

The Pleasant Side of the Ministry

By Rev. A. T. Rowe
(Address given in chapel.)

The title may suggest two questions, from two sources: The cynic may ask, "Is there a pleasant side?" and the enthusiast, "Is there an **Unpleasant** side?" Speaking from experience and observation only I would say there are the two sides. This has been true in my personal experience. Going back over my ministry of more than thirty-five years, and making an honest appraisal, placing those things that are **naturally** unpleasant on the one side and the **naturally** pleasant on another side, trying to give each its real value as best I can, I judge that in my ministry today it is about 95% pleasant and 5% unpleasant. These figures may not hold good in **your** ministry, and you are at liberty to make your own appraisal. You may possibly give greater or less value to some items than I would give.

Here is a simple illustration of how I arrive at these figures, and this analysis may be made in each case: To be called from a warm bed at the midnight hour, after a hard, busy day in the ministry, to drive across the city or country, sometimes through bad roads, sometimes with a balky car, to pray for some one who is ill, is in itself **naturally** unpleasant. To reach there and be able to minister to that sick one, do your duty, and do good to the patient, is pleasant; and these two things are not of equal value. A man is likely to live as long and as well for having made these midnight trips; he has not really lost anything tangible, even tho the trip in itself was unpleasant. The greater value lay in his being able to bring help to the one in need. So, don't you think it would be about right to say that this incident was about 95% pleasant and 5% unpleasant? Maybe so, and maybe

not, but on the whole, taking all our experiences together, I think the ratio is about this.

In measuring the ministry I would not evade anything. On the one side—the unpleasant side, place sacrifice, self-denial, poor clothing, sometimes poor food, disappointments, discouragement, unjust criticism, poor pay, hardships, long hours, sleepless nights, long hours of study and preparation, failures in the pulpit and out, poverty, and



REV. A. T. ROWE

maybe the poor house at the end. This makes a rather dark picture, but it all follows the ministry. We may in fancy paint it all bright, and "count it all joy," but I am taking it without any coloring.

On the pleasant side place your heavenly calling, ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of multitudes, comfort of the sorrowing, encouragement to the depressed, preaching the everlasting gospel, being an active worker with God, working under a heavenly commission, in the highest and most holy calling that any man ever had, then a crown of righteousness at the end of the way. This side, it seems to me, weighs much more than the other; but the pessimist may take his coloring brush and paint this beautiful picture dark, and say "It

isn't worth the effort," and leave the ministry.

Let me ask you: Do you know of any other vocation that will give as much of the pleasant in proportion to the unpleasant as the ministry? I spent a good many years in a good business, with a good salary; surrounded with good associates, in a position that was good for life. Eleven years ago I gave up that business to again enter the ministry with no promise from any man or group for the future; now, looking back through the eleven years, I'll say that, despite all the things that have happened to make it unpleasant for me, I'm putting these eleven years down in my life's ledger as 95% pleasant, and only 5% unpleasant. Don't you think it worth while to be in the ministry?

The minister has his hand on the pulse of things. He is called upon to serve humanity in varied capacities; weddings are a bright spot in his ministry; in death, the minister is among the first called; his opportunities for good there are great. Recently we were called upon to conduct a funeral of a little child; we took the little casket in our car, drove 75 miles, part of it over bad mud roads, and in the rain; the trip itself was unpleasant, but the good accomplished far outweighed the unpleasant features. In our Sunday school work we wrestle until we feel exhausted with problems of the adolescent and others; but the joy of seeing these same adolescents "convalesce" far outweighs the value of the labor.

If our rug in our living room and study could speak, it would tell tales that would seem almost unbelievable, and that will never be told in detail, of the mother rushing in and falling prostrate inside the door as she announced that her lit-

tle girl had suddenly died; we were able to comfort her. Of the man tempted to drink, who had a taxi rush him to our home for prayer that he might be able to resist; of the policemen who came in and had us pray with them for victory over their sins; of the many who come seeking counsel and prayer; of the groups of young people who come, pouring into our ears their problems and seeking help; of the boys and girls by the hundreds that are attracted to the church through our efforts and through the hospitality of our home; of the many complicated cases of entanglement in sin that are brought to us.

