

# Sabbath School Missionary

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## YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

### The Collector

Janice glanced at the penny, as I slipped it into the machine that would tell her weight.

"Do you save Indian-head pennies?" she asked me.

I told her that I have seen one now and then, but I do not save them.

"Well," she said, "next time you see one will you save it? Betty Davis will give you a Lincoln penny for it. I got three for her. Betty is a friend of mine and she has a collection of Indian-head pennies."

Of course I promised and it just happened that soon after, in a box of trinkets in the attic, I found one that was rather unusual.

"You see," I explained, when I gave it to Janice. "Most pennies are made of bronze but this one is nickel. See, it's the same color as the buffalo nickel. Besides, it's quite old."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Janice. "Betty hasn't one like that I know and she will be ever so pleased. Do you—" she hesitated. "Do you ever get foreign stamps?"

"Not often," I said. "Now and then one on a letter from France or Germany."

"And you don't collect stamps? Well, next time you get a letter away off, will you save the stamps for Tony Squadrilli? He's a friend of mine and he collects foreign stamps. He gets plenty from Italy, because that is where his grandmother lives, but I don't think he knows anybody that gets letters from France or Germany. Last summer, when Aunt Esther was up in Canada, she wrote us two letters and I gave Tony the stamps from them."

The very next week, as it happened, I had a letter from Mexico. Janice told me it was the first Mexican stamp in Tony's collection.

A day or two later, we were walking together down the street, when all at once Janice called, "Help me catch him!" and started to run. I had not chased butterflies for a good while but I could not fail Janice. Finally we caught it and she ran cross the street with it. Later she told me about it.

"It was for Jane Forbes. She's a friend of mine and she has just started a collection of but-

terflies. I've been helping her catch them—she has a net and everything—and that was one she had not caught yet. I knew as soon as I saw it. Janie asked me to thank you for helping."

We all went to Lake Muscron the next week for the Sabbath School picnic. Janice and I had been for a ride with some of the others and I had just lifted her from the boat, when among the pebbles on the shore I noticed something different and stopped to pick it up.

"Oh—!" exclaimed Janice. "You—you want it, don't you?"

I looked at the piece of flint in my hand. It was gray in color and long long ago skilful fingers had shaped it and sharpened it.

"No," I said, "I don't collect Indian arrow-heads."

"Well—Jimmie Barlow—You're sure that you don't want it yourself? He's a friend of mine and he has a collection of arrowheads. Most of them his father plowed up on their farm but I found two for him last summer."

"Jimmie is quite welcome to it," I told her.

Just the other day, Janice was up in my study, when I opened my afternoon mail.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, "You aren't going to throw that away, are you?"

"Yes," I said. "You can have it, if you want it." She took it out of my waste-basket — a picture post card showing a man with a fishing rod, standing knee-deep in a mountain stream.

"It's for Margie Lane," explained Janice. "She's a friend of mine and she's collecting picture postcards. She has a scrap book almost full; some from Florida, some from England. I gave her the two that Aunt Esther sent us from Canada."

All at once she stopped studying the post card.

"Do you know some nice things to collect?" she asked. "You see—I don't collect anything."

"Nonsense," I said. "I don't know anyone who collects more. You collect Indian-head pennies for Betty, stamps for Tony, butterflies for Janie, arrow-heads for Jimmie and picture post cards for Margie. That surely ought to be enough for one girl."

"I mean," said Janice "a collection of my very own."

"Well," I said, "I think you have a collection

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## THE SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

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### YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION

(Of the *Sabbath School Missionary*)

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## EDITORIAL

### MAKING A NAME

Sometimes, when traveling, I see names of towns or places made with shells, rocks or flowers.

Did you ever grow your name? If not, try it next Spring. Dig up a flower bed. Break up all the clods and make the soil fine. Next take a stick and write your name in very large letters. Then plant the seed of some flower that grows many blossoms. Mignonette is good, so are poppies. After a few weeks, you'll enjoy seeing your name in your flower bed. It will be beautiful.

But you don't have to wait until Spring to grow a name. You are making a name right now. Every day your name is growing. If you are good, you're making a good name, but if you are naughty—Oh! what a name you are making!

When some children's names are mentioned, some one says, "Oh! yes, I know him. He's one of the nicest boys in school." or "Yes, I remember; that girl is the one who pouts."

What kind of a name are you making?

### THE COLLECTOR

(Continued from front page)

of your very own. Some people collect things without knowing it."

That was puzzling and she asked what a person could collect without knowing it.

"Freckles," I suggested.

Then she laughed, because of course that was just a joke.

"You mean things a person would like?" she asked.

