



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official Publication of God's Missionary Church, Inc.
Penns Creek, Pa.

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it." Psalms 68:11.

Volume 17

(Issued Monthly at \$1.00 per year) February, 1966

No. 6

Christian Completeness

By Dr Paul S Rees

It is in Jerusalem, long ago. It is by the Sheep Gate, and the odor of the slaughter-house is in the air—rather a strange place for a hospital. For a hospital it is. Its name is Bethesda, signifying the House of Mercy. It is roofless, save for the blue sky. Its wards, curiously called porches, lie along the margin of a double pool of water. They are crowded with patients—all kinds of them—the lame, the blind, the dead, the paralyzed. And on this particular day the Surgeon-General is Jesus of Nazareth. He asked for no favor as He enters the precinct of disease and creeping death. No, He singles out perhaps the most hopeless case of all, a poor fellow whose sufferings have dragged through nearly forty years. And John records the wonderfully suggestive story of the healing which followed. It glows with radiance of that full redemption that is to be had in Christ Jesus.

The story is narrated in three brief stages and built around three instructive points: A Query, a Confession, and a Command.

1. Look for a moment at the Query.

"Wilt thou be made whole?" We have read our Bibles to poor advantage if we have failed to discover that Christianity is pre-eminently a religion of perfection. It can be satisfied with nothing less than completeness. It is the sworn foe of patchwork and makeshift; it has set wholeness as its ultimate goal. Its Founder stands before the sin-burdened, sin-warped, sin-withered soul of every morally-accountable human being

and makes the tremendous challenge, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Whole! Yes, that is the word. It is the essential root meaning of our word "Holiness" Hence our warrant for stressing holiness as an integral part of the gospel provision. Regeneration is an impartation of life, but the grace of Entire Sanctification is a communication of health. No heart is healthy save a holy one. No person is normal who has not been smitten through and through with the germ-destroying power of Christ's sanctifying and healing presence.

Moreover, while the first and major concern of the gospel is for the moral nature of man, that being the seat of sin, the body is not ignored, nor the mind forgotten. As for physical wholeness, we have earnestness of it now when in answer to the prayer of faith distress is lifted and strength renewed; and, we have the promise of it in all fulness at that day of deliverance for which Paul declares the whole "creation," which includes our physical organisms, is "groaning." As for mental wholeness, instead of asking that our intellects suspend their functions, or be checked for safekeeping, the Lord Jesus asks only for a chance to possess us and to fertilize our mental faculties unto richness and fullness of activity.

One of the sad blunders which many of us are making is to put the brain against the heart, as if they were irreconcilable enemies, and then to say, "I'll decide in favor of the heart. Head religion is a dangerous thing." Now, as a

matter of fact, there is no conflict between the two in the Christian conception of life. We are as much commanded to love God with our "minds" as with our "hearts." Thinking that is Christianized—really Christed through and through—is the most robust, the most fertile, the most sublime thinking ever done.

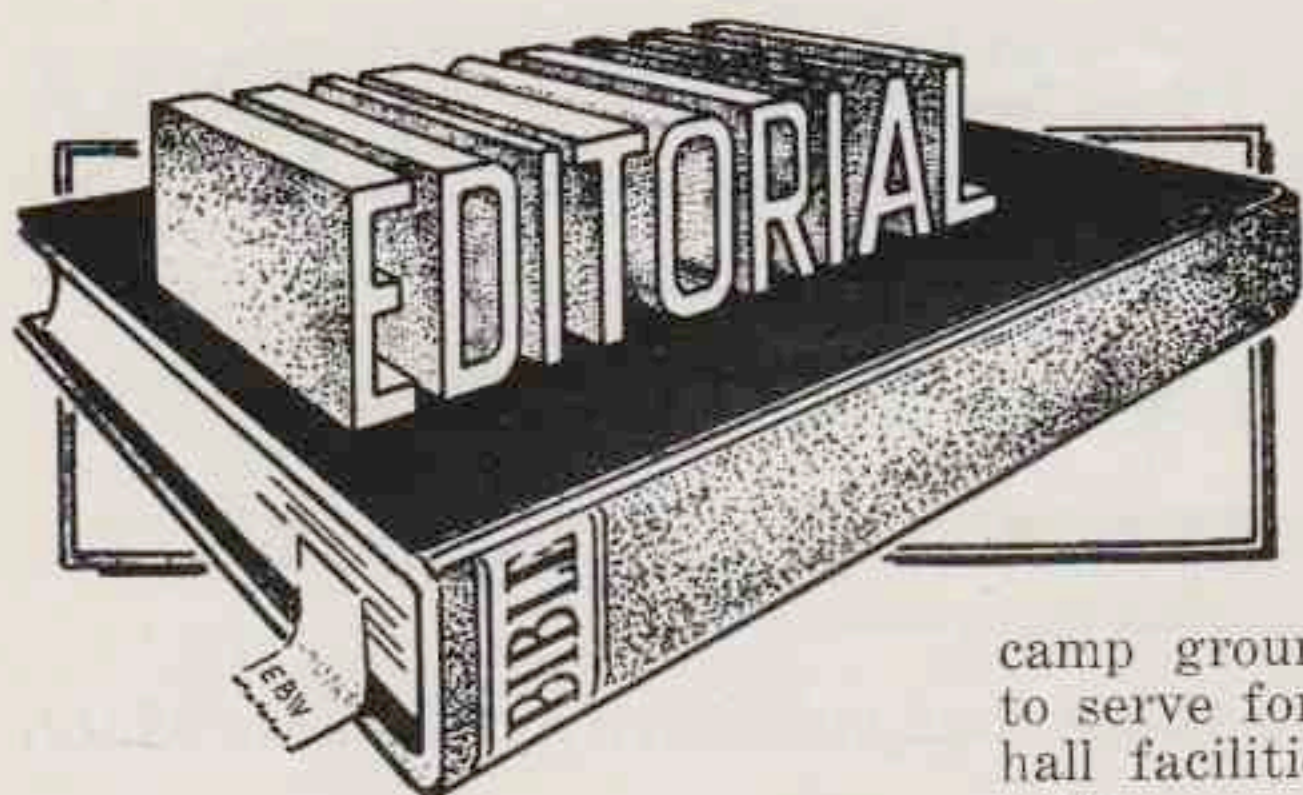
Therefore, "wilt thou be made whole?" Will you? You see what Jesus asks for and offers. The burden is thrown back upon you. Will you receive it?

II. Now note the Confession: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

Observe that the confession embraces two significant acknowledgments—one implied and the other stated. The language of the cripple clearly implies a sense of need. There was no talking back. There was no curt retort of hurt pride: "Thank you, I am all right as I am. I don't need busybodies coming around calling attention to my affliction." Nothing of the sort. Thirty-eight years of suffering, impotence and struggle had made painfully vivid the consciousness of need.

