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"The Bible Institute Hour"
AND
Radio Station KBBI
ARE MINISTRIES OF
THE BIBLE INSTITUTE OF LOS ANGELES
INCORPORATED
558 South Hope Street
Los Angeles 17, California

**RADIO
SCRAPBOOK**

What I Owe

*When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glowing sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.*

*When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.*

*When the praise of Heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Long as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.*

—Robert Murray McCheyne

“Could I possibly get a copy of that?” has been the question frequently asked when material is featured on the broadcasts. After many months of planning and selecting these most requested gems, this special compilation has been made. We trust that in reading it, your heart will be similarly blessed as ours has been in the preparation of these lovely nuggets of gold.

When I Commit a Little Sin

*When I commit a little sin,
And recognize how bad I've been,
I oft' excuse myself and hide
By saying, "Well, at least I tried.
God knows I meant to do it right,
My flesh was weakened by the fight."
My conscience will excuse me then,
But how about the eyes of men?*

*But sometimes when my brother slips,
What accusations cross my lips!
"He knew the right from wrong," I
say,
"I always thought he'd do that way."
Do I excuse his weakness too,
And say, "That's just the way I do"?
No, I accuse relentlessly
The very fault he'd find in me.*

*What makes the difference in my
thought?
Is it lack of love . . . or not?
I think perhaps we don't accuse
The ones we love, but rather, choose
And gently help them try again.
To overlook their little sin,
Lord, give me love, so I'll excuse
My neighbor's faults . . . and not
accuse*

Speak For Jesus

*You talk about your business,
Your bonds and stocks and gold;
And in all worldly matters
You are so brave and bold.*

*But why are you so silent
About salvation's plan?
Why don't you speak for Jesus,
And speak out like a man?*

*You talk about the weather,
And the crops of corn and wheat;
You speak of friends and neighbors
That pass along the street.*

*You call yourself a Christian,
And like the Gospel plan—
Then why not speak for Jesus,
And speak out like a man?*

*Are you ashamed of Jesus
And the story of the cross,
That you lower His pure banner
And let it suffer loss?*

*Have you forgot His suffering?
Did He die for you in vain?
If not, then live and speak for Jesus,
And speak out like a man.*

—Rev. William J. Fox

Favorite Verse of Dr. Louis T. Talbot, BIOLA Chancellor



DR. TALBOT

The Weaver

*"My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me:
I cannot choose the colors;
He worketh steadily.
Ofttimes He weaveth sorrow,
And I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper,
And I, the under side.*

*"Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.*

—Author Unknown

Where to Trust

Trust in yourself, and you are doomed to disappointment; trust in your friends, and they will die and leave you; trust in money, and you may have it taken from you; trust in reputation, and some slanderous tongue may blast it; but trust in God, and you are never to be confounded in time or eternity.

— D. L. Moody

History Repeats

The minister answered the rap on his study door to meet an anguished father who stood before him with a crumpled telegram in his hand. His son, a brilliant lad, had been killed in action.

The father looked at the pastor in bitterness, "Tell me, where was God when my son was killed?"

"My friend," the pastor quietly replied, "God was just where He was when His own Son was killed!"

Why Worry?

Why worry? Are tomorrow's skies more blue

If on our beds we restless roll and toss
With burning sleepless eyes until the morn,
Building bridges that we may never cross?

Does not the One who numbered every hair,
And marks the little sparrow when it falls,

Give ear to us in His own image made,
As well as to the raven when it calls?

And does He love the lilies of the field
That do not toil and neither do they spin

More dearly than His helpless, storm-tossed child
For whom He gave His life to save from sin?

Is He who weighs the mountains with His scales
And measures in His hand the mighty deep,

Who meted out the heavens with a span,
Not able every trusting soul to keep?

Then why these weary hours of nameless dread

That bring but shattered nerves and hoary hair,

When He who rules the earth and restless seas,

Bids us to cast on Him our every care?

Saturday Night

Placing the little hats all in a row
Ready for church on the morrow you know;

Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garment and white—

That is what Mothers are doing tonight.

