



Vol. XVIII, No. 30.

Stanberry, Missouri

February 22, 1954

## You Have Yourself To Blame

*If you squander golden hours,  
And life to you seems tame,  
Don't say the age is out of joint—  
You have yourself to blame.*

*If opportunity is near  
And you fail to stake your claim,  
And lose the chance within your grasp—  
You have yourself to blame.*

*If you persist in doing wrong  
And suffer sense of shame  
As conscience points accusingly—  
You have yourself to blame.*

*If after many years you fail  
To make an honored name;  
The world will merely shrug and think  
You have yourself to blame.*

—Grenville Kleiser in *The United Evangelical*.

# Christian Youth Herald and Gospel Call

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

OFFICE EDITOR

Elaine D. Christenson

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

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

## EDITORIAL

The drouth conditions over some parts of the United States last year and so far this year is of much concern to many people. We all know that when it does not rain for a long period of time the ground becomes parched and dry and the roots of grass and other plants, and often trees, die out for lack of moisture. Crops cannot grow and become stunted to the extent they are of little or no value to man or beast for food.

Palestine became a dry and thirsty land because of the curse placed upon it through the disobedience of God's chosen people. For many years the land lay desolate and barren, and the earth was like granite. It became a habitation for wolves and a place for beasts to roam. Some of the people who lived there died, others migrated to other places where they could make a livelihood.

In Amos, considerably before Isaiah's time, in the year B.C. 787 we find that Israel was far from God, and the Lord said, "I will turn your feasts into mourning

and your songs into lamentations" because they would not hear the Word of the Lord. Not only did a literal famine come upon the land, but a famine "of hearing the words of the Lord"—and they could not find it even though they would run here and there seeking it when in trouble. They neglected it until too late. (Please read Proverbs 1:24-28 in this connection).

Do we have a famine in our lives? If we are lax about our spiritual welfare the Lord may finally take away the source of spiritual strength from us and we shall suffer as did Israel. When we have a famine in our lives we are of no value to God or man. God does not want His people to become spiritually drouth-stricken for they are then fruitless beings. He wants young people who have a growing and producing spiritual life. If we let our lives become drouth-stricken for lack of the Word of God, we shall become a habitation for evil. It is so easy for evil to creep into a heart that has dried up spiritually.

Water makes things live and grow. The water of life coming from God in the form of the Holy Spirit and the Word can make us grow and live. Periodically, plants need water to keep them renewed and vibrant. Just so is the need for periodic infillings from God in the lives of young people to keep them growing and fruitful for God.

Let us not allow our lives to become drouth-stricken because of the lack of the Word of God. Rather invite God to give us an abundance of rain from His generous and overflowing supply.

*Hand this paper to a friend.*



# Crying In The Chapel

By Esther Freeman

**F**ROM somewhere down the hall comes the sound of music. One of the girls in the dorm had left the door open so we can all enjoy the music. I like music—I can study better when I hear it. It was always like that at home. Dad typed and studied with music playing, Mother wrote and we children just sat and listened, drinking in the feeling of contentment and peace.

Now they are playing "Crying in the Chapel," and I close my book, and tears unbidden burn my eyes. I reach up and turn off the light and cry for Jenny; cry with sorrow and remorse. Sorrow because Jenny was so young, so filled with longing; remorse because Jenny went out into the unknown without Christ.

Whenever I hear "Crying in the Chapel," I think of Jenny. It was one of her favorite songs. She used to reach in her pocket and take a nickel from her scanty store of tips and play it in the juke box in the restaurant where we worked. If we weren't too busy she would sit at one of the booths cupping her chin in her hands and gaze wistfully out the window. At first I wondered what her thoughts were. She sat so quietly, and sometimes I saw tears glistening on her lashes. I thought this funny, for at first I took Jenny to be loud and rowdy. After I knew her better, I found that this was only pretense covering up the hurt and

shame she felt because she had very little education. At first she was shy when she talked to me, until she found out that I was sympathetic and never made light of her desires and frustrations.

I turned on my light and wrote a poem in her memory, but Jenny can't read it, nor ever hear it, because Jenny is dead. She died one Saturday night, when most of the world is gay and enjoying life. Jenny didn't feel gay that Saturday night, and she seldom had any reason to enjoy life. Sometimes I find myself saying the same thing the rest of them said, "Poor Jenny." Now I find myself saying it, mainly because I know Jenny probably better than anyone else.