And second, the cripple frankly concedes his inability to help himself. A sense of need plus a sense of impotence to meet that need is just where God wants a soul to get. To do for a man what he can do for himself is not to help him, but to hurt him. God acts on such a principle. In the extremity of a sinner's confessed wretchedness comes forgiveness, comes peace. In the extremity of the believer's struggle with indwelling sin comes

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A Forward Move!

Members and friends of the God's Missionary Church have felt the need for a Christian Day School and Bible School at Penns Creek for quite some time. This feeling has increased under the pressure of non-christian circumstances on our public schools.

If we would preserve the virtue of our young people and mold their minds and lives in true Christian faith we must do it while they are young and tender. That which our young people are taught today will largely determine what they will be tomorrow. Therefore, The establishment of a Christian Day School and Bible School at Penns Creek, Pennsylvania is imperative.

On the last day of our annual conference in August, 1965, a group of ministers and delegates followed our General Superintendent, Rev. George Straub, to look over a piece of land adjoining our camp ground, as a possible location for building the administration and class room building necessary to open a Christian School. With a feeling of satisfaction that this was indeed an ideal location, we knelt down to pray and claimed the land for God and a Christian School.

On December 30, 1965 a meeting was called for all persons interested in the establishment of such a school. The response clearly revealed that the public was wholeheartedly in favor and would back up the program. With this encouragement the General Board has endeavored to move forward under the direction of the Spirit of God. The land which we claimed in prayer has now been purchased, giving us an additional fifteen acres adjoining our camp ground, upon which we plan to build the administration and class room structure. The present buildings on the

camp ground will be modernized to serve for dormitory and dining hall facilities.

The proposed name for the school is PENN VIEW BIBLE SEMINARY. The school system will include grades 1 to 12 and four years of Bible College. The school will be open to students outside of our denomination who are willing to comply with the rules and regulations set forth by the Administration.

To sit down and count the cost of such a program is enough to discourage anyone who does not realize the value of our young people and their eternal souls. However, we are confident that there are enough people who love God, and our precious young people, to underwrite this great program and push it over the top for the glory of God.

Some have already made substantial pledges to help us get started. Plans are being made to start excavation as soon as the weather permits. As you know, money borrowed demands Interest and will thus increase the cost of such a program. Therefore, your cash contributions will be worth more now because of the Interest we will save. Ask the Lord what He would have you to give and mail your check as soon as possible.

Make all checks payable to—"God's Missionary School Fund" and mail to our General Treasurer:

Rev. Paul Miller
Mahaffey, Penna.
Rev. Kenneth Walter, Editor

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It Can Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he
would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd
tried.

So he buckled right in, with the
trace of a grin

On his face; if he worried, he hid
it.

He started to sing as he tackled
the thing

That couldn't be done—and he
did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh you'll
never do that—

At least, no one ever has done
it."

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Internal Revenue Service Identification Number for GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH, a Pennsylvania Non-Profit Corporation, is as follows: 236296855

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The Value of Prayer

Did you pray this morning? What a bold, audacious question to ask! Of course, I did; I talk with God every morning! That's it—we talk. We chatter like tired children, asking for this and that. We do not allow God to get a word in edgeways. We talk, but we do not listen.

Did you pray this morning? No, I didn't take time. Nothing happens when I pray. Well, you are at least honest. You do not try to make yourself believe something does happen when it does not. But look at that again. Are you really honest with yourself? Should not something happen when you pray? It happened in the life of Jesus! "As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered."

If we are to discuss intelligently the value of prayer in life, we must have a common understanding as to what constitutes prayer. Some have described it as man's approach to God. That hardly goes far enough. Prayer is being in the presence of God, communing with Him and waiting upon Him.

We pay insurance premiums to protect our future and the future of those who are dependent upon us. Do you have a "life insurance prayer?" Pray that He will not permit anything to happen in your life? Pray to keep in His good grace, to have Him act as a charm? Are those the benefits you expect from your prayers? Don't forget, Jesus prayed, yet He was willing to suffer.

Do you expect as a benefit of prayer to have the key of heaven given to you? If only the Lord will give you a little notice that you have to leave this vale, your prayers shall pound the gates of heaven, and the key will be turned for you. Do you expect to be a sort of emergency service?

Another benefit that oftentimes ranks high in people's thinking is relief from distress. When sick or caught in the mesh of your own folly, pray, "Lord, make me well, get me out of this, and I'll live differently." What a bold attempt on our part to bribe God into doing our will. All we need to do is put out the S.O.S and, of course, He can't turn us down. I think it says quite clearly, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart." Not much said about an S.O.S.

No these are not the benefits we can rightly expect from prayer. The value of prayer in life is far greater than that. As these values are spiritual we can scarcely do justice in evaluating prayer. The values are far greater than our humble minds are capable of expressing. Pardon, then, my feeble attempt to relate the value of prayer in life.

Prayer makes God real to us, Did you ever have anyone ask you to prove God to them? You couldn't could you? It is only as we live in the new light of understanding we come to know God—really know Him. In that sweet communion in His presence, waiting on Him, we feel the power of His might as His will beautifully unfolds itself for us. Then we see Him, not as a God waiting for us to ask Him to do us favors, but as an orderly God, directing His world according Himself, not in some unnatural way, but the most natural. We discover God is trustworthy. This gives power to live according to truth and righteousness. In these experiences with Him each day He becomes so real to us we find it most natural to rejoice in the Lord," and to "cast our cares upon Him," knowing "He careth for us."

Prayer brings serenity for the spirit and inner peace. Getting in tune with the Infinite makes life run much smoother, and when life

runs smoothly on the inside, peace and serenity are ours. In many of my sick visitations, I come across people greatly disturbed, fretful and anxious. We have a quiet time together. Then we have prayer together, and after our quiet time, instead of frustration there is quiet moments with God, refused upon the mind is the realization, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." Peace! That is what we want; and He keeps saying, "My peace I give unto you." True prayer has as its quest, not a bending of God's will to ours, but a conforming of our will to His. This transformation having taken place, the truth dawns on us—nothing can happen to God's child, save what the Father wills, and His will is accepted without rebellion and without fear—and God's peace fills the inner life.

Prayer changes things. How true that is! It even changes lives. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. Now are we the sons of God." Waiting upon our Lord, how deeply this truth burns itself upon our minds. To us the challenge comes each day—act as a son of God! The close of each day finds us asking, "Did you think and act as a son of God this day?" Living with this grim truth, for it is a grim truth, as the writer of the epistle of the Hebrews so forcibly points out—"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Lord," we go out in the earnestness of the Spirit, and our lives are changed. We begin to realize we are Kingdom children, and through His grace we want to measure up to our calling. The reason we are not better Kingdom children, undoubtedly is because we do not care enough and pray enough in the spirit.

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Subscription price: \$1.00 per year in advance, in the United States. For foreign countries, add 50 cents for postage.