Spying out rents in little worn hose;
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin;
Who but a mother knows where to begin?

Changing a button to make it look right—

That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,

Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,

Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold;

Watching them listen with childish delight—

That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm

Tucking the blankets round each little form;

Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—

That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,

Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,

Praying as only a mother can pray
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

Trust

When nothing whereon to lean remains,
When strongholds crumble to dust;

When nothing is sure but that God still reigns,

That is just the time to trust.

'Tis better to walk by faith than sight,
In this path of yours and mine;

And the pitch-black night, when there's no other light,

Is the time for our faith to shine.

Our BIOLA President and His Wife



DR. AND MRS. SAMUEL H. SUTHERLAND

The Time is Short

*The time is short!
If thou wouldst work for God it must be
now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy
brow,
Redeem the time.*

Alone With God

Matt. 14:23

**Alone with God!
O take the time I pray you;
The day is long,
And crowded to the brim.
Alone with God!
There's so much strife and hurry;
No thing can wait.
We all must clear the line,
To do the petty round
Of this world's business;
But He must wait,
Until we have the time.
Alone with God!
Time will not always be ours.
If we but knew
How soon we'd be with Him
We would surely see
For us to live is Jesus,
And cherish more
The time we spend with Him.**
— Mother Mac (Mrs. F. McQuat)

*With His reward
He comes; He tarries not; His day is near;
When men least look for Him will He be
here;
Prepare for Him!*

—H. Bonar

When I Am Old

*Lord, keep me sweet when I grow old,
And things in life seem hard to bear;
When I feel sad and all alone,
And people do not seem to care.*

*O keep me sweet when time has caused
This body, which is now so strong,
To droop beneath its load of years,
And suffering and pain have come.*

*And keep me sweet when I have grown
To worry so, at din and noise;
And help me smile, the while I watch
The noisy play of girls and boys.*

*Help me remember how that I,
When I was younger than today,
And full of life and health and joy,
Would romp and shout, in happy play.*

*Help me to train my heart, each day,
That it will only sweetness hold;
And as the days and years roll on,
May I keep sweet, as I grow old.*

*O keep me sweet, and let me look
Beyond the frets that life must hold,
To see the glad eternal joys;
Yes, keep me sweet, in growing old.*

*Most Christians are like pianos . . .
grand . . . square . . . upright . . . and
are no good unless in tune with heaven.*

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 trembles 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 nevertheless a tongue. And even then we may believe, 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

**Not only should we see God's hand in every-
thing, but we should leave everything in God's
hand.**

An Old-Fashioned Preacher

"How dear to my heart is the church of
my childhood
Where I took my first step in the
straight, narrow way;
The little white church near the thick-
tangled wildwood
Where I went with my mother on each
Sabbath day.
There was no large pipe-organ, no high-
paid soprano;
The singing was scarcely the best ever
heard;
But the man in the pulpit, divinely
commissioned,
Poured out his whole soul in
proclaiming God's Word.
And old-fashioned preacher, a real Bible
preacher,
A spirit-filled preacher who honored
the Word.

How thrilling it was just to see him in
action,
This soldier of Christ, with his keen,
trusty "sword,"
Who wielded his weapon with zeal and
devotion,
And backed up each thrust with a

"Thus saith the Lord!"
No uncertain sound ever came from his
trumpet,
His hearers were moved — yes,
convicted and stirred;
And, bowing the knee in wet-eyed
confession,
Accepted the truth as revealed in the
Word,
By this old-fashioned preacher, this real
Gospel preacher,
This spirit-taught preacher who
honored the Word.

Sometimes, when I list to the
ramifications
Of science, that twist my poor brain
out of shape,
Or hear the consensus of scholarship's
findings,
Regarding our old friend, the
anthropoid ape;
As my mind reels, confused with drives,
plans and programs,
Sociology, politics, internationalism,
I sigh for the sermons my infancy
From this old-fashioned preacher, this
this soul-stirring preacher,
This heart-warming preacher who
honored God's Word."