"Certainly and I don't know of any girl in this town who has a finer collection than you have. What's more, I think you have enjoyed it even more than Jane, and Betty, and the others have enjoyed their collections. It's a better one."

"You're not fooling?"

"No, indeed, I am not fooling."

"What is it?"

"Well," I said, "while you have been helping Betty, and Tony and Janie, and Jimmie, and Margie with their collections, you have been collecting friends."

Janice stared at me hard for a moment.

"They are my friends," she said.

"Of course they are and, whether a person is little or big, he could not possibly collect anything worth more than friends are. Why, they are so much more valuable than Indian-head pennies, or stamps, or butterflies, or arrow-heads, or picture post cards—they should hardly be mentioned in the same breath."

—The Story Hour.

## A Message From Aunt Lena

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Here it is Oct. 11 and we had our first frost this morning. Tho' all of my pretty flowers are dead, we needed the frost so the late fall crops like potatoes will ripen before snow comes. Each season and month of the year has its own special beauty. Now our trees will shine forth in all colors of the rainbow. We have a special color tour outline by the county or counties for people to travel and see these gorgeous colors every October and many people take this drive and admire the wonderful paintings by God, but I wonder how many think of the Creator as the Master painter.

Did you ever go fishing? Was it fun? But have you ever fished and fished for hours not catching a single fish without being a little bit discouraged? It makes me rather discouraged when I don't catch anything even tho' I can see the beautiful water, the sky and grass and trees along the shore, occasionally a bird flying over head. But how would you like to fish all night in the dark and not catch anything? Maybe you could look up and see the stars but all around was so dark and still. Maybe there would be a queer noise of an animal or a wierd shrill of an owl that would startle you and almost make you wish you hadn't gone fishing. It would seem like a pretty long night, wouldn't it? Several times you would think, "I'm going home; there is no use trying any more." But there is still a faint hope that perhaps if you just stick a little longer you might be rewarded.

Now in Luke the fifth chapter we read of some fishermen that had fished all night long, yet had empty nets. They had toiled so hard, trying in this place and that place, in shallow water, also in deep water, on both sides of the boat. They worked continuously and endured many trials in the darkness. They must have been discouraged but struggled on with a hope in their hearts they would yet be rewarded. If you will read the first seven verses of this chapter you will see how miraculous and how very great was their reward. The Master told them to enter into the ship again and cast forth their nets which were filled so full of fish that the nets broke. Now, dear



*"Therefore being justified by faith, Stanberry, Missouri, Oct. 27, 1941 we have peace with God..." Rom. 5:1.*

## SANCTIFIED AND MEET FOR THE MASTER'S USE

In our desire to learn more of the will of God concerning us let us study a few verses in Paul's second letter to young Timothy. Surely all of us are familiar with 2 Tim. 3:15 where Paul instructed Timothy to *study* and rightly divide the word of truth. Then he warns, "But shun profane and vain babblings (why?): for they will increase unto more ungodliness." Have you ever given thought to what "profane and vain babblings" might be? They are something we must shun, avoid and keep clear of. Do you suppose there is any talk of this sort heard in the world today? Ah, I fear there is much of it and I believe you will agree there is. May we avoid it.

Vain, valueness, useless, idle and empty babbling is foolish talking and blabbing. While such nonsense may not actually contain slang or swear words, yet it profits nothing and tends to lower the indulger's intelligence in the eyes of others. Such talk is harmful to spirituality and Paul says it is ungodly and "increases unto more ungodliness."

Paul calls such talking both vain and profane. Possibly the chief thot to be gotten from the word "profane" as used here is "having to do with the world" in the sense of being purely worldly. If such babbling and foolish talking goes far enough it may include disrespect or irreverence for God and sacred things. Included in this would be what some may think are harmless jokes about Bible characters or sacred things. The subjects of our conversation must be "well chosen," as becometh saints. The apostle Paul said in 1 Cor. 13: 11, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought (or reasoned) as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." While in a child, childish things are not sinful unless the child does evil, yet as it grows up unless such are put away they may turn into profane and vain talking. As we grow up we must begin to take life serious and begin to think and reason like men and wo-

men when they realize their duty to God.

Back in 2 Tim. 2 the writer says such talk or "words eat as doth a canker" or gangrene. Why? Because they hinder spiritual thought and stifle growth in grace and knowledge of God, being ungodly and earthly. I do not mean to convey the thought that we must talk only about the Bible and things of God. There are many things to talk about that are neither religious nor vain. But in the Christian's life there is no time or room for unbecoming and foolish talking that tends to ungodliness.