The ministry is the highest and most important vocation in the whole world. We are rendering the largest service of any group in the world to-day, and shall continue to do this if we keep our eyes on the work before us, and undertake the task unflinchingly.

Young men and women, if you are called, get into the ministry and work and stay there.

Personal Mention and News Items

Reverend Carl Kardatzke, an Anderson graduate who is attending Kentucky State University, was a recent visitor here.

Miss Burd Barwick, returned missionary from India, has returned from a few weeks' rest at a sanatorium in Martinsville, Indiana.

Brother M. A. Monday in company with Brother Ast drove up from New Castle, Indiana, where he was holding a revival to visit the school.

Professor H. A. Sherwood held a successful revival at Earlinger, Kentucky during the Easter holidays. Reverend E. H. Tharp, class of '30, is pastor there.

The French students of Anderson College regret the resignation of their teacher, Madame Worley. Madame Hartselle will take up

Madame Worley's duties for the rest of the semester.

Reverend Sam Nachtigall, class of '30, writes of his pastoral work in Shellmouth, Manitoba, Canada. He is laboring hard there to build up the church.

Reverend L. E. Foudy, '26, pastor at Allegan, Mich., writes that the church there is in the midst of a revival with Brother Charles Richardson, the young Kentucky evangelist, in charge.

President Morrison made a trip to the Ministerial Assembly at Wichita, Kansas, and returned by way of Missouri. While over in the Ozarks, some good folks gave him some old-fashioned home cured meat for the college dining room.

Reverend R. C. Caudill and Reverend W. F. Chappel accompanied by Reverend McClanahan, drove up from Middletown, Ohio, recently. Brothers Chappel and Caudill each gave inspiring talks in chapel.

Reverend W. B. Morgan, class of '30, pastor at Stratton, Colorado, was a recent visitor at the Seminary.

Tuesday of next week is to be a holiday for the purpose of cleaning up the campus. The lawns are to be given special attention. The drives and walks look very beautiful winding through the rich, green grass that so bountifully covers the grounds surrounding the main building.

Long hikes in the country, lack of study on the part of the students, green grass and trees, horse-shoe tournaments, tennis, birds singing, warm weather, and the general spirit of animation in the air is truly indicative that spring is here at last. These conditions are very prevalent around Anderson College and Theological Seminary.

Professor and Mrs. Cook, along with Professor Cook's biology class, sponsored a tree-planting program on Arbor Day, April 18. A white birch tree was planted in front of the Chapel, a tulip tree on the north side of the Chapel, and an evergreen tree in the south drive. The program was made up of read-

ings and speeches by the members of the biology class, and the singing of America by every one present. Dr. Morrison said the benediction. The trees were dedicated to Dr. John A. Morrison and Dean Russell Olt.

Ralph Benson needs only one kind of inspiration to make him the most speedy butter wrapper in Anderson. It is reported that said inspiration visits the creamery where he works quite often.

Many of the students made very interesting and enjoyable trips during Easter vacation. The less fortunate students that remained in Anderson were thrilled with the experiences related by those who returned after a week of travel.

Anderson College announces what is believed to be the youngest set of collegians in the country. Twanda Darline Linn, age 14 months; Norma Jean Reynolds, age 7 months; Carrol Charline Goodrick, age 5 months; Wendell Wier, age 2 months.

F. Gerald Smith, youthful piano virtuoso, gave his yearly free concert to the students and their friends on Saturday, February 7. His program varying from light etudes to the heavy Hungarian Rhapsody was a delight to the whole audience. Arthur and Harvey Culbertson, his managers, were kind enough to permit the recital. Mrs. Smith was in the audience.

Anderson College has recently become a place of pain and suffering. A few slight cases of smallpox in the vicinity made it necessary for the whole student body to be vaccinated. Were you to step into the halls of either dormitory, you would be met by a group of folk with their left sleeve rolled to the shoulder, or a sign on their arm telling you to be careful with your friendly greeting manifested in the good old way by a slap on the shoulder.