Forever With the Lord

"AND so shall we ever be with
the Lord." I say the words
over and over, broodingly, thought-
fully, wistfully, longingly. It seems
to meet every need, to include the
whole blessed plan of salvation.

When I am weary it rests me,
when I am lax it spurs me on to
fresh endeavor with the knowledge
that some time soon, our opportuni-
ty for soul-saving will be over,
and we shall stand before His
throne and hear Him ask, "What
have you done for Me?"

When I am tempted this verse
shames the temptation away, when
I am sad it comforts me, and when
I am in the slough of despondency

it gives wings to my spirit and lifts
me far above earthly things.

Nothing else matters. Just a few
short years or days here, just a little
more of pain and sorrow, a little
longer time to work for Him.

O come quickly, Lord Jesus, for
these eyes of ours long to behold
Thee this weary flesh cries for re-
lease from pain, these oft-times
fainting souls of ours would be at
home with Thee. And more than
all else, we would see every knee
bow before Thee, and behold Thee
crowned King of Kings and Lord of
Lords!

"And so shall we ever be with
the Lord." *Martha Snell Nicholson*

Think

THINK of stepping on shore And finding it HEAVEN.
THINK of taking hold of a hand And finding it GOD'S hand.
THINK of breathing new air, And finding it CELESTIAL AIR.
THINK of feeling invigorated, And finding it IMMORTALITY.
THINK of passing from storm and tempest, To an UNKNOWN CALM
THINK of waking up, And finding it HOME.

Read the Bible Through

*I supposed I knew the Bible,
Reading piece-meal, hit or miss;
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
Now a snatch of Genesis.*

*Certain chapters of Isaiah,
Certain Psalms — the twenty-third!
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs.
Yes, I thought I knew the Word!*

*But I found that thorough reading
Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
When I read the Bible through.*

*You who like to play at Bible,
Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel aweary,
And yawn through a hurried prayer.*

*You who treat the Crown of Writings,
As you treat no other book, —
Just a paragraph disjointed,
Just a crude, impatient look.*

*Try a worthier procedure,
Try a broad and steady view;
You will kneel in very rapture
When you read the Bible through.*

—Amos R. Wells

Parable of the Pilgrim

And it was upon a certain morning when I was getting ready to depart for the office where I labor, that a little three-year old lady, who spreads sunshine around our house and getteth herself into mischief, but who, withal, delights her daddy's heart, said unto me: "Daddy, got your grief case?"

Now, for a moment I knew not what she meant. But when I remembered that within that leather portfolio which I carry, there resteth many papers of doubtful value, and which serve mainly to clutter up my desk and make the finding of really important documents a seven days' task, I pondered whether she had not named it right.

And I remembered that millions of men have cluttered up their life with things of doubtful value, with worthless, harmful things that they become walking "grief cases." Our lives are burdened with our forbodings, our worries, our dislikes, our antipathies, and even our hatreds. Examine thy "grief case" today.

**No daily meal is complete without the
"Bread of Life."**

Joe Barclay, Musical Director



MR. BARCLAY LOOKS OVER A SONG

**Many accept the Christ of the cross . . .
but reject the cross of Christ.**

Faith honors God . . . God honors faith.

**When fear knocks on the door, send faith
to open it, and you'll find no one there.**

*Going seven days without prayer will
make one weak.*

My Bible and I

*We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile
or with sigh!*

*In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm!
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and
my psalm.*

*We've traveled together, my Bible and I
When life had grown weary, and death
e'en nigh!*

*But all through the darkness of mist or of
wrong,
I found there a solace, a prayer and a
song.*

*So now who shall part us, my Bible and
I?*

*Shall 'isms' or schisms, or 'new lights' who
try?*

*Shall shadow for substance, or stone for
good bread,*

*Supplant thy sound wisdom, give folly
instead?*

*Ah, no, my dear Bible, exponent of light!
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to
flight!*

*And still through life's journey, until my
last sigh,*

We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

Gossip Town

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling
gown,
Is going the livelong 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 a popular route,
And most folks start that way;
But its steep down grade — if you don't
look out —
You will land in Falsehood Bay.