In 2 Tim. 2:17 two people are named as examples of those who indulged in vain talk of a kind that included false teaching. They said the resurrection was already past, which is not the truth. However, verse 19 begins thus, "Nevertheless" or regardless of false teaching "the foundation of God standeth sure—" or steady. All who are built on God's foundation will gain eternal life. They are among "whosoever heareth these sayings of mine," said Jesus, "and doeth them," and are therefore like the man who built his house on a rock. Matt. 7: 27-29. We must be built upon God's word, upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone. See Eph. 2:20. We prove all doctrine by them and their inspired writings or sayings.

Again: "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." Nahum 1:7 tells us, "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." Yes, the Lord knows His own—they are acquainted with Him and His will and He will not say to them, depart from me, I never knew you.

Now finishing this 19th verse, "And Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Or we might say, let every one who has accepted Christ and is a Christian, depart, walk away from, yea flee from iniquity and all even tends toward iniquity, and follow after righteousness.

Then in the next verse, while it may seem Paul changes his subject,

yet he is still on the thought of departing from iniquity. He gives what we might call a parable—at least he makes a comparison thus: "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver but also of wood and of earth; and some to honor and some to dishonor."

Next he says, "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." 2 Tim. 2:20-21.

Verse 20 may puzzle the reader at first as to its meaning but first let us consider the easily understood part of verse 21. It speaking of our purging ourselves, being sanctified and being set apart for the Master's use unto every good work. Surely we all want to be in this useful class.

Purged from what? We shall see. Again verse 20, and here it speaks of vessels of honor and some of dishonor. In a great house there are all kinds of vessels—some used to eat and drink from (or vessels of honor) and some used to put ashes, garbage and scraps into. What kind of a vessel would you want to be?

Our bodies might be called a vessel which can either carry the gospel and be used by the Lord in many good ways, or we can be a vessel filled with just worldly things or garbage (sin) and husks of this world. But, dear young people, let us purge and cleanse ourselves from such things and be a vessel unto honor, meet (suitable, adapted, fit) for the Master's use. Therefore verse 22 says, "Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart."

The purging here sounds like we are to do it ourselves. And we have a part to play in this purging ourselves. It is true that we must come to Christ repent and accept Him according to His way that His blood may purge away our sin, and so is it also true that it is up to us, individually to depart, flee and get away from evil and all that can make a person a dishonor in God's sight. It is up to US to forsake sin and all that leads that way.

May the Holy Spirit lead in your

life and give you a constant and definite desire to do right and follow righteousness, "For it is God which worketh in you both (two things) to will (desire) and to do (perform) of his good pleasure." Phil. 2:12.

—Editor.

## NOBLE VASES

"Use thy noble vase today, for tomorrow it may break." This is an old Hebrew proverb which might well be adopted by us today.

Haven't you known persons who owned a noble vase or perhaps some other object which was precious to them, and which they were very careful to keep put away where nothing could harm it, and where no one could harm it or even get any enjoyment from it? Many times these things are kept until they are no longer an object of interest to the person into whose hands they might fall or perhaps the thing may be broken or damaged by moving or some other way, and no one derives any good from the vase after all its careful keeping.

I believe we could be compared with the owners of those precious things. Our Master has left each of us with a talent. Some may be more precious than others, but each is very valuable in the sight of the One who gave it to us.

Many of us have our talents put away or hid in a closet, as it were. No one is getting any enjoyment or benefit whatever from them. Perhaps we think tomorrow we will dig them out, brush the dust from them, shine them up, and put them to use. But, alas too often tomorrow may be too late for our talents to be appreciated. The friend we would help may be gone; the flowers we intended to take our sick neighbor may be wilted or the opportunity to point our wayward brother to the shining heights forever lost. We need our noble talents on display today. Let us remember the slothful servant who hid his talent in the earth and when his master returned he was told, "Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury."

—By June Paris.

## CAN WE BELIEVE IN GOD?

### CONVINCING ARGUMENT NO SKEPTIC CAN REFUTE

"Vance, you're gullible! Your religion and your God are merely the product of your imagination. Why don't you come down to earth, and base your belief on something you can demonstrate, on something real?"

So said a young man to me recently. He went on to say that faith in a Supreme Being has a wonderful effect upon the mind, that it sustains in sorrow, strengthens in weakness, restrains from lawlessness, improves health by eliminating worry and emotional upsets, and in many other ways proves beneficial to mind and body. "It's a wonderful philosophy," he said; "and I'd give a great deal to believe in it if it were only based upon something real and concrete instead of imaginary."

What's this? Belief in God is gullible? Not by any means!

One does not necessarily need to see a thing in order to believe in its existence. Not one of us has ever seen the Magnetic Poles. No one on earth has ever seen them. Yet we all believe that there is a force that sends its lines of power throughout the entire world. We cannot see that power, we cannot taste it, smell it, hear it, or feel it. The little floating magnetized compass needle alone reveals to us the existence of the Magnetic Poles.

