

"Even Jesus of Nazareth...who went about doing good." Acts 10:38.

Would you like to have that said of you? He went about doing good; she went about doing good. Is there anything better that could be said?

Let us look at a man who did just that. His name was Johnny Applesseed. Interesting name, is it not? ~~YARRR~~ ~~AGAR~~ His name was not really that at all, but John Chapman. How did he happen to be called Johnny Applesseed?

John was born near Springfield, Massachusetts, in May 1768, the month when apple blossoms are most beautiful. From almost the beginning of his life, he loved nature; used to wander in the woods, listening intently to the songs of birds and watching the doings of wild animals who soon came to know him as a friend. When he was a young man, he went to Harvard College where it was said he was one of the brightest students of his class.

While in college John came upon some printed material written by the Swedenborgian Church which made quite an impression on his young mind, for it brought God very close to the

trees, birds and other animals he had learned to love. John never forgot this teaching and he went out of college, as we will see, to put his religion into practice.

About that time there was a great stir and bustle among the people, for exciting stories had come of the land beyond the Allegheny Mountains, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana. Long lines of covered wagons were starting westward. John and his brother Nathaniel decided they would go too and one morning before they family was up, they went, leaving a note which read:

"Dear Father, Nathaniel and I will be many miles to the west when you read this, but we will be coming back soon and tell you all about it. I will take good care of brother and bring him back safe and sound. Your loving son. John."

First the boys went to Pittsburg, but this big city was only a straggling group of cabins then. One point in the frontier town impressed John. It was Springtime but there were no fruit trees in blossom. He had been interested in fruit trees ever since he had worked for a neighbor in a large orchard

On their return from Pittsburgh, with fruit trees on his mind, John went with his brother to Olean, New York, where his uncle had a farm. The first thing John did was to look about for fruit trees. He found his uncle's orchard but it was in a bad state; it needed pruning and cultivating, so John borrowed an ax, a hoe and a saw and went to work. He asked a man who lived near where there were any nurseries; the man said there were not.

"Do many of the farmers around here have orchards?"

"No," said the man, "there are a number of farms about here with not a sign of an orchard for there is no place to get trees."

There was a gleam in John's eyes as he turned to Winrate: "You've given me an idea. I used to be a Bible missionary down in Virginia, but now I believe I'll be an apple missionary for fruit is next to religion."

So what do you think he did? He had the idea of going to cider presses and collecting seed from the pomace. The boys used old coffee sacks, flour over

sacks, or anything else they could find to put the seeds in. The farmers were glad to give the seeds since the boys said they were going to plant orchards for them.

Then with his brother, John started ~~one~~ ~~off~~ his real missionary journey sowing seed, one of the most interesting stories since the days of Jesus. Soon Nat turned back home, but John said, "I know what shall be my life's work; I am going to sow the West with apple seeds, making the wilderness to blossom with their beauty and the people happy with their fruit."

And he did just that. He it is who is responsible for most of the apple orchards in eastern New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and elsewhere. Everywhere he went he planted apple seeds. He loaded a canoe with bags of seed and floated down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh. Coming to a level plot, which pleased him he beached the canoe and with some seeds in his hand, ran up the bank to shake hands with a settler. Smiling he asked him if he might plant a quart of apple seeds on his land.

"Sure you can" replied the man, "for

I haven't a fruit tree on the place and if you sow 'em, I'll take care of 'em and take a few for me pains."

And that was how John did it. He had first of all to clean the land, dig it up; then afterward he planted the precious seed, building a brush fence about for protection. On leaving he would say, "Help yourself to the trees but guard the fences."

On out into the West went this strange, foolish man, giving orchards away, planting on others' lands, sowing seeds on no man's land wherever it suited his fancy. Fiver or six years aferward he would come back, repair the fences, thin out the seedlings, set some of them twenty feed apart into orchards, and then go on.

Now and then he sold his seedlings for two or three cents apiece but if the people were porr, he gave them away, and folks were mostly poor. "I want to start a little nursery here," he would say, "so you can have an orchard, you and all your neighbors." Then he would pass on to bless some other neighborhood. Very often settler from the East were surprised when they came to their chain to find a thriving

orchard already growing on it.

Johnny Appleseed--as he came to be affectionately called--wanted little in this life. He would not keep what anyone gave him. Once someone presented him with a new pair of shoes; a few days after he gave them away. "I met a poor fellow," he said, "who was barefooted, who needed them worse than I did, so I gave them to him."

One day he returned to one of his nurseries to have the owner of the farm say: "When I came here two years ago, there were thousands of seedlings all ready for planting and you ought to have seen the neighbors coming for miles around to get trees. One spring I sold five hundred of them and here's some of the money I collected." And he placed a bag of coins in Johnny's hand.

Johnny Appleseed looked at him. He was in rags himself, and the farmer seemed to be poorer. The man was barefooted but looked as though he had once been rich. He handed the bag back to him sayin, "You keep it, you need it more than I do, and when the neighbors want any more trees, consider the nursery yours and get

all you can out of it."

When Johnny said this and pushed the bag into his hands, the man wept and said that during the last winter his wife and two children had died and now he was alone. Johnny tried to comofot him as he always tried to help folk. He took the Bible from his pocket saying, "And how would you like to hear some news straight from Heaven?"

His life was that -- news straight from Heaven.