You glide through the valley of Vicious
Talk,
Turn into the Tunnel of Hate,
Then, crossing the Add-to Bridge, you
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 Telltale Park;
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious
Remark,
Who lives on the Street Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is Slanderer's Row;
'Twas there that Good Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.

From Gossip Town, peace long since fled
But trouble and grief and woe,
And sorrow and care, you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go.

But it is not healthy in Gossip Town,
And I will not follow you there;
I would rather live in Thanksgiving
Street,
In the house that is called All Prayer.

Prayer is work, but prayer works, for God
works through prayer.

When God measures a man, He puts
the tape around his heart, not his head.

You may depend upon the Lord . . . but
may the Lord depend upon you?

Led By a Lamb

Mary, aged nine, was taken sick and grew rapidly worse; with her father and the family physician she was taken to a city hospital. When examined, the surgeon said an operation was necessary to save her life. Her mother was sick at home; her father was not a Christian. The surgeon said to the girl: "My dear, a slight operation is necessary, and before I perform that, I must put you to sleep." The nurse removed her clothing, put on her a little white nightdress, and the child said, "I am ready, but if I am going to sleep, I must first say my prayers." The surgeon said, "Do just as you please, my dear." Then she knelt down, clasped her tiny hands, and prayed: "O Jesus, you know where I am and that Mamma is sick at home. Bless dear Pappa, my Sunday school teacher, this surgeon, and all for Jesus' sake." It was too much for the father. He begged to be excused, went to his room, and falling on his knees, surrendered to God, and became an earnest Christian. The great surgeon said, "I had not prayed for thirty years, but that night I went to my knees and begged for mercy." The child rapidly recovered.

If I Should Die

"If I should die before I wake"—
A little lad was praying;
And then he stopped to think about
The words he had been saying.

He thought of how his brother's toys
He from their case had taken;
But would he have him find them so
Should he from sleep not waken?

And would his brother think of him
As meddlesome, unpleasing;
One who robbed others of their peace
By ceaseless, thoughtless teasing?

He rose from prayer, and quickly down
The stairs he softly pattered,
Picked up and put away the toys
That he in mischief scattered.

Then up the stairs he ran and knelt
And finished up his praying;
And all because he thought about
What he in prayer was saying.

—Anna L. Dreyer

Don't be satisfied to be a reflector of
Christ . . . seek rather to be a radiator.

"The Touch of the Master's Hand"

"'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile;
"What am I bidden, good folk?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar—one dollar—then two, only two—
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Going for three" — but no —
From the room far back, a grayhaired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "Now what am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow;
"A thousand dollars—and who'll make it two?
Two thousand and who'll make it three?"

Writer of Famous Verse Interviewed on Air



Myra Brooks Welch, composer of "The Touch of the Master's Hand," is interviewed by Al Sanders, vice-president of BIOLA. While poem was written some years ago, it was not until more recent days that people realized the beautiful composition was by the invalid writer.

Three thousand once—three thousand twice—
And going—gone," said he;
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not understand;
What changed its worth?" Quick came the
reply,
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin,
A mess of pottage—a glass of wine,
A game—and he travels on;
He's going once—and going twice—
He's going—and almost gone!
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul, and the change that's
wrought
By the touch of The Master's hand.

—Myra Brooks Welch

Margaret Sanders, Organist



Mrs. Sanders is not only a busy housewife, mother of three children, and organist on the BIOLA programs, but also assists in coordinating details for the broadcasts.

My Children

*I wash the dirt from little feet,
And as I wash I pray
"Lord, keep them ever pure and true
To walk the narrow way."
I wash the dirt from little hands,
And earnestly I ask,
"Lord, may they ever yielded be,
To do Thy humblest task."

"I wash the dirt from little knees,
And pray, "Lord may they be
The place where victories are won,
And orders sought from Thee."
I scrub the clothes that soil so soon,
And pray, Lord, may the dress
Throughout eternal ages
Be thy robe of righteousness.