She was a pretty girl, small, with dark hair and eyes. I seldom saw her wearing anything else except the uniform she wore at work. She didn't have much else to wear, except castoffs that no one else wanted. She would have been lovely with the right clothes, and the right environment, but all that is too late to think about now.

I met her last summer in a restaurant where I was working, Mother went to the hospital, and I was feeling pretty blue. Jenny, noticing my concern, came over to cheer me up. That was how I came to know her. She was so trusting, so desirous of making herself better; to further her edu-



cation, to have nice things, and live like other people. Yet, Jenny died without Christ, without ever starting on the road she wanted to travel.

I stopped and wondered why Jenny wasn't a Christian. I didn't ask her to go to church with me as she worked Sabbaths, and overtime most every evening. We talked about the Bible, and I told her what our church taught concerning prayer, happiness, and living a Christian life.

Jenny would listen, but she had missed so many things in life, and had been so misused that she didn't feel religion was as important as satisfying her longing for nice things.

Oh, Jenny didn't want fabulous wealth, just ordinary things that most of us take for granted. I was always griping about not having anything to wear, but Jenny admired my clothes. I told her that Mother made most of them and they weren't expensive by any means, but she liked them. She wanted to know if I had anything I wasn't wearing that she could use. I promised to look, but I forgot it until Jenny was gone, and it was too late.

One day we were talking and she inquired if I had a room of my own. I'd always had a room of my own, taking for granted that all girls had a sanctuary where they might go to read their mail, to hug to themselves glorious moments, to relive happy events, and to sit peacefully and quietly away from the world when they felt inclined to do so. Jenny lived in a three room house with ten other members of her family.

At the age of thirteen, she had to go to work to help support the

family. She scrubbed floors, did dirty work for everyone, took kicks and cuffs with a meekness that should have shamed even the most hardhearted. She envied me because I could attend college. I went because my parents wanted me to go. Yes, Jenny intended to go to school someday and finish her education, but at 20 Jenny is dead. Small, frail, Jenny, who weighed barely 90 pounds, lying on the highway on Saturday night, when the rest of the world was gay. Her mind, filled with her troubles and misgivings, Jenny stepped out from behind the bus, into the path of an oncoming car. Jenny, who when her broken body was picked up, was clutching her only treasure in a tightly gripped hand—a small rhinestone pin. Jenny who was buried in the dress she had saved for weeks to buy. Jenny who wanted the good things of life, died without the Live-giver, Who could have helped her solve her problems. She went into eternity without the Eternal One.

Yes, I hear Jenny's voice when I hear "Crying in the Chapel," I hear her voice poignant with longing. I see her eyes misty with tears, I feel her need of a friend, I see her need of Jesus. I'll always remember Jenny. Now I remember her with pain. Probably as the years go by, it will lessen the ache in my heart, but I will never forget that Jenny died without Christ.

Was it some fault of mine that she went out of this world unprepared? Might I have said something, or done something that would have caused her to accept Christ? It stops one cold to think of a person as young as

*(Continued on page 16)*



# Brought Low

By Opal Coulson

"RING-NG-NG."

Hello . . . Yes, this is Hazel. . . . No, I've made up my mind for sure this time. . . . I'm sorry, Ted. Maybe when school is out, I'll have more time to help. . . . OK, Ted, good-by."

"Who was that, dear?" asked Mrs. Burton as she came into the room.

"Oh, that was Ted making his final plea," sighed Hazel.

Mrs. Burton walked over to her daughter and, as usual, straightened Hazel's shoulders as she spoke softly, "You look so much nicer when you stand up straight. Perhaps I shouldn't have encouraged Ted to try again, but I've been praying earnestly, and I expected you to become more interested in helping with this new program. It's Ted's idea, and I think it is a very good one."

"But, Mother, you seem to forget that I'm a senior now, and we will be graduating in three months. I promise that I'll be available in June for young people's committees and other activities," returned Hazel as she went to her desk to begin a book report.

Hazel was deep in thought as she walked slowly home from school the next day. She should feel happy. It was Friday, and she could relax on the Sabbath. She was one of the few who had turned in their book reports early to receive extra credit. She had received recognition for her outstanding scholastic work.

