



WMBI - WDLM

SCRAPBOOK

1945





JUST A WORD . . . *about the 1945 Scrapbook*

One thing about radio that makes it different from reading, or from listening to music on phonograph records, for example, is that the radio listener cannot "read over again" or "play once more" those poems, devotional paragraphs or songs which make a special heart appeal.

The radio program moves along at a scheduled pace and will not heed the most earnest plea to "*do that again!*"

This desire to preserve some of the precious bits of verse and inspirational messages brings thousands of letters each year to the Radio Department. Whenever it is possible to do so, we send out copies of requested material. In this way, over a period of almost nineteen years we have been able to feel the pulse, so to speak, of listener taste . . . discovering the types of poetry, outline and verse that have the widest appeal.

This experience has helped in compiling our 1945 Scrapbook, which is sent to you with our gratitude for your interest, prayer co-operation and financial support. We pray that as these selections are read—and reread—they may bring cumulative blessing to your life.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Wendell P. Levelles". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name and title.

Director, WMBI-WDLM

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SCRAPBOOK

EMPTY VESSELS AND BROKEN

When the vessel is quite *empty*,
Then the Spirit has full play,
And the Word of God has power
In the life, from day to day.

Oh, 'tis well that it is empty!
Yea, but this will not suffice,
For it also must be *broken*,
E'en to meet the foe's device.

'Tis alone the broken vessel
That reveals the hidden light,
Gives us vict'ry in the battle,
Puts the enemy to flight.

'Tis God's hand alone that breaks it,
Though we take it painfully,
We can trust Him, for He loves us,
He has proved it perfectly.

All man's *empty, broken* vessels
Are cast out upon the heap;
But, with God, they are His treasures.
Just the things He loves to keep.

HELEN MCDOWELL

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

O Saviour, take this boy of mine,
Hold fast his precious hand in Thine;
Guide him now lest he go astray;
Teach him to walk the Christlike way.

Do not withhold the trials of life,
Nor smooth away all cares and strife;
I want him so to pass the test,
That his own life be fully blest.

Oh, many times perhaps he'll fall,
But then I know You'll hear him call.
I have faith; I believe in You;
I trust You, Lord, to see him through.

He's all alone, so far away;
Oh, choose each word You'd have him say;
Just guide each step and bless each deed;
I pray, to You he'll others lead.

Today, I give You back Your own,
Give him the love to me You've shown;
My prayer is that his life will be
Just consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

ESTHER L. FIELDS

GOD PUTS THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD . . . HE NEVER PUTS THE WORLD IN THE CHRISTIAN

QUALIFIED

I've been qualified for glory,
Not at all by what I've done,
But I'm qualified for glory
Through the merits of God's Son.

By His righteousness imputed,
Not by any of my own;
I've been qualified for glory
By His grace, His grace alone.

Oh, I'll never cease to thank Him
That it was for me He died,
That in Him I've been accepted
And for glory qualified.

JESSIE IDEN

BLESSING UPON BLESSING

Thou standest on the threshold of days which
are unknown,
Thou standest at the gateway of paths un-
mapped, unshown;
But God Himself is with thee, thy Saviour,
Keeper, Friend;
And He will not forsake thee, nor leave thee to
life's end.

Thou standest and thou askest, "What have
the days in store?"
He answereth thee, "Blessing! Yea, blessing
more and more."
What form that blessing taketh thou mayest
not yet know,
But blessing upon blessing He waiteth to
bestow.

J. DANSON SMITH

MYSELF

One day I looked at myself,
At the self that Christ can see;
I saw the person I am today,
And the one I ought to be.
I saw how little I really pray,
How little I really do;
I saw the influence of my life—
How little of it was true!
I saw the bundle of faults and fears
I ought to lay on the shelf;
I had given a little bit to God,
But I hadn't given myself.
I came from seeing myself,
With my mind made up to be
The sort of person that Christ can use,
With a heart He may always see.

THE REAL PRESENCE

I cannot see Thee, Lord, but I am going to take
Thee

At Thy word, that Thou art even now quite
close to me.

I cannot bow on bended knee before Thee; I
scarce have strength

At times to walk the length of room quite
small,

And down upon my knees I cannot go at all.

But, oh, my heart adores Thee,
and prostrate bows before Thee,

My God, my all! My Saviour and my King!
To Thee, to Thee I cling,

And all my weakness bring. My King, my
King!

I close my eyes to see just naught but Thee,
I close my eyes to hear Thy voice so near;
A pilgrim on this shore I stand, looking toward
the blessed land

Where I shall dwell with Thee forevermore.

I cannot praise, nor sing, nor bring Thee any-
thing

But empty hands for Thee to fill,

A trembling heart for Thee to still.

The busy serving days are o'er,

The bustling movements are no more.

But, oh, when I was sad today

At all my uselessness,

Thou saidst to me, as silently I worshiped
Thee,

"Soul, why art thou cast down? For know
always

"The lame take the prey"! Even the youths shall
fail,

But they that wait upon the Lord, they *shall*
prevail."

Oh, listen, soul, by Christ made whole,
Today, today, the lame, *they* take the prey.

"How, Lord?" I said. "Know, soul, the words
I say

Explain themselves away—the lame do take
the prey.

By strength can no man yet prevail. Muscle
and sinew naught avail

In this sharp fight by day or night.

The faith of God in you shall bring the battle
through

To endless victory! You may not bow the knee,
But God will give sure answer to your prayer,
For Christ is there. And, so, today the lame,
they take the prey."

"But what prey, Lord?" "Soul, you can never
know

How far your prayer may go. The prayer of
faith is

Touching God through Christ, His blessed
Son, His Holy One.

And by that prayer alone you never here can
know

All that is done, *for God is on the throne!*

"And as your heart ascends in prayer and
praise,

Oh, I am with you, *with you* all the days!"

JEAN NEWBERRY

Difficulties are God's errands; and when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence as a compliment from Him.

HENRY WARD BEFCHER

GOD'S DARK

A BEDTIME COMFORT

The dark is kind and cozy,
The dark is soft and deep,
The dark will pat my pillow
And love me as I sleep.

The dark is smooth as velvet
And gentle as the air,
And he is good to children
And people everywhere.

The dark can see and love me
Without a bit of light;
He gives me dreams and resting,
He brings the gentle night.

God made the dark so daytime
Could close its tired eyes
And sleep awhile in comfort
Beneath the starry skies.

The daytime, just like children,
Needs rest from work and play,
So it can give us children
Another happy day.

God made the dark for children
And birdies in their nest;
All in the dark He watches
And guards us while we rest.

JOHN MARTIN

MY RESOLUTION

I won't look *back*; God knows the fruitless efforts,

The wasted hours, the sinning, the regrets;
I leave them all with Him who blots the record,
And mercifully forgives, and then forgets.

I won't look *forward*; God sees all the future,
The road that, short or long, will lead me home,
And He will face with me its every trial,
And bear with me the burdens that may come.

But I'll look *up*—into the face of Jesus,
For there my weary heart can rest, my fears are stilled;
And there is joy and love and light for darkness,
And perfect peace, and every hope fulfilled.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

PRECIOUS FAITH

Faith is precious because it is the channel by which precious things flow unto our hearts. Suppose a city under siege is dependent upon one pipe alone for its water supply. The preciousness of that pipe is not measured by the price it would fetch if it were put up for auction, but by what flows through it, and without which death and defeat would come. And my faith is the channel by which the water of life comes sparkling into my soul. It is the opening of the door "that the King of Glory may come in."

NOAH WEBSTER

THANK GOD FOR YOU

Thank God for you, good friend of mine,
Seldom is friendship such as thine;
How very much I wish to be
As helpful as you've been to me—

Thank God for you.

Of many prayer quests, one thou art
On whom I ask God to impart
Rich blessings from His storehouse rare,
And grant to you His gracious care—

Thank God for you.

When I recall from time to time
How you inspired this heart of mine,
I find myself inclined to pray,
"God bless my friend this very day"—

Thank God for you.

So often at the throne of grace
There comes a picture of your face,
And then instinctively I pray
That God may guide you all the way—

Thank God for you.

Some day I hope with you to stand
Before the throne at God's right hand.
And say to you at journey's end,
Praise God, you've been to me a friend—

Thank God for you.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH

**AN INDIAN'S VERSION
OF PSALM 23**

*The Great Father above is a Shepherd Chief,
and I am His, and with Him I want not. He
throws out to me a rope, and the name of the
rope is Love. He draws me, and He draws me,
and He draws me to where the grass is green,
and the water is not dangerous, and I eat and
lie down satisfied.*

*Sometimes my heart is very weak, and falls
down, but He lifts it up again, and draws me
into a good road. His name is Wonderful.
Sometime—it may be very soon, it may be
longer, it may be a long, long time—He will
draw me into a place between mountains. It
is dark there, but I will not draw back; I will
not be afraid, for it is in there between these
mountains that the Shepherd Chief will meet
me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart
all through this life will be satisfied. Some-
times He makes the Love rope into a whip, but
afterward He gives me a staff to lean upon.*

*He spreads a table before me with all kinds of
food. He puts His hand upon my head, and
all "tired" is gone. My cup He fills it till it
runs over.*

*What I tell you is true, I lie not. These roads
that are away ahead will stay with me through
this life; and afterward I will go to live in the
Big Teepee, and sit down with the Shepherd
Chief forever.*

HE IS

God is faithful . . . not He *has been*,
Nor He *will be* . . . both are true;
But today . . . in this sore trial . . .
God is faithful *now* to you.