Ere many hours shall pass,
I know I'll wash those hands again
And there'll be dirt upon their clothes
Before the day shall end.
"Lord, keep their precious hearts
Cleansed from all sin and stain,
For soap and water cannot reach
Where Thou alone can'st see.
Their hands and feet—these I can wash
I trust their hearts to Thee."*

Your Pastor and Mine

A quaint bit of Philosophy

If he is young, he lacks experience;
if his hair is gray, he is too old.
If he has five or six children, he has
too many; if he has none, he is set-
ting a bad example.
If his wife sings in the choir, she is
being forward; if she does not, she
is not interested in her husband's
work.
If he speaks from notes, he has canned
sermons and is dry; if he is extem-
poraneous, he is too deep.
If he spends too much time in his
study, he neglects his people; if he
visits, he is a gadabout.
If he is attentive to the poor, he is
playing to the grandstand; if to the
wealthy, he is trying to be an aris-
tocrat.
If he suggests improvement for the
church, he is a dictator; if he
makes no suggestions, he is a
figurehead.
If he uses too many illustrations, he
neglects the Bible; if not enough,
he is not clear.

If he condemns wrong, he is cranky;
if he does not, he is a compromiser.
If he preaches an hour, he is windy;
if less, he is lazy.
If he preaches the truth, he is offen-
sive; if not, he is a hypocrite.
If he fails to please everybody, he is
hurting the church! If he does
please everybody, he has no con-
victions.
If he preaches tithing, he is a money-
grabber; if he does not, he is failing
to develop his people.
If he receives a large salary, he is
mercenary; if a small salary, it
proves he is not worth much.
If he preaches all the time, the people
get tired of hearing the man; if he
invites guest preachers, he is shirk-
ing his responsibility.
Yes! They say the preacher has an
easy time.

/ / /

**Who will you be like with Christ? Saul,
who took David to his home . . . or Jon-
athan, who took him to his heart?**

/ / /

Untold millions are dying untold.

You Don't Have to Tell It

You don't have to tell how you live each day;

*You don't have to say if you work or play;
For a true barometer—right in its place
However you live, my friend, it will show
in your face.*

The false, the deceit that you bear in your heart,

Won't stay down inside where it first got its start;

For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace . . .

*What you carry in your heart will show
in your face.*

If you've gambled and won in the great game of life,

If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife;

If you've played the game square and you stand on first base;

*You won't have to tell it . . . it will show
in your face.*

Then, if you dissipate nights till the day is most nigh,

There is only one teller . . . and one that won't lie;

Since your facial barometer is right in its place . . .

*However you live, my friend, it will show
in your face.*

Well, if your life is unselfish and for others you live,

For not what you can get but for what you can give;

And if you live close to God in His Infinite grace . . .

*You won't have to tell it . . . it will show
in your face.*

The Teacher's Prayer

Lord, who am I to teach the way to little children day by day, so prone myself to go astray? I teach them knowledge, but I know how faint they flicker and how low the candles of my knowledge glow. I teach them power to will and do, but only now to learn anew my own great weakness through and through. I teach them love for all mankind and all God's creatures, but I find my love comes lagging far behind. Lord, if their guide I still must be, oh let the little children see a teacher leaning hard on Thee.

The Lamb of God

There is an old but true story of a man who was traveling in Norway. He went to see a church in a certain town. As he looked up at the tower, he saw the carved figure of a lamb near the top. He asked why it had been placed in this position and was told the following incident. One day, when the church was being built, a workman fell from the high scaffold about the tower. The men working with him saw him fall and were transfixed with fear. They reached the ground as quickly as possible, expecting to find the body dashed to pieces, but to their surprise, he was virtually unhurt. A flock of sheep were being driven past the church at the moment of his fall. He had fallen on one of the lambs. The lamb was crushed to death, but the man was saved. The carved figure of a lamb was placed on the tower not only to commemorate the event but to remind all of the Son of God who came

into this world to die as the Lamb of God. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities" (Isaiah 53:5).