Prestigian Chuck, Akron, Colo.
July 21, 1968

A BOY WHO NEVER GAVE UP

"And when Jesus saw them, he said unto them, Go and show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, as they went, they were cleansed." Luke 17:14

As they went, they were cleansed.

Very interesting, isn't it, that the lepers were healed of this terrible disease as they went along the street toward the priests. What cured them do you think? Was it not this: the power of God which came to them when they made the effort? For that is how God works with us; when we do our part He does His. When we exercise our bodies, eat correctly, and sleep well, new life comes to us from God. When we pray, God takes our hands in the silence. As we go, we are cleansed. As we attempt, we are strengthened.

I want to tell you about a young man who was healed as he went.

When he was a boy he lived with his family at Elkhart, Kansas. Floyd, the older brother, was a pretty fair runner and wanted to be a better one. The younger thought it a good idea and decided to be a runner too. So the boys ran-- ran everywhere they went;

ran to do their chores; ran to the red-brick schoolhouse a mile or so away where they swept the floor and built the fire for school in a large stove which stood in the middle of the room.

One day they were late; the teacher was about to arrive; and so in their hurry they poured quite a lot of kerosene on the kindling. Immediately there was a blast and flames leaped up about them. Someone had put gasoline instead of kerosene in the can. The younger boy stumbled out of the smoke-filled room, but no sooner had he gotten out than he discovered that his brother, Floyd, was not with him. Back he went into the burning building calling his brother's name. No answer. As he groped about, the flames crossed the floor and set fire to his clothes. The flames were suffocating. Gasping and choking he tried to pull his coat over his mouth and eyes. Then he knew nothing more.

When he awakened, he was in his own home in bed with his legs wrapped in oil bandages. Every time he tried to move there was terrific pain. Remembering, he tried to get up but it was no use; his brother had died in the flames.

For a number of weeks he was confined to his bed. His legs were so badly burned that he was told he would not be able to walk again. If he could not walk, how could he run? he thought, as he lay on the bed and wept.

The day came, however, when the bandages were to be removed. What a sad day that was! There were no left toes at all, and the left arch was damaged. He insisted on getting out of bed and tried to put his right foot down only to find that it was two and one-half inches short. When he shifted the weight to the left foot it would not hold him up and only his crutches saved him from falling.

Neighbor boys gathered around him. Trying hard to keep from crying, he said, "I could run before, and I can run now -- you guys just wait and see if I can't."

It was not until he was eleven that he could give up his crutches. His right leg was stiff for a year after that. "I used to rub my legs every night," he says now. "My mother and father and older brother
over

rubbed them. When they got tired, I'd stay awake rubbing them. They pulled them, too, to stretch them out. It hurt to walk. I figured out that if I could run or sort of hippety-hop, I'd be so much interested in trying to run that I'd forget the pain. I tried it and it didn't hurt at all when I ran. I guess I didn't move more than ten feet for five or six years unless I was running."

At fourteen he was given the job of loading wheat at a granary. But he had to run; so run he did from car to car, from his home to work in the morning and back again at night. This gave strength to his legs and soon the sinews began to develop beneath the scar tissue. His chest expanded and although he did not grow up, he grew out.

Then the miracle. When he was a junior in high school, he made the track team. He was not a great sprinter but by keeping at it, developed considerable speed for a long distance runner. It was in his junior year that he entered the Kansas relays, and to his surprise and delight set a record.

Now, do you know who this boy was? His name was Glenn Cunningham. For a number of years he was the fastest miler in history. At Dartmouth he ran on an indoor track a record mile, four minutes, four and four-tenths seconds. He ran at Madison Square Garden in New York against the most famous and fastest runners of his day, beating them handily and breaking many records to that time. The rhythm of his stride was beautiful to watch, so easily did he move, and he appeared to have no end of strength.

Is not this a remarkable true story? It is as though someone came to this crippled boy years ago and said, "Go, show yourself to the world!" As he went, he was healed. By trying he discovered strength. By running he was given power to run.

It should make us ashamed of ourselves to give up when some little thing happens to us. Glenn Cunningham used all he had. If we will do that, we too will be healed, as we go.

For the first time...

How do you know this boy was
his name was Jim Cunningham. For
a number of years he was the fastest
in the world. Although he
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As he went, he was beaten. By trying
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he was given power to run.

It should make us ashamed of our-
selves to give to them some little
thing in return to us. Jim Cunningham
used all his power. If we will do that,
we too will be helped, as we go.

Jesus had an instinct for God. Something was within his heart which told him what to do. He was guided by that instinct.

What is an instinct? An instinct, the dictionary says, is "a tendency to perform a certain action in a certain way when the appropriate situation occurs." In other words, it means this: there is something in our hearts which tells us to do certain things at certain times. For example, do you have to stop and argue with yourself as to whether you will ever eat again? No, you know when you should eat because inside you there is an instinct of hunger, an inner voice which tells you when to eat, and often what to eat. Could you decide not to sleep any more? No, for the instinct to sleep seizes you and you are off to slumberland till morning. When you were about a year old there was an instinct within you which told you to rise and walk.

Now perhaps we can understand the interesting fact we hear about "the swallows of Capistrano." For at least 95 years people have known that they will start south at a certain ~~time~~ over

day and time, from the San ~~Francisco~~
Juan Capistrano Mission in California.

These swallows live in the walls and belfry of the old mission. Every year about midday on the twenty-third of October, they rise from the belfry, circle about and start on their long flight southward. On every nineteenth of March they return. Their time clock has never failed in all these years.