Much interest is being aroused over the interclass track meet that is to be held in the near future. There has been a good showing of promising material on the track already this season. Also, the College will meet Anderson High School for a trial meet some time in April.

EDITORIAL

DOWN IN "OLE VIRGINNY"

It was not such a long jump from the Kentucky young people's convention over to the ministers' meeting in Virginia, so when the good-byes were all said at Mt. Sterling and the young people went back to school and to work, I bought myself a clergy fare ticket to Roanoke, Virginia, where I had read in the Trumpet that the preachers were to meet on April 14, 15 and 16.

My train got into Roanoke along in the forenoon and I found myself in a bigger town than I had anticipated, not having taken the time to look it up in the atlas. About a hundred thousand people live in and around Roanoke, they told me. As it happened I had no year book with me, and I had forgotten the name of the pastor so I was a bit concerned as to how I would find anybody I wanted to see or any place I wanted to go. In that large a town, Tom, Dick, or Harry on the street would not likely know where the Church of God was. So at the depot I scanned the telephone directory until I found a name with the prefix "Rev." I always imagined that title would surely some day be discovered to be of some use. "Operator, give me 2931-J, please," I said. When I had followed the girl's instructions to drop in a nickel, I heard a ministerial voice at the other end of the line say, "Hello." "Say, Reverend, I am a stranger in the city and am looking for the Church of God. Can you help me out, please?" I said. "Yes," he said in a tone of courtesy, "that is a little new brick church out in Rugby addition." I thanked him and we both "hung up." At a turn in the beautiful Rugby road the driver of the city bus let me off in front of the attractive little church which I discovered was the Church of God. Arriving as I did at the noon hour, the preachers had all gone to lunch and I spent some time looking about the new building. Presently the preachers began to come back from lunch and it was a joy to renew acquaintances with Brothers Haste, Whitenack, Riddle, Wolfe, Robinson, Mullins, Van Hoose, Brother and Sister Pye and others.

I was entertained in the hospitable home of Brother M. B. Carr, the engineer-pastor of the little flock at Roanoke. In spite of the fact that Brother Carr is a railroad engineer he has found time to engineer a very successful building project there.

The brethren very courteously invited me to speak. I preached on the evening that I was there and the next day we discussed in the open meeting our mutual problems in connection with the Seminary.

Whoever composed the song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," had reasons for his inspiration.

—J.A.M.

Anderson College is organizing a baseball team and the prospects look good for a real team this year. Thursday, April 23rd, the boys played the Armory team in a practice game and defeated them by a score of 11 to 9. The lineup for Anderson College was as follows:

David Gaulke	C
George Jorgensen	C
J. Thompson	P
O. Lee Stephenson	P
Eugene Reynolds	P
Elmer Bennett	1B
Kenneth Ahrendt	2B
Walter Ott	SS
Herbert Thompson	3B
Elmer Jerden	RF
Clarence June	CF

Dan Ratzlaff	CF
Melvin Miller	LF
Swinton Matthews	LF

Earnest efforts are being made on the part of the student body to reach the goal of selling 600 "Echoes" this semester. All the friends of the College are urged to place their annual orders now. The "Echoes" this year promises to be a better book than ever before.

Address all orders to R. D. Shultz, % Anderson College, Anderson, Indiana.

The Lord can find the honest man even if he is up in a tree.—Agnes E. Tuttle.

Rev. E. G. Masters and daughter, of Long Beach, California, were visitors at the College last week. Rev. Masters spoke to the Student Body in Chapel.

THE OPERETTA

Lelawala, the Maid of Niagara, a dramatic operetta in three acts, was presented by the Musical Muses of Anderson College on Thursday, April 26th. The production was the biggest and the most outstanding musical and dramatic event in the history of the school. Its success was assured by the hearty response of the cast as a whole to the enthusiastic direction of Professor Weir and Professor Hartselle, sponsors of the Club. The material was O.K.'d by Professor Breitweiser, former sponsor. The mixed chorus of voices, as well as the solo and duet parts, rendered ably the charming Indian songs by Charles Wakefield Cadman, who is a recognized authority in the field of Indian music. The student body as a whole wishes to express its appreciation for the splendid work that was demonstrated. The musical play so delighted the audience that a number present requested Mrs. Hartselle, chairman of the Program Committee, for a second performance sometime in the future.