The Snow Prayer

A little girl went out to play one day in the fresh, new snow, and when she came in, she said, "Mamma, do you know what I did when I was out in the snow? I prayed the snow prayer; you know the one I mean: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

Yes, any one can pray "the snow prayer," just as the little girl did as she remembered King David's prayer in Psalm 51:7. Whether we live in a snowy place or in a sunshiny one, our hearts need to be washed from sin. When we receive the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, God is able to "create" in us "a clean heart" (Psa. 51:10). And as we confess our sins to Him, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

Favorite Verse of Radio Office Staff

*Christ has no hands but our hands to do His work today,
He has no feet but our feet to lead men in His way.
He has no tongue but our tongue, to tell men that He died,
He has no help but our help to bring men to His side.*

Keep Silent, Keep Sweet, and Keep Stepping

*There are three simple words that begin
with an "S"*

*They are wise with a wisdom the world
cannot guess;*

*But those who employ them their beauty
confess:*

Keep silent, keep sweet and keep stepping.

*Keep silent when rumor against you is
stirred,*

*When friendship is hurt like a broken
wing bird;*

*When clamors the heart for a right to be
heard,*

Keep silent, keep sweet and keep stepping.

*Keep sweet when provoked by some petty
affair,*

*When those whom you love your loyalty
wear;*

*When the milk of your spirit is curdled
with care,*

Keep silent, keep sweet, and keep stepping.

*Keep stepping when other folk hinder
your way,*

*When weary and worried you finish the
day;*

*Too footsore to walk and too breathless to
pray —*

Keep silent, keep sweet, and keep stepping.

*Keep silent and spare yourself needless
regret,*

*Keep sweet and the whole world will be
in your debt;*

*Keep stepping with Christ, the truest
Friend yet.*

Keep silent, keep sweet, and keep stepping.

Mom's Translation

There is a story about four clergymen who were discussing the merits of the various translations of the Bible. One liked the King James Version best because of its simple, beautiful English.

Another liked the American Revised Version best because it is more literal and comes nearer the original Hebrew and Greek.

Still another liked Moffatt's translation best because of its up-to-date vocabulary.

The fourth minister was silent. When asked to express his opinion, he replied, "I like my mother's translation best. She translated it into life, and it was the most convincing translation I ever saw."

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.*

The trouble with some of today's smart children is that they don't smart in the right places.

Ed Steele, Extension Director



Mr. Steele makes arrangements for a program.

*The first two letters of the word Gospel
are a mighty constraining GO! Go!*

Success comes in cans . . . failure in can'ts.

*Bad habits are like a comfortable bed
. . . easy to get into . . . but hard to get
out of.*

Tomorrow

*He was going to be all that a mortal
could be—*

*Tomorrow,
No one should be kinder or braver than
he—*

*Tomorrow;
A friend who was troubled and weary
he knew,
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed
it, too;
On him he would call and see what he
could do—*

*Tomorrow.
Each morning he stacked up the letters
he'd write —*

*Tomorrow,
And thought of the folks he would fill
with delight—*

*Tomorrow;
It was too bad, indeed, he was busy
today,
And hadn't a minute to stop on his way;
"More time I will have to give others,"
he'd say, —*

*"Tomorrow."
The greatest of workers this man would
have been—*

Tomorrow;

*But the fact is he died and he faded from
view,
And all that he left here when living was
through
Was a mountain of things he intended
to do—*

Tomorrow.

When Day is Done

*I knelt to pray when day was done,
And prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone!
Lift from each saddened heart the pain,
And let the sick be well again."
And then I woke another day,
And carelessly went on my way,
I did not even go to see
The sick man next door to me.
Yet once again when day was done,
I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone."
But as I prayed, into my ear
There came a voice that whispered clear,
"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray;
Whom have you tried to bless today?
God's sweetest blessings always go
By hands that serve Him here below."
And then I hid my face and cried,
"Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied;
Let me see another day
And I will live the way I pray."*

What Have We Done Today?