Remittance and subscriptions should be sent to Eva Bailey, Centre Hall, Pa.

God's Missionary Standard

Official organ of God's Missionary Church, Inc.

"A Messenger of Full Salvation"

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Penns Creek, Pennsylvania
Published monthly by God's Missionary Church, and mailed at Penns Creek, Pennsylvania.

All items for publication must be in the editor's office not later than the first of each month, so as to be eligible for publication in the following month's edition.

All items for publication should be sent directly to the editor. We advise that all articles be typewritten, double spaced, and typed on standard type-writer paper.

We are strictly "WESLEYAN" in doctrine and it is our aim to uphold the teaching of the infallible Word of God.

God's Answer To Man's Hunger

By Bishop Leslie R. Marston

"And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst" (John 6:35).

Emerson once wrote that the health of a man is an equality of inlet and outlet, a balance of gathering and giving; and that any hoarding means tumor and disease. Jesus clearly taught this truth in His account of the rich farmer and his goods and his barns. As this man walked forth on his fertile acres and beheld the promise of a plentiful harvest, he was perplexed because his barns were already bursting with the bounty of previous harvest. "What shall I do," he asked, "because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

This man thought nothing of outlet, only of inlet; nothing of giving, only of gathering. Eleven times in these few words he used the perpendicular pronoun "I" and its possessive "my." How small and impoverished is the life hedged about by self! This man was already dead, spiritually dead—for he had choked to death on the good gifts of God which he would not share. And God said to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then who shall these things be that thou hast gathered?"

Yes, the miser, the glutton, the greedy must one day let go their goods which will at last be distributed even as the grim reaper gathers their poor shriveled souls.

Many are the modern versions of this story of the rich farmer, the story of multitudes who would gain the whole world at the cost of their souls. Robert Service, poet of the Klondike, speaks their disillusionment in these familiar lines:

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it;

I scabbled and mucked like a slave,

Was it famine or scurvey—I fought it;

I hurled my youth into a grave.
"I wanted the gold and I got it—
Came out with a fortune last fall—

Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,

And somehow the gold isn't all."

Goods can never satisfy the hunger of man's heart. Moody, that great evangelist of an earlier generation, once said that a man's soul is bigger than this world; to pour the whole world into a man's soul is to leave that soul still empty.

And may we add, so vast is the soul of man that the world rattles about in its resounding emptiness.

As disillusionment comes to individuals who seek satisfaction in material things, so is it with nations. Only a few generations have passed since our pioneering fathers set their energies to the task of subduing this continent; today, America is ours, but how greatly changed by the courage, industry and faith of those who have gone before us. Once virgin prairies now yield bountiful harvests. Primeval forests have given way to teeming cities, quiet hamlets, lonely farmsteads. Rivers which through millenniums flowed on in primitive quiet now carry the fruit of forest field and factory, and drive the wheels of commerce and industry. Railroad as ribbons of steel interlace our many commonwealths, while threads of steel flash our words around the world. Even the highways of the clouds are our thoroughfare, the thunder-galleries of the heavens our speaking-tube. And now even the atom has surrendered its secret of power by which we may control vast new areas of nature—if first we learn to control ourselves.

History has clearly written the record that the noontide of man's triumph over the material order is the fading twilight of the spiritual. When man is richest, then is he poorest—such is the paradox of prosperity. Conquest of the material world has not brought satisfaction of this deepest hunger. He finds not in wealth or power or pleasure the fullness of life he seeks. How truly wrote the wise man that he who ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city. Man has taken cities; he has conquered his environment, but he has not mastered the world within. And anarchy there prevails.

Attempting to quiet life's hunger by feeding the soul the husks

of material plenty, or by narcotizing it with sensual pleasure, or by intoxicating it with delirious passion is to live on life's lowest levels, forgetting that man is over-built for this world and that, in the sublime phrasing of the chaplain of my college days, "We are built for the universe, for eternity, and for God; and out and on and up into that heritage the normal living heart is ever pressing." And so the warning Jesus gave, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the world, and lose his own soul?"

What are we—sons of God, or only superior animals? The crown of all creation or, as someone has said, merely "a boisterous bit of the organic scum of one small planet"? When we rob man of God and level him to the brute; when we convince man that he has no responsibility for his moral character, but is only a puppet played by capricious fate, then chaos is the harvest, even a hell here on earth. Man cannot surrender faith in God and long retain belief in the significance of his own existence.

And so it is that a despairing modern wails, "I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed." And a cynical modern flaunts his impious creed: the universe is a gigantic wheel in rapid revolution; man is a stick fly taking a dizzy ride on the wheel's whirling rim; religion is the fly's delusion that the wheel was constructed for the express purpose of giving man his ride. And a flip-pant modern calls man "an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with archangels while filthily he digs for ground-nuts." And a disillusioned modern laments his age, "the old age of thirty-five," recalling to us Lord Bryon's entry in his journal on his thirty-third birthday, "I go to bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long and to so little purpose."

Bryon here touches upon the secret of today's cynicism, disillusionment and despair. These come from living in the moment with no eternal purpose, accepting sensuous and material facts, but denying spiritual and eternal values. Without an eternal purpose, life shrivels in all its four demensions of length, breadth, height and depth—shrinks to a mere point of time, the passing moment. From striving to press from each mo-

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To The Standard Family

Greetings from Lebanon God's Missionary Church.

This has been quite an eventful year here at 2127 Hill Street and we are still rejoicing in the Lord. Since our last report we have been through our Fall revival with Rev. J. M. Sullivan as the evangelist and how we did enjoy his ministry. The anointing of the Lord was upon him and we had night after night of great Blessing and joy. Most of all there were many finding and rejoicing in the God of our Salvation.

We so greatly did enjoy a weekend with our esteemed Brother Cooms, from Ashland, Penna. who came with us for a youth service. He also gave us wonderful sermons exalting the Christ, telling us of His saving and Sanctifying power that can reach the wildest of sinners. The final Sunday night there was no preaching, with many souls again lining the altar. We believe there were many good conversions, and of course we did enjoy the shouts of victory. At this report God has visited the people until there has been no preaching the last three successive Sundays, for this we do thank the Lord.

We thank the Home Missions Board for sending Brother Kenneth Walter to us to give us a bird's eye view of the situation in our conference pertaining to membership, progression and the publication of the Standard. This service was enjoyed by all.

We also thank the Eastern Zone of our conference for holding a rally in our church on December 3rd. Rev. Earl Deetz, Jr. was in charge. Rev. Jack White delivered a very fine sermon. We give the Missionary Crusaders a hearty welcome any time. The Beavertown, Pillow, Shamokin, Allentown and Lebanon churches were represented.

This year was also a year of sorrow as we lost two of our dear ones in the Lord. Brother Warren Light and Sister Mary Tice departed for their rewards. We sure do miss them.

We are worshipping in our newly renovated church. It is very beautiful and we invite our members from our sister churches to come and visit us.