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light;
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain—
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.
The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees;
The farther sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man, good timber grows.
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.

**MEN WILL WRANGLE FOR CHRISTIANITY . . . THEY WILL WRITE FOR IT . . . THEY WILL FIGHT FOR
IT . . . THEY WILL DO EVERYTHING EXCEPT LIVE FOR IT**

WHERE IS THY SONG?

Where is thy song? Hath earthly cares and sorrows

Silenced with thee that triumphant strain
That once ascended like sweet incense upward,
While all the earth echoed the glad refrain?

Where is thy song? Why dost thou sit repining,
Fearing dead hopes shall never rise again—
Looking with dread upon the unknown morrow,

Counting thy life as useless and in vain?

Where is thy song? Is not thy Lord still living?
Is not His matchless love for e'er the same?

Riches of grace are still within His coffers,
Waiting for thee, O faithless one, to claim!

Where is thy song? Because a darkening shadow
Hideth the sun, and fills thy soul with pain,
Think not thy Lord hath failed thee or forsaken;

His love abideth sure through sun and rain.

Look up and trust, and claim the promised blessing,

Eternal joys are thine through His blest name.

Lo, at His touch thy soul once more shall vibrate,

And songs of praise to Him shall rise again.

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN

SAFETY

It is safer for a believer to lie down in peace, than to sit up and worry. "I will make them to lie down safely" (Hos. 2:18).

GOD'S LOVE

Never once, since the world began,
Has the sun ever stopped his shining;
His face very often we could not see,
And we grumbled at him for inconstancy;
But the clouds were really to blame, not he,
For behind them, he was shining.

And so, behind life's darkest clouds,
God's love is always shining;
We veil it at times with our faithless fears,
And darken our sight with our foolish tears,
But in time the atmosphere always clears,
For His love is always shining.

JOHN OXENHAM

"AS IS"

"For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. 6:20).

One afternoon when shopping, I stopped at a counter where there were remnants of silk. The piece which specially interested me bore the ticket "As Is," and on opening the piece I found a good sized hole in it.

Here was a wonderful lesson for me. How like myself was that remnant; no bargain, full of defects, some seen and some unseen to the natural eye; weak and sinful. And Jesus, knowing all this, bought me at the great price of His own precious blood . . . My heart overflows with love and gratitude to Him who in His love and mercy purchased me "as is," and made me "accepted in the Beloved."

M. HELEN THOMASON

FAITH

The ground of faith—God's Holy Word,
With which our lives are in accord;
This Shield no ill can penetrate
Nor Satan change its lasting state.

The grace of faith—which grows each day
As God His power doth display;
By it comes knowledge of His will
And deep communion with Him still.

The gift of faith—God's sovereign will
Emergencies of need to fill;
That we His wondrous works relate
Inspiring faith in those who wait.

The goal of faith—to honor God
And magnify His Holy Word,
That others, too, may learn to know
The One who does such grace bestow.

Thus glory comes to God each day
By exercising faith alway,
Without which faith we cannot please
The God who calls us to our knees.

M. E. H.

TRUST

I do not understand God's love for me,
That I, who follow so unworthily
The path of life which He has set for me,
Should be upheld by Him so tenderly.

I cannot understand His patient care
That guards and guides my pathway here,
Forgives my faults, hears all my daily prayer,
And keeps my spirit safe from doubt and fear.

I only know I feel His presence near,
Unfailing strength around me everywhere
To help me with the burdens I must bear,
And grant me hope, my drooping heart to cheer.

I do not understand these priceless things
That bless my life and give my spirit wings;
How One, who is the King of earthly kings,
Before whose throne a ceaseless chorus sings,
Should stoop to bless me in my lowly ways
And comfort me when my lone spirit prays;
But for the measure of my earthly days,
I cannot cease to give Him love and praise!

FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

DAILY SUPPLY

*"The inward man is renewed day by day"
(II Cor. 4:16). A man can no more take in a
supply of grace for the future than he can eat
enough today to last him for the next six
months, or take sufficient air into his lungs at
once to sustain life for a week to come. We
must draw upon God's boundless stores for
grace from day to day, as we need it.*

D. L. MOODY

PRAISE

For all the past with stars o'ercast,
Thy name, O God, I praise;
For promised joy without alloy
Through all these hopeful days.
For all I have gained by grace obtained,
Thy name, O God, I praise.
For pleasant hours 'mid blooming flowers,
Through all these happy days.

A. C. DIXON

THE SCARLET LINE

My Bible is bound with a scarlet cord
That reaches from cover to cover;
It tells of the blood of the cross of Christ,
And ties it all firmly together.
In shadow and symbol and type, I find
Jehovah, the Christ, my Saviour;
In Pentateuch, history and poet's page
And prophecy, minor and major.
So bright is the red of the Gospel cord
As it stretches from Matthew to John,
So crimson the line that has tied my heart
To the heart of the Father's Son!
Here, Peter takes hold of the binding strong
And he fishes for souls of men;
There, Paul weaves a tent of the crimson stuff
Where he tells the old story again.
But John pulls the cord to unveil the face
Of the One whose blood was shed,
And I fall at His feet, for now I know
Why my Bible is bound in red.

SWEET DISORDER

He's set up his train in the corner,
His books are away from the shelf,
His ball's on the floor,
Though I've told him before
He must pick up his toys by himself.
And there on the chair little sister
Has left her best baby to sleep,
Though she took off to bed
A dolly whose head
Has a gash that is painful and deep.
And close by the table the baby
Has thrown tinker toy in despair,
Before he was borne,
Tear-wet and forlorn,
To his bed at the top of the stair.
And I know, as I pick up their playthings,
That sometimes disorder is sweet,
And my eyes fill with tears,
As I think of the years
When the house will be lonely—and neat.

ANNE CAMPBELL

IS THERE NOT ONE?

Among so many millions, Lord,
Which daily shun
Thy gospel light, choose darkened ways,
Is there not one
For me to rescue from the plunge
Over the precipice
To waters of eternal death?
My Lord, for this
I pray—to be an instrument
For Thee, a tool
Which Thou canst use to find, reshape
Into a jewel
Of chastity and truthfulness,
A sin-stained soul,
And lay it at Thy feet, dear Lord;
This is my goal.
Send me, I care not when or how,
Ere my life's done,
To guide one child of Thine from dark
To life's eternal sun.

ERNA E. HOFFS

USELESS

We cannot be useless while we are doing and suffering God's will . . . and we can always do that. If we are bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit, we are not useless . . . and we can always do that. If we are increasing in the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, we are not useless . . . and we can always do that. While we pray we cannot be useless . . . and we can always do that.

THOROLD

CHASTENING

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.—Hebrews 12:6
O blessed wound, inflicted by my Saviour,
The wound that deals the death blow to my
sin,
That finds His name alone the balm of healing,
His blood alone the cleansing fount of sin.
Almighty God, whose love reached out to save
me;
O blessed Lamb, who died to set me free;
O blessed Spirit, striving and convicting,
Revealing Christ in all His grace to me,
I gladly give Thee what of me Thou cravest,
My heart, my mind, my will, my strength,
my love;
Make me a vessel fit, Lord, for Thy witness,
A jewel to adorn Thy crown above.

HILDA ROVIK LINDAL

OPEN MY EYES

Open my eyes, that I may see
This one and that one needing Thee;
Hearts that are dumb, unsatisfied;
Lives that are dark, for whom Christ died.

Open my eyes in sympathy
Clear into man's deep soul to see;
Wise with Thy wisdom to discern,
And with Thy heart of love to yearn.

Open my eyes in power, I pray,
Give me the strength to speak today,
Some one to bring, dear Lord, to Thee;
Use me, O Lord, use even me.

BETTY SCOTT STAM

CHEERFULNESS IS NOT A MATTER OF MENTAL TEMPERAMENT, BUT OF SPIRITUAL TEMPERATURE

DIFFICULT TO GET AWAY FROM

It is very difficult for an individual who knows the Scripture ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It remains with him like the word of a revered teacher. It forms a part of the warp and woof of his life.