*We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear;
We shall speak the words of love and
cheer,
But what did we speak today?*

*We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth;
We shall clothe and feed the poor of earth,
But whom have we fed today?*

*We shall reap with joy in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in these idle dreams to bask,
But, here and now, do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask —
Oh, what have we done today?*

Our Friend's Unlimited Credit

Mozart, the great musician, walking one day in the suburbs of Vienna, was accosted by a beggar who told his tale of woe with such effect as to interest the great composer in his favor. But the state of Mozart's purse did not correspond with the impulse of his humanity. He asked his applicant to follow him to a coffee house. Here Mozart, drawing some paper from his pocket, in a few moments composed a minuet, and with a letter he gave it to the distressed man, and desired him to take it to his publisher. A composition from Mozart was a bill payable at sight with his publisher at any time. The happy beggar was immediately given a good sum on handing in the music manuscript. Oh, what an advantage it is to have a Divine Friend who has unlimited credit in heaven and whose Name we may come at any time to the treasure house when we are in need. "My God shall supply all your need accord to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:19). No checks on the bank of heaven, presented in the Name of God's own Son, can be protested for lack of funds.

Musical Biolans Ladies' Trio



Barbara Speaks, Margie Webb, Vangie Carmichael

Well Said

A clergyman wrote to a wealthy and influential businessman requesting a subscription to a worthy charity. He promptly received a curt refusal which ended by saying, "As far as I can see, this Christian business is just one continuous give, give, give."

After a brief interval the clergyman answered, "I wish to thank you for the best definition of the Christian life that I have yet heard."

What?

What would you think of a bird, my friend,
Which had no use for the air?
What would you say of a maiden sweet
Who had no wish to be fair?

Or what of a pale and rain-washed flower
Which had no use for the sun?
Of the bounding heart of a healthy child
That had no use for fun?

What of the wanderer, lonely, faint,
Weary and sad and sore,
Who gets no throb of his homesick heart,
At the sight of his father's door?

The quickest way to get on your feet is to get on your knees.

Perfect Peace

A prize was once offered to the person who painted the best picture depicting peace. There were two that seemed superior. One depicted a summer landscape. A rivulet was noiselessly winding its way through a green meadow. Trees were undisturbed by the faintest wind. The sky was clear. Two cows grazed beneath the shadow of a great oak. A gayly colored butterfly flitted lazily from flower to flower. Birds rested in leafy boughs. This was peace. But the prize was given to the artist who portrayed on his canvas a wild stormy ocean, beating roughly upon the crags of a rocky shore. White-capped waves beat madly against the rocky ledges. The sky was dark and heavy. Lightning blazed across the heavens. But on the side of the rock, sheltered by a little ledge, one could see a pure white sea gull brooding upon her nest. Wild and foaming waves dashed angrily against her rocky retreat, but she felt no fear. Peacefully she viewed it all, knowing she was safe in her sheltered retreat. Christ is the believer's retreat. Seated in the heavenly places in Him, we view all without fear.

Are All the Children In?

I think oftentimes as the night draws nigh
Of an old house on the hill;
Of a yard all wide and blossoms-starred
Where the children played at will.
And when the night at last came down,
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then;
And the old house on the hill
No longer echoes to childish feet,
And the yard is still, so still.
But I see it all, as the shadows creep,
And though many the years have been
Since then, I can hear Mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"

I wonder if when the shadows fall
On the last short, earthly day,
When we say good-by to the world
outside,
All tired with our childish play,
When we step out into that Other Land
Where Mother so long has been,
Will we hear her ask, just as of old,
"Are all the children in?"

Obedience

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He sent me back—
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone!"

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given,
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem so hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your
Guide?"

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town;
He said, "My child, do you yield?"
"Will you leave the flowers for the
crown?"

Then into His hand went mine;
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.

Heirs of God

A rich man's wife died. Not long afterward their only child, a little boy whom both dearly loved, followed his mother to the grave. The man never recovered from the shock of the double bereavement. After his death, search was made for a will but none was found. At the sale of the house and furniture, an old servant of the household was present, wanting to buy a portrait of the lad whom she loved much. She purchased the painting and when it was taken down from the wall, a will was found fastened to the back of it. When it was read it was discovered that the person who, at the sale of the effects, purchased the picture of the beloved son, should be heir to all the property. Yes, and God said to those who love His only begotten Son and are willing to suffer for Him, that He will make them heirs of His eternal kingdom. To know and love Him is to share with Him in riches incorruptible and everlasting.