Are we gullible because we believe in this strange power? Are the Magnetic Poles a product of our imagination? Does it take faith to believe in their existence? We at once say, No. We accept the evidence of the compass needle, our own investigations in magnetism, and the testimony of our scientists without the slightest question. We believe in the Magnetic Poles as firmly as we believe that the sun will come up tomorrow morning.

Why, then, should man doubt the existence of God when there is more evidence in His favor than there is in favor of the Magnetic Poles? Perhaps it is because man is unwilling to admit that there could possibly exist anyone with greater power and intelligence than he possesses. It may be that we are blind to the evidence only because, perhaps subconsciously, we believe that we are the greatest beings in the universe, the peak of all intelligence and power. How else can we account for our blindness to the evidence?

The power of the Supreme Being is discernible on every hand. All nature is charged with it. The power daily flowing from the sun in all directions is beyond our imagination; yet our astronomers tell us that the sun is but a babe among innumerable suns in the universe. There is not the slightest evidence that the power of the sun is inherent with the sun, and that some day it will cease to exist. The evidence indicates that the sun is being constantly charged with power from another source, much as our light globe is charged with power from the powerhouse. If it is not thus being constantly charged with power, then who

stored up that energy in our sun in the beginning? and who is now sustaining our universe, keeping each star and planet on its course? It takes power to direct the heavenly bodies, and the power is still operating. Just as faithfully as the compass needle points to the North Pole, so the planets on their courses point to God.

The intelligence with which our universe is operated also points to God. Everything from the great suns hurling through the sky to the tiniest flower that blooms beneath our feet is directed by a Master Mind. There is order in our universe — order in the calls that build the trees, the birds, our bodies; order in the balance of the gases used by man and plants; order in the alternation of winter and summer, rain and sunshine, seedtime and harvest. It is true that there is also vision in the realm of nature the hand of a destroyer—the work of the evil one; but, through it all, there shines as clearly as the noonday sun to him who looks for it the intelligence and power of the Master Craftsman.

The true Christian himself has a foundation for his belief in God of which the non-Christian knows nothing. Just as the magnetized needle responds to the power sent out by the Magnetic Pole so the Christian feels the power of God flowing thru his life, enabling him to love those he once hated, to abhor his former life of lawlessness and dissipation, to take the whole suffering world in his arms in his efforts to help those in need. His greatest happiness is found in doing good "unto one of the least of these."

Like the magnetized steel, the non-Christian may not feel the power that thrills and changes his entire life; he may even scoff at the power and deny its existence. But for one who is willing to follow on to know God, who is willing to listen to the voice of conscience, and bring his life into conformity with the divine plan as set forth in the Scriptures, there is not the slightest doubt about the existence of God.

Still another evidence that we have for believing in God is the testimony of many witnesses who claimed that they saw or heard God directly communicating with man. Many of the Old Testament prophets claim to have beheld His mighty power; and the entire New Testament is full of the testimony of eye-witnesses to the power of the Son of God. If these men bore false testimony, it is certainly strange that their witness, written by various writers over a period of hundreds of years, should be in perfect accord with the testimony of the other witnesses. And it also seems strange that, if they were impostors, their record should be true in all

other respects, for no discovery of archaeology or history denies the veracity of the Bible.

Still another evidence the Christian has for believing in God and accepting the Bible as His word is the prophecies it contains. It takes something more than human wisdom to predict events which are to take place a hundred or thousand years in the future. When our histories, even those written by outright pagans, inform us that the prophecies of the Bible were fulfilled exactly on schedule, when we look around us today and see the conditions prevailing in the world, then look in the Scriptures and find these same conditions depicted as vividly as if the prophet had moved his camera forward two thousand years, snapped the picture, and then translated it into words for us—when we see these things on every hand, how can we fail to believe in Him?

As long as "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork;" as long as we see on every hand the unmistakable evidence of the power and loving care of God; as long as the prophecies of the Bible continue to be fulfilled daily before our eyes, so long can we base our belief in God on something far more substantial than gullibility or imagination. If it takes faith to believe that the compass needle points to the Magnetic Poles; if it takes faith to believe that the sun will rise tomorrow; if it takes faith to believe that at the base of a great cloud of smoke we see rising from behind a hill there is a fire; if it takes faith to believe that behind the burning light globe there is a powerhouse supplying the current—then perhaps it takes faith to believe in God. But if we can *know* things from the evidence we see, if the one is irrefutable evidence of the other, then we can *know* that God is on high watching over His universe. It takes no faith to believe in God if we are willing to open our eyes to the evidence.

—M. Vance in *Signs of the Times*.