The beautiful Legend of Niagara, the "Thunder Waters" of the Indians, provides the background for the play. In time gone by, during a famine, the Great Spirit called for the sacrifice of a virgin, and Nicea, the Chief's daughter, volunteered. On a set day she drifted over Niagara in a white, flower-decked canoe; the anger of the Great Spirit was appeased and the famine ended.

When war is threatened by the Delawares, a much larger tribe than the Oniahgahrahs, the Spirit of the Waters is appealed to and again demands the sacrifice of a virgin. Lelawala (Ruth Coolidge),

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daughter of Chief Wokomis (Sheldon Helms), volunteers; the Council meets and she is formally chosen to die in the Thunder Waters three days hence.

Meanwhile, white characters appear upon the scene, including Eagle Eye (Melvin Miller), a famous scout; Major Wallace (Charles Culp), a commandant of a fort, together with his daughter, Mabel (Irene Fultz), and several soldiers and their families.

Shungela (Herbert Thompson), the Wyandot Chief's son, is refused the hand of Lelawala, and kidnaps her along with Mabel. Klotowar (Frank Towers), the brother of Lelawala, is slain when he attempts to rescue his sister.

Act II opens with the two maids in captivity by a campfire. When all are asleep, Eagle Eye creeps in and rescues the maidens. Shungela is captured by a war-party, but Lelawala saves him from death.

During the celebration of the war-party's return, Marpeetopah (Eugene Reynolds), the medicine-man, brings another Spirit message requiring the sacrifice of Lelawala on the following day.

Night comes on and Mabel's soldier lover arrives from a distance.

Sowanas (Ralph Coolidge), an Algonquin lover of Lelawala, who has been thought dead, also arrives. He is heart-broken to learn of her impending sacrifice and urges her to fly with him, but she remains faithful to her tribe.

In Act III, as Lelawala is about to enter her flower-decked canoe, a messenger from Shungela arrives with the news that the Wyandots have overcome the Delawares in war and have killed their chief, one Chakoos. Marpeetopah also brings a new message from the Spirit of Waters sparing Lelawala to Wokomis.

A new custom is adopted. Lelawala is wedded to Sowanas and all ends happily.

SPICE O' LIFE

Too Inquisitive

Tramp: Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle.

Boy: Well that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like that to bite you on the neck, would you?

Laude Hays (to fat, red-faced policeman): "Say, Mike, can you tell me the time?"

Policeman: "And how did you know my name was Mike?"

Hays: "Oh, just by looking' at your good ol' Irish countenance!"

Policeman: "Then take a good look at the sun and guess the time, sor!"

Ellen (speaking of the play, "The Jew of Malta"): "I wrote home a graphic account of it."

Dorothy Templin (half hearing): "What's a homographic?"

Erla Wills: "Where is the First Methodist Church?"

Ellen High: "Just across from the Y.M.C.A."

Erla: "The Y.M.C.A.? Do you mean the men's Y.M.C.A.?"

One of Dean Olt's final examination questions in philosophy: Describe the universe and give two examples. Explain fully.

THANK YOU

Quite a number of congregations and individuals have responded to the College's appeal for help during this time of depression.

Reverend E. F. Adcock recently drove up to the Auburn, Indiana, congregation where Reverend Wm. V. Ramey is pastor and when he returned he brought a car load of supplies for the cafeteria.

Reverend T. J. Steenbergen and a member of his congregation at Rochester, Indiana, had to make a business trip to Anderson the other day and so they filled up the car with numerous good things to eat which different members of their congregation supplied and brought the food and a generous cash offering along with them, and deposited said supplies and cash in the dining hall.

Quite a number of donations in the form of canned fruit, vegetables, and potatoes have come in from people here in Anderson and the rural vicinity. All these donations have been greatly appreciated. The small ones as well as the larger ones. Really, it is the spirit in which folks give that makes life worth while even though it takes a certain quantity of food to sustain life.

Numerous other donations have come from congregations and individuals in nearby states and some have come from Mississippi, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts.