But why wasn't she happy? She

couldn't figure it out. Just then she got a glimpse of herself in a store window as she walked by. She didn't see the merchandise; she saw only her reflection. Her shoulders were drooping again. She knew what her mother would say if she were present, but Hazel told herself that she just didn't feel like walking more erect.

"Hi, Hazel."

As she looked up, she saw Jim running toward the bus depot. He always hurried from school so he wouldn't have to wait for the 5:40 bus. He was needed at home each evening, but she marveled at his faithfulness in always running to catch the 4:05.

"Oop!" The next thing Hazel knew she was flat on the street with books in one direction and her coat all covered with snow. She quickly glanced around. Apparently no one saw her. But after all that wasn't the important thing. She hadn't watched where she was going as she came to the curb.

It seemed as if the shock of falling flat on her face brought her to her right senses. Is this the way God chose to answer the prayer of her mother and her friends?

Hazel hurried home with a lighter step. As she passed another window, she noticed that her shoulders were no longer drooping; yet it seemed to be no efforts now to walk correctly.

Mrs. Burton thought Hazel seemed in better spirits than



usual, but there was little time to visit since it was Friday afternoon.

In prayer meeting that evening Mrs. Burton brushed away several tears as she listened to her daughter's testimony.

"I wish to say that I am sorry for the way I have acted. God sometimes makes us fall flat on our faces to show us our real selves," testified Hazel.

She told of her experience of falling so clumsily. "God spoke to me like this, 'I want you to see that you are indifferent about your safety. You are carelessly walking along with selfish interests. Why can't you see that I expect you to put forth some effort to remain a faithful Christian just as Jim runs for his bus every evening. You lack interest in the eternal destiny of your friends as well as yourself.'"

"I'm glad," continued Hazel, "That God can humble us. I want to thank all of you for praying for me. I want to help more with the young people's activities whenever I'm asked. I shall accept the EMGAM challenge, take the worker's course, and help win others for Christ."

Ted also felt his eyes cloud with tears as he listened to Hazel's testimony, realizing that God's power was responsible for the change in her. Jim observed that she seemed to stand much straighter which added emphasis to her words. Several "amens" were heard. Many other young people resolved to work harder for the Lord in the future.

---

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—*T. a'Kempis.*

## Oklahoma Youth Rally

### Theme-Service

The first Youth Rally of 1954 was held at the Fairview Church of God, January 30. The services were opened by singing "He Keeps Me Singing," "He Leadeth Me," and "He Lives," lead by Elder K. C. Walker, accompanied by Lawrence Burrell at the piano.

The Scripture reading, Romans 12, was read by Marvin Burrell after which Harold Wells led in prayer. The program was presented by J. C. Kanady. It began with a pageant, "Challenge of the Cross," which was given by the ladies Priscilla Circle of the Fairview Church.

A poem "Being a Christian," was recited by Betty Kanady. Linda Burrell, Judy Roberts, and Naomi Burrell sang "My Candle Light." A poem was recited by Mary Kanady. Lawrence Burrell, Bryan, David, Mary Helen, and Calvin Burrell played and sang, "It Pays to Serve Jesus." A poem "Unfit For Service" was given by LaFern Kanady.

The Intermediate Class of the Fairview church presented a review on their lesson "The Holy Sabbath." It has taken them six months to finish it. They had just finished it before the youth rally. "'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus" was sung to close the program.

The service was then turned to the master of ceremonies, Benny Rosell. Elder Ross Johnston made announcements and a special offering was taken for the Oklahoma work as Benny Rosell sang "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." Elder Johnston offered prayer. The Scripture reading, Philippians 9:2-9 was read by Bryan Burrell.

(Continued on page 16)



# Up Again

---

"We missed you Wednesday night. What happened to you?" Harvey called to Thad.

"Oh, I just didn't get there. I fooled around too long, I guess, and didn't want to come late," Thad answered, hoping that his friend would not see through his fragile excuse.

"We'll see you Sabbath, won't we?" Harvey inquired hopefully.