## A HOST OF HERALDS

(Continued from last week)

Hence this melancholy mood, this imagining one has committed the unpardonable sin, this wilful questioning of divine Providence, this harsh criticism of others' behavior, this terrible depression as to the fancied degeneracy of our times — all these are common states of morbid experience. There is only one possible way in which to relieve them; people must go forth and do duty heralding the kingdom of God. One man cannot do that for another. We might as well hope to relieve a convalescent

just recovering from a fever by proposing to take his constitutional walk for him; we shall do him a much greater favor if we inspire him and even beguile him into doing some honest errand which involves labor, and rather more labor than less. Wilbeforce was asked once when he was laboring hardest, if he had in these times no anxiety, as he used to have, concerning his soul's interests; and he replied, "I do not think about my soul; I have no time for solicitude concerning self; I have really forgotten all about my personal salvation, and so I have no distress."

7. It is possible, therefore, that sometimes it may become actually necessary for the church itself to be taught by alarm. The heralds may have grown listless. A real sense of peril is of value. "Oh, do that on our souls," prayed Richard Baxter once, "which thou wouldst have us to do on the souls of others!"

Our Lord evidently meant to have His disciples suppose His immediate advent of return was to be expected every or any day, and so keep them alert and in a measure anxious to be ready for it. I have seen in the ancient hymn-book the headings which intimated the need of pastors in the pulpit. Across the top of one page was inscribed "arousing;" across another, "alarming," then "convincing" and "converting." Underneath these were grouped appropriate hymns to be sung by the congregation.

Such an arrangement makes us think of a story in the history of France. Once when Napoleon was crossing the Alps, his army grew laggard and held back. He ordered the music to play, as if on parade. This was enough for most veterans in the ranks; but he observed that the trumpeters were tame, and their feeble strains of ordinary encouragement were not sufficiently seductive to draw away the minds of the rank and file from the awful weariness of the ascent of the mountain. One regiment especially just toiled along in a spiritless and forlorn array; these he gathered together, and then he ordered the bands to play the home-songs of the peasant people, in order that thoughts of sunnyscenes behind them might kindle the men's enthusiasm. Even that failed among some of the sad platoons; and there were some conscripts who only wept beneath an inveterate gloom. Finally, that shrewd commander marshalled the worst of all into one battalion, and put them in the lead. Then suddenly he ordered the trumpets to sound the charge of battle. That was a solitary challenge that no soldier of a French army ever refused. No one could know how they came to be attacked by a foe in the icicles of the high Alps; but it mattered nothing.

Wild, indeed, was the excitement which ran through that hitherto dispirited host, for they supposed the enemy was upon them, and the quick instinct of war instantly flashed along the lines. The very bands played with splendid clangor of brass and shrill screaming of reeds on the frosty air. What that call meant pealing among the ravines was victory!

Most men need some sort of inspiration in religious life just to keep them up to duty. . . Woe to the heralds with trumpets in their hands if they lapse away into a feeble silence! Songs of parade and songs of home and songs of the kingdom will often do much; but the day arrives to many in which sharp summons to supreme endeavor, and this alone, will bring eagerness and life. The blast of a battle-cry, the great blast of the church militant and sound of attack in the air, is the only thing which can make the hearts kindle; then "the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

They called the old preacher Chrysostom "the golden-mouthed," as his name means; did anybody ever ask the question why? Hear him tell the secret of his power: "Ah me! if I were the fittest in the world to preach the one sermon which the human race all together was to hear, gathered into a vast congregation—if I had some high mountain for a pulpit, and were furnished with a voice of brass to reach the audience wide as the earth, and voice as loud as the trumpet of the archangel, so that all men might hear me—I would choose to preach on no other text than that in the fourth Psalm: 'O ye sons of men, how long will ye love vanity and seek after leasing?'"

—*Studies in Luke's Gospel* by Robinson.

## QUESTION DEPARTMENT

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PREVIOUSLY SENT IN

QUESTION: I want to know if it would be right to work Sabbath evening if the government takes over the factory. They say if the government takes charge they will work seven days a week.

ANSWER: The Scriptures tell us to, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's. Matt. 22:21. Then we may ask, Who made the Sabbath? Did the government? Is it not the "Sabbath of the Lord thy God"? When it come to choosing who we will obey, Peter say, "We ought to obey God rather than man."

When the government in Babylon ordered the three Hebrew children to break the fourth commandment, you know what they did—God came first.

We thank God for the religious liberty that most of us enjoy in this nation of ours. Critical times are ahead. We need not worry. What ever may come let us always put God and His requirements first.

If we have to lose our job because we will not work on Sabbath, including Friday night after sundown, it is better to lose it than disobey the Lord and lose our own soul. "He that knoweth the will of God and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes." So let us say, "As for me and my house we will will serve the Lord."  
—Editor.