WOODROW WILSON

JEHOVAH EL SHADDAI

THE GOD WHO IS ENOUGH
I know not where my pathway leads,
Midst loved ones here
Or lands afar; and so,
No, not one step I take until
I hear the gentle whisper of His will;
That's how I know
Where'er He leads me I can
Surely go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
In pastures green
Or where still waters flow;
But with my Lord, blest refuge of my soul,
Restored and yielded to His sweet control,
How sweet to know
Where'er He leads me I can
Humbly go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
Up heights sublime
Or vale below;
His rod and staff lead humbly forward, and,

Not doubting e'en the guidance of His hand,
'Tis then I know
Where'er He leads me I can
Safely go.

I know not where my pathway leads,
Temptations sore
My soul to overthrow;
'Tis then I find a banquet for me spread,
Rich oil and perfume, He anoints my head;
How blest to know
Where'er He leads me I can
Sweetly go.

I know not where my pathway leads;
His goodness and
His mercy round me though,
When sweeping through the gates His praise
I sing,
With loud hosannas hail my Lord and King;
At last I know
Just why Jehovah my El Shaddai
Led me so.

L. M. RODEBAUGH

I SHALL KNOW THEM

I have wondered,
Shall we know them,
All the loved ones
That are gone?
Shall we recognize their faces
In that bright and happy throng?

There'll be changes—
His own glory
Shall have rested
On each brow,
And erased all human weakness
That so plainly marks us now.

I've been thinking,
Our first glances
May, like Mary's,
Blind our eyes,
As a momentary strangeness
Mingles with a glad surprise.

I know, surely,
They shall greet us,
And, like Mary,
We shall thrill
To the dear familiar voices
That, to us, have been so still.

He said, "Mary,"
Then she knew Him;
More than Mary
We'll be shown,
For we all shall be just like Him,
And shall "know as we are known."

LOUISE STEPHENS

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

DETT

THE BLESSED HOPE

The effect of this blessed hope was very practical. It led me carefully to look through my little library to see if there were any books there that were not necessary and likely to be of further use . . . to look through my small wardrobe to be quite sure that there was nothing there that I should be sorry to give an account of, should the Master come at once. It has been very helpful to me from time to time . . . as opportunity has allowed . . . to act in a similar way in other things . . . I have never been through my house from basement to attic with this object in view without receiving a great accession of spiritual joy and blessing.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR

OVERFLOWING

Prayer of a young Christian . . . "Lord, fill me to overflowing. I cannot hold much. But I can overflow a great deal."

1

BE STEADFAST

Be steadfast and unmoved,
Established, settled, proved;
Though called upon to face great testing,
A place there is of perfect resting
Within the shelter of the Rock;
Then do not fear,
Thy God is not a God far off,
But is the Shepherd of His flock,
And He is near.

Be steadfast in your place,
In patience run the race;
Rely on God, your Lord and keeper,
And be for Him a trusted reaper;
Be satisfied to do the thing
He bids you do;
Not questioning as why ofttimes
You meet reproach, rebuff, and sting;
Stand firm, go through,
Be steadfast day and night,
Walk humbly in the light,
Seek not for vain and worldly pleasure,
For where your heart is, there, your treasure;
But fix your heart on God alone,
Be faithful, true,
Continue steadfast to the end,
Till meeting Him before the throne;
God counts on you.

GRACE B. RENFROW

AFRAID

Afraid? Why should I be,
Since Christ my Saviour keepeth me?
He goes before His blood-bought sheep
O'er mountains high, through valleys deep.

Afraid—of what, I pray,
Since He doth hold my hand alway?
He turns the darkness into light,
And fills my soul with pure delight.

Afraid—of stormy sea,
And what the future holds for me?
He sees the path that I must go,
And guards me in my walk below.

Afraid—that He'll forget
When hope is dim and fears beset?
Ah, no, He'll come in might and pow'r,
And keep me through the darkest hour.

Afraid? How can I be,
When Christ the Lord doth watch o'er me?
He never slumbers day nor night,
And so my heart doth know no fright.

Afraid—when at the end
Cold death shall cherished plans all rend?
E'en then His way I know is best,
And so I'll praise Him for sweet rest.

J. M. CARLSON

"FEED MY LAMBS"

I meant to study all the week, and very carefully prepare;

I meant to kneel—yes, every day—and bear each pupil up in prayer.

But I was busy, and I found so many things that I must do,

Important things, that could not wait—the week was gone before I knew!

I meant to visit several homes, and mail some cards to absentees,

To let them know that they were missed, for such a word is sure to please,

And often brings them quickly back. But somehow every day went by

And not a single card I sent. And now I ask, Why didn't I?

And so this morning when I rose, I tried to study while I ate;

I briefly read my quarterly, and hurried out five minutes late.

I found them singing, and I dropped, breathless, ashamed, into my seat—

For I intended to be there that I the earliest child might greet.

Time for the lesson, and a group of eager voices beg their turn

To quote by heart the memory verse, which I, alas, forgot to learn!

And so I stumbled through the hour, and built with stubble, hay and wood

Instead of gold and precious stones and silver, as His servants should.

"Go feed my lambs" was His command; and shall I hope for them to live

On little morsels such as this, when mighty feasts are mine to give?

Forgive me, Lord, that I should treat Thy Word in such a shameful way;

And may I never stand again, defeated, as I've done today.

BARBARA CORNET RYBERG

FAITH IS NOT BELIEVING THAT GOD CAN . . . IT IS BELIEVING THAT HE WILL.—S. D. GORDON

RULE OF MY LIFE

The rule that governs my life is this: Anything that dims my vision of Christ, or takes away my taste for Bible study, or cramps my prayer life, or makes Christian work difficult, is wrong for me, and I must, as a Christian, turn away from it. This simple rule may help you find a safe road for your feet along life's road.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

COME UNTO ME

C stands for Children

O stands for Old People

M stands for Middle-Aged People

E stands for Everybody

GRACE SUFFICIENT

It is your Lord who says to you, "My grace is sufficient for thee". . . Christ Himself at one end of the sentence with you at the other end, and His grace, all-sufficient, between.

MY HEART IS THERE!

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Matthew 6:21

My heart is there!

Where? On eternal hills; my Beloved dwells
Among the lilies and asphodels,
Clad in the brightness of the Father's throne,
Glad in the smile of Him who sits thereon,
The glory gilding all His wealth of hair,
And making His immortal face more fair—
There is my Treasure, and my heart is there.

My heart is there

With Him who makes all earthly life so sweet,
So fit to live, and yet to die so meet;
So mild, so grand, so gentle and so brave,
So ready to forgive, so strong to save!
His fair, pure spirit makes the heavens more
fair,

And thither rises all my longing prayer—
There is my Treasure, and my heart is there.

SHEKINAH

God's Presence Manifest

Faith walked with me, and held my hand,
As dawn came tripping by
To sweep the shadows from the land
And fling God's banners high.

In reverence Faith bade me lift
Mine eyes above a hill,
To where the lazy cloudlets drift
Across God's window sill.

We watched the storm-king madly race
Through the nebulous shroud,
And then with magic colors trace
God's bow within the cloud.

Faith led me to a grove wherein
The vagrant night winds sigh,
To watch the deepening shadows pin
God's lanterns to the sky.

CORDIA LOWE

THE ROCK BENEATH

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ACCESS

Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.—Hebrews 10:19

I do not come with offering fair, to court Thy favor.

No altar do I need, or templed choir;
The ritual and ceremony ended,

Gone now the smoke of incense from the fire.

No ribband blue or pomegranate splendid

Need deck my garment, as I enter in;
But clothed in Thine own righteousness, I
come, Lord,

And claim Thy blood, my sacrifice for sin.

SARAH SMITH REED

WITHOUT CHRIST

Apart from Christ, *youth* is a dream
Of castles in the air,
Which, when the builder fain would grasp,
He finds were never there.

Apart from Christ, *manhood's* a fight
Of battles never won,
A feverish haste to finish tasks
Which still remain undone.

Apart from Christ, *old age* is but
A disappointment keen,
Remorse at deeds done and undone,
And that which might have been.

KATHLEEN PAINE

FAITH IS TO BELIEVE WHAT WE DO NOT SEE . . . ITS REWARD, TO SEE WHAT WE BELIEVE

SPIRITUAL SURGERY

*The Lord may have to use the surgeon's knife,
and sever some friendship . . . cut off some
cherished habit . . . separate us from some loved
treasure . . . But remember, the surgeon's lancet
is always held by a pierced hand . . . It is all
right.*

W. W. MARTIN

THERE IS A PLACE

There is a place where only those may enter
Whose hearts and minds are wholly one
with God;

Where all the thoughts and heart's affections
center
Around the person of the Son of God.

There is a place where God has stored rich
treasure
Which He reveals to hearts perfect in love;
No thieves nor robbers may behold this treas-
ure,
Nor apprehend the wonder of His love.