"I'm not sure. You see, I promised Emmett that I might spend a few days with him." Again Thad wondered if Harvey did not actually see through his words as if they were glass. The next moment when Don and Charlie came along he was greatly relieved. Now he could make his getaway seem reasonable, if not altogether natural.

Don and Charlie were only too glad for his company. Gradually they were pulling him into their haunts like a spider catches a fly. Nor was he enjoying it. He was not happy with the old crowd; neither was he happy with the new.

At first Thad had "let up" going to church. Then he began skipping church and Sabbath School mornings. In a little while he was excusing himself from the class meetings and special services. Sometimes, he told others, he was too tired; sometimes he was too busy; sometimes he had "other plans." The "other plans" had included a fishing trip with Emmett, a squirrel hunt with Don and Charlie, and horseback riding with the bunch.

But Thad found no peace. He was as restless and discontented in his new diversions as a fish would be trying to enjoy itself at a beach party.

Then one morning when he was alone in his room supposedly studying for a math exam, but actually doing little more than dawdling, he overheard his father say to his mother: "I guess Thad's religion has played out. He used to be extremely enthusiastic about it. Then it took first place in his life, but now it's all washed up. I was wondering how long it would last."

Thad stirred wretchedly. Color crept to his cheeks. Those words, spoken so dubiously, hurt worse than hornet stings. He had prayed often for his parents since that glorious day, nearly two years ago, when he had been saved (when he had "got religion" as his folks called it). Lately, he reflected, it had been getting harder and harder to pray, until now it was a hopeless effort. Praying just did not fit in with the rest of his life. "I'm up a tree," the miserable boy muttered to himself. "There's nothing worthwhile to go back to, and I can't seem to go on."

At last his musings were interrupted by a rap at his door. He went to see who it was, feeling that anyone would be welcome just then. There stood Harvey, obviously headed for Sabbath School, though this was out of his way.

(Continued on Page 10)

---

# TEEN

---



## **A Letter From Aunt Lena**

*Dear Nieces and Nephews:*

The story of David and Jonathan is a favorite story of mine. Jonathan loved David as his own soul and their souls were knit together as one soul though their stations at that time were far apart. David was only a poor shepherd boy while Jonathan was the son of King Saul. (However, we are all one in Christ Jesus.) Later David married Jonathan's sister Michal so he became his brother-in-law.

Because of the great love Jonathan had for David, he took off his costly garments and put them on David. (In honor preferring one another as we are told to do in the Scriptures.) Did this make David proud and haughty? No; the Word tells us he behaved wisely and the Lord was with him.

King Saul became jealous of David and many times tried to kill him, but he always escaped because the Lord was with him. We might be very much surprised if we knew how many accidents and temptations we escape because the Lord is with us.

David finally became King of Israel. David and Jonathan had made a covenant with each other that David would never forget

the house of Saul because of the kindness Jonathan had shown him.

Jonathan was slain in a battle with the Philistines; also his father Saul. When David heard the news he wept and lamented and fasted until the evening. Here is the beautiful tribute he paid to Jonathan: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women" (2 Sam. 1:26).

Sometime later, David remembered his covenant with Jonathan, and upon inquiry found that Jonathan had a son named Mephibosheth who was lame in both feet because of a fall when he was five years old. He was a cripple physically, but when we sin and fall from grace or the favor of God we are crippled spiritually. To be spiritually whole we must put God first in our lives.

Mephibosheth was dwelling in Lodebar and I am told Lodebar means "no pasture." His future was very dark in Lodebar—just a mere existence and not with many hopes.

Jesus tells us in John 10:9, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." Do we believe that? Have





---

# TALK

---

we entered the door? Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. He came that we might have life, not just a mere existence in Lodebar, but an abundant life in heavenly places. Pasture means a place where one feeds. The Word is called the bread of life, and we can feed upon it daily and must read and study it often if we want to be spiritually strong.

David sent for Mephibosheth. When he came, he bowed himself and said to David, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldst look upon such a dead dog as I am?" David replied, "Fear not, for I will surely show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father, and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually as one of my sons."

Did you notice Mephibosheth came to David in a meek and humble way, acknowledging his unworthiness?

We, too, must come in like manner to our Savior, realizing we are nothing in ourselves, pleading for His infinite mercy. When we do that we can become the sons and daughters of God, feasting on the good things in this life and can eat at the King's table continually in the earth made new,

Are you looking forward to that glorious time of joy and

peace? If not, why not? Today is the day of salvation.

