mothers happy."

That isn't all of the story—if you went to Rochester, Minnesota, today and asked for Dr. Rosenow at the Mayo Clinic, you would find that small boy, now grown to manhood, and recognized as one of the greatest authorities in the world on infantile paralysis; that same little boy who hid behind the big chair in that log cabin and made the great resolve I have mentioned, that he, too, would one day be able to save the lives of sick boys and relieve the anxiety of parents.

In Cuba not long ago, there broke out a terrifying epidemic of infantile paralysis. They wirelessly to Doctor Rosenow for help. He jumped into an airplane, and flew from Rochester to Cuba. As a result of that fight and his skill, thousands of Cuban boys and girls are happy, romping and laughing today; instead of hobbling around on crutches and cruel braces on their legs. Indeed, on that far away sudden, almost religious vision and decision of that small boy behind the big chair in that lonely farmhouse, hung a considerable share of the conquest of one of youth's most deadly enemies today, infantile paralysis.

In telling this simple, contemporary story of Stewardship, tithing



and service, I want to dedicate it to all the generous, unselfish doctors in all the little towns and cities scattered across this continent, who "tithe" their time and talents; who give freely to the poor; who go about night and day in the spirit of "The Great Physician."

—William Stidger.

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## The Miser and the Master

Old Hardlowe blew out his gray mustache with an angry breath, then he slumped down in the creaky rocking chair by the front window and muttered to himself. "It is bad enough to have youngsters call me 'Old Moneybags' and 'Mr. Miser' but when our new pastor dares to hint that I ought to give much more to missionary work, it's going too far!"

He looked around him with some pride. True, the floor was old and the wood cracked in spots; the wall paper had become faded, and in one corner a big piece had peeled off; a patch of brown wrapping paper was pasted over one pane of the window where some mean boys had thrown a rock for spite; and the ceiling was discolored where the rain had dripped through a leak in the roof—but for all that it was his home! He had skimped and saved through many years to buy this lot, and to build his shack—with a big bank account to his credit besides!

Of course, he had not let anyone know how much money he had saved up! Too many folk would try to swindle him out of his hard-earned wealth! Why, just the other day the banker Wedgewood had said a hardware company wanted to buy him out and build a store, but the money offered was far too little according to his way of reckoning. And now the church had called a new pastor, a young upstart, and he had organized a drive for a big

missionary offering. When he had overcome his scruples to write a check for one hundred dollars the young man had refused to take it! The pastor had said something about Hardlowe being poor, and blind, and wretched—but rich in this world's goods.

"He's just after my money!" he muttered to himself uneasily.

He got up again and went to the wood stove and made a fire. He added some water to the old grounds in the coffee pot and set it on the fire to boil. While he was bringing out some crackers from the cupboard someone knocked on the door. Deacon Brown came in at his invitation. The deacon fumbled with his hat nervously.

"Did the minister send you here?" Hardlowe demanded suspiciously.

"No, no," Deacon Brown replied, and could not quite repress a smile as he thought of the old man's aversion to the missionary offering, "I have come on my own, as your friend—" he paused and cleared his throat, and broached the reason for his call: "Mr. Hardlowe, you know that I am your friend. I hear of things that would not come to your ears. Somebody ought to tell you, and I have decided to do it myself.

"Haven't you noticed how this whole street has changed this past couple of years? All the old houses are gone now. On either side of you are big stores. People are beginning to talk. They grumble at your, er, shack, and say it is an eyesore; that you ought to sell out or else build a new home..."

"Nobody is going to swindle me out of my home!" Hardlowe said, and blew angrily through his mustache. "Come next year I'll slap on a coat of paint on the outside and this place will look real good. I am not going to build a new house; and no one is able to pay the price I want for this building either!"

"Well, no harm done in telling you what the people are saying."

Hardlowe opened up the pages of



his Bible before going to bed that night. He did not read it every day. Often he was too busy. But tonight he felt uneasy. The new pastor's attitude bothered him. His eyes dropped down to the page before him and he stared to read.

"And I will say to my soul, Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years," he read to himself with increasing uneasiness, "take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God."