There is a place of holy, sweet communion,
Where souls untrammelled fellowship with
God;

Where lust, and sin, and greed can never enter
To cloud the mind, disturb its peace in God.

Where is this place? Its Alpha is the Jesus
Who came to save His people from their
sins;
Its Omega, the Lord and King of glory,
Who even now doth rule and reign within

The hearts and wills surrendered to His
pleasure,

Who—in this world—have yet in it no part,
Whose sojourn here is but to show His praises
Who has called them to have in heav'n their
part.

There is a place the Bridegroom is preparing
For this, His chosen, blood-washed, happy
throng,

Where evermore with Him, to share His glory,
His Bride shall sing the glad redemption
song.

HILDA ROVIK LINDAL

WHAT IS FAITH?

*Faith is the eye by which we look to Jesus. A
dim-sighted eye is still an eye; a weeping eye
is still an eye.*

*Faith is the hand with which we lay hold of
Jesus. A trembling hand is still a hand. And
he is a believer whose heart within him trem-
bles when he touches the hem of the Saviour's
garment, that he may be healed.*

*Faith is the tongue by which we taste how
good the Lord is. A feverish tongue is never-
theless a tongue. And even then we may be-
lieve, when we are without the smallest portion
of comfort; for our faith is founded not upon
feelings, but upon the promises of God.*

*Faith is the foot by which we go to Jesus. A
lame foot is still a foot. He who comes slowly,
nevertheless comes.*

GEORGE MUELLER

"UNLESS I HAD BELIEVED"

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.—Psalm 27:13

"Unless I had believed,
I had fainted," long ago,
So buffeted by whelming seas,
With treach'rous undertow;
I dare not think what might have been
"Unless I had believed."

"Unless I had believed,"
I could not have won the fight,
Too many and too fierce my foes
To have withstood their might;
They would have torn me, limb from limb,
"Unless I had believed."

I yet were in my sins,
Mind and conscience unrelieved,
No God, no hope, sweet pardon, rest,
"Unless I had believed";
My life a futile, worthless thing,
"Unless I had believed."

But now have I believed!
And God's glory I have seen!
His great salvation shown to me,
My sinful heart made clean!
But this had never been to me.
"Unless I had believed."

Now that I have believed,
Are my feet upon the Rock,
My soul established, strong, secure,
To brave the earthquake shock;
What tragic loss, what black despair—
"Unless I had believed."

WHY?

Angels from God's throne on high
Look down on us with wondering eye,
That since we are but passing guests
We build such strong and solid nests,
But where we think to dwell for aye
We scarce take time a stone to lay.

LISTEN

I bend my ear down to the Book
and listen,
And, back across the centuries, I hear
The tramping of a million little hoofs of lambs
to slaughter led.

As in the night, when I would sleep
and dream,
I hear them, one by one, approach the place
of sacrifice—
Sweet, gentle, unresisting things,
so pure and white.

And then I turn the Book and hold it
near my heart;
The little lambs all quiet now, but, oh, I feel
The even tread of One who walked alone—
God's perfect Lamb!

The footsteps cease. Somewhere beyond
the city's walls
My heart picks up the surging of a wondrous
flow
That started from His broken heart that day
and reached my own.

THE PRODIGAL

I disobeyed His law day after day,
Following passion's voice persistently;
I ridiculed my friends who knelt to pray,
Proud of my haughty infidelity;
But when the flame of passion had burned out,
Leaving its residue of black remorse,
All of my self-assurance turned to doubt,
Making a deadly hazard of life's course.

And so I brought my wasted life to God,
Asking His mercy on my sordid soul,
What though He humbled me with scourge
and rod,
Exactng the last farthing of sin's toll.
But lo, the Master drew me to His breast,
Where I, a lost sheep, found a lasting rest.

T. E. B.

STAR DUST

Star groups and fireflies,
God lit them all;
Sages and sparrows,
God notes their fall;
Only we finite
Speak of the "small."

When some eclipse of joy
Thy pleasure mars,
Look upward past what'er
Thy vision bars,
For darkness helps the eye
To see the stars.

F. S. MILLER

HIS LAMP

His lamp am I
To shine where He shall say.
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day;
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth;
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;
Or where the light of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after Him;
And sometimes, a flame,
Clear shining through the night,
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light.
So may I shine—His light the flame—
That men may glorify His name.

STRENGTH

Strength for today, Father, strength for today,
Strength to be holy, to walk in Thy way;
Strength for keeping my robes undefiled,
Strength to be humble, as seemeth Thy child.

Strength in temptation to turn from the snare,
Strength to be constant and earnest in prayer;
Patient in well doing, faithful in heart,
Never, O Lord, from Thy truth to depart.

Strength for the crosses Thou giv'st me to bear,
Resting my heart on Thy Fatherly care;
Trusting, although I may not understand;
Knowing that Thou all my going hast planned.

MY PRAYER

Oh, turn me, mold me, mellow me for use;
Pervade my being with Thy vital force,
That this else unexpressive life of mine
May become eloquent and full of power,
Impregnated with life and strength divine.
Put the bright torch of heaven into my hand
That I may carry it aloft
And win the eye of weary wanderers here
 below,
To guide their feet into the paths of peace.

I cannot raise the dead,
Nor from this soil pluck precious dust,
Nor bid the sleeper wake,
Nor still the storm,
Nor bend the lightning back,
Nor muffle up the thunder,
Nor bid the chains fall
From off creation's long enfeathered limbs.

But I can live a life that tells on other lives,
And makes this world less full of anguish and
 of pain;
A life that, like the pebble dropped upon the
 sea,
Sends its wide circle to a hundred shores.
May such a life be mine!

Creator of true life, Thyself the life Thou
 givest,
Give Thyself, that Thou mayest dwell in me,
And I in Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR

A MUSIC LESSON

*My soul, thou art receiving a music lesson from
thy Father. Thou art being educated for the
choir invisible.*

*There are parts of the symphony that none can
take but thee. There are chords too minor for
the angels. There may be heights in the sym-
phony which are beyond thy scale—heights
which the angels alone can reach. But there are
depths which belong to thee. Thy Father is
training thee for the parts which the angels
cannot sing and the school is sorrow.*

GEORGE MATHIESON

CONTRAST

The night lies dark upon the earth,
 But we have light;
So many have to grope their way,
 But we have sight;
One path is theirs and ours
 Of sin and care,
But we are borne along,
 While they their burdens bear.

Footsore, heart-weary, they
 Upon their way,
Mute in their sorrow, while
 We kneel and pray;
Glad are they of a mere stone
 On which to rest,
While we are pillowed on
 The Saviour's breast.

EITHER GIVE UP SIN OR GIVE UP HOPE.—CHARLES H. SPURGEON

PRAYER FOR EVERYTHING

When you are weary in body and soul,
Weakened by many a care;
When work is taking its strength-taking toll,
Make it a matter of *prayer!*

When you're discouraged, distraught or dismayed,
Inclined once again to despair,
Remember there's *One who can come to your aid;*
Do make it a matter of *prayer.*

When you're confused in this world's tangled maze;
When life seems a muddled affair,
Direction will come for all of your ways,
If you'll make it a matter of *prayer.*

When happiness sets your heart all ablaze,
Your joy you feel you must share,
Forget not to offer thanksgiving and praise,
Make it a matter of *prayer.*

EDNA R. BROWN

1

PRAYERLESS

What is the reason that thousands of Christian workers have no greater influence? Nothing save the prayerlessness of their service. In the midst of their zeal, in study and work, in preaching and conversation, they lack that ceaseless prayer, which has attached to it the sure promise of the Spirit and the power from on high. It is the sin of prayerlessness that causes the lack of a powerful spiritual life.

ANDREW MURRAY

SONG OF YOUTH

Where's the trumpet and the drum
For my racing, surging song?
Where's the leader who can show me
Where my talents best belong?

Here in Christ, I see the answer
And the echo singing loud;
Here in Him, the perfect Leader,
Here I find the mighty God!

JEANNE FARWELL MICHEALSON

WHEN JESUS WENT SAILING

When Jesus went sailing, one bright sunny day,
And His friends took Him over the sea,
I wouldn't have worried or got in the way—
I wish they had taken me.

When Jesus stepped out of the boat on the
shore
To look for a nice, quiet place,
And then the great crowd met Him, more and
yet more—
I wish I had seen His face.

The lame, and the blind, and the deaf, and the
dumb,

The weary laden with care,
He saw them and said, oh, so lovingly,
"Come!"

I wish that I had been there.

He cured them and blessed them, and taught
them all day,

Till hearts that were heavy grew light,
And they couldn't be blamed that they wanted
to stay

And listen to Jesus all night.

When the people got frightfully hungry He
said,

"Give them something to eat"—and I wish
That I could have given Him five loaves of
bread,

And two little silvery fish.

Then, afterward, when that long day had
grown dim,

And Jesus had wished them goodby,

I would like to have stayed on the mountain
with Him,
Yes, just the Lord Jesus and I.