In closing we asked the Standard

family to remember our Pastor, Rev. Wise in prayer as he has had quite a seige of the rheumatics. Till later, Go with God.

Herman K. Noll, Reporter



Obituary

Death visited the home of Mrs. Miriam Walter of Beavertown, Penna. for the third time in eight months. Saturday, December 11, 1965, Mrs. Minnie Apple, age 79 years, passed into God's eternal Glory after three years of illness. Mrs. Apple was born July 17, 1886 in Aline, Snyder County. She made her home at Mount Pleasant Mills, Penna. before coming to Beavertown where she died. Her husband, Rev. Phillip Apple died in 1920. He was a bishop of the Richfield Menonite Church. Mrs. Apple was a member of the Mt. Pleasant Mills E. U. B. Church, and a faithful member of the Home Department class of the God's Missionary Church, Beavertown, Penna. She is survived by two daughters. Mrs. Miriam Walter of Beavertown, and Mrs. Norman Lefferts of Mt. Pleasant Mills, one son Emory of Florida. There are nine Grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. Two sisters Mrs. Harry Bittle of Selinsgrove and Mrs. Jennie Reynolds also of Selinsgrove, Penna. Funeral Home at Mt. Pleasant Mills with Rev. John F. White, Pastor of God's Missionary Church officiating. Interment was made in the Richfield Cemetery.

Sis. Walter has lost her Husband Mr. Roswell Walter last April. A young boy who lived with her was killed at the age of 7 in May, and now her Mother in December. Please pray for this faithful follower of Christ.

—Pastor J. F. White, Pastor

The Value of Prayer

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One of the greatest tragedies in Christian lives is the failure of so many to appreciate the value of having quiet moments with God. Let us learn to humbly and reverently commune with God and wait upon Him, accepting His blessings and trying to do His will as the sons of God.

—The Christian Messenger

Do You Belong?

Are you an active member,
The kind that would be missed?
Or are you just contented
That your name is on the list?

Do you attend the meetings
And mingle with the flock?
Or are you apt to stay at home
And criticize and knock?

Do you take an active part
To help the work along?
Or are you satisfied to be
The kind that "just belong?"

Do you ever go to visit
A member who is sick?
Or leave the work to just a few
And talk about the clique?

There's quite a program scheduled
That I'm sure you've heard about,
And we would appreciate it
If you'd come and help us out.

So come to all the meetings
And help with hand and heart;
Don't be just a member
But take an active part.

Won't you think this over
For you know right from wrong—
Are you an active member
Or do YOU just belong?

It Can Be Done

(Continued from page 2)

But he took off his coat, and he
took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd
begun it

With the lift of his chin and a bit
of a grin,
Without any doubting or
quitting;
He started to sing as he tackled
the thing
That couldn't be done—and he
did it.

There are thousands to tell you it
cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy
failure;

There are thousands to point out
to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail
you

But just buckle in with a bit of a
grin,
Then take off your coat and go
to it.

Just start in to sing as you tackle
the thing
That "cannot be done"—and
you'll do it.



Dear Friends:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matthew 25:40

You probably are wondering what is happening here since Fidel Castro opened the doors of Cuba for Cubans to come to our country? The island of Cuba is closed to Missionaries and now the mission field has come to us. 100,000 refugees are already here and they estimate that 50,000 more of the incoming exodus will remain here. The task before us is great. Pray with us that the Lord will call forth more laborers to help us so that multitudes will not remain in terrible darkness and superstition. They are in need both materially and spiritually.

This morning we went to the Miami Airport to watch a Pan American Plane come in from Cuba with 72 refugees. We watched them as they came down the ramp, some waving, then boarded buses to the Opa Locka Immigration Center where they will be processed and begin a new life in a new country. One thing that really at-

tracted our attention was the small amount of luggage or possessions these 72 people brought out of Cuba. There were very few suitcases, some had their few things in a pillow-case, not even a suitcase for each family. Young men from 14 to 26 may not come. Seems that Castro is permitting those to come who have houses, furniture or some possessions to turn over to his government.

Yesterday we visited several Cuban families, some of whom came here recently, and invited them to our services. We visited a fine young family with two children who came here several weeks ago. They told us that they had their 5 year old boy in kindergarten in Cuba. There they teach them that there is no God, that the American soldiers in Vietnam kill the Children over there, etc., and in this way you can see the children in Cuba are learning to hate the Americans. His teacher asked all children to stand up if their parents were revolutionaries (in favor of the Cuban Government) The little boy did not stand up, but told the teacher that neither he nor his parents were revolutionaries. Chil-

dren are also taught to sing Communist songs. These innocent ones still remember them here, but will soon forget now that they are here.

We visited another family and we soon saw that they had a small table in the corner of the room upon which was a small candle burning along with pictures of many saints. There are many here in superstition and ignorance. Who will go and tell them of Christ and His love? Another new refugee told us that she had to turn her farm over to the government BEFORE she left. She attended our services and is hungry hearted.

Continue to pray for us as we sow the seed of the Gospel.

Your Missionaries
Carl, Earnestine and Jean Shuey
721 Southwest 2nd Street
Miami, Florida 33130

Receipt for gifts, given upon request.

The Cry of the Heathen

A cry is ever sounding
Upon the burdened ear,
A cry of pain and anguish,
A cry of woe and fear;
It is the voice of millions
Who grope in heathen night;
It is the cry of Jesus
To rise and send them light.

With every pulse's beating,
Another soul is gone,
With all its guilt and sorrow,
To stand before The Throne;
And learn with awe and wonder
The story of that grace
Which God to us had trusted
For all our fallen race.

Oh, how the Master's bosom
Must swell with love and pain
As evermore they meet Him—
That sad and ceaseless train;
And if He holds us guilty
For all our brothers' blood,
What answer can we offer
Before the throne of God?

—Missionary Herald



A recent picture taken in front of our Mission in Miami, Florida. Bro. and Sis. Shuey, Jean Shuey, Miss Shaner and Cuban refugees which attend Sunday School. A much larger building is needed to carry on this work. Please pray that God will supply the need and open the door.



Around the World

Mrs. Mary Straub, wife of Rev. George Straub, and Mrs. Lewis Stanley, a member of the God's Missionary Church at Nisbet, Penna. recently left the Williamsport Airport for a trip around the world.

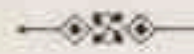
From Williamsport the ladies flew to California to visit the former Lou Houser, a classmate of Mrs. Stanley. After a brief visit with the friend in California the trip continued on to Honolulu, Hawaii where the two spent a day and night visiting and touring the city of Honolulu and nearby places of interest. Leaving Honolulu the next stop was Tokyo, Japan where a visit of approximately four weeks was planned with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Butterbaugh, the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. George Straub. Mr. Butterbaugh is with the U. S. Army in Japan.