Hardlowe stopped reading. The passage of Scripture seemed like a warning to him. Maybe he had been a little too miserly, he mused, thinking of the missionary offering. He even felt a little softening toward their new pastor. In the morning he would write a check for—he swallowed once at the decision—one thousand dollars for the missionary offering. How happy that ought to make the church! He muttered a short prayer, and climbed into bed.

Somehow he still could not seem to sleep. What was wrong with having a lot of money? Had he not come by it honestly? And his home—why should folk want it torn down, especially since he was going to give the exterior a coat of paint? Worries and suspicions and fears tumbled about in his mind like shifting fog, until at last he dropped off into uneasy sleep.

Suddenly he came awake like as if a cup of cold water had been dashed into his face. Sitting up in bed he cocked his ear and listened closely. A subdued noise, that must have awakened him, broke the stillness again. The sound came from the back porch. He slipped softly to his feet and stole to the back window where he could see outside. In the shadows a darker figure moved about with something in its

hands. Hardlowe switched on the porch light.

A bearded man stood revealed in the light with a can of kerosene in his hand! The next instant he bounded off the porch and disappeared into the night. For one vexed minute Hardlowe regretted that he had not installed a telephone. Somebody had intended to set fire to his house, and he had no way to call the police! Of one thing he was sure: he would leave the light on, and keep vigil until daylight should arrive, when he would call in the police!

He reported the incident to the police department, and from his description of the intruder, they were sure that it was an arsonist on the loose whom they expected to catch very soon. Hardlowe was relieved to think that the arsonist was not someone specially hired to burn down his house. Yet an unease gnawed at the back of his mind, causing him to wonder if he was right in his stubborn refusal to sell his place.

Toward noon he had another caller.

"I'm an agent for the Hershey-Thimble Stores," the visitor informed him. "I am authorized to try and purchase this place for my company. We will pay anything within reason."

"Others have tried to buy this place too," Hardlowe answered with a gleam in his eyes. "but they would not pay enough for this valuable piece of property."

"Name your price, sir."

"I want \$50,000 as it stands!" Hardlowe said.

"Accepted!" the man replied quietly, without blinking an eye. He pulled out a check, saying, "I shall give you a check for \$10,000 to bind our contract. In ten days I shall be back to pay the remainder. Meanwhile, please sign on the dotted line..."

Hardlowe gazed after his caller with some amazement. The figure he had quoted was far above what he



had expected to get, and the suddenness of the transaction left him in a daze. His conscience stirred to violent argument. He had asked far too much for his place!

"I'll fix the old place up a bit," he reassured himself earnestly. He set about the job at once. There was more to be done than he had first imagined. Ten days later he received his guests on the porch and signed over the property to the new owner, the president of the Hershey-Thimble Stores. Then as the men prepared to leave he caught at Mr. Trimble's coat sleeve, and smiled.

"Don't you think that you have bought a fine piece of property, sir?" Hardlowe questioned him confidentially.

"Yes I do," Mr. Trimble agreed, "there are great possibilities here."

"Great possibilities?" Hardlowe asked, pained at the man's words, "don't you think the place is pretty good as it is right now?" and when Mr. Trimble looked puzzled, Hardlowe explained: "See? I've slapped on a new coat of paint; I repaired the old floor, and put in a new window where it had been patched before, and even had the roof fixed so that it won't leak any more. And I had new wall paper put in the rooms..."

"Wait a minute," the new owner grinned, "you've gone to a lot of work for nothing. I shall tear down this old shack."

"Why?" Hardlowe's voice held a quaver in it.

"It is my property now, isn't it?" Trimble explained gently. "I can do with it just as I want to. I am going to build a big new store here. I paid a good price for this place. But it is the site that I wanted..."

"Oh! I... I see..." Hardlowe muttered to himself.

Somehow he felt that God meant to teach him a lesson from this business transaction, but the purpose of it seemed to be beyond his understanding—like holding a jigsaw puzzle in his hands with some of the parts missing.

In church that week-end the pastor spoke on consecration. Hardlowe squirmed uneasily in his seat. He had felt good at the thought he would give \$2,000 to the missionary offering, as a token of appreciation to God for selling his place at such a good figure, but before the sermon was finished his good opinion of himself had evaporated like mist before the burning sun—then the pastor used an illustration that riveted his attention.