They are sure of it out in California. They newspapers write of the event days ahead informing their readers just when the swallows will leave. Even the radio broadcasts the preparations the birds make for the long journey, and TV stations picture them leaving.

"At ten o'clock," someone wrote, "we hear that the swallows seem to be going about their affairs without a thought of coming flight; at eleven, small companies of them are twittering about the mission roof; toward noon a few birds at a time are beginning to make short erratic circles above the mission as if in drill. Twelve-forty, and the word comes over numerous radio

stations that "the swallows have left" exactly on schedule."

Swallows fly on time! Wonderful, is it not? And what causes them to be so punctual? This instinct we mentioned, that voice within which tells them to go south and avoid the northern winter. That same instinct leads them in their flight to lands they have never seen.

What I want you to see is that this instinct, this inner command is the voice of God. God gave birds that instinct as He gave you instincts. Best of all he gave us the instinct to worship. To worship means to come into close touch with our Father, to talk to Him in prayer, to listen to His voice and do what He wants us to do. When we obey that instinct, the voice within, you and I are made happy, for it always lead us to think the best, to do the best and to be the best boys and girls, men and women, we are meant to be.

Like the birds, will you always obey that Voice?

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exactly on schedule."

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Like the birds, will you always
obey that voice?

BOIL THE BEST TEA

On the walls of a temple near ~~Nanking~~ Nanking, in China, there used to hang two scrolls. On them were written the following in Chinese characters:

"Sit; Please sit; Please take the guest's seat.

Tea; Boil tea; Boil the best tea."

If we could go there and look at them, they would not have any meaning for us. All we could see are these Chinese characters.

Here is the story the priest of the temple used to tell about them:

O Yang was a magistrate and poet in a Chinese county in the year 1600 A.D. One hot August day O Yang was walking along the dry, dusty road on his way to the temple to worship. He was dirty and sweaty from his long walk. When O Yang arrived at the temple, he courteously said to the priest:

"May I rest here and may I have some tea to drink?"

The priest was angry to think that this ordinary man should interrupt him.

and said roughly:

"Sit" (which in China means outside). Then the priest called to the servant, "Tea" (which means that you get old tea left over and not fresh tea.)

He was very discourteous to O Yang who sat down outside the temple.

Then O Yang looked inside the temple and saw some beautiful scrolls and paintings on the walls. He remarked how beautifully they were written and painted. Whereupon the priest was so amazed that a man dressed like O Yang should know anything about such things that he said:

"Please sit" (which means, come inside). He called the servant, "Boil tea" (which means put fresh water on the old tea leaves).

As O Yang entered he saw in the center of the temple a fine piece of wood on which was inscribed four Chinese characters. O Yang said to the priest:

"Do you like that writing?"

The priest replied: "that is written by the famous magistrate and poet of this district, O Yang."

O Yang said, "I am he."

Amazed, the priest said, "Please take the guest's seat." (This is the best seat in every home and temple of China, or was in the pre-communist days). And he called to the servant, "Boil the best tea."

As O Yang was leaving the priest asked him to write on two scrolls; it was the custom then in China to ask guests to write on a scroll.

O Yang wrote the words which the priest had spoken. On one, Tea, Boil Tea, Boil the best tea. On the other, Sit, Please sit, Please take the guests seat.

When the priest saw the words on the two scrolls, he was very much embarrassed and **d**isturbed. Because of O Yang's fame and position, he had to hang the two scrolls on the wall, and the discourtesy of the priest has hung there ever since as an example to other priests in the temple.

Are you ever discourteous? Do you judge people by their appearances?
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Jesus said once, "Man judges by outer appearances but God looketh upon the heart."

It should make us very careful, should it not, to treat every boy and girl, man and woman as though all were children of God, as indeed they are. We may be entertaining angels unaware. Jesus may be passing by, indeed some day walk into our homes. If we are always courteous to strangers no matter what their clothes and appearance may be, we will not miss him when he comes.

"Now are we the sons of God," said Paul, "and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when he shall appear, we shall be like him." Every man is a son of God, says Paul. That fact places man among the nobility. Let us be sure then that we treat every child of God as a nobleman, and we will never be guilty of discourtesy to anyone.

Near the close of his life Jesus and his disciples were standing on a street corner in Jerusalem with a crowd of people around them. Suddenly they heard a strange sound and everyone stood still to listen. What was it?

Now here is the curious fact. The Scripture says some thought it was thunder; others said it was the voice of an angel. Quite a difference, isn't there, between thunder and angels? As much difference as between night and day.

What caused the difference? The difference lay in the way the people heard. The same air waves falling on different ears became two far different sounds. Thunder and angels!

This suggests that it is the way you look at things or hear them which makes all the difference in the world. For instance an artist friend of mine used to draw the head of a rabbit, but on second glance it appeared to be the head of a duck. When you turned it around the ears of the rabbit became the bill of the duck. Try it when you go home. As to
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whether it is a rabbit or a duck will depend upon which at the time you most wish to see.

How we look at the day determines whether we will have rain or sunshine in our hearts. For example, did you ever hear people talking like this?

"It's a great day!"

"Yes, but I'm afraid it will rain before night."

"It has been a fine autumn!"

"Yes--but we'll pay for it this winter."

"Looks as though it will be a nice day tomorrow!"