Lovingly,  
Aunt Lena

---

## It's Your Guess

*What do you know about Luke?*

1. His name in Greek means—  
a. made of boards, b. born at daylight, c. light-bringing
2. He was born at—  
a. Antioch, b. Philippi, c. Jericho
3. He was taught—  
a. painting, b. carpentry, c. medicine
4. He was—  
a. an Israelite, b. not a Jew, c. a Jew.
5. He worked with Paul at—  
a. Troas, b. Jerusalem, c. Corinth
6. He also worked with—  
a. Thomas, b. Thaddeus, c. Titus
7. He accompanied Paul to—  
a. Joppa, b. Rome, c. Bethany
8. He was with Paul during—  
a. a famine, b. a storm at sea, c. his imprisonment

\* \* \*

Answers to *It's Your Guess*

1, 4, 7, b; 2, 5, a; 3, 6, 8, c

---

Even the smallest undertaking is worth the pains of good workmanship.—*Plaque.*

## UP AGAIN

(Continued from page 7)

"Hello, Thad. How about going to Sabbath School this morning?"

Thad reddened and stammered; "Sorry, but I can't very well. I've got some studying to do, and besides I'm not ready."

Harvey looked at him searchingly, kindly. In a strangely quiet, even voice he said, "See here, Thad, what's troubling you? Won't you tell me?" But he got no answer from his friend, whose downcast, even-redder countenance silently revealed the certainty of some inner agony.

"Is it something I did?" Harvey inquired.

"Why—no!" came the quick answer.

"Something wrong with the Sabbath School or the church?"

"Why, no. No, of course not!"

"Nothing wrong with your Lord?"

"With—with my Lord—did you say? Why, of course not!" came the emphatic answer.

"Then what is it?"

"Why—it's—well, there's something wrong with *me*. That's what the matter is. It's *me*." Suddenly he felt better. He had faced his trouble. He had put his finger on the right spot. "Yes, it's me. I'm—well, I'm backslidden, I guess they call it."

"But you needn't *stay* that way. The sooner you get back where you belong the better it will be."

"I believe that," confessed Thad, who was finding that his coldness of heart was melting in Harvey's presence like snow in the path of a chinook. It disappeared rapidly. Then came an onrush of words: "It all started when I let the fellows talk me

into going to an affair that I didn't have any business going to. I tried to tell myself it was innocent enough; that almost everybody else went—but I couldn't take the Lord with me. I kept getting farther and farther away until now—"

Harvey took advantage of the long pause. "Until now you know it is time to come back."

"But I've been such a failure—such a complete flop! There just wouldn't be much use. I might do the same thing over again."

"Have you forgotten our motto, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me'?" his friend questioned softly.

"No, not altogether," admitted Thad.

"Most of us have fallen at some time. I know I have," Harvey explained. "But I took heart when I read verses like these in the Bible: 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And I especially like this one: 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise.' And there's another one that goes with it, 'Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.' You see, you do not need to stay down. You can get up again."

Thad did see. In an instant he was down—down on his knees. A little later he was up again—up in the heights of restored fellowship with the Lord.

As he hurried to make ready to accompany Harvey to Sabbath School, he said: "I musn't fail my parents *this* time. I believe God will answer my prayer for them if only I really let God keep



first place in my life.”—Edna R. Brown in *Y.P. Delight* (adapted.)

---

## Please Explain

**Question:** What was the “curse of the law” spoken of in Gal. 3?

**Reply:** Galatians 3:13 says in part: “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: . . .”

Paul’s letter to the Galatians deals largely with a portion of the Old Covenant, that is circumcision (see Ch. 5:2-6; 6:12-13). Paul showed that to adhere to this part of the Old Covenant obligated one to do all the rest of that Covenant, and that those who so taught these things were false brethren with a false message since the Old Covenant had expired. To go back under it put one under the curse. Then Paul quotes part of the Old Covenant: “. . . for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them” (Gal. 3:10). This is not referring to the Ten Commandments at all. In all dispensations we believe the Decalogue was to be kept. Now, in the days of grace, we do not keep the rites and ceremonies of “the book of the law.”