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QUESTION: Where is the text found telling us to pay tithes?

ANSWER: In Matt. 23:23 we find the Lord speaking to the scribes and Pharisees saying, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." We find the Lord telling them to attend to the weightier matters of the law, such as judgment, mercy, and faith, and not to leave the other undone but to continue to pay tithes.

Mal 3:8-10, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offering. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Prov. 3:9 "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase."

Paul says in Rom. 10:15, "And how shall they preach except they be sent?" How shall they be sent unless we obey and pay tithes as the Lord has planned that the ministry should be supported?

—By Leonard Stucker.

### From a New Reader

I wish to thank you very much for the little paper that you sent me. It is a wonderful little paper and I believe every word of it. I don't believe there is a paper that can beat it for a religious paper. I wish to thank the one very much that sent my name in, which I guess was Pearl Marrs of Shawnee, Okla., and she sure did me a good favor and I hope there will be something I can do for her in the near future.

As soon as I get this little paper I sit down right then, if I have time, and read every word of it before I stop to do anything else. When the

three months run out I am going to subscribe for it by the Lord's help.

I began to live a Christian life two years ago last May, and never enjoyed anything so well in all my life. Pray for me that I will live for God the rest of my days. I am sending in three of my friends' names. They enjoy reading religious literature very much.  
—From Arkansas.

### EDITORIAL

In the October issue of a religious magazine is a picture representing Russia burning churches, shooting religious leaders, massacring women and children of Finland, taking the Ukrainian, and then a war monger is pictured urging us to clasp and aid the bloody hand of Red Russia.

This editorial is not to discuss whether the U. S. should help Russia or not, except to say that our nation is not helping them because we love that government. No, but that our aid will help them weaken Germany that much more, for Germany is considered the real enemy of freedom and the Pirate of the seas.

Do you know why Russia turned against religion and burned churches? The kind of religion that existed there under the Czars was enough to turn almost any sane thinker against it. It is very likely there were a few true Christians here and there and they, of course, suffered too when the state religion was overthrown. But the power that got control went too far in turning against all religion and God and His Word. Therefore isn't it altogether reasonable to think that Russia's present time of trouble is punishment for becoming atheistic?

Just because there is more false religion in the world than true is no reason for any individual or nation to turn against God.

May we be true to God and always manifest the true spirit of Christ and let our light shine for the TRUTH.

### From Arkansas

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

I will now pick up my pen and write a few lines.

You should have been to Camp-meeting with me in Ft. Smith. We certainly did have a wonderful time. Bro. & Sister Kauer were there. I had always wanted to meet them. Finally got to. I wanted so much for Bro. & Sister Faubion to be there but on account of sickness they could not come.

At school I'm in the 10th grade. I have four studies and three teachers. They are: Mrs. Matt—English II; Mr. Whitmier—Biology, and Miss Cooper—Economic Geography and History. I am 15 years of age.

We have Young People's meeting every Tuesday night—that is if we aren't in meetings somewhere, or on

account of sickness. Every one is invited to come and be with us. We have some wonderful times.

I would like to hear from all the readers, and I will answer all letters I receive.

Your sister in Christ,  
Etta Mae Wright

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### From North Dakota

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

This is my first time to write to the paper. I certainly enjoy reading it and find it very useful in connection with our Y. P. programs.

We're having a lot of rain up here in N. Dak. which hinders in threshing, but I hope the weather will soon settle.

I have several ambitions, but my greatest one is to be one of the joyous group of Christians to be gathered in the clouds when the Lord shall come.

I want to say "hello" through this letter to Helen Leasure. I haven't heard from her for a long time. Some one told me that she moved to a different place.

I am 15 years of age and have brown eyes and hair. I would like to have someone to write to me.

Will close with a Bible riddle.

What boy did his Mother miss,

And was in the temple found

Speaking words of wisdom

That wise men did astound?

Yours in His service,

Lucile Schlenker

Jud, N. Dak., Box 106.

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Dear Young People everywhere:

I have written to this paper before and will try to write again. I would like to see more letters in the Y. P. F. I surely enjoy reading this paper and get much benefit from it. We also find it very beneficial in conducting our Y. P. meetings.

At this writing our N. Dak. weather is fair. It had been raining for 6 wks. or so and hindered the threshing very much. Nearly 1/2 of the farmers are not through yet.