"Just the other day one of our members sold his little house to a big business concern. This friend had fixed up the place to look real nice. But the company did not want his little house. They wanted the site on which the house stood. So it is with our lives too. The Lord does not want our patched up efforts, no matter how well-meaning we are. He wants our whole-hearted consecration to His plan and purpose. Our little plans must be thrown out the window and the Great Architect, the Lord Jesus, must put into operation His own great design. He always starts from the ground up. He does not need our money, our influence, our possessions as much as He wants us, ourselves. As the Apostle Paul said, 'I seek not yours, but you'..."

A great light broke in upon Hardlowe's soul. The jigsaw puzzle that had so bothered him now became clear. "I'll do it! I'll do it!" he muttered to himself, and as he reached that decision a joy flooded his heart so that it spilled over in a flood. Others who sat near him glanced at him wonderingly, observing the tears that coursed down his cheeks. At the close of his message the pastor asked all who wanted to give themselves to the Lord in a complete surrender to come to the front in a public dedication. A gasp went up from all in the church. Many went forward, but in the lead was Mr. Hardlowe, a light shining in his face that was not of this world! Hardlowe had found the real



riches in life, and it was not money—it was **Christ**.

—J. B. Tweter in *Gospel Herald*.

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## SIX CLUES TO HELP YOU UNCOVER THE SECRET TO A HAPPIER LIFE

1. Realize that you are lost. *"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."* Romans 3:23. *"As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one."* Romans 3:10.

2. Realize that you cannot find your own way. *"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."* Proverbs 14:12. **JESUS CHRIST**, is the answer for those who are lost and cannot find their way. *"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."* Acts 4:12.

3. Accept the help of Jesus Christ, the Master Guide. He is available any hour of the day or night and He has never refused to show the lost sinner the way home. He invites you to come. *"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."* Matthew 11:28, 29. *"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."* 1 John 1:9. *"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."* John 8:12.

4. Follow the Guide after you have accepted Him. He does not chide your ignorance. He knows that you have only begun to learn His Truth. He leads on in Truth, as the soul is able to follow. *"Then said Jesus to those... which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are*

*ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."* John 8:31, 32.

5. If you put your trust in the Guide you can never be lost. Governments may rise and fall, dictators may be exiled and put to death, but if you put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, no man can touch your soul. *"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."* John 10:27, 28. Only Christ can make that offer because He has paid the price for our sins, and when He forgives it is for eternity.

6. In this Atomic age this Guide will give you power, peace and poise. Power over sin. This was made possible at Calvary and the open tomb. Peace will fill your heart and soul. Christ the Master Guide will give you peace for your troubled soul, and power to live the victorious life and face its trials with a poise and dignity that only can come through knowing the Son of God.

—Selected.

\* \* \*

## Wedding Bells

We have just received an announcement of the wedding of Alice Cory, and Kriss Williams on September 7, 1958. We wish them God's richest blessings in their home that they may ever keep close to Him. They reside at Moses Lake, Washington, where Kriss is stationed with the Air Force.

\* \* \*

On Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1958, Shirley Cummings became the bride of Roy Keim. At the present time they are making their home in Stanberry where they are a great help and blessing to the church. We wish them the Lord's blessings as they walk together through this life.



## The Contented Life

Goethe, possessing one of the greatest minds in all time, set forth these nine essentials to a full and contented life:

Health enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs.

Strength to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor.

Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith enough to make real things of God.

Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

—*Author Unknown.*

\* \* \*

## The Goodness of God

By Harry Krause

The Lord has given to us all things,  
While here in earth we dwell.  
The Word says He created them,  
And He did all things well.

Great wonders of nature He's given,  
Such things we can enjoy,  
Tall trees, cool breeze and rippling  
brooks,  
Do these our minds employ?

He is so kind and patient,  
And loves to hear us call.  
If we will walk in all His ways,  
Great blessings then will fall.

He sends the rain on good and bad,  
And tells us not to fret.  
For there are things we must endure,  
These God will ne'er forget.