The congregation at Ravena, Ohio, read about the needs of the school and they had a shower at the home of Brother J. S. Matthews, whose son is in school here, and as a result of this shower the school received a barrel and several boxes of home canned fruit, vegetables, and jellies, two bags of potatoes and a bag of cabbages.

To all who have so generously responded to our needs we one and all extend to you a hearty thank you. E.S.R.

SPRING FEVER

Spring fever is that annual malady that affects the hearts of young and old among all classes and peoples.

It is a certain restlessness, a new abundance of life in humanity as well as in all Nature and with it there comes a call for adventure, a new experience that the individual has not yet tasted, but not the kind that calls for strenuous labor; it must be something enjoyable.

Spring fever brings an abhorrence for the indoors, a dislike for work, and a desire to shirk responsibility. The senses are alert to the beauties of life in Nature, music and art. There is also a danger to be guarded against as the afflicted one while under the influence of this disease may discover new beauties in friends and associates, especially in those of the opposite sex, for there is in its symptoms a strong tendency toward Romance.

While there is a desire for idleness, yet it is a time of planning, a time of looking forward—you might call it day dreaming—where the experiences of the past are brought to mind and the anticipation of new ones in the future.

We welcome the ailment because it breaks the monotony of life, but still we are glad when it has pursued its course, and we are settled back to the realities of life again.

Spring fever is not serious in its effects, and it often leaves the stricken one a better and wiser being. Melissa Oldham

The Tennis Association is beginning its annual preparation for a tennis tournament in the College this season. There has been a big display of new tennis rackets and enthusiasm from all sides for the past month.

MOTHER

Mother! Mother! Mother! what does that word suggest to you? Those who have never had the tender caresses and touches of a mother's love do not really know what this word means. But to me it means all outside of salvation. As Lincoln has said, "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother."

Some of our earliest recollections are when we gathered around mother's knee for a little story; perhaps it was a Bible story in which she told of the Baby Jesus; or for a prayer. There is one thing that can never be taken out of a person's heart and that is the childhood recollections of mother taking our tiny hand in hers and teaching us to pray that simple little prayer to our Father in heaven.

A mother's influence is felt in the darkest corner of the earth. It is something that lives on and on in the hearts of men and women.

Again in our memories we recall the first day we started to school. How good mother had those lunches packed! And then she stood in the doorway waving good-bye as far as she could see. And in the evening upon returning home from school, mother could be seen from a distance standing upon the doorstep waiting for her child to come home.

Then coming up through the early adolescent years when it seemed that no one understood, but mother always knew and understood. One of the greatest compliments ever paid to a mother is, "She understands me." When father speaks sharply, mother always sees and says, "Let them go now; they are tired. I will go or I will do it." Such is the great love of a mother. She has insight even while she suffers. Mothers have made the greatest sacrifice of the world. Many have given their own lives for their loved ones. There never was a night too long or too cold that would keep mother from waiting upon her loved ones. When the fever was raging and you were tossing to and fro upon your bed, who was it that sat up all night with you? It was mother, of course. Perhaps you awoke in the night with severe pain in your body so that you could hardly call, but soon you heard steps coming slowly but steadily up the stairs and finding the way to your bed, a tender hand was laid upon your brow and your

name was spoken, who was it? Mother.

Bishop Simpson, the only son, after a long time had to tell his mother that he must go to prepare for the ministry. He hesitated for sometime for he was afraid it would break her heart, but when he told her, she said, "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born." She made one of the greatest sacrifices the world has ever known.

When coming up through the high school days and then college, how our mothers sacrificed to see us go on to school. Then perhaps after a hard day's work when the rest of the family had all gone to bed, mother would sit down and write a letter to her son or daughter away in college. Those letters, oh, how they were filled with her love! A lad from the country said he found three things in his letters, money, love, and tears.

There is no other love more God-like and unselfish than a mother's love. It indeed is a good illustration of God's love.

Then again, perhaps mother stayed up late at night praying for her wandering child. She knew not where he was but a mother's prayer travels farther than anything else on earth. I wonder how many of us would be infidels, robbers, or have some black character if it hadn't been for mother's prayers.