When Paul said, “It is written,” where did he mean? First, Jeremiah 11:3 says, “Cursed be the man that obeyeth not the words of this covenant” (Old Covenant). Deut. 27:26 says, “Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them. And all the people shall say amen.”

To find the curse and all that it includes, read Deut. 28. Over fifty verses are given to explaining the curse. The Jews are still, more or less, under this curse to-

day because they (with a few exceptions) have not accepted Christ and His atonement; they have not accepted His redemption which redeems from sin and also the curse of the law (Gal. 3:13).

---

## TEXAS Y. P. REPORT

Sabbath afternoon at 3:00 the monthly young people’s program was held. It was opened by the congregation singing “Wonderful Name,” “We Shall Know,” and “Jesus Calls Us,” accompanied by Melvin Sweet at the piano and led by Wilma Rathke.

The Scripture reading, Ephesians 6:1-10, was read by Johnny Smith, after which Melba Gene Smith led in prayer.

The following poems were read: “If I Had Prayed” by Lindon Hicks, “God Walks in Gardens” by Louis Hicks, “The Road We Must Travel” by Herman Rathke, “A Snow Storm” by Haven Harrod, “I Believe In God” by Melvin Sweet, “Gossip Town” by Woodie Harrod and “God’s Sabbath Day” by Jimmie Harrod.

The following readings were given: “My Eyes” by Wesley Sweet and “My Last Day” by Lola McCan.

The congregation sang, “Praise Him! Praise Him!” and Lola McCan dismissed the meeting with prayer. Louis Hicks was appointed chairman for the next month.

We were glad to have several visitors with us and we wished we could have more. May God bless you all.

—Submitted by Wilma Rathke.

---

Are we as particular about what we *repeat* as we are about what we eat? Who will eat tainted food?



# Skip This Page

Likely some of you readers will do just that — what? — skip this page. Maybe a few will skip more than half of this and other issues of the *Call*—(hope not, though).

If you just quickly, now, turn to the next page you'll get all through the sixteen pages faster. There are so *many* things to do these days and they all bid for our time. Most young people going to school are very busy. Often there isn't time — their actions say — to read the Bible or Christian literature. There isn't even time (it appears) for one to pause a moment and put first things *first*.

Now here's the deal — so it goes by the looks of things — it is easier to do what we *want* to do, what we *like* to do rather than to slow down to a complete halt (ever see a stop sign?) and *think*, and then begin doing what we should *when* we should! You know, that's a hard job — evidently. Am I wrong or right?

As I said before, "Skip this page," even at this point. Just wade back or rush on to the next page. However, if you don't happen to be in such a hurry, I had in mind to repeat Jesus' words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear" (Matt. 11:15). Now it is hoped none will say, "Who has time to hear? If I must hear, hurry up and say it so I can be on my way. I'm a busy person; I have things on my mind."

Ok. You know something? Sure you do, and I'm glad, too. That something is just this: We all

ought to take more time to read the Bible (no?), more time to think on spiritual things, and more time to pray. Sure that takes time—some anyway, depending on what counts most. Yes, I know other things come butting in more often than we should allow them, but they have a way of doing just that—like an unwanted salesman putting his foot in the door.

Come now, let us put our foot down and refuse to let "things" rob us of time we should give to spiritual things. We really should have come to this decision yesterday a year or two ago, but it's not too late even now to get in extra sincerely earnest about this matter. Next week will be a little later. Mr. Ben Puttin'-it-off will try to make anyone stall who will befriend him. Let's tell him and all his gang, "Get thee hence."

You know, it is almost a sad thing if a day goes by and we haven't spent some time with the Lord and His powerful Book of wonderful promises. Let's not let another day get away from us like this.

Remember? — Jesus said, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come . . ." (Rev. 3:20). Stop now and listen — listen deep inside. Listen in the secret recesses of your soul where the Spirit of God radios to you. Tune in and you'll hear in your heart Jesus calling. "Unto you that hear shall more be given,"

(Continued on Page 16)



# MIDWEST NEWS

---

Although the old ground hog must have seen his shadow on the second of February, he undoubtedly is not staying in hibernation when the sun shines so beautifully like it has been recently. The days have been so warm that nearly every day after lunch some of us sit in the mid-day sun on the lawn.