"Yes--but I doubt it. Looks to me like its going to change.. We've had too much good weather lately."

! Yes--but! What a lot of "Yes--but-ers" there are in this world and what bad weather they bring to our minds.

It all depends on how we look at other boys and girls as to what we see in them. All of us have our

faults and weaknesses; we are not so perfect as we sometimes think.

But all of us have some good points too. The question is, when we think

of our playmates, schoolmates or neighbors, what are we going to select? If we choose to see only the faults, we will become disagreeable faultfinders. Nobody likes faultfinders. If we take their good qualities and magnify them, we will learn to love our playmates more and more. The boy or girl who looks for the good in time falls in love with it.

How we look at things makes a difference as to what we will see. Yes, and there is a further fact. What we see depends on something still deeper. What we see grows out of what we have or are in our hearts.

Do you remember the cat in Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes?

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?

I've been to London to visit the Queen,

Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?

I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

Here is a cat which went all the way to London to visit the Queen and over

when she got there all she saw was a mouse under a chair. Why? I think it was because cats are not prepared to see queens. They are ready to see mice because they have been hunting mice all their lives. They have mice on their brains and in their bodies and of course they are not going to be able to see and appreciate other things.

What does this say to us? It says that when a girl is cross and mean; when she makes faces at those who would be nice to her; stamps her feet when she cannot have her own way; thinks her teacher and parents are unfair and nothing in the world is right, it is because nothing is right in her own heart. If her heart is happy she would find happiness.

Like the cat, she is prepared to see only mice, because she has allowed her heart to become sour and mean. She hears thunder because there is thunder in her disposition.

On the other hand, here is a girl with a glow in her eyes. She smiles when she kisses her mother good-by; cheerfully searches for a glove she

has lost; laughs when her coat catches in the door; smiles throughout the day when things go wrong. "What a good old world this is!" she thinks to herself.

Do you know why? Because she has angels in her heart, she is able to hear the voice of angels. Because she is flooded with cheer, she sees good cheer in everyone and everything.

Thunder or angels! Which are you hearing?

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DEATH COMES TO A VILLAGE

One fine summer day a man set out to hike to the top of Red Rock, which stands a few miles to the north of Lake Kezar in Maine. First he paddled in a canoe up Big Brook for a mile or so, as far as he could go. Then, striking out through the woods he followed a well-beaten trail. Very soon the trail began dividing and re-dividing so that he was continually guessing as to which way to turn. Taking one of the paths, he came out into what seemed to be a pasture now grown up with bushes and scrubby pine. Retracing his steps and following another path, he suddenly found himself in a dense maze of underbrush.

It was in one of these dead-end trails that he made a discovery. Stumbling along, he almost fell into what appeared to be the remains of an old cellar. It was a tangled mass of vines, rocks and bushes, but he could make out a few stones left in position. Forgetting about Red Rock he cast about in the bushes and repeatedly made similar discoveries. Near the tumble-down walls were still standing the stumps of apple trees. Needless to say, he had a most interesting time reconstructing in his mind the

houses in which years and years ago people had lived, eaten, slept, laughed, wept and died. The silence which shrouded them was broken only by the sighing of the wind in the leaves of the trees and the distant call of a crow.

The very next day he sought out the oldest inhabitant in the near-by village of North Lovell, a bent grey-bearded man who was delighted to talk about his discovery.

Previous to the Civil War, he said, there was a thriving town where he had roamed the day before, but something had happened. He was not certain why the village had vanished so suddenly, but he thought it was because the young men had gone to war and never returned. Then too, he added, about that time spool mills were set up at East Stoneham five miles away, and many of the early settlers had moved there to work in them. Those who were left, the very young and the very old, grew weary of beating back the forest which steadily moved closer to them, until one day the land was left to revert to type. It is amazing how quickly nature reconquers territory captured by man but for a few short years. Mankind

is short-lived; the forest seems to go on forever.

What really happened to this village? Why did it return to the forest. This is a possible reason: there was no road through. To the north runs a high ridge tipped by Red Rock and Miles Notch; to the left rises Speckled Mountain; to the right high hills. No travelers came that way in their journeys to far distant places, bringing news of the outside world. The villagers were left to themselves and the forest finally won. Where there are ~~now~~ no roads through, a village perishes.

I wonder whether there are boys and girls like that. What are they like? There are no roads through their minds and hearts. They are selfish, self-centered, taken up with themselves. The ridges of self-interest rise so high they cannot see over them. No real sympathy do they have for folks who need so much help and have so little in this life. No consideration for helpless animals. The world begins and ends with their own puny selves. What comes to such boys and girls? After a time their hearts begin to shrivel up; they cannot beat back over

the forest of selfish desire which constantly besets them. Finally the forest of selfishness wins and they move out.

Occasionally one comes upon a church which once housed a fine congregation of worshipers, boys and girls, men and women, but it is now as deserted as the village of West Stoneham. The windows are boarded up and it looks cold. Why? Many reasons are given. The loyal members moved away. The countryside changed. One or more of such reasons may account for the death of many a church. But I want you young people, who hold in your hearts and hands the future of the church to think about this: most churches die because there is no road through, no far-flung sympathies, no heartburning for people who need what they have to give, no Christlike interest in the world. Everything they do is done for themselves. Finally the forest of selfishness closes down about them, and the church surrenders its life.