Mother has given us all of these things, love, influence, and sacrifice; but what are we giving in return?

Go put your strong arms around her shrunken shoulders and tenderly press a kiss upon her cheek and whisper softly, "I love you." Remember her with some little token of love. If you are away from home, send her a letter and in it tell of your love to her. Surely if we do these things for mother, rich will be our reward not only in heaven, but also upon earth.

—Mary Schmidt

BROTHER NAYLOR GIVES LECTURES TO SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY CLASS

Professor Martin's class in Systematic Theology recently enjoyed a series of special doctrinal lectures given by Reverend C. W. Naylor, well known author and writer. Brother Naylor being confined to his bed, arranged for Professor Martin and his class to meet in his room where the lectures were given. Students speak with apprecia-

tion of the instruction given by Brother Naylor.

With the Alumni

—Rolla D. Shultz, Editor—

Explanation

Since so many Alumni have responded to our appeal for signatures and remarks for the Alumni section of the "Echoes," we find it will be impossible to print all remarks sent; so we have had to limit space in the "Echoes" to only those who have subscribed to the "Echoes." We are sorry that space forbids our printing all that have been sent in. Edgar Williams

Recently a neighboring college received a letter from an "Alumnite," an excerpt of which is given here. "All I have to say about College can be said in a few sentences. She gave me a desire to **achieve**: spiritually, mentally, physically. She established me in a faith in God and my fellow-men. She opened the realms of knowledge to me. She gave me a host of friends and a wife. What more could a fellow ask for?" Alumni, what can you say for your Alma Mater?

Dear Brother Shultz:

Greetings in the precious name of our Lord Jesus Christ to you and the Alumni.

Sometime ago I picked up a Broadcaster and glanced through the pages. I noticed the heading "Big Idea for Getting News," and found that it was an old number. I thought that Brother Shultz may have the invention done, and that he may extract some news from us that we do not want to have published.

The victories won we want recorded.

The failures made we want remodeled.

Well we can report victory by faith in the Cross of Christ and the power of His resurrection. When we see the greatness, the depth, the height, and the all sufficient gospel, we feel unable for the task of presenting it properly to a sin sick world, but if we have the earnest prayers of our dear Alumni friends, then we are sure that our work shall not be in vain.

We have been in this section of

Canada since last November and have enjoyed our work, even though the thorns have pricked us while trying to gather roses, yet we know it is our duty. Battles have come and nearly caused us to retreat, but the Commander said go through to victory. We are using both the English and German languages to get the most good to the greatest number of people. We are glad to report that our Good Friday service was crowned and celebrated with the salvation of two young people. Oh, what joy to see souls find Jesus! Yes, the joy in the hearts that find, too.

We are very busy. Please pray for the success of the work here.

Yours in the Master's Service,
Sam and Irene Nachtigall

WITHOUT GOD. WITHOUT HOPE

"There is no God so why bother ourselves about religious questions. Let us do our best and live to enjoy ourselves." Such was the answer of a young man, who was looking forward to the final year of his college career this past summer. He had given this answer to a young Armenian friend of his who at the close of a Sunday morning service of the Shemlan Protestant Church felt impressed to speak to him about his soul.

That there is a dire need of schools and colleges untainted with those influences and teachings that take away the faith of our youth goes without saying.

Three days following the conversation at the church an air of tragedy, death, and despair gripped the entire village. Native women passed our door wringing their hands weeping, and a nervous tension controlled all. The word soon came that a young man had been killed.

Leaving our home I went to the market on the road below where I met a friend who told me of the terrible end of a very young man who in the course of his education had made a surrender of his trust in God.

Not wanting to be morbidly curious but desiring to know by actual experience of the reaction of the native Syrian people in the hour of death I went with the Armenian young man to the home. On our way I learned that while hunting along the cliffs near his father's grape vineyard the young man had

stepped on a loose stone plunging head long to the rocks below instantly snuffing out the light of his life.