FAY INCHFAWN

THE GOD-MAN

*He who is the Bread of Life began His ministry
hungering.*

*He who is the Water of Life ended His ministry
thirsting.*

*Christ hungered as man, and fed the hungry
as God.*

He was weary, and yet He is our rest.

He paid tribute, and yet He is the King.

He was called a devil, and cast out devils.

He prayed, and yet He hears prayers.

He wept, and He dries our tears.

*He was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and
redeemed the world.*

*He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and is
the Good Shepherd.*

*He died, and gave His life, and by dying
destroyed death.*

THE LIFE OF PRAYER

I had a little time to spare;

I spent it idly, here and there.

My soul grew dry, the joy was gone,

My strength was small to fight the wrong.

Next time I had some time to spare,

I met the Lord in secret prayer;

Refreshed from heaven, my soul was strong,

My heart was filled with radiant song.

KENNETH JAMES

DENIAL

One wonders if there can ever be honest denial of the fact of God. The "reasoning" savors of a guilty conscience rather than a genuine conviction. And then, what of the lurking fear that, after all, there may be a God?

An atheist said: "There is one thing that mars all the pleasure of my life. I am afraid the Bible is true. If I could know of a certainty that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy. But here is what pierces my soul—if the Bible is true I am lost forever."

WE HIDE IN CHRIST FOR SECURITY . . . WE MUST ABIDE IN CHRIST FOR FRUITFULNESS

TRUST ALSO

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37:5

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, *and trust!*"
Ah, it is here we fail. We give the wheel
Of our small bark to Him; but then we thrust
Our hand upon His hand,
And dare to stand
Beside our Master, lest He wreck our keel.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, *and trust!*"
Leave all to Him; believe He knows thy course,
Thy dangers, and thy safety—all—then just
Abandon all to Him;
So shalt thou skim,
Borne briskly on before the Spirit's force.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, *and trust!*"
There is an "*also*" we too oft forget,
And so are plagued and worried. Oh, we must

IN CHRIST

*. . . the soul of my lord shall be bound in the
bundle of life with the Lord thy God . . .
1 Samuel 25:29*

"Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord";
The singer of Israel stood;
The souls of his enemies, slung from a sling
By the hand of his own mighty God.

O hold us, and fold us, and bundle us close,
And bind us with cords of Thy love;
Seal by Thy Spirit and stamp with Thy blood,
And then fight for us, Lord, from above!

SARAH SMITH REED

"*Trust also*"; then our soul
Shall cease to roll
In restlessness and reason and regret.
Commit! And then, committed, trust His word!
Has He not said that He will bring thee
through?
Trust His strong arm; and when wild storms
are heard,
Believe He holds them still
By His strong will;
Trust Him, the Wise, the Faithful, and the
True.

Trust Him to manage all that thou dost now
Commit to Him—the ship—the sails—the sea—
The sailors, thy strange crew. And ask not how
He will do all for thee,
But trustful be;
Lie down and rest from anxious worry free.

THE WORLD CAN ALWAYS TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A VESSEL THAT IS OVERFLOWING . . . AND
ONE THAT IS SIMPLY WET ON THE OUTSIDE

IN SUCH AN HOUR

Sometimes, when everything goes wrong:
When days are short, and nights are long;
When washdays bring so dull a sky
That not a single thing will dry,
And when the kitchen chimney smokes,
And when there's naught so queer as folks;
When friends deplore my faded youth,
And when the baby cuts a tooth,
While John, the baby last but one,
Clings round my skirts till day is done;
When fat, good-tempered Jane is glum,
And butcher's man forgets to come,

Sometimes, I say, on days like these,
I get a sudden gleam of bliss.
Not on some sunny day of ease,
He'll come . . . but on a day like this!
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
These tiresome things will all go by!

And, 'tis a curious thing, but Jane
Is sure, just then, to smile again;
Or, out the truant sun will peep,
And both the babies fall asleep;
The fire burns up with roar sublime,
And butcher's man is just in time.
And, oh, my feeble faith grows strong
Sometimes, when everything goes wrong!

Yes, not on some sunny day of ease,
He'll come . . . but on a day like this!

FAY INCHFAWN

PERFECT TRUSTING

I cannot understand
The why and wherefore
Of a thousand things—
The crosses, the annoyances,
The daily stings.
I cannot understand,
But I can trust,
For perfect trusting
Perfect comfort brings.

I cannot see the end—
The hidden meaning of
Each trial sent,
The pattern into which
Each tangled thread is blent.
I cannot see the end,
But I can trust,
And in God's changeless
Love, I am content.

COMFORT

Though I cannot feel Thy hand, I know 'tis there,
Thine ear bent down to catch my every prayer;
My Father's tender glance to strengthen me,
When I in darkness grope unseeingly.

Thy presence fills this humble place,
Thine arms are round me in unseen embrace,
And oh, dear Father, though I cannot see,
I know that Thou art here to comfort me.

HELEN PEARL MCDONALD

WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

NOT IN UNBELIEF . . . *Voltaire was an infidel of the most profound type, but he wrote, "I wish I had never been born."*

NOT IN PLEASURE . . . *Lord Byron lived a life of pleasure if anyone ever did . . . but he said, "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine."*

NOT IN MONEY . . . *Jay Gould, American millionaire, when dying said, "I suppose I am the most miserable man on earth."*

NOT IN FAME . . . *Lord Beaconsfield enjoyed more than his share of fame and position. He wrote, "Youth is a mistake; manhood a struggle; old age a regret."*

IN CHRIST ALONE . . . *He said, "I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."*

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY

1

SHINING

We are told to let our light shine, and if it does, we won't need to tell anybody it does. The light will be its own witness. Lighthouses don't fire cannon to call attention to their shining—they just shine.

D. L. MOODY

1

LET DUST SETTLE ON YOUR BIBLE, AND DUST WILL DIM YOUR TESTIMONY

HE LOVED ME

Before I felt a mother's kiss
Upon my brow, or knew the bliss
That life could hold, to win or miss,
He loved me.

And so He came from realms on high,
From speechless joys beyond the sky,
Where angel hosts were dear and nigh—
He loved me.

He left His Father's home above,
And lived that life of spotless love
On this poor earth, so glad to prove
He loved me.

Alone, He died that shameful death
Upon the cross. His parting breath
Was love, for so the Scripture saith—
He loved me.

Now at His Father's own right hand,
Where myriad hosts rejoicing stand,
His work complete, as God had planned,
He loves me.

He loves me, spite of all my shame,
My oft denials of His name—
My Master, Jesus Christ the same—
He loves me.

And from my sin by grace set free,
His power enough for even me,
I soon shall rise His face to see
Who loves me.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO HEAR WITHOUT EARS OR BREATHE WITHOUT LUNGS, AS TRY TO LIVE
A CHRISTIAN LIFE WITHOUT THE SPIRIT OF GOD AS ITS OPERATING FORCE

TWO TREES

Since the first Adam had partaken of
The fruit forbidden him in Paradise,
The second Adam through an act of love
Gave Himself as a willing sacrifice;
And so, His body fastened to a tree,
He now became a holocaust for sin,
That He might blot out our iniquity
And by His suffering redemption win.

The fruit of one tree lost for us the right
To live in happiness forever more,
The other tree erased sin's deadly blight
Because of the unsullied fruit it bore;
The tree of Paradise brought grief and loss,
But our salvation blossomed on the cross.

T. E. B.

PERENNIAL VITALITY

There is a strange quality about the Bible; its simplest parts never are outworn by being read too often. Grown-up men and women hold about the same attitude toward the fascinating stories in the Bible that a child does to its favorite bedtime story. Repetition does not seem to take from its power to attract.

Thus, for example, the Christmas message retains its interest no matter how frequently told. The Book of Ruth sparkles with renewed brightness each time it is read. The message of the Cross never fails to provoke deep reverence. And so with the whole of the Bible, it does not become stale and it does not bore its readers.

HIS JEWELS

Exodus 28

See on Aaron's vestment
Sparkling gems appear;
Sweet their heavenly message
For the list'ning ear.

Great High Priest is Jesus,
Who for sins once died;
Now for us in heaven
He is occupied.

Names of His redeemed ones
Set in bright array,
There in fulgent glory
Doth He now display.

His own hand engraved them,
Hand of strength and grace;
Names from such firm setting
Who can e'er efface?

Borne upon His shoulders,
Bound upon His breast,
Power divine sustains them,
Quenchless love their rest.

In Jehovah's presence—
Scene of dazzling light—
They in wondrous beauty
Shine unfading bright.

His pure light reflecting,
Each in varied hue
Manifests Christ's glory
To the Father's view.

Frail one, look thou upward!
Fainting one, take heart!
Saints and their Redeemer
None shall ever part.