We are here to occupy  
'Till Jesus comes again.  
Whose right it is to rule the world,  
And cleanse it from all sin.

So as we work and build for Him,  
And humbly to Him bow,  
Let each of us in earnest prayer,  
Invite His presence now.

\* \* \*

## His Hidden Ones

It is strange how much unloving speech there is in this world. On the smallest provocation men become angry, and speak violent words. There are homes in which the principal talk is wrangling—the strife of tongues. There are children with tender souls who grow up in the midst of worldly contentions, scarcely ever hearing a gently or loving word. We can stay in God's pavilion, and be safe from the hurt of the strife of tongues, only when we keep ourselves in the love of God.

—*J. R. Miller.*

\* \* \*

It's the little things that we do in the name of Jesus, that will make the big things throughout all eternity.

—*R. T. Rickey.*

\* \* \*

## A Debt to a Good Home

"Yes my people are all religious, all the family, way back, although I don't take much stock in that kind of thing myself," said a young man in a hospital ward.

The physician looked at him kindly for a moment, and then said: "My boy, do you know why you are recovering so quickly from your accident—why the bones knit and wounds heal so rapidly? Well, I'll tell you. It's because those ancestors of yours, whom you were talking about just now, bequeathed to you good, clean blood and a sound constitution—the physical make-up of those who have kept God's laws. If I were you I'd begin to take some stock in that kind of thing. You owe it, not only to yourself, but to those who come after you. —*Forward.*



## You Can Conquer!— Your Past

(Continued from page 6)

ple to pray—the one a Pharisee, the other a publican. The Pharisee stood up and prayed: "God I thank Thee I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." Perhaps most of these claims that the Pharisee made were true. He may, indeed, have been kept back from the gross transgressions which he mentions. But the other man, the publican, standing afar off, would not lift so much as his eyes unto Heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" When he related this history, Jesus said: "I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Whatever that publican's sins were, and no doubt there were many, he was no longer troubled by them, because he had made full confession of his sins, and had asked for and received the great mercy of God.

There was that other publican, too, Zacchaeus, about whom Luke tells us in his Gospel. His name meant "pure," but his sins and transgressions had tainted and soiled his name. Now Jesus restores his true name unto him. After Zacchaeus came down out of that tree, and with joy received Jesus into his house, while the people murmured at Jesus because He had gone in to be a guest with a man who was a sinner, and Jesus had spoken with Zacchaeus, Zacchaeus stood and said, so that the people outside could hear him, "Lord, the half of my good I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man [and certainly he had, for he was a rich publican] by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." His confession

and repentance were genuine, and Jesus said to him, "This day is salvation come to this house, for the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." The past no longer haunted Zacchaeus.

Then there were those three women, all of them who were guilty of the same kind of transgression. First, that weeping woman whom the scribes and Pharisees dragged into the presence of Jesus, and, reminding Him that the Law of Moses said that an adulterer should be stoned, wanted to know what He had to say. After a silence, during which Jesus wrote on the ground, as if He had not heard them, He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." When every one of the woman's accusers, smitten in conscience, had dropped their stones and gone out, Jesus said to the woman, "Where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She answered, amid her tears: "No man, Lord." Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Her sin was forgiven her; and not only forgiven, but the power of sin was cancelled, for Jesus said to her: "Go and sin no more." That is the thought brought out in the line of the great hymn:

"He breaks the power of reigning  
sin;

And sets the prisoner free.  
His blood can make the sinner clean,  
His Blood availed for me."

Nor can we forget that woman with whom Jesus talked at the Well of Jacob, whose heart and conscience He suddenly probed by saying to her, "Go call thy husband and come hither." Immediately, the woman flung up her guard of defense, and said, "I have no husband." Jesus said to her: "Thou hast well said, I have no husband, because thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." Smitten in conscience, the woman said to him: "Sir, I perceive that Thou art a prophet." She had come



weary and unhappy, all by herself, to draw water at the well; but when she went away, she left her water pot, for she had tasted of the forgiveness of the Water of Life.