The Cross Was His Own

They borrowed a bed to lay His head,
When Christ the Lord came down;
They borrowed the ass in the mountain
pass
For Him to ride to town;
But the crown that He wore and the cross
that He bore
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

He borrowed the bread when the crowd
He fed
On the grassy mountain side;
He borrowed the dish of broken fish
With which He satisfied.
But the crown that He wore and the cross
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

He borrowed the ship in which to sit
To teach the multitude;
He borrowed a nest in which to rest—
He had never a home so rude;
But the crown that He wore and the cross
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

He borrowed a room on His way to the
tomb

The Passover lamb to eat;
They borrowed a cave for Him a grave,
They borrowed a winding sheet.
But the crown that He wore and the cross
Were His own—
The cross was His own.

Missionary Candidates Need . . .

1. A life yielded to God and controlled by His Spirit.
2. A restful trust in God for the supply of all needs.
3. A sympathetic spirit and a willingness to take a lowly place.
4. Tact in dealing with men, and adaptability toward circumstances.
5. Zeal in service and steadfastness in discouragement.
6. Love for communion with God and for the study of His Word.
7. Some experience and blessing in the Lord's work at home.
8. A healthy body and a vigorous mind.
Founder, China Inland Mission
—Hudson Taylor

"To Tell What You Are"

You tell what you are by the friends
that you seek,
By the very manner in which you
speak,
By the way you employ your leisure
time,
By the use you make of dollar and
dime.

You tell what you are by the clothes
that you wear,
By the spirit in which you, your
burdens bear,
By the kind of things at which you
laugh,
By the records you play on your
phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you
walk,
By the things about which you delight
to talk,
By the manner in which you bear
defeat,
By so simple a thing as how you eat.
By the books that you choose from the
well-filled shelf,

In these ways and more, you tell on
yourself,
So there's really no particle of sense
In an effort to keep up false pretense.

Fret Not Thyself

Far in the future
Lieth a fear,
Like a long, low mist of grey,
Gathering to fall in dreary rain,
Thus doth thy heart within thee complain;
And even now thou art afraid, for round
thy dwelling
The flying winds are ever telling
Of the fear that lieth grey,
Like a gloom of brooding mist upon the
way.

But the Lord is always kind,
Be not blind.
Be not blind
To the shining of His face,
To the comforts of His grace.
Hath He ever failed thee yet?
Never, never: wherefore fret?
O fret not thyself, nor let
Thy heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid.

—Amy Carmichael

Which Are You?

The bones in the body
Are two hundred or more;
But for sorting out people
We need only four.

Wish-Bone People —
They hope, they long for,
They wish for and sigh;
They want things to come, but
Aren't willing to try.

Funny-Bone People —
They laugh, grin and giggle,
Smiles twinkle the eye;
If work is a joke, sure,
They'll give it a try.

Jaw-Bone People —
They scold, jaw and sputter,
They froth, rave and cry;
They're long on talk, but
They're short on the try.

Back-Bone People —
They strike from the shoulder,
They never say die;
They're winners in life, for
They know how to try.

Has Someone Seen Christ in You Today?

Has someone seen Christ in you today?
Christian, look to your heart, I pray;
The little things you have done or said —
Did they accord with the way you prayed?

Have your thoughts been pure and your
words been kind?
Have you sought to have the Saviour's
mind?
The world with a criticizing view
Has watched — but did it see Christ in
you?

Has someone seen Christ in you today?
Christian, look to your life, I pray;
There are aching and blighted souls
Being lost on Sin's destructive shoals.

And perhaps of Christ their only view
May be what of Him they see in you.
Will they see enough to bring hope or
cheer?
Look to your light! Does it shine out
clear?

You may stop loving God . . . but God never
stops loving you.