A. G. C.

CHRISTIANITY IS NOT A NEW LEAF . . . IT IS A NEW LIFE. SALVATION IS NOT A NEW
START . . . IT IS A NEW HEART

GOD IS FAITHFUL

God will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

ONLY

Only to rest where He puts me,
Only to do His will,
Only to be what He made me,
Though I be nothing still!

Never a look beyond me
Out of my little sphere;
If I could fill another
God would not keep me here!

GOD SOMETIMES PUTS US IN THE DARK TO PROVE TO US THAT HE IS LIGHT

PRAYER VICTORIES

The victories won by prayer,
By prayer must still be held;
The foe retreats . . . but only when
By prayer he is compelled.

IN THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE

In the center of the circle
Of the will of God I stand;
There can come no second causes,
All must come from His dear hand.
All is well, for 'tis my Father
Who my life hath planned.

Shall I pass through waves of sorrow?
Then I know it will be best;
Though I cannot tell the reason,
I can trust, and so am blest.
God is love, and God is faithful,
So in perfect peace I rest.

With the shade and with the sunshine,
With the joy and with the pain,
Lord, I trust Thee! both are needed
Thy wayward child to train.
Earthly loss, did we but know it,
Often means our heavenly gain.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

THE GUEST OF EVERY DAY

Homely work is mine today,
Floors to sweep and fires to lay,
Plates to wash and clothes to mend;
Work which never seems to end;
Yet I pray,
Lord, be Thou my Guest today.

Not as One to dwell apart
In the spare room of my heart,
But as One to whom my prayer
May confide the smallest care;
Thus I pray,
Lord, be thus my Guest today.

Martha, cumbered in her care,
Brought a half reproachful prayer;
Serving much she thought would best
Welcome and refresh her Guest.
Christ, I know,
Would not have me serve Him so.

He reproves me if I fret
Over work unfinished yet;
Checks me, if I make a task
Of some work He does not ask.
My dear Guest
Wishes me to work and rest.

At the closing of the day,
When once more my heart shall say,
"In this busy life of mine,
All the glory, Lord, is Thine,"
Christ, I pray
Be the Guest of every day.

SHUT IN

Shut in—with God—the world outside,
Its discord tones, its sordid pride,
Its feverish haste on futile quest,
And through and through its deep unrest.
Safe-shielded so, what quietness
In confines only meant to bless!
Narrow the space that has been given,
But room enough for all of heaven.
Love's peace bestowed, grief disappears
In purifying rain of tears.
Shut in—with God—oh, that should be
The very soul of ecstasy!

JULIA H. THAYER

A TEACHER SPEAKS

I love little boys. Grimy little boys, with pockets full of stones and nails and an occasional worm. Freckle-faced little boys, with happy grins that light up their faces. Sheepish little boys, who play hookey. He-mannish little boys, who wouldn't shed a tear on pain of death. And weak little boys, too, who cry when they are hurt.

I love little boys who ask questions. Little boys who are groping around, trying to find out all about God. Little boys who get in grown-ups' way. Little boys who don't seem to know what to do with themselves. Unwanted little boys. Unhappy little boys.

I love little boys because they are so natural; they are not afraid to be themselves.

I love little boys because Jesus loves them.

SUE DUKE

CALM

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

HE LOVETH THEE

God loved His Son, and yet for you and me
He sent that precious Son to Calvary,
To bear a lost world's guilt and shame and woe.
God loved His Son—still let Him suffer so.

He loveth thee, dear suffering child of God,
Bowed down today beneath His chastening
rod;

'Tis His own way of drawing thee apart,
To bind thee closer to His loving heart.

He loveth thee, e'en though perchance a while
He hides from thee His tender gracious smile;
'Tis that thy sorrowing soul, wounded and
sore,

Might learn the secret blest of trusting more.

He loveth thee—full well He knows thy pain,
But knows thy suffering will not be in vain;
For from the ashes of dead hopes shall rise
A sweeter, nobler, purer sacrifice.

To Him who gave His all that thou might'st
share

His everlasting glory over there.
Then take the cup He offers willingly,
For thou shalt reign with Him eternally.

How brief will seem life's hard and tortuous
way—

How light its burdens on that glorious day,
When all eternity looms bright before thy gaze,
In which to sing thy great Redeemer's praise.

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN

ETERNITY

Eternity with Christ (I Thess. 4:17).

Tears all wiped away (Rev. 21:4).

E verlasting life and happiness (Matt. 25:46).

R ighteousness dwells forever (II Pet. 3:13).

No night there in the eternal state (Rev. 22:5).

I nfinite love reigns: "God is love" (I John 4:8-16).

T he Lamb is the light of heaven (Rev. 21:23).

Y our eternal inheritance, Christian, is "with Christ" (Phil. 1:23; I Pet. 1:3-5).

HE SEES

My eyes are so nearsighted

That I see only a little way ahead.

I know that there are other hilltops,
And valleys deep with dread.

But let me tell you this, dear friend:

One time, not long ago,

My journey took me downward

To the dismal plains below.

I thought it dark, when suddenly,

A spot of blood-red glowed

And filled my path with light and life;

And I knew that on this road

He walked one day, and now into

My soul . . . His very presence breathes.

I still am so shortsighted,

But I praise the Lord—He sees!

SARAH SMITH REED

GOD WRITES WITH A PEN THAT NEVER BLOTS . . . HE SPEAKS WITH A TONGUE THAT NEVER SLIPS . . . HE
ACTS WITH A HAND THAT NEVER FAILS.—D. L. MOODY

EL SHADDAI

*I am the Almighty God.—Genesis 17:1.
I am Alpha and Omega . . . saith the
Lord . . . the Almighty.—Revelation 1:8*

Deep down into the depths of this Thy name,

My God, I sink, and dwell in calm delight.

Thou art enough, however long the day;

Thou art enough, however long the night;

Thou art my God—the All-Sufficient One,

Thou canst create for me whate'er I lack;

Having Thyself, I have a sure supply.

Thy mighty hand has strewn the backward
track

With miracles of love and tender care

For me, Thy trusting one; my God, I dare

Once more to fling myself upon Thy breast,

And there adore Thy ways, in faith's deep,

quiet rest.

M. E. B.

TODAY THE SAME

Did they think they could spoil His beauty

When His face was marked with pain,

As they pressed on His brow the thorn-crown

And smote Him again and again?

Ah, no, with a greater radiance,

With a love beyond all compare,

His face looks to us from Calvary

And we love Him for suffering there.

Did they think they could stop His actions

When they nailed His hands to the tree,

No more the touch of compassion,

No more the fettered set free?

Ah, no, those hands with the nail-prints

The compassionate touch have still;

With the blessings they hold, He is waiting

Your heart's deepest longing to fill.

Did they think they could keep Him from
walking

When His feet they pierced on the cross,

No more to travel in mercy

To save from earth's sin and its cross?

Oh, no, those feet that trod Calvary

Return with healing and balm,

And He'll walk life's pathway with you

And change every sigh to a psalm.

Did they think they could stop His loving

When His heart was cleft by the spear,

No more to weep with the saddened,

Or to joy when loved ones were near?

Ah, no, His heart is wide open—

There's a welcome for all who will come—

For the love that led Him to suffer

Is preparing for us, now, a home.

FRANK L. TORREY

A CHRISTIAN

A mind through which Christ thinks.

Lips through which Christ speaks.

A heart through which Christ loves.

Hands through which Christ helps.

HAPPINESS

She lived in a dreary, dingy room

Near the clang of the traffic cars;

But all she could hear was music,

And everywhere her eyes met silver stars!

LOIS PECK ECKSTEN

TRUE OPTIMISM

*Do you know the story of the two buckets?
One was an optimist and the other a pessimist.*

"There was never such a disappointing life as mine," said the empty bucket, as it approached the well. "I never come away from the well full but what I return again empty."

"There never was such a joyous life as mine," said the full bucket as it left the well. "I never come to the well empty, but what I go away again full."

MY TASK

I do not ask for mighty words
To leave the crowd impressed,
But grant my life may ring so true
My neighbor shall be blessed.
I do not ask for influence
To sway the multitude;
Give me a "word in season" for
The soul in solitude.
I do not ask to win the great—
God grant they may be saved!—
Give me the broken sinner, Lord,
By Satan long enslaved.
Though words of wisdom and of power
Rise easily to some,
Give me a simple message, Lord,
That bids the sinner come.
A group of boys and girls may be
My God-appointed task;
Help me to lead each one to Thee—
What greater could I ask?

I ask no place of prominence
Where all the world can see,
But in some needy corner, Lord,
There let me work for Thee.
No task too great, no task too small,
Sufficient is Thy grace;
The darkened heart, my mission field,
My light, the Saviour's face.