From Tokyo, Japan Mrs. Straub and Mrs. Stanley will fly to the Holy Lands. Among places they will visit while in the Holy Lands will be; a tour through the Old City, including the way of the cross, Holy Sepulchre and native bazaars. An afternoon to the pool of Bethesda, dome of the Rock and site of King's Solomon's Temple. A tour of the Mt. of Olives, Garden of Gethsemane and the church of all nations. An afternoon drive to Bethany, Jericho and the River of Jordan.

From Jerusalem the next stop will be in Cairo, Egypt. In Cairo again the ladies will visit museums and other places of interest such

as the Pyramids, Sphinx, the Citadel Mosques and bazaars.

Leaving Cairo the trip will continue on to Rome. Only a brief visit in Rome before boarding the plane which will return them to the United States at the Kennedy Airport in New York. From New York they will fly to Williamsport thus concluding a trip around the world with many interesting stories and pictures to share with their families and friends.



A Bored And Disappointed Wife

By Rev. Ida O. Helgan

A widow, extremely happy in her first marriage, rears her only child alone for some years after the death of her husband. Then she marries a twice-divorced man, a heavy drinker, spending every cent, disagreeably indifferent even to his closest relatives, and a man of terrific temper, because she "wanted a home and companionship so badly." She says: "We don't live; we exist," and wonders if she has made a mistake.

The man she married had five counts against his own happiness and the happiness of anyone who was so unfortunate as to have to live with him. Any woman who would marry him, knowing all these five facts of character, was inviting disaster. One of those unpleasant qualities is too much.

Did you ever know a young lady to marry the first man who came after suitor number one had jilted her, as a gesture of defiance or revenge? How much happiness is she laying up in store?

Do you know of God-called women who have married for the sake of a home and support, contrary to the will of God in their case, and found themselves deluded, wretched, loaded down with care, hands tied, and usefulness for God sadly hindered?

Or the Christian girl who marries an unsaved young man, contrary to the clear teaching of 2 Corinthians 6:14? Has she a right to expect anything else than spiritual loss and woe—perhaps final?

Here is the young lady who has been under deep conviction for sin, but will not yield to God. Resisting the Holy Spirit and trampling un-

der foot the prayers and tears of a godly father or mother, she throws away discretion and marries a man who has no regard for God, His house or His Word. Need she wonder when troubles come trooping into her life in never-ending succession?

Is not God's way the best way, always, and in all things?



Gossip Town

"Have you ever heard of Gossip Town

On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with
rustling gown,

Is going about all day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go.
The Idleness Train will take you
down,

In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is the
popular road

And most folks start that way,
But it's steep down grade; if you
don't look out,

You'll land in Falsehood Bay.

You'll glide through the Valley of
Vicious Folks,

Into the Tunnel of Hate;

Then crossing the 'Add-to' bridge
you'll walk

Right into the City Gate.

The principal street is called
'They-Say'

And 'I've Heard' is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from
Falsehood Bay,

Are laden with 'Don't-You-Tell.'

In the midst of the town is the
Tell-Tale Park;

You're never quite safe when
there,

For its owner is Madam Suspicious
Remark,

Who lives on the street 'Don't
Care.'

Just back of the park is Slanders
Row;

'Twas there a good name died,
Pierced by a dart from Jealousy's
bow

In the hand of Envious Pride."

Gossip has been well defined as putting two and two together and making five.

I trust those reading this will be impressed and heed to its message.

A PAGE FOR YOUTH

There Was Another Doctor!

The doctor stated that nothing but a miracle could save the boy. Mom, Dad, and his five brothers joined in continued prayer, and Ike Eisenhower recovered.

The boy had fallen, running home after school, and skinned his left knee. It was no more than a scratch—there wasn't even a rent in his trousers—but by night the knee started to ache. Nothing much, he thought, being thirteen years old and the sturdy son of a frontiersman. Ignoring the pain, he knelt in his nightgown and said his prayers, then climbed into bed in the room where he and his five brothers slept.

His leg was painful the next morning, but he still did not tell anyone. The farm kept the whole family relentlessly busy; always he had to be up at six to do his chores before school. And he must be thorough about them or he would be sent back to do them over again, no matter what else he had to miss, including his meals. In their household, discipline was fair, but stern.

Two mornings later the leg ached too badly for him to drag himself to the barn. It was Sunday, and he could remain behind while the rest of the family drove to town. He sat in the parlor and half dozed until his brother returned from Sunday school.

Mom and Dad did not come home with them because Sunday was parents' day off. The boys did the housework and cooked the big meal of the week, while Father and Mother stayed on for church service.

But by the time dinner was ready the boy had climbed into bed. The shoe had to be cut off his swollen and discolored leg. Why on earth hadn't he told somebody? Go quick and fetch the doctor!

Mother bathed knee and foot and thigh, applied poultices, and wiped the boy's sweating forehead with a moist, cool cloth. She was an intense and vital woman. Confronted with this angry infection, her manner remained serene. Mom had nursed her brood through accidents and ailments from toothaches to scarlet fever; one son she had lost,

but that only made her calmer and more determined when she had to fight for the others.

Old Dr. Conklin examined the leg and pursed his lips. "It's not likely we can save it!"

The invalid sat up stiffly. "What's that mean?" he asked huskily.

"It means," explained the doctor gently, if things get worse we'll have to amputate."

"Not me!" stormed the boy. "I won't have it! I'd rather die!"

"The longer we wait, the more we have to take off," urged the doctor.

"You won't take any off!" The boy's voice broke with an adolescent crack, as his mother turned away, shaken. But there was no adolescence in the eyes which defied the doctor's reproachful gaze.

Dr. Conklin stalked out, nodding to the mother to follow him. As he stood in the hallway explaining to both parents about what could and probably would happen, they could hear the boy calling for his brother: "Ed! Ed! Come up here, will you?"

The brother stamped in, and then they heard the sick lad's voice, high-pitched with pain: "Ed, if I go out of my head, don't let them cut off my leg. Promise me, Ed. Promise!"

In a moment Ed came out and ran to the kitchen. When he returned his mother said, "Ed, what's your brother asking for?"

"Fork! To bit on; to keep from screaming."

Then Edgar stood outside the bedroom door, his arms folded. Quite clearly he was standing on guard.

Ed looked straight at old Dr. Conklin. "Nobody's going to saw off that leg!" he announced.

"But, Ed—you'll be sorry," gasped the doctor.

"Maybe, so, Doc, but I gave him my word."

If Ed had not stood his ground, Father and Mother might have yielded. They were not yet convinced that amputation was necessary; they were doubtful. The adamant attitude, first of the sick boy and then of his brother, was incredible.

"Gues we'll wait and see how he looks by tonight, eh, Doc?" said

the father.