Where there is no vision a church dies. Where there is no road through a village stagnates. Where there is no unselfish giving, boys and girls lose the best life has to offer.

Do you know that the light of a candle never goes out? You can put out the flame, of course, but the candle is not out! That is because light, any light, including the light of the candle, goes on and on out into space. Is that difficult for you to believe? It is; it is difficult for any one, but wiser folks than most of us, people called scientists, tell us that light keeps right on traveling somewhere.

Professor Arthur Compton once wrote on this subject, and we may not understand all of these words he wrote which we are going to read now: "Puff, and the ~~flk~~ flame is out! Is this the end? What is happening to the light? The flame was material, made up of atoms and molecules; but the light is a different kind of thing -- electromagnetic radiation, flying away at tremendous speed. We know that if the candle was out under the open sky, its light was streaming into interstellar space, where it will keep going forever."

Keep going forever! What a truly wonderful fact that is. Light keeps going forever. Now, we may understand a little better what astronomers, men

who study the stars in the heavens, mean when they tell us that light reaching us from one distant star has been traveling in our direction for a million years. Think of that! Light rays travel 186,000 miles a second. How far away a star must be, the light of which has been traveling toward us for a million years at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

The light of a candle never goes out, and neither does the light of love. If you do a kind act or say a kind word, your kindness is never lost. Is that not what this means? It is passed on from heart to heart, person to person, down through the years.

The poet Longfellow was thinking of this when he wrote about the arrow he shot and the song he sang into the air. They seemed to be gone but they were not. A long time afterward he found the arrow in the heart of an oak, and the song he met again in the heart of a friend. Good thoughts, kind words, sympathy and gentleness never die; they are passed on from friend to friend, and go on forever making this old world a little happier and finer place to live.

This fact must be clear to you now. Let us take an example. One hot, sultry, August Sunday afternoon some years ago a young boy was sitting in a small country church in the western part of our country. ~~Expressly~~ The pews were rough and straight and had no cushions. The organist pumped the small wheezy instrument with her feet. Outside stretched endless fields where cattle and sheep were quietly grazing. Painted on the plaster behind the pulpit was a picture of Jesus carrying a little lamp in his arms, which held the gaze of the boy's eyes. The minister was elderly, and the sermon that day was long, but there was a flame of love in it. That flame gave forth light which glowed in the heart of this fine, young lad. So rightly did it shine, it made him restless to give his life in love to others, which he did. Later Watts Pye, grown to manhood, prepared himself though long schooling and because a missionary in another land, where he taught the people how to raise peanuts, how to sell them; and when a natural chance came along told them about Jesus.

Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus was crucified, nailed to the cross by those who could not see the flame

of his love for them. He died on the cross. Was the ~~flame~~ light put out? We know it was not. That light keeps burning, burning its way into the hearts of men, on and on out into space, changing lives, making human beings like you and me kind, thoughtful, sympathetic, unselfish. Today you and I have a chance to ~~have~~ have so much joy and plenty in our lives because that light which has come to us is telling us how to live happily and is leading us into the truth of God.

"Thou wilt light my candle," said a writer of one of the Psalms. In the Book of Proverbs we read, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." When our hearts are lighted by the love of God we become a candle of the Lord, and the light can never be put out.

That is a fascinating thought, isn't it? Will we, as Jesus said, "Let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father who is in heaven?"

Once upon a time in faraway India a prince dreamed of having a garden surpassing all gardens in loveliness. In the very center of it was a beautiful lake. It was a very strange lake, however, different from all others he had ever seen, for its water was rare perfume, the sweet scent of which filled the garden.

When he awoke, he wondered how he could make his dream come true for he did not have enough wealth to fill such a lake with perfume. For a long time he thought and thought, and then the idea came to him that he would ask each person in the surrounding country on an appointed day to bring a small vial of perfume and empty it into the lake.

So, word was sent out that on a certain day the prince was to give a great party to which those were invited who would bring a small vial of sweet-scented perfume. The people were excited over the invitation and looked forward with great happiness to the day when they would visit the far-famed garden of the wealthy prince.

On the ~~great~~ day set a great ~~celebration~~

caravan of happy people wended their way toward the home of the prince. Some came on donkeys, some on camel, and some trudged along the dusty road, but all, rich and poor, were merry, and in the hand of each was a small vial. When they arrived, they were guided to the center of the garden where they emptied the contents of their vials into the lake.

To the astonishment of the prince however, there was no miracle of lovely perfume. Wondering, he stepped to the lake and taking some of the liquid in a cup, found that it was just ordinary water, nothing more.

Then he discovered what had happened. Each of his guests had had the same thought. To themselves they had said, "This vial is so small. It will make little difference what I fill it with. Among so many, my gift of perfume will not be missed. So I'll fill my vial with water." Each one had brought water, and lo! instead of a sweet-scented lake the prince had but a lake of water.

"My part will not be missed. It won't make any difference whether I go or not." Have you ever said that?

And have you brought to an undertaking only water of inaction instead of the perfume of your part well done?

This world is made up of a great many small things. Suppose each leaf on a tree were to say to itself some night, "I am only a leaf; I might as well wither and fall off." The next morning the beautiful tree in your front yard would have no leaves. Every leaf is necessary to the life of a tree.

Or supposing each string of a harp were to think, "I am only one of so many strings. I'll just grow flabby and stop playing." What would happen to the beautiful music of the harp? There would be none of course, for the music of the harp depends upon each string's doing its part.