How Christ dealt with that third woman who was troubled by her sins and confessed them, is perhaps the most wonderful story of them all. I think there can be no doubt that she had heard Jesus preach; had heard His message of repentance and forgiveness and had repented of her sins and been forgiven. Else it would be difficult to understand why she was moved to bring that costly gift the alabaster box of ointment when she slipped in behind Him at the banquet of Simon and washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. When Simon murmured at this, and concluded that Jesus could not be a true prophet because He permitted such a woman to touch Him, Jesus, after rebuking him, said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." Then turning to the woman, he said, "Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace."

Ye know, too, how Jesus dealt with Peter who had cursed Him and denied Him; how Jesus turned and looked upon Peter; and Peter went out and wept bitterly; and how Jesus, in His resurrection comforted Peter with a special appearance unto him; and then in that beautiful scene by the Sea of Galilee publicly forgave him and restored him. We know, too, how he dealt with that great sinner, Paul the Apostle; the man who had hated Him and blasphemed His Name and caused His disciples to do likewise. Yet Jesus did not let him go, but appeared to him at the gate of Damascus and said: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" When Paul understood that it was really Jesus, the Son of God, he was persecuting, then he repented and was forgiven; and through him how many thousands have been forgiven! Paul had, you

might say, a better right than anyone else who has ever lived to say: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy." Then he tells us what he means by "for this cause": that in all the years to come his repentance and his forgiveness would be an example of the long-suffering and mercy of God to all who believe in Him to life everlasting.

After these great examples of sin, repentance, and forgiveness, can anyone doubt that by the great mercy of God, he can conquer his past?

The late Dr. Joseph Fort Newton told of a man in great misery of soul, and, not knowing what to do, was wandering one evening along a country lane in England. He walked on and on until at length, exhausted, he sat down under a hedge. After he had been sitting there a while, he heard two girls talking on the other side of the hedge. They were speaking to one another about a sermon they had heard in a London church. One of the girls said of the preacher, "I heard him preach once, and I shall never forget one thing that he said. It gave me a big lift." The other girl asked her what it was that the preacher had said. She replied that what he had said was this: "The world will always say, 'You made your bed and must lie in it'; but One greater than the world has said, 'Take up thy bed and walk. Thy sins are forgiven.'" When the despairing man on the other side of the hedge heard that, the shadow was lifted from his soul. That is what Jesus says to your soul tonight. To every soul, troubled by the past, he says, "Take up thy bed and walk. Thy sins are forgiven." —Selected.

\* \* \*

God does not comfort us to make us comfortable but to make us comforters. —Jowett.



# Win \$50

You may already have entered the contest for naming the forthcoming, revised youth magazine. If you have, you no doubt are looking for an announcement of the winner. The young People's Committee thought, however, that too many young people neglected to enter the contest. So another chance is being given to send in entries.

If you have already entered one or more names in the contest, you may enter again. If you neglected to enter before, then do so now.

The contest is extended until the second day of March. The names that already are entered are being held and are still eligible for the contest.

The Young People's Department has \$50 it wants someone to have. IT COULD BE YOURS—if you enter this contest.

## CONTEST RULES FOR NAMING THE YOUTH MAGAZINE

1. Participants must be between the ages of 13 and 25.
2. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, March 2.
3. The name must be original.
4. The name must be short—one or two words.
5. The name must be appropriate for a young people's magazine.
6. The name must be on an official entry blank or a reasonable facsimile, pasted to a post card.
7. Only one name may be submitted on a card—no limit to the number of entries.
8. The judges reserve the right to reject any or all of the entries
9. Each entry becomes the property of the Young People's Department.
10. In the event of a duplication, the entry bearing the earlier postmark will be favored.
11. The General Committee of the Young People's Department and their families are not eligible to enter.

All entries should be mailed to Sister Willie Craig at the General Conference Office address—P. O. Box 2370, Denver 1, Colorado. Sister Craig will systematically file the entries and then submit them to the judges without exposing the entrants' identities.

### Contest Entry Blank

Name .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Age ..... Nearest Church of God .....

.....

Suggested Name .....

(Please print)

The winning prize will be presented in cash to the winner two weeks prior to the 1959 General Conference Camp Meeting.