For two days and nights Ed stood guard, sleeping at the threshold, not leaving even to eat. The fever mounted, and the suffering boy babbled in torment, but the older brother showed no weakening of resolve, even though the discoloration of the swollen leg was creeping toward the pelvis, just as the doctor predicted. Ed remained firm because he had given his promise.

The parents knew that their son would never forgive an amputation, and Ed's attitude continued to be decisive, time after time, when the doctor returned. Once, in helpless rage, Dr. Conklin shouted, "It's murder" and slammed the front door. Nothing but a miracle could save the boy now!

Mother, Father and watchful brother shared the same thought as their anxious eyes turned from the doorway. Had they forgotten their faith in the turmoil of their fears? Why, this sick boy's grandfather, that vigorous and inspiring old farmer-minister, who had been leader of the River Brethren Colony in Pennsylvania, had always believed in healing wrought by faith. Now in this desperate hour the three went to their knees at the bedside.

They prayed, taking turns in leading one another. Father, Mother—and at last Edgar—would rise and go about the farm work and rejoin the continual prayer. During the second night the other four brothers would kneel from time to time and join in the prayers.

The next morning when the faithful old doctor stopped by again, his experienced eyes saw a sign! The swelling was going down! Dr. Conklin closed his eyes and offered a rusty prayer of his own—a prayer of thanksgiving. Even after the boy dropped into a normal sleep, one member of the family after another kept the prayer vigil beside his bed.

It was nightfall again, and the lamps were lighted when the boy opened his eyes. The swelling was away down now, and the discoloration had almost faded. In three weeks—pale and weak, but with eyes clear and voice strong—the boy could stand up.

And young Ike Eisenhower was ready to face life—As condensed in the **Reader's Digest**, originally printed in **Guidepost**.

Teen-Themes

In a large orchestra hall in one of our great cities, a famous conductor was rehearsing his players in a difficult symphony. All the instruments were playing at once, and it was great and beautiful. The master knew just the precise moment when each one should play and just when he should keep quiet. Even when one section was silent, the music continued. When one person played only one or two notes, which by themselves could never make a tune, the leader was pleased because the notes had been played exactly right.

Each of us has a part to play in the Symphony of Life. The notes which by themselves may not mean much, contribute to the perfect score of depth and beauty that only the Master knows how to interpret. When it is time for us to play, He tells us; and, if we follow His direction, we need not worry about the low, sad notes, nor will we insist upon only the light, gay tones of pleasure which make discord.

"If I cannot be a violin

In the symphony of life,
Then let me be a kettle drum,
Or else a simple fife.

I may not be the leading voice,
Or win a big ovation,

But I can sing a cheerful note
In life's great orchestration."

Is your instrument in tune?
Don't have your concert first and
then tune up, but begin each day
in harmony with God.

Shirley Gene Robinson

Five Resolutions

Jonathan Edwards, who was a great and useful man, made five resolutions for himself in his youth and lived by them faithfully. They are worth studying. Anyone who will adopt and follow them will greatly increase his usefulness. The resolutions are:

1. Resolved: To live with all my might while I do live.

2. Resolved: Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

3. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another.

4. Resolved: Never to do anything out of revenge.

5. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do it it were the last hour of my life.

These are the resolutions of a young man who saw the possibilities and the dangers of life, and who was determined to make the most of his powers and of his opportunities.

—The War Cry (Canada)

Christian Completeness

(Continued from page 1)

cleansing and the infilling of the Spirit.

III. Finally, we have a Command.

It is threefold: "Arise! Take up thy bed and walk!"

Arise! All the lifting power of Christ the Lord is packed into that word. It is a little word, but a freighted one. It rings with the authority of an all-effective Redeemer. Our Saviour never asks how low we have gone; He only asks if we have gone as low as we are going. If we are done with the mire, He has a lift to give us. Christianity, like Socialism and Bolshevism, is a leveler, with the vast difference that the former levels up, whereas the latter levels down. Socialism and Bolshevism would pull princes down to the level of the proletariat, Christ would lift the proletariat to the level of the prince. He makes kings of cripples, priests of perverts, princes of paupers. He lifts! He says "Arise." And the way He says it smites the dead soul into life.

But He says more: "Take up thy bed!" To get up yourself is victory, but to take up the very thing that has held you down is mastery. That bed symbolizes the thing which holds, hinders, cripples, handicaps. The theological name for that bed is "inbred sin." The scriptural name is "indwelling sin" or the "carnal mind." And just here emerges, in full force and splendor, the thought of salvation's completeness. If the renewing grace of conversion makes one a conqueror, the purging and enabling grace of Pentecost makes one "more than conqueror."

In conclusion the command says, "Walk!" Here is the element of progress involved in all Christian experience and Christian living. Onward and upward forever is the

march of the Christ-mastered soul, with no stopping place—no, not even death. What we are pleased to term Christian Perfection is often misunderstood because it seems to foreclose upon all thought of development. Rightly understood, it does nothing of the kind.

True Christian perfection is a finality if you are thinking of the cleansing away of indwelling sin, but it is merely getting a good start in life if you are thinking of growth in Christlikeness. In other words, it is a finality, but an unfolding one. The pathway of the just and the highway of the holy lead forward for evermore, now by valleys deep and darksome, now by sunbathed summits, but always on, beckoningly on, alluringly on, gloriously on. —The Free Methodist



The Bible

This book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers.

Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions immutable.

Read it to be wise. Believe it to be safe, and practice it to be Holy.

It contains Light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you.

It is the traveler's map, pilgrim's staff, pilot's compass, soldier's and Christian's charter.

Here praise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed.

Christ is its grand object, our good, its desire, and the glory of God its end.

It should fill the memory, rule the heart, guide the feet.

Read it slowly, frequently, and prayerfully.

It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure.

It is given you in life, will be opened in judgment, and will be remembered forever.

It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the highest labor, and will condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

—Selected.

God's Answer To Man's Hunger

(Continued from page 4)

ment as it passes its last drop of pleasure comes premature age, "the old age of thirty-five" or, it may be, of twenty-five. Pathetic indeed are the life-weary, aged youth of our day, having no hope, and without God in the world."

But is there no hope? The apostle Paul gives the Christian answer in his letter to the Ephesian church (2:1-7) in which he recalls the depth of moral degradation from which these Ephesian Christians had been lifted by the power of God's love: "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desire of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace are ye saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

There is hope then, because God cares. It was not to have whirling worlds from collision that God sent forth His Son into this universe, nor to hinge in space a new solar system. It was not to dig deep the Grand Canyon nor to pile high the Rockies or the Andes that God sent His Son to our small world, a speck in the great universe. But to bridge with His own Person that gulf of separation between man and his Creator, God sought out this planet and here, by the tragic sacrifice of Himself in the Person of His Son, spanned heaven and earth to bring man back to Himself.

Even in man's cynicism and despair God is seeking to draw man to Himself, to satisfy man's deepest heart hunger, his burning soul-thirst. And George Herbert explains man's restlessness apart from God in these lines which have

endured through three centuries: "When God at first made Man, Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.
"So beauty first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.
"For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.
"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast."