Or suppose again that the boys and girls in this class should say, "What am I among so many? I'll stay home today." There would be no class, or church, of course, for these groups are made up of you and you -- a number of you's all put together, each one playing a necessary part. You cannot make a church or a class out of empty
over

seats.

Nor can Jesus bring his Kingdom of love out of a number of loveless, empty hearts. ~~to pour into the lake of~~
~~love which Jesus is building in his~~
~~Father's beautiful garden called earth~~ When you fail, if you ever do, to bring the love of your heart to pour into the lake of love which Jesus is building in his Father's beautiful garden called earth, know that your failure postpones the glad day when the "love of God will fill the hearts of men as the waters fill the sea.

Or suppose each of us were to think I am only one of many others. I'll just grow bigger and give "I'll just grow bigger and give" to the beautiful music of the heart. There would be none of course, for the music of the heart depends upon each string's doing its part.

Or suppose again that the love and life in this class should say, "What am I among so many? I'll stay here today." There would be no class, or church, of course, for these things are made up of you and you -- a number of you's all put together, each one playing a necessary part. You cannot make a church or a class out of empty

In a certain museum in New York there is an interesting object. The horns of two goats are locked together. If we use our imaginations an exciting picture unfolds before us.

Two obstinate goats one day had a quarrel. First they probably talked angrily, snarling and shouting defiance; then they locked horns for a bitter struggle. For hours they fought, perhaps in the moonlight, maybe in the hot noontime, but at last to their dismay they found that they could not pull apart. Having locked their horns in a death struggle, they became so interlocked that they were joined forever. Hence the sad ending: both died. No one knows which was right; the one who was right died with the one who was wrong. Both met the same fate; the innocent was destroyed with the guilty.

The Proverbs writer must have been thinking of some such case when he wrote, "It taketh away the life of the owners thereof." How true it is of all fighting for gain or mastery.

It is true of war, which plagues this world right now. War is disaster over

no matter how you take it. That is, there is no such thing as winning a war, for everyone loses when bombs begin to scatter death. Here are two nations eyeing one another across the border with suspicion. The leader of one makes demands which seem unjust to the other. Notes are exchanged about it and finally they lock horns in a death struggle, for all war is death. After mutilating and killing millions of men, women and children, there comes what is mis-called peace, but in reality there is no peace but only more hate, more desire for revenge. As a result more wars arise and the death-dealing goes marching down the years. Once having locked their horns in war, there is no escape for the nations; only death remains, unless of course they discover in time that the only way out is the way of good will and brother interest in the welfare of each other.

But let us bring it home to ourselves. Suppose you have a grievance against your playmate, what will you do? "I'll show him something," you may say. "He can't do that to me! I'll get back at him!" And get back at him you do with hate in your heart. You may hurt him a bit with your harsh

words and actions, but what you have actually done, I think, is to hurt yourself. The hate in your heart does not help you; in fact it produces a poison which runs freely through your body and your mind so that you are never the same again. In the end you are worse off than the one you tried to hurt. That is to say, in locking horns with your enemy, both of you lose. The end of hate is death.

On the other hand you could go to one who has hurt you and give him your hand in friendliness. He might not forgive you, but you will have done the best you could, and there is no poison left in your heart. This was the way of Jesus: he forgave his enemies and tried to win them by love.

Friendliness, good will, kindness, forgiveness are the only way out for nations and for boys and girls.

These two goats never learned that way. Don't be a goat!

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Friendliness, good will, kindness,
forgiveness are the only way out for
actions and for boys and girls.

These two coats never learned that
way. Don't be a fool!

Almost 3000 years ago the people of Palestine had a king named Saul whose son was Jonathan. Jonathan and David were great friends. David, a handsome and talented young man of the court, was a musician and often when Saul was troubled about matters of his empire, he would call David in and have him play. We know that David afterward wrote some of our Psalms which have been read and sung in our churches for years. Very often we repeat one of the most beautiful of the Psalms in our service, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

David was very popular with many young men of Palestine and as often happened in those days, they wanted to make him king. Rumors of this came to Saul and he became very jealous, so jealous that he actually led an expedition to kill this young man David.

David fled into the wilderness with a band of men who were loyal to him. For days Saul hunted but could not find him. Finally word came that David was in the region called En-

Engedi. When Saul arrived there with his men, darkness was coming on so he lay down just inside the entrance of the cave of Adullam with his men about him to guard.

Now it so happened that earlier in the evening David and his men had gone to that same cave but had moved further in. Imagine how frightened they must have been and how surprised to have Saul their enemy come and go to sleep at their very feet.

What a chance that was for David to get revenge! It would be very easy for him to slip out when all were asleep and kill Saul; then he might be made king. David's soldiers wanted him to do it. "You will never have a better chance," they said.

But David felt differently. Why should he kill the father of his best friend, Jonathan? More than that, was not Saul king of the Israelites, the chosen people of God?

So this is what David did. In the middle of the night, when all was still, and only the breathing of the soldiers could be heard, David slipped out to Saul and cut with his

sword a piece from the king's garment. Then he went back into the cave.

The next morning Saul and his soldiers left. After they were a safe distance away, David shouted to Saul, holding up the piece of cloth cut from the royal robe.

David said, "Behold you were in my power, but I spared your life. Why do you listen to your men when they say that David seeketh to hurt you? I do not wish your life even though you are trying to take mine."