All of the students except Willard and Lyle went to St. Joseph Sabbath morning where they assisted the St. Joseph young people in providing the program for the eleven o'clock service. Brother Roy Marrs also went along with the group, and in the afternoon he went out to Easton to meet with the little group there.

The warm sunshine and the brisk breeze really fit in well with the picnic lunch which Sister Williams kindly served to us. Later in the afternoon the group drove to Brother B. F. Marrs' home to visit with Sister Flossie who had just recently been released from the hospital after a severe seizure of pneumonia. It was good to see Sister Marrs up and around even though she was not feeling as well as we would like for her to be.

The travelers had just arrived back at school when Lyle informed four of the boys that Sister Poff had invited them out for supper. Even though they were a bit weary, Lawrence, Lyle, Haskell, and Max started for the Poff farm home. As they were nearing their home, they noticed a pasture fire along the countryside, and were watching the fire when Haskell exclaimed, "There's a

skunk in the road! Don't hit it!" The car came to an abrupt halt and the occupants piled out to test their arms at throwing stones at the skunk. "Dead Eye" Lawrence, after two practice shots, made a direct contact on the back of the skunk's head which ended all the "hunt."

The beefsteak supper was really enjoyed by the fellows, and the evening was capped by going to the nearby home of an aged couple where a number of gospel songs were sung.

The weekly chapel services on Wednesday morning was conducted by Nelson. Ray and Shirley Straub provided the musical specials—Shirley sang a solo and the two sang a duet. Following this, Ray delivered a challenging message based on the subject of "Living Where God Can Use Us."

It is the aim of every individual connected with the school that he is living where God can use him. Pray with the Midwesterners that this desire may be realized.

—Max Morrow, Reporter.

---

## TRAINS AT NIGHT

In the dead of night, when all is still,  
You may hear a train on a distant hill.  
What comfort to know, the while we  
sleep

Knights of the rail their vigil keep.  
Somehow their rhythm lulls us to rest,  
As we ponder o'er all of which we're  
blessed.

Refreshed and alert we awake at  
dawn—  
God's world forever moves on and on!

—H. Hollander in Sunshine.

# Poetic Gems

## WITH JESUS

I'd rather walk with Jesus  
And feel His presence near;  
I'd rather talk with Jesus  
And hear His answer clear;  
I'd rather cling to Jesus  
Than sin, and shame, and fear;  
I'd rather love this Jesus  
Who gave His life so dear.

I'd rather stand for Jesus  
If I must stand alone;  
I'd rather fight for Jesus,  
Yet in gentle tone;  
I'd rather live for Jesus  
And do the things He'd do;  
I'd rather follow Jesus  
And see the battles through!

And if I follow Jesus  
I never can go wrong,  
Because it was this Jesus  
That picked me from the throng;  
For I'd rather stand for Jesus  
If it means to stand aside  
Because He was "my Savior,"  
Who suffered, bled, and died.

—Sel.

\* \* \*

## PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER

Breathe not a word of another's fault,  
Speak not aloud of thy brother's sin,  
Mention it only in prayer.  
Seek not for aught of thy brother's  
blame,  
Scan not his sin with care—  
Speak of thine own and thy brother's  
sin  
Humbly and only in prayer.

—Author Unknown.

## WILL IT BE WORTH IT ALL?

By Alvin Brenneise

Will it be worth it all, dear brother  
To give a smile each day;  
To lend a helping hand  
To one along life's rugged way?

Will it be worth it all, dear brother  
When journeying through this land;  
To kneel in prayer to our Redeemer,  
To help us take that stand?

Will it be worth it all, dear brother  
To live a righteous life?  
Many times it may seem hard  
To overcome sin and strife.

Will it be worth it all, dear brother  
When laying our armour down;  
We rise to meet our Savior  
And receive that glorious crown?

\* \* \*

## PRAYER AT EVENING

Twilight and shadows,  
Stars twinkle and glow,  
Through blooming flowers  
Soft breezes blow.

Around me, above me,  
God's beauty I see,  
Bright moonlight falling  
On hilltop and tree.

I kneel by my window,  
I look up and pray,  
"Thanks, Father, for giving  
Us rest after day."

—Ollie J. Robertson in Gospel Herald.