Yes, God made us for Himself, then gave Himself for us. Jesus Christ is God's gift to man, answering man's heart-cry in the words of our theme-passage, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Responding by faith to this promise, man becomes indeed a child of God, restored to the divine favor which sin had forfeited. This change is more than a mystical idealism stirring man to noble sentiments—it is vital fellowship with a Divine Person. This change is more than mental assent to Christian truth—it is life made dynamic by the indwelling Christ. This change is more than moral heroism straining for salvation through good works—it is child-like trust resting securely in a Father's love. The response of our faith to God goes deeper than our religious sentiments, our reasoning about truth, or our fullest purpose to do good. This faith is the response of our inmost, utmost self to the call of God uttered in unmistakable accent in Jesus Christ as our only Saviour.

The Prodigal Son made that simple response of faith to the love of his father. Perishing with hun-

ger in a far country, he came to himself and remembered that in his father's house even servants had bread to spare. He arose and came to his father, confessing his sin, his waywardness, and his unworthiness to be a son, begging rather for employment as a hired servant. His father forgave and fed and clothed him, not as a servant under legal contract, but as a son under the favor of a father's love.

Some who have heard in this message today Christ's offer of bread for the hungry heart may be perishing of hunger in some far country of sin and pride and self-will. If you are such an one, with sincere purpose now say, "I will arise and go to my father"; and while you are yet a great way off, the Father's love revealed in Jesus Christ will meet you. Faith is that simple: coming to Christ, we are fed; believing on Christ, our thirst is quenched.

Thus God answers man's hunger He did not make us with infinite craving without providing its satisfaction. And with St. Augustine we exclaim, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless until we find rest in Thee."

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.

—George McDonald

Hast Thou No Scar?

*Hast thou no scar?
No hidden scar on foot or side or hand?
I hear thee sung as mighty in the land,
I hear them hail thy bright ascendant star,
Hast thou no scar?*

*Hast thou no wound?
Yet I was wounded by the archers, spent,
Leaned Me against a tree to die; and rent
By ravening beasts that compassed Me, I swooned:
Hast thou no wound?*

*No wound? no scar?
Yet, as the Master shall the servant be,
And pierced are the feet that follow Me;
But thine are whole: can he have followed far
Who has no wound nor scar?*

—Amy Carmichael

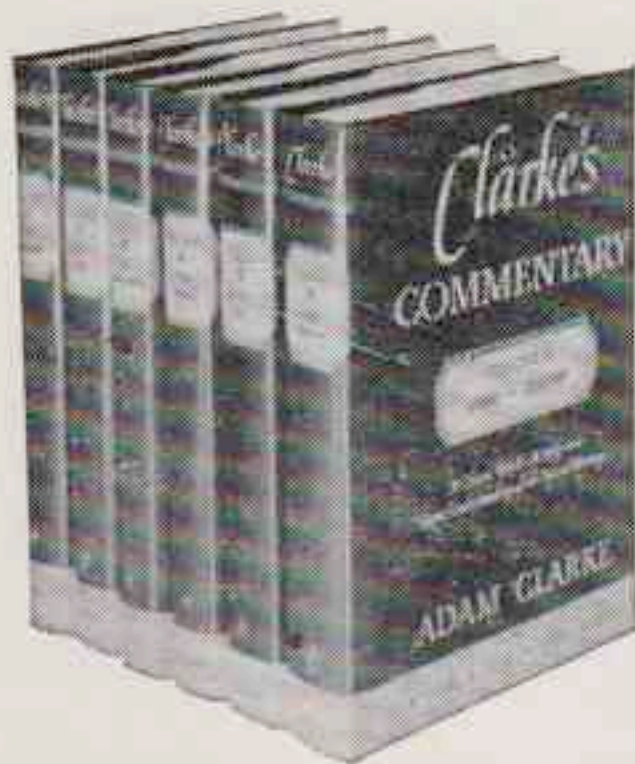
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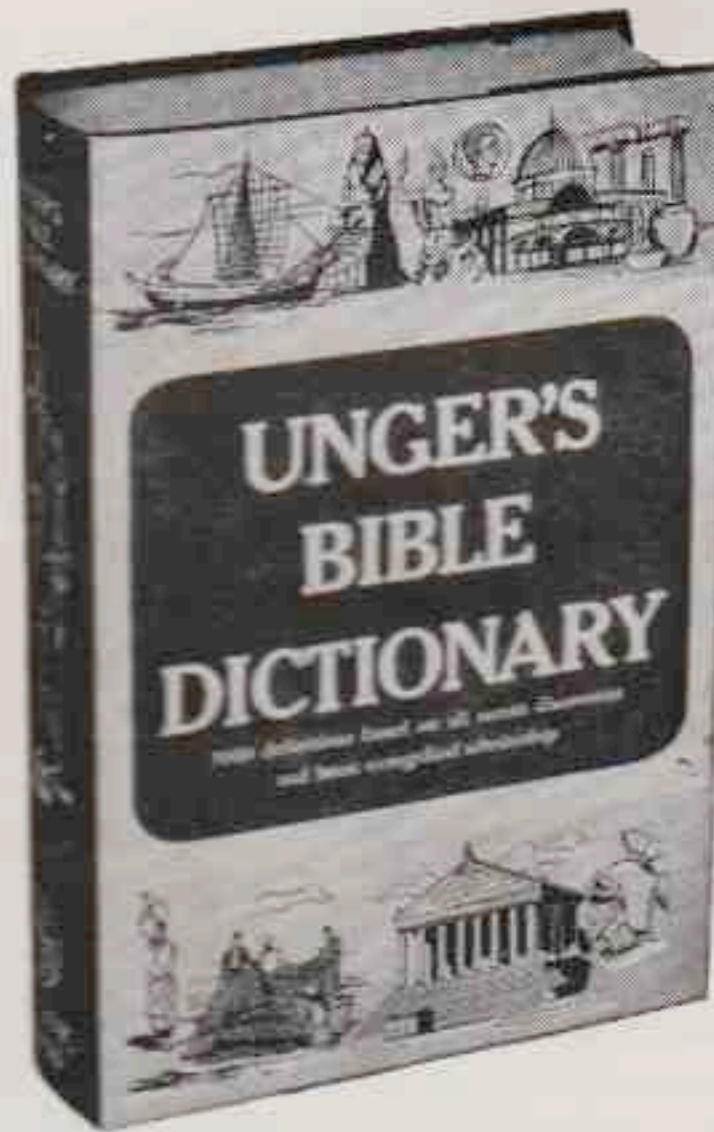