Friends, does it not seem as though our Lord's coming is very near? I truly think and believe it wont be very long until Jesus will come, then I just wonder how many think they can answer 'yes' to 'am I prepared to meet my Lord face to face?' "Will I be able to enter the pearly new city?" Or "Will I be turned back to receive the everlasting punishment—death?" Let us each and every one ask ourselves these questions. My prayer is to be prepared to meet the King of kings and Lord of lords some great day when He shall come in glory and great power. Remember us in your prayers.  
Yours in the faith,

Irene Gohner

P. S. I would like to say "Hello" to Bernice Walker. Please have patience, I'll answer your letter soon.

ness, there is a wonderful lesson here for you and me. This world is compared to the night of darkness. The people are not walking in the light but are filled with sin, walking in darkness. We can be fishermen trying to catch others for Christ. Our deeds, words, and actions show whether we are toiling all the night long or if our nets are filled with weeds or full of holes. Or do we long to be a missionary or singer in some distant land, neglecting to fish in the waters near at home?

Sometimes we are misunderstood. Sometimes we cannot find work because we keep the Sabbath. Sometimes we lose our friends because we cannot share their worldly ideas and pleasures. Sometimes we have been so disappointed in not seeing one soul saved through our efforts till we almost say, "Oh! what's the use."

But let us be faithful fishermen, doing all we can for Jesus, knowing that no matter how dark and long the night "Joy cometh in the morning." And when we are told to enter in how great will be our reward. God bless you.

Lovingly, Aunt Lena

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### THE BROKEN PLANT

Phyllis had a real playhouse in the back yard. Daddy, who was a carpenter, made it for her. It had three rooms, a kitchen, a bedroom, and a living room. Daddy made furniture for it, too, and little closets with glass windows. Mother had made rugs for the floor and curtains for the windows, and everyone said it was the prettiest playhouse for miles around.

Every day Phyllis played in the playhouse, and most of the time there were one or two other little girls there too. They had such fun pretending to cook meals, washing dishes and clothes, putting the dolls to bed and sweeping the floors.

One day Phyllis was playing alone. Marjorie from next door was ill with a cold and Evelyn was away for the day. There seemed to be no one to play with her, so Phyllis decided to clean house. She washed the windows and scrubbed the floors. She shook the rugs and put fresh sheets on the bed. She dusted all the furniture. When she had finished the house shone. Everything was neat and clean.

"Now," Phyllis said to herself, "if I only had some pretty plants to put in the window it would be just right."

Mother had a big room full of pretty plants. She was very proud of them, and folks often came in to see them and said that Phyllis' mother could make anything grow.

Phyllis began thinking about those plants and wishing she had some like them for her house. Just then she saw mother go out the back door with her market-basket. She would be going to the corner store to buy the groceries for the week end.

"I don't see why I shouldn't have some of those plants here," Phyllis thought. "I could bring them out now and mother would never miss them, for she has so many. I can take them back in a day or so."

So Phyllis hurried into the house and selected two, a lily and one of mother's prize petunias. They were heavy to carry, but she managed to put one plant in each arm and carry them that way. It was when she was trying to close the back door that the prize petunia slipped and fell down the steps, landing on the cement walk with the flowerpot broken in many pieces.

Phyllis could hardly believe her eyes. There was one of mother's loving plants lying broken, and she had done it.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "What shall I do now?"

She saw that nothing could fix the broken pot, and big tears began to run down her cheeks. She had been very naughty to take mother's plants without asking her first, and she was very sorry now.

Slowly Phyllis started to meet her mother, who was coming with her basket of groceries.

"What's the trouble, Phyllis?" mother asked.

"You have a very naughty little girl, Mother," Phyllis said. "But I am very sorry." Then she told her mother about the broken petunia. "I was very naughty and I'm sorry, Mother," she finished.

Mother was sorry too about the broken plant. "Perhaps I can put it in a new pot," she said. "But the most important thing is that you told me about it. I am glad you did that, dear."

"I wanted the plants for my house," said Phyllis. "But it was wrong to take yours without first asking you, Mother."

"Yes, dear, it was. If you had told me you wanted them, I might have found you some. But now I shall tell you a secret. Daddy is making some window-boxes for your house, and we thought you might like to plant some seeds in them so you could have flowers of your own for your little playhouse."

Phyllis jumped up and down with joy.

"Oh, Mother, wouldn't that be lovely? And will you let me help you put the plants back in the new pot? Then I'll remember never, never to touch your flowers again." —Story World.

### HOW RICHARD HELPED

Richard sat on the doorstep looking eagerly down the street. Mother had company for dinner, and the grocery man had not brought the potatoes. Richard was sitting on the steps watching for him.

"If I had only known sooner, that the boys had taken all the potatoes for their camping trip, I could have ordered them earlier," mother said.

Richard himself didn't see why if mother didn't have potatoes, she didn't make cake instead. He liked cake much better himself—nice frosted cake with a walnut in the middle of each square, or perhaps a red cherry. But if mother wanted potatoes, he wanted to help her get them. He was only five years old, and he could not go to the store and carry them home, but he could sit and watch for the delivery boy.