Words fail to express the great grief of the aged father, family and friends. To attempt to describe the same would be indeed painful, and undesirable to say the least. Because it is not the custom in this country to embalm the bodies of the dead burial takes place within twenty hours after death. Arising early to enjoy a morning hunt this young man was a corpse before the hour of breakfast. Shortly after noon the last earthly ceremony was performed over his body and with the setting of the sun he slept in his freshly made grave on the rocky hill above the village of his father's.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

With a shrug of the shoulder we may endeavor to shift that serious question of the support of our church schools upon the purse of someone more prosperous than we would like to make ourselves out to be. However, dear Church of God the way to hell is paved with good intentions and 'well wishes' and only a deeper spirit of loving sacrifice on the part of every one of us who make such a high profession can make our youth safe for Christ.

Hidden away in the village of Birbarrah to the North of Beirut just this past week I met with a fine young man, a graduate of the same college where the young man spoken of above was attending, whose faith in Christ the divine Son of God and in the Holy Word of God has been greatly shaken.

If we could only receive it; if we could only believe it—multitudes of our youth are in the valley of decision—TODAY.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? Matt. 7: 19, 10. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. John 6: 35.

Remember—The Christ we will not share we cannot keep.

—Wm. A. Fleenor

MY CHILDHOOD HOME

1.

Let me slumber in thy shade, little home.

Let me dream about the days that now are gone,

And in dream oh let me play,
In the orchard, glad and gay;
Let me dream that once again you
are my own.

2.

I am but a traveler now, passing
on,
And my thoughts oft drift to thee,
my childhood home,
For you used to shelter me,
And for aye my love to thee,
Shall grow stronger in my heart
though far I roam.

3.

I am thinking of the days that here
I spent;
Father, mother, children all in
sweet content,
Living, loving every day,
Brushing every ill away
With kind smiles and gentle words
that love had lent.

4.

And while sweetly I am resting in
thy shade,
Let all cares from my sad heart
gently fade,
And once more from all alarms,
Fondly in my mother's arms,
Smoothen out this wrinkled brow
that time has made.

5.

How I wish thy eyes could speak,
little home,
Surely you are weary too as all
alone,
Standing in the silence here,
Through each slowly creeping
year
No more to claim the friends we
once have known.

6.

Shadows fall and I must hasten on
my way,
Though so well I'd love here in thy
shade to stay,
And though I will love thee
still,
And my heart with memory
thrill,
I must leave thee as of yore—oh
cruel day.

7.

But 'tis hard, 'tis hard to leave thee
once again,
Somehow just to be with thee
soothes the pain;
Somehow just to linger here,
Lends a balm for all my fear,
Lends the courage that my heart
would try to feign.
—By Victoria Brekken

COLLEGE ECHOES

The Annual Staff is preparing an unusually interesting yearbook of College activities. We want the church to know what the students at Anderson do. Every minister should have one. We especially desire the young people and young people's leaders to know what the young people of Anderson College do, feel, and think. These yearbooks have a complete record of the college activities for the year.

Buy one and catch the vision and spirit of this large group of students who are on fire for God and His Kingdom.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ONE OF THESE SPECIAL OFFERS:

The Annual Staff is able through the cooperation of the Gospel Trumpet and Broadcaster to make the following attractive offers:

Check the special offer which you desire to take advantage of and cut out and mail the blank below.

ORDER BLANK

ANDERSON COLLEGE "ECHOES" 1931

ANDERSON, INDIANA

Delivery Date About May 15th

Date.....

Enclosed find \$..... for Offer No. Send to—

Name

Address

SPECIAL OFFERS

Check Which

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> OFFER NO. 1 | |
| One College "Echoes"..... | \$2.00 |
| Cash or C.O.D.—Delivery Date May 15th. | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OFFER NO. 2 | Both for |
| One College "Echoes"..... | \$2.00 |
| One Year's Subscription to Broadcaster..... | 1.00 |
| | Cash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OFFER NO. 3 | Both for |
| One College "Echoes"..... | \$2.00 |
| One Year's Subscription to Gospel Trumpet..... | 2.00 |
| | Cash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OFFER NO. 4 | All Three |
| One College "Echoes"..... | \$2.00 |
| One Year's Subscription to Broadcaster..... | 1.00 |
| One Year's Subscription to Gospel Trumpet..... | 2.00 |
| | Cash |

Solicitor's Name.....