When David had finished speaking, Saul was so affected that he wept. "Is this thy voice, my son, David?" He called David his son. "You are more righteous than I, for you have done good to me whereas I have only done evil to you. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? Now I know you will surely be king for this was a kingly deed, and I feel sure that Israel will be safe in thy hand."

Saul went back to his court, and David went on his way rejoicing.

What a wonderful way to treat an

enemy! : The one who does that, has no enemies. Generosity disarms enemies and makes them into friends.

And you will remember that the greatest friend the world has ever known, hanging upon the cross in suffering and agony, prayed to God for those who had hung him there, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "And I say unto you," said Jesus at another time, "love your enemies, pray for them that persecute you and despitefully use you, that ye may be sons of your Father who is heaven." If you are children of God, love your enemies!

Can another person tell whether you love your father and mother? Yes -- by your desire to give to them. They love you, it is plain, for their love causes them to give to you. He who love gives, says Jesus. God loves us; we know it by the way He gives to us.

It was God's love in his heart that made a Japanese man know around the world some years ago. His name was Kagawa. He could not rest until he went into the poorest section of a Japanese city to help those who had to live there. He almost starved, caught a dread disease from a beggar whom he took into his little house six feet wide and six feet long, but he never stopped loving people with all his strength and with all his soul.

And when a terrible earthquake shook Tokyo and fire swept that large city, Kagawa was called by the Japanese government to take charge of the work for those who had no place to live nor food to eat. They offered him \$9000 a year, which at that time was a great deal of money. He said he would be glad to undertake the work if they would not make him take the money. A few years ago he received contributions over

at meetings held in America but not a cent did he take for himself over and above his expenses; all went back to his work for the people of Japan. He wanted to establish 1000 churches at \$300 each for the villages and cities of his country.

Kagawa ~~is~~^{was} a Christian, the kind of Christian God intended us all to be, and we will do well to study his life, learn more about him and see how much like Christ he is.

This incident will help us to see his Christianity. In the heart of Shanghai way over in China, across part of the sea from Japan, there ~~is~~ was a Christian church whose Chinese pastor during the Japanese invasion there before World War II ~~urged~~ urged his people to act like Christ. So for months every day at noon he rang the church bell as a reminder to the people that they should pray, pray for themselves, that they might not be selfish, and for him, their minister, that he might be kept true and brave, and for the Japanese that their eyes might be opened to the wrongdoing they were then committing in China. But when the Japanese attacked Shanghai, the soldiers dragged the Chinese minister, his wife, two

sons and a nephew from the basement of the church where they had gone to be safe, and killed them.

Not long after, there was a large crowd assembled in that church, a crowd which packed it to the door. Why? A great Japanese -- Kagawa, was to preach. A Japanese minister speaking in a Chinese church! Why did the Chinese whose minister had been murdered by Japanese soldiers, come out to hear a Japanese man? Why? Because it was Kagawa, and they knew the love in his heart.

An elderly man introduced Kagawa by saying, "We who are gathered here today are not men and women, old or young, Japanese or Chinese. We are all one in Christ Jesus."

Then Kagawa spoke, and I want to give you some of his words, which are worth remembering:

"Dear Brothers and Sisters: I have prayed the Lord to let me stand here. If we did not have Christianity, I would not stand here. Because you are Christian and forgive, you let me stand over

in this pulpit. I personally regret the things we have done as a nation. My text is: He is our peace who hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. Jesus Christ is the only one who can break down the present wall between China and Japan. He has made and can make two peoples and two nations into one. He has made and can make two peoples and two nations into one. Because you have already manifested the most ethical, gracious result of his Spirit on this occasion, I am able to be here. Let us pray that real Christianity may be established forever in our countries. Let us pray that Christ may be heard in the world. Then there will be no militarists and no war. The way will be paved for peace.

Love gives. Love forgives. Love makes peace. Love keeps peace. "For God so loved the world that he gave..."

Dear Brothers and Sisters: I have saved the Lord to let me stand here. If we did not have Christ with us, we would not stand here. Because you are Christian and forgive, you let me stand here.

THE RADCLIFFE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

It was Thanksgiving morning in the Radcliffe home, and all the children, Helen, Tom, Herbert and Esther, were very excited. "This is turkey day," shouted the eldest, Tom, as he buckled on his roller skates for a turn around the block. The others ran after him, shouting, laughing, and talking about drum sticks and gravy, their favorite dishes, and what fun it would be to have their grandfather and grandmother, to enjoy the feast with them.

After a long wait, mealtime came, and then a family bell was rung as the doors were opened to the dining room. With a wild rush the children dashed into the room, but stopped quickly when they saw the table. Their faces fell. There was nothing on the Thanksgiving table but dishes, no food at all, not even a scrap.

Yes, there was something: on each plate were a dozen or more kernels of corn. The children looked at each other in disgust. No one said a word. Father and mother sat down and the children with glum faces reluctantly took their seats. Something was wrong they could see that, but they couldn't quite make it out.

"Where's the turkey?" cried Helen, who couldn't hold her words any longer

Mrs. Radcliff rang the little bell on the table, and Matilda, the cleaning lady who had agreed to help serve the big Thanksgiving dinner this year, came in. Mrs. Radcliff said to her, "What is the meaning of this? Is this all we have?"

"I'm afraid it is ma'am," she said. "You see, I have had difficulty in getting food."

The children groaned.