A face that cannot smile is  
never good.—*Martial*.



# Cultivate Your Life

By Ned Coulson

**T**HE DEVIL never ceases to tempt people. He is constantly on the go always causing as much trouble as possible. The devil does everything within his power to lead us astray and cause us to sin. We have to be on guard at all times in order to keep sin weeded out of our lives.

One's life might be compared to a corn field. A man plants his corn in the spring of the year. After a few days he looks at the field of corn to see if his corn is about to come up. Soon the whole field has many little plants of corn pushing their way through the earth. But it is not long until the farmer notices many little weeds throughout his entire corn field. He immediately prepares to cultivate the corn. In time the farmer is finished cultivating and he has killed practically all the weeds in the field of corn. Of course he is very happy because his crop is making fast progress, and the weeds have all been killed. This is just how our life is. We notice many bad characteristics in our life, so we began fighting these bad characteristics. With the help of God we soon overcome many of these bad characteristics. Then we are very happy because of the progress we have made. We feel much closer to the Lord and try to serve Him better.

This is not the end of our cultivating; neither is the farmer

through cultivating. In a few days the farmer again looks at his corn field. He discovers many more weeds springing through the soil as he did before cultivating his corn. He continues to cultivate until the corn has become large and strong. Then the corn soon ripens and is ready for the harvest. Now our lives are comparable to this field of corn. We may have put away many evil ways and ceased from several sinful habits; nevertheless it is an endless fight. We must continue to cultivate and uproot all the evil out of our lives. Sometimes we may feel that we have all the weeds out, but just as sure as we think such thoughts, more weeds will spring forth.

When the season is ended we will be harvested into God's kingdom, just as corn is harvested into a bin. The season will not end until the coming of our Lord. It is the duty of everyone to cultivate his life continually and be ready for the great harvest. It will be *more* than worth it all when we are gathered into the glorious kingdom of God.

---

## NIGHT

By Alfie Hallmann

Night is a highway leading to God,  
Lighted by angels goldenly shod,  
Bearing star caskets filled with the  
wares

Of our heart's pleadings coined in-  
to prayers.



(Continued from Page 4)

Jenny dying. But what is worse, she died without Christ.

I have asked myself many times, "Was it my fault that she died without knowing the joy of being a child of God? Was I living my life that I was a good example for her and others like her?" All these questions I have asked myself time and time again, but again it is too late.

One thing I do know, that I have learned a lesson from Jenny's untimely death. I have learned to care more for the souls of those who are outside the ark of safety. Father tells me that it is when you really have a burden for souls, that you do something about winning them for Christ.

You, too, might try just a little harder to save that lost boy or girl, before they leave this world unprepared to meet their God. Don't always judge from the outward appearance, but try to find out their troubles and desires before you call them ungodly or wicked. Above all let us pray more for the youth of our church and criticize them less. There is always room for improvement in our lives, both mine and yours.

---

#### OLAHOMA YOUTH RALLY

(Continued from page 6)

Elder Burt Ford then brought the message for the afternoon. He spoke on the theme "Service" which was an inspiring message.

"Rescue the Perishing" was the closing song and Elder O. T. Whitten dismissed the congregation with prayer.

—Submitted by J. C. Kanady.

(Continued from page 12)

He promises. More what? More spiritual understanding; more honey from the rock; more bread of life, and visions of things eternal.

Have you ever thought of it this way?—the Bible is God's love letter to man. He is in love with us; but how do we regard this love? Are we really in love with the Lover of our souls? No matter how busy we are, this is of vital concern to us.

As we think of the Lamb's Book of Life, what do we hope is there? Do you know? If there is a blank page where our name should be, God will skip that page. No roll call for us will be a sad day. But not one of us need be left out. Then let us not leave Jesus out of our everyday lives. Let's not skip Him today. As we open the door to His tender calling—we will, won't we?—let us give Him the best and most prominent place in our hearts.

Lord, forgive us for having slighted You in the least in days that are past. Help us, we pray, to henceforth always delight in finding time to spend with You

—A Reader.

---

#### MEDITATION

It is not the number of books you read, nor the variety of sermons you hear, nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix, but it is the frequency and earnestness with which you meditate on these things till the truth in them because your own and part of your being, that ensures your growth.—Robertson.