BARBARA CORNET RYBERG

WITHOUT

Without holiness *no man shall see the Lord*
(*Heb. 12:14*).
Without works, *faith is dead* (*James 2:26*).
Without love *I am nothing* (*1 Cor. 13:1, 3*).
Without chastisement, *not sons* (*Heb. 12:8*)
Without Me *ye can do nothing* (*John 15:5*).

GOD'S HAND IS THERE

Just step out in the darkness
As you face the great unknown;
God's hand is there to lead you,
Be brave; you are not alone.
No need to grope in darkness,
Or call for a guiding light;
God's hand is there to lead you
His way; it is always right.
Each day a new adventure
From the moment you awake;
God's hand is there to lead you;
Take hold, it is yours to take.

CAPTAIN J. BURLINGTON RIGG
(RETIRED) C. E. F.

PROFIT OR LOSS

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—Matthew 16:26

What will it profit, when life here is o'er,
Though great worldly wisdom I gain,
If, seeking knowledge, I utterly fail
The wisdom of God to obtain?

What will it profit, when life here is o'er,
Though gathering riches and fame,
If, gaining the world, I lose my own soul,
And in heav'n unknown is my name?

What will it profit, when life here is o'er,
Though earth's farthest corners I see,
If, going my way, and doing my will,
I miss what His love planned for me?

What will it profit, when life here is o'er,
Though earth's fleeting love has been mine,
If, seeking its gifts, I fail to secure
The riches of God's love divine?

What will it profit? My soul, stop and think,
What balance that day will declare!
Life's record laid bare, will gain turn to loss,
And leave me at last to despair?

GRACE E. TROY

OUR WORTH TO GOD

The lapidary does not waste his time
On common pebbles, but on gems of worth;
So when God chastens He considers those
Who are the children of celestial birth.
Their fiery trials prove their worth to God.
Did they not cost Him the Redeemer's blood?

MAX I. REICH

THE QUIETNESS HE GIVES

There is what is called the cushion of the sea. Down beneath the surface that is agitated by storms, and driven about with winds, there is a part of the sea that is never stirred. When we dredge the bottom and bring up the remains of animal and vegetable life, we find that they give evidence of not having been disturbed in the least, for hundreds and thousands of years.

The peace of God is that eternal calm which, like the cushion of the sea, lies far too deep down to be reached by any external trouble and disturbance. And he who enters into the presence of God becomes partaker of that undisturbed and undisturbable calm.

A. T. PIERSON

JUST LAID ASIDE

Just laid aside a little while
To rest, and wait and dream;
To rest the weary heart in Him
Whose love, o'er all supreme,
Can change our sighing into song,
And lift our souls, on pinions strong,
To realms of peace serene.

JENNY E. PETERSEN

THE CHRISTIAN'S A B C

A *bhor that which is evil (Rom. 12:9).*
B *e kindly affectioned one to another (Rom. 12:10).*
C *leave to that which is good (Rom. 12:9).*

S. LAVERY

THERE IS A LOVE

There is a love that satisfies the longing
For love in every hungry, human soul;
A love enriching, purifying, tender,
That makes of life an edifying whole.

There is a love that fills the heart with gladness:
A love enlightening the eyes and mind;
A love that deepens with increasing knowl-
edge;
A love unselfish, holy, true, and kind.

There is a love that scales the heights of heaven,
And walks in joyous fellowship with God;
Serene, amid the howling of earth's tempests.
Its source is in the fountainhead of God.

Where may one find such love? 'Tis found in
Jesus,
Who proved His love by tasting death and
hell
That He might save His darling from destruc-
tion,
Make full provision for her future well
And present blessings, measureless, unbounded,
Poured from the springs of His exhaustless
wealth—
God's priceless gift from His heart of compas-
sion,
His Christ, who is our life, and our soul's
health.

HILDA ROVIK LINDAL

NEVER DOUBT IN THE DARK WHAT YOU HAVE BELIEVED IN THE LIGHT

REST

To step out of self life into Christ life; to lie still and let Him lift you out of yourself; to fold your hands close and hide your face upon the hem of His robe; to let Him lay His cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever from its veins; to realize you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of His, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child, with a Father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfill; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in His hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call; to cease to hurry lest you lose sight of His face; to learn to follow Him and not run ahead of orders . . . this is consecration and this is rest.

GIANTS

It is when we are in the line of duty that we find the giants. It was when Israel was going forward that the giants appeared. When they turned back into the wilderness, they found none.

MY WORLD

My world—the circle of God's will,
My sun and moon—His face;
Darkness—the shadow of His wing,
Rain—His refreshing grace;
My food—His everlasting Word,
My pastures green—His love;
Music—His voice within my heart,
My home—with Him above.

BATTLE LINES

A PRAYER FOR OUR BOYS

O God, for the boys whose lives are clean,
Who never delved in the depths of sin,
Who opened their hearts at a mother's knee
To ask a loving Saviour in;
Who stand today in the strength of youth:
As they fight for peace, may they fight for
truth!

And, Lord, for the boys who have never known
The blessings rare of a Christian home,
As they wander far from the ones they love
May they cease, O God, from Thee to roam.
They were dead to Thee as they dreamed of
life:

May they find Thy peace in the midst of strife.

And oh, for the son of a mother who kneels
To earnestly pray for the wayward boy
She has claimed for Thee since his babyhood,
Still his heart is closed to the source of joy.
May he kneel at the cross of his mother's Lord,
May he learn to fight with the Spirit's sword.

Bless those that are tired, may they rest in
Thee;

Hold those that are weak that they may not
fall;

May those who are longing for folks back
home

Lean hard upon Thee as their all in all.

And for us who sit home with our comforts
and joys,
O God, may we faithfully pray for our boys!

BARBARA CORNET RYBERG

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

A double task is yours, my son,
Nay, triple is your chore:
To fight for country and for home
Upon some foreign shore;

To grow in grace, in knowledge of
Your Saviour and your King,
Though battles rage, to touch His throne
For peace and strengthening;

To witness daily for Him, and
To hold His banner high,
That others, stumbling, blind, may see
His light dawn in their sky.

A triple task, dear son of mine,
But triple your reward—
Your cup pressed down and running o'er
With treasure from our Lord.

Enshrined forever in my heart,
That boy who used to be,
But doubly dear the Christian man
Who will come home to me!

MARTHA SNELL NICHOLSON

INTERCESSION

(Reprinted from 1944 Scrapbook
by special request)

I find myself in prayer at times
For men I've never met:
For soldiers here and sailors there,
Somehow I can't forget
My own dear lad in uniform,
So tall and straight and slim—
And as I pray for others' sons,
Some others pray for him.

WILL H. HOUGHTON

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER

THIS PRAYER WAS WRITTEN BY GEORGE
WASHINGTON WHEN TWENTY YEARS OLD

Almighty God and most merciful Father, who didst command the children of Israel to offer a daily sacrifice to Thee, that thereby they might glorify and praise Thee for Thy protection, both day and night, receive, O Lord, my morning sacrifice which I now offer up to Thee. I yield Thee humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast preserved me from the dangers of the night past, and brought me to the light of this day, and the comforts thereof, a day which is consecrated to Thine own service and for Thine own honor.

Let my heart, therefore, gracious God, be so affected with the glory and majesty of it, that I may not do mine own works, but wait on Thee, and discharge those weighty duties Thou requirest of me. And since Thou art a God of pure eyes, and wilt be sanctified in all who

draw near unto Thee, who dost not regard the sacrifice of fools, nor hear sinners who tread in Thy courts, pardon, I beseech Thee, my sins; remove them from Thy presence, as far as the east is from the west, and accept of me for the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ; that when I come into Thy temple and compass Thine altar, my prayer may come before Thee as incense; and as Thou wouldst hear me calling upon Thee in my prayers and give me grace to hear Thee calling on me in Thy Word, that it may be wisdom, righteousness, reconciliation and peace to the saving of my soul in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Grant that I may hear it with reverence, receive it with meekness, mingle it with faith, and that it may accomplish in me, gracious God, the good work for which Thou hast sent it. Bless my family, kindred, friends, and country; be our God and guide this day and forever, for His sake who lay down in the grave and rose again for us, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

CONVOY PRAYER

God bless our servicemen,
Guard and watch over them,
Where'er they go;
Let Thine eternal Word,
Thy Spirit's mighty sword,
Sustain them all, O Lord,
And strength bestow.

PRAYER AFTER DARK

Christ, most merciful, hear our prayer
For those in peril on land and sea,
And in the labyrinths of the air
Where we can never be.

Not only, Lord, for life and limb,
But for the fortress of the soul;
That no confusion ever dim
Thy face, Thy hand at the control.

They are so eager, and so brave;
They gave their happy youth away;
Death rides the airways and the wave—
Oh, reach them first, we pray!

Not in the zero hour alone,
But while their breath comes warm and free
In the "All Clear" after the storm,
Their gallant hearts have need of Thee.