Little dog Fluffy came up and wagged her tail. In her mouth was a little stone which she

dropped at Richard's feet. "Please," she begged in dog language.

"No, Fluffy," said Richard, "I cannot play with you. I am watching for mother's potatoes." But Fluffy kept begging with eager eyes and wagging her tail, so Richard stooped and took the stone and threw it with all his might. It went way over into the middle of the vacant lot next door.

Fluffy ran after it, and was gone a long time. Richard could see her digging with her little paws, but he did not watch her, he was watching for the delivery boy.

All at once, Fluffy ran back again with the stone in her mouth, and dropped it at Richard's feet.

"Oh Fluffy," he began, "don't bother me. I am waiting—" then he looked at the stone Fluffy had dropped at his feet, and gave a shout. "Oh, Mother!" he cried, "come and see what Fluffy has found!"

Mother hurried to see, and there in Richard's hand was a nice, smooth, round thing.

"Why, it's a potato," she said. "Fluffy must have found a hill of them growing among the weeds. You remember Mr. Smith had a garden in the lot last year."

Mother and Richard hurried to the field, and began hunting until they found the place where Fluffy had been digging.

There they dug, and found six nice, new potatoes. Mother gathered them in her apron, and carried them home. Then she phoned Mr. Smith, and asked if she might use the potatoes.

"Glad for you to have them," he said.

She washed them, and cooked them, and the company had potatoes for dinner. They were so nice and fresh, everyone enjoyed them.

"I did not have to wait for the delivery boy," she said, "for through Fluffy and Richard, I found potatoes growing right by my door. My kind neighbor gave them to me. He had a garden there last year." —Storytime.

### A GOOD FRIEND

A nimble yellow pencil,  
So very sharp and grown;  
He hopped upon some paper,  
And frolicked there alone;  
His tracks as I could read them,  
Said: "Please don't scratch my head;  
Don't put your teeth about me,  
Nor your lips upon my lead;  
Don't scribble stuff and nonsense,  
Or misspell words with me,  
But keep me sharp and handy,  
Your good friend I will be."

—H. Spelman in Storytime.

The Lord Jesus never asks us to do anything, without also making us able to do it. He is fair.

If Christ's love is in our heart, we love others because we are loving, and not because of how they treat us.—Sel.

### PRIMARY LESSON, Nov. 8

Lesson: Luke 15:11-24.

Memory Verse: "Repent ye, and believe the gospel." Mark 1:15.

#### THE BOY WHO CAME BACK HOME

Once a man had two sons. Fathers love their children. Do you know how dearly your father loves you? This man loved his sons. He had a nice home for them too.

But the younger son decided that he would leave home. He asked his father for his share of the money. Then he went a long way from home. He was not careful with his money. He spent it all instead of saving part of it. Then a famine came. He was really hungry. His money was gone, so he had to work. A man let him work, feeding hogs. The boy was almost hungry enough to eat the husks he fed the hogs.

Then he began to think of the nice home he had left. He decided to go back home and tell his father he was sorry for what he had done.

When his father saw him coming, do you suppose he was angry? No, he ran to meet him and kissed him.

The boy was ashamed. He told his father he wasn't good enough to live in the house and be his son. He said he should be treated like the servants.

But the father forgave him. He gave him new clothes and made a feast for him.

Our heavenly Father is always ready to forgive us too. We must be careful and not make mistakes like this boy, but if we do wrong, if we tell Jesus we are sorry, He will forgive us.

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### INTERMEDIATE LESSON, Nov. 8.

Lesson Material: Matt: 11:28-30; Heb. 4:1-11.

Memory Verses: Heb. 4:9; Matt. 11:28.

#### JESUS MAKES HEARTS LIGHT

- 1—How did people carry loads in Bible days?
- 2—What is a yoke? What is it made of?
- 3—Can hearts ever carry loads? How? What kind of load?
- 4—How can these burdens be lightened?
- 5—What is meant by Jesus' yoke?  
(A yoke doesn't make a burden; it helps us carry our burden easily.)
- 6—Does Jesus give rest to every person in the world?
- 7—What is necessary first?
- 8—Is it hard to come to Jesus?
- 9—Why don't more people come?
- 10—Does Jesus help you?  
Name some certain way in which He especially helped you.

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A lazy boy did not discover the telephone. A lazy boy did not learn how to control steam nor invent the steam boiler. A lazy boy did not discover the power of gasoline nor learn how to harness the falls of Niagara. No. The men who have accomplished most in the world have been men who worked hard and long before they achieved success.

—The Boy's Friend.