"Nonsense!" said Mother. "I ordered a turkey. Bring it in, please."

Matilda went to the kitchen and returned to the room with a piece of paper. "Someone brought this note to the back door," she said.

Mrs. Radcliff read it aloud: "Dear Thanksgiving Celebrator: We are sorry but we are unable to furnish you with a turkey this year. On account of wet weather, most of our young turkeys died." Signed, Turkey Farmers of Ohio.

There's the thing, "I'm afraid it is what I am," she said.

"You see, I have had difficulty in getting food," she said.

"I'm afraid it is what I am," she said.

He said nothing more.

"I'm afraid it is what I am," she said.

"I'm afraid it is what I am," she said.

"I'm afraid it is what I am," she said.

...giving dinner --- 3

"Gee Whiz!" said Herbert, "I didn't realize that the farmers way out there raised our turkeys."

"Well then," said mother, "bring in the potatoes. We will get along somehow. After all, food is not the most important part of giving thanks day."

Again, Matilda came back with a note this time from the potato growers of Idaho: "We were unable to get our potatoes planted on time owing to the late spring. Sorry." --Idaho Potato Growers Association.

"Whew!" exclaimed Esther, "so our potatoes were to have come from Idaho."

"Matilda," said Mrs. Radcliff, "supposing you bring in the cranberry sauce."

All that came back was word that the cranberry crop had failed this year.

In desperation the mother began asking for other articles. Salt -- the salt-producers were on strike. Pumpkin pie -- the grocery delivery truck had broken down. Celery -- the crop was very small this year, and hardly enough for the local markets

"The main thing," said Robert, "is to
make sure that the farmers who are
interested in the project."

"Well then," said another, "this is
the potatoes. He will not lose any
of them. After all, food is not the only
thing that is important in life."

While Mattie came back with a
load of potatoes from the potato growers
of the area. "The more people who grow
potatoes planted on this side of the
mountain, the better it is for the
potato growers."

"Now!" exclaimed Robert, "so our
potatoes will have come from Idaho."

"Well then," said Mrs. Bennett,
"we will have to buy in the quantity
of potatoes."

"I think that camp food was very good
and that the potatoes were very good."

In discussion the other day
talking for other articles. Well --
the self-producers were on the
mountain -- the grocery delivery
truck had broken down. Delay --
the driver was very well this year and
hardly expect to see the old man

so none had been shipped. Coffee--way down in Brazil something queer had happened to the men who gathered the coffee; what it was they couldn't quite make out from the note scrawled in a strange hand.

"Well, I guess that's that," said Mr. Radcliff. "It's tough, but we'll have to make the best of it." With that he tried to crack a kernel of corn between his teeth, but to his amazement the grain flew out of his mouth. The children, however, were too much put out to smile.

"After all," he continued, "our Pilgrim Fathers had only some corn left after that first hard winter. They got along somehow.

"But we can't!" said Tom angrily, as he jumped from his place to leave the room.

"Come back, Tom," said his mother quietly. "Just a moment. We have had a great many Thanksgiving Days together, haven't we? But never once have we given a thought to those thousands of hard-working people who make our dinners possible; farmers

2

The Radcliffe's Thanksgiving Dinner

railroad men, commission merchants, grocery men, butchers, delivery men, and steamship crews, who grow, prepare and bring our goods to us. And what have we done for our dinners? Nothing. Why, we haven't even thanked God for rain and heat, soil and seed without which there would be no food at all. I understand now what the minister said last Sunda, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits." We have been forgetting in this household. We didn't even go to church this morning to give thanks on a day set apart for such thanksgiving."

Tom slumped down in his seat, and the others only half convinced, murmured under their breath about how hungry they were.

"That's right!" said Mr. Radcliff. "You are absolutely right, Mother. God has been good to us through the years, and we have not been very good to him. We have had too much given to us, I guess, so that we have forgotten the Giver. Now we are going to turn over a new leaf and try to live our thanks. What do you all say?"

...with my own, counting on a certain
...and bid us to go to us. And what
...and we have for our...
...and we have't even the...
...and for the and head, and...
...with... there would be no...
...at all. I understand now...
...and... and...
...the... I have been...
...in this household. He didn't
...even to church this morning to give
...thanks on a day set apart for men
...the..."

...you allowed down in his...
...the others only felt...
...and under their... about how many
...they were.

"...!" said Mr. ...
...of...
...and we have not seen very...
...I...
...so that we have forgotten the
...to...
...and try to live...
..."

The children did not answer but they were very quiet and subdued, and seemed just a bit ashamed; it was clear that they were doing some thinking.

Just then -- the door flew open and what should come in but an immense steaming turkey on a huge platter with Matilda back of it grinning from ear to ear. Imagine the excitement and confusion! It wasn't true after all! There was a real turkey with stuffing, gravy, sweet potatoes and all the fixin's. This time they bowed their heads low and happily and with understanding as Mr. Radliff thanked God for all his goodness to them.

The child ran this hot answer, but
they were very quiet and subdued, and
seemed just a bit alarmed; I was
clear that they were doing something
...
... the door flew open and
that I could come in but an immense
steamship lurked on a huge platform
...
... I was in the excitement and
... I was! I was! I was! I was!
... there was a great turkey with stuffing
... sweet potatoes and all the
... This time they bowed their
heads low and passed by and with under-
standing eyes, but they thanked God
for all his goodness to them.