And we have need, who wait at home;
O Father, hear our trusting prayer—
Thy will be done, Thy kingdom come
Here, there, and everywhere.

RUBY WEYBURN TOBIAS

FULLNESS OF BLESSING

My life is hid with Christ in God;
How safe, how blest am I!
For me to live 'tis therefore Christ,
And therefore gain to die.

I would not change this blessed state,
The gift of freest grace,
For all the world could offer me
Of glory, wealth, or place.

I would not give the Christian's hope
For anything on earth;
In Christ I am a son of God,
A king and priest by birth!

How great His love who honors thus
A sinful child of man!
Eternity will be too short
To tell redemption's plan.

MAJOR C. H. MALAN

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

Our prayers were fervent,
For we craved
To know if he were really saved—
Our soldier boy, there on the brink
Of death. We dared not speak or think,
But called upon Christ's blessed name
Until at last the answer came—
"I'm writing that you, too, may share
The joy I've had in answered prayer."
That day we had no need of bread
For on God's wonders we had fed.

MRS. E. W. BLISS

DEAR MOM:

What is the deepest ocean, but the hollow of
His hand?

What is the highest mountain, but a peak at
His command?

What is the greatest forest, when the Saviour
is my Guide?

What? Should I ever worry when God is at my
side?

Many the miles between us—God's love goes
farther still;

I'll do whatever calls me, if it is my Master's
will.

Long though may be the struggle, whisper
softly, "God is near";

He'll be with me forever; when I ask Him,
He will hear.

What though swift death o'ertake me—heaven
is a better land,

There where no sorrows burden, there on that
golden strand;

Home, yes, safe home with Jesus, I'd be ready
now to go;

Who can say ought against Him, 'tis His will,
it must be so.

PRIVATE ANDY VANDER MOLEN

WHAT GOD SAYS TO HIS SOLDIERS

REVEILLE—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5:14).

ROLL CALL—"I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine" (Isa. 43:1). "And he calleth his own sheep by name" (John 10:3).

ATTENTION—"Look unto me, and be ye saved" (Isa. 45:22).

HALT—"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord" (Exod. 14:13).

AT EASE—"I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28).

WHEN ON GUARD—"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation" (Mark 14:38).

WHEN IN CAMP—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Ps. 34:7).

WHEN FIGHTING—"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. 6:12).

WHEN WOUNDED—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength" (Isa. 40:31). "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength" (Isa. 30:15).

WHEN A PRISONER—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God" (Isa. 41:10).

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me" (John 14:1). "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee" (Isa. 43:2). "I will never leave thee" (Heb. 13:5).

PARADE AND REVIEW—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord" (Matt. 25:21).

THE MOST FREQUENT POSITIVE COMMAND IN SCRIPTURE IS, "PRAISE YE!"

A GENERATION ASKS FORGIVENESS

I beg forgiveness, son of mine,
That you should find a world like this,
As one of those who lived for self,
Who sought for pleasure and for pelf,
Who confidently talked for right
While secretly admiring might,
Who smugly bragged of rugged days
Yet turned to drifting, easy ways.
If this mad world will let you live,
Oh, please forgive, my boy, forgive.

WILL H. HOUGHTON

THERE IS VICTORY

God . . . giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I Corinthians 15:57

THERE IS

- Victory in trials (Heb. 11:36, 37),
- Victory in loss (Phil. 3:8);
- Victory over worry (Matt. 6:28);
- Victory through the Cross (Col. 2:14, 15).
- Victory in service (Mark 16:20),
- Victory in grace (II Cor. 9:8),
- Victory in trusting (Isa. 12:2),
- Where you cannot trace (Isa. 50:10).
- Victory over Satan (Rev. 12:11),
- Victory over sin (Rom. 6:14);
- Victory over self life (Luke 9:23)
- Through the Christ within (Eph. 3:17).
- Victory in watching (Luke 12:37);
- Victory in prayer (James 5:16);
- Victory in suffering (Heb. 11:36-38),
- Victory over care (I Pet. 5:7).
- Victory in darkness (Ps. 32:4),
- Victory 'midst tears (Acts 20:29);
- Victory in fullness (Rom. 8:37);
- Victory through fears (I John 4:18).
- Victory in each conflict (I Tim. 6:12)
- Through the Saviour's might (Phil. 4:13);
- Victory through knowing (II Tim. 1:12)
- God is always right (Hos. 14:9).

NABEL SMYTH

A PRAYER FOR THIS TIME

For global revival we plead, O Lord,
 To follow the global war;
 On nations now locked in conflict, O Lord,
 Thy heavenly blessing pour!

MAX I. REICHI

FLIGHT

Written by a young American flyer in the Canadian Air Force, a few months before he was killed in a plane crash.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
 Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
 I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.
 Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
 Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
 And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
 Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE, JR.

(Reprinted from 1944 Scrapbook by special request)

PRAISE FOR OUR BLESSINGS EXTENDS THEM . . .
 PRAISE FOR OUR TROUBLES ENDS THEM

THE CARD

His corsage came on Mother's Day,
Accompanied by this word:
"To Mother from your loving son."
... I'd rather have worn the card.

The flowers were roses, oh, so rare;
Too fine for the likes of me.
I pinned them on, but ... I'll wear the card
In my heart, eternally.

SARAH SMITH REED

GOD KNOWS

*"O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of
all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar
off upon the sea."—Psalm 65:5*

God made the sea, and by His hand
Controls the raging wave;
Thus from the dangers of the deep
Our God has power to save.

God sees the ships of man's design
Tossed about at will;
He sees from His almighty throne
The elements that kill.

God knows the hearts that ache today
For those upon the sea;
He hears the searching cry of those
Now torn by memory.

God sees, He knows, He hears, and cares
What happens to His own;
And so your sailor on the sea
Can never be alone.

EILEEN M. FLEETON

BACK TO THE CROSS

Back to the Cross of the crucified Saviour;
Back to the feet that were nail-pierced and
torn;

Back to the heart that was broken for sinners,
When all earth's sins were to Calvary borne.

Carry the Cross of the glorified Saviour
Out to the crowd who are sin-bound within,
Out to the hearts that are burdened with sor-
row;
Tell them of One who will free them from
sin.

Cling to the Cross, though all earth shall for-
sake you;

Stand true to Him who redeems you from
loss;

Fight the good fight in the strength of the
Spirit;

Vict'ry is yours with the Christ of the Cross.

DAVID MILLER,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL (R)

FROM ENGLAND

No bomb or shell can on me burst,
Except my God permit it first;
Then let my heart be kept in peace,
His watchful care will never cease.

No bomb above or mine below
Need cause my heart one pang of woe;
The Lord of hosts encircles me,
He is the Lord of earth and sea.

LETTER TO POP

Written to Dr. V. Raymond Edman, president of Wheaton College . . . by his son in the U. S. Navy

Dear Pop,

Today the Navy gave out with a St. Nick act. We received packs, tent halves, stakes, poncho, mess kits, first aid kits, cartridge belts, and canteens this morning. This not satisfying their generosity, they gave us foul-weather gear, gas mask, bandage, sun glasses, 2 OD (olive drab) baseball caps, rifle, bayonet, insecticide, and hunting knife this afternoon.

It reminds me of the time when I got a B-B gun from Mrs. Wolcott, and also a hunting knife and a Civil War bayonet from Grandma. Those were grand gifts then, but today was a different thing. Something sinister and treacherous seemed printed on each item. We were getting things to protect ourselves, to maybe even kill a human being with.

Here we are celebrating Christ's birthday, the Prince of Peace, and we receive weapons to kill. What a peace comes to me when I read His promises of protection, far greater protection than a rifle, and when I read, "I will guide thee with mine eye," which is far greater guidance than any human can give.

We shall soon go. Maybe our worst enemy will be the mosquito or the cold, and although the gifts of this Christmastime strike a more serious note, still I can remember that Gift which was the first Christmas present, Christ Himself. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

The Navy's gifts are fine. They can be trusted fairly well. One is thankful that we get that much. But how much more thankful I am for a gift given so many years ago that cannot fail. "Because he trusteth in thee."

Love,

BUMPS

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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY . . . for the poem *Open My Eyes* by Betty Scott Stam from *The Faith of Betty Scott Stam*.

THE SALVATION ARMY . . . for the poem *Back to the Cross* by David Miller, Lt. Col. (R), from *The War Cry*.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES . . . for the following poems: *Listen* by Sarah Smith Reed, *Unless I Had Believed* by T. O. Chisholm, and *Comfort* by Helen Pearl McDonald.

UNITED EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY . . . for the poem *Jehovah El Shaddai* by L. M. Rodebaugh.

THE VOICE . . . for the poem *Fullness of Blessing* by Major C. H. Malan.

To the radio listeners who add to the effectiveness of our radio programs by sending in material which proves a blessing to others when it is read over the air, we extend our sincere appreciation.

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