(Make Checks Payable to Rolla D. Schultz, Circulation Manager, care of Anderson College.)

Wife of Trustee Seaton Called Home

Some weeks ago word was received in Anderson of the death of Mrs. William T. Seaton, whose husband is a member of the Seminary Board of Trustees and pastor of the First Church of God, Portland, Ore. Brother Seaton has the prayers and sympathy of the faculty and student body in his sad hour.

Tragic News from C. W. Hatch

Reverend Clarence W. Hatch, pastor of the First Church of God at Salem, Ore., writes of the tragic death of his son, Robert, age five years. In crossing the street in front of the Hatch home the child was run down by a truck and instantly killed. Brother Hatch is a member of the class of '24 and Mrs. Hatch graduated with the class of '25.

THE PACKAGE OF SEEDS

I paid a dime for a package of seeds
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"
He said with a smile on his lip.
"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas!
Ten cents a package! And pick as you please!"

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,
And the dimes are the things that he needs;
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,
But have thought of them merely as seeds;
But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time,
"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime."

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create,
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,
Which the wisest cannot understand.
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!"

These are seeds, but the plants and the blossoms are here
With their petals of various hues;
In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,
There is power which no chemist can fuse.
Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold;
Thus for ten cents an ounce of divinity sold!

—Edgar Guest

LETTERS OF INTEREST

Logan, West Virginia

Dear Co-laborers:

I read your appeal for help in the Gospel Trumpet. It stirred my heart to do more than I have been doing.

I am here at Logan, West Virginia, doing colporteur, personal evangelism, and Sunday School work. Having no secular work, I sell the Gospel Trumpet to make payments on my Chevrolet. It has been keeping me going to make the payments. In fact, I am a little behind with my payments now.

I only desire to be able to send a payment on my \$50.00 promised. Just as soon as I can I will send some on the endowment.

Enclosed is \$1.00 to help the school expenses.

Yours in Christ,

Howard George Hanson

* * *

St. Stephens College
Edmonton, Alta., Can.

Dear Brethren:

I am enclosing order for \$15.00 to help a little in the needs of the school. It could be used in getting supplies for the dining hall or in whatever way you wish to use it.

Yours sincerely,

L. Grasley

* * *

This small offering of \$4.00 is being sent by the Young People's Society of the Church of God at Gloucester, N.J. We wish that we could send more and we are praying earnestly for you.

Herman E. Beyer

* * *

Please find enclosed check for \$4.15 as an offering from the congregation at Auburn, Ind. Those who did not have provisions to send with Brother Adcock did what they could in this way. May God bless the School in its work.

Wm. Ramey

* * *

Bethlehem, Pa.

Yes, my heart is touched. I will enclose

\$3.00 for an Easter offering to help the School, and wish that it was more.

Mrs. E. F. Bloom

* * *

Battle Creek, Mich.

Enclosed find \$10.00 for the School. I wish that I could send more.

Milton C. Moser

* * *

Roann, Ind.

It is with pleasure that I enclose \$5.00 to help with the School, and I wish that I might do more.

Mrs. H. Tombaugh

* * *

At a business meeting of the Young People's Society at Modesto, Calif., it was decided that we pledge \$2.00 per month toward the support of Anderson College.

Thelma Truman,
Secretary-Treasurer

* * *

Des Moines, Iowa

Enclosed find \$6.00 for Anderson College. I pray God's blessings upon the work of educating our young people.

Mrs. Melvina Stitt

* * *

Ithaca, N.Y.

Please find enclosed check for \$5.00 for use in the furtherance of God's Kingdom.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Adams

* * *

Chicago, Ill.

I am sending you \$5.00 to be used in behalf of the College. The First of May I shall send a like amount.

Chas. M. Wilson

* * *

Birmingham, Ala.

I received your letter concerning the needs of the school and I herewith enclose a small offering to be used in any way you see fit.

May God bless and supply the needs of the dear students who are making such a tremendous sacrifice to obtain an education.

L. E. Hall