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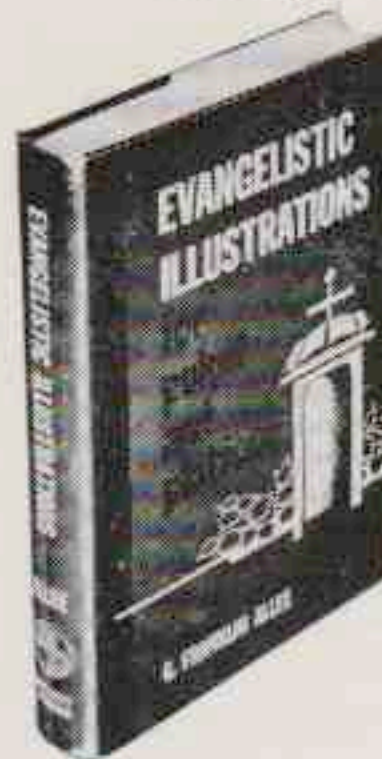
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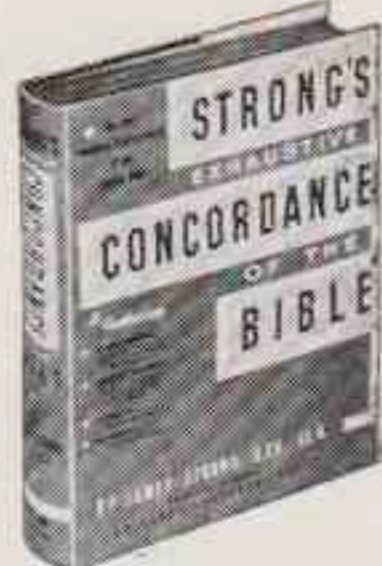
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"When the Modern Tide Struck Our Home"

I will never forget when the modern tide struck our home. My sister weighed one hundred pounds. She was an artist, nervous and temperamental and all that kind of stuff that we had to watch out for. She was an artist, while we had to make our own living. She got music and some other ideas in her head, and came home from college the first year. That morning after breakfast, when we had prayer, she rose sweetly and excused herself and went upstairs.

She "got by" with it that morning, but Father "took note of it"; and the next morning, when she excused herself, he said, "Sit still."

"But really," she pouted, "I don't care to stay."

"That doesn't make any difference—stay!"

"I think a person should have some liberty in religion," she answered.

"You can have all the liberty you please in religion." Father told her "but I run this house; I paid for your grub, I bought the clothes you have on, I paid for your education. Sit down there quietly and listen while a father who loves you reads and prays."

My big brother came home one day. He had made money for himself and had a big, fat cigar in his mouth. He smoked it awhile on the back porch. Father came out, reached out his hand, took the cigar and, throwing it into the garden, said, "Don't smoke them around here any more."

"I would like to know what right you have to throw that cigar out," brother complained.

"You know my idea," Father answered. "This is my house. I am rearing boys and making a speciality of it, and you don't get by with that kind of stuff. When you are working for a man he can tell you whether to smoke in his office or in his ware-house. I am running this house. God gave me the command to do so."

"I will go somewhere else," my brother threatened.

"I am sorry: I love you," Father replied quietly, "but if you want the cigar worse than you do the home, you can go."

He went away three weeks, and

came back and said, "Dad, you are all right. I submit and will play the game according to the rules."

Most people say, "Well, you have to let children have their way."

If that is so, then good-by to home, to government, to everything; God will not stand for that.

I had a father who stood by the river of life—thank God, an old pile-driver—and smiled while he drove down the jetty. He never licked me in his life, but I always knew I had one coming if I needed it. He reared ten children, and he did it as an undermaster of God.

You never saw a spoiled boy in your life to whom the mother had given everything she had, that would not take that little mother and trample on her heart before he got through.

God intended parents and children to live together in the unit He ordained. He commands parents thus, and with a covenant attached: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

I thought I was getting away with something. I left my father's Christ and the Bible because of the teaching in the universities into which I went. The antichrist spirit of plunder in modern "kulture" clothes attracted me. I lost my faith. My father died; and before he died, he turned his face heavenward with the happiest, most beautiful smile. Someone leaned over the bed and said, "Dr. Rader, how can you smile like that when there is not one of your children that is serving the Lord?"

He smiled back as he answered, "That doesn't matter a bit. It was settled long ago. I brought them up as He commanded me. They will every one be in. They are a strong-headed group, but God will lead them. He will bring them in."

And every last one of them is in tonight—yes, every one.

God talks to fathers and mothers, and God stands behind fathers and mothers with all the army and navy of heaven when they stand Godward for their children. Oh, for a praying fatherhood in our nation, and mothers that pray for their children! I tell you, God hears them, He hears, He hears!

—Paul Rader in Gospel Herald

Looseness

This is an age of looseness and crime

From the heathen debased to the rich of the time;

The tendency strong in church and in state

Is to go where you please and leave open the gate.

It may be that old Dobbin, quite stiff in his knees,

Will stand in the park though not tied to the trees,

And Spitfire, the colt that will never be tame,

Has broken six halters and made himself lame.

But will this be excuse to throw halters away,

To let each horse decide where to go or to stay?

Then why do MEN fight against law and good rules

For guidance of wise and restraining of fools?

For horses and men there is only one hope,

If they break their restrictions, just double the rope;

And if the good laws are wisely applied

They may learn how to stand without being tied.

I dislike to see boys not high as your shoulder

That know ten times more than persons much older,

And when father and mother lay down some restriction,

Get pouty and sullen and begin to cause friction.

I never saw Master or Miss such a Saint

But that they were bettered by parents restraint;

But many a one to the gallows has come

For want of a law and a rod in the home.

And then when it comes to the laws of the land,

So many thus tied will not even stand.

Some men for a dollar will take a man's life,

Or cheat him in trading or marry his wife,

Or steal from his neighbor his chains or his axes,

Or give him short measure or be dodging his taxes.

But in spite of law-breaking there is not a man

Not constantly helped by the laws of the land.

In matters of church we know very well

No law of itself can save one from hell;

Yet by heeding good laws a man's ways are made clean

And pitfalls avoid that he never had seen.

The flesh can be checked and the conscience alarmed

And evils suppressed by which others are harmed,

By law man is brought, on this side the grave,

To the point where the Word and the Spirit can save.

Now if children are wiser than matron or sire

And safely can play with poison and fire,

And loungers in stores with soap-box for stool

Know better than Congress how nations to rule;

And the wisdom of God in one single brother

Is better than Bible and Conference together,

Then nail up the church! lay the book on the shelf!

And let every man be a law to himself!

If opposers of law just only could see

They are cutting a limb 'twixt them and the tree

And if they succeed they not only will fall,

But down will come Home, Church, Nation, and all.

If men want no law but their own precious will

Let them herd with the bushmen till they get their fill.

I think one such year would certainly end it—

They would favor God's law and forever defend it.

—By George R. Brunk, Sr.

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Not in circumstances, not in ourselves, but in His blessed presence, is our security and consolation.

—A. B. Simpson