

Sisters All!

Dear Martha,

I have been busy, as usual, with a variety of things. In between times, I've been trying to get over to the hospital to visit several of our church folk. Kay Thompson had a new baby daughter, old Mrs. Roberts broke her hip, and Joyce Waring's father had a heart attack.

Every visit to a hospital is an illuminating experience for me. There is so much drama, such vital decisions at stake, so many daily tragedies right within its walls. Every patient represents so many hopes and fears, disrupted plans and ambitions, and long days and nights of painstaking convalescence. A hospital experience compels one to sift carefully all the values formerly taken for granted, and those that remain are invariably the Christian virtues of compassion, kindness, unshakable faith, patience, genuine goodness, and inner peace.

Perhaps, it is good for us, at times, to be reduced to these ultimate realities of life. It is easy to lose sight of them in the busy schedule of our days, with their emphasis on routine needs and pleasures. And yet those very basic values are, without doubt, the real answer to the search for happiness that is a fundamental drive in every one of us.

Happiness is such an elusive thing. Sometimes I find myself brimful of unanswered questions about it: Should Christians be happier than other people? How can our happiness be vindicated, when there is so much misery around us in the world? Is happiness our privilege or our duty? Are we ever justified in seeking happiness? Why are we sometimes happier when circumstances are against us than when nothing is wrong?

If happiness is brought about by an inner attitude rather than by outer circumstances, what are the factors that aid in producing it, and vice versa? The best way I know to find out is to look at a happy person, and the one who comes immediately to my mind is Mrs. Collins, our town librarian. I don't think you ever met her, but I have grown to appreciate and admire her.

She was left a widow with two little boys and no income, but she managed with a part-time job in our small library. The children had their quota of accidents, childhood ills, and minor misfortunes, all of which she met alone and handled with such resources as she had, including her faith in God. She worked long hours and she would get tired, but she was always cheerful and optimistic.

As the boys needed her less, she devoted what time she could to others. I am always hearing about sick old ladies she visits regularly, or baskets of mending she has done for busy young mothers. Her boys are grown and married now, but her home is a heaven for somebody's stray cousin or great aunt, as well as her five little grandchildren and their friends.

Her health has never been very good, but she is grateful for what strength she has and uses it for the benefit of anyone she can help. She's much too busy to be bored, and too much interested in other people to worry about herself.

Overcoming hardships has not been the source of her strength; it has seemed rather to be the result of it. And the strength itself—perhaps that has been largely "the joy of the Lord." I think I would call her an example of Christian happiness and of the simple Christian virtues. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Your loving sister, Mary

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"It is vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not how little we are in His company here and now."

It's DVBS Time

WE ARE AGENTS FOR
GOSPEL LIGHT &
STANDARD

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AN APPEAL TO ALL SUNDAY SCHOOLS

To Pastors and Sunday School Superintendents:

It will only be a few weeks and we will be at Beulah Camp. Again this year we would like to do some work on the childrens' tabernacle.

During a storm last fall a large tree fell on the tabernacle causing considerable damage to the roof. This along with other repairs will require more money again this year.

We have for the past two years asked each Sunday School if they would give one Sunday offering in June for this purpose and the maintaining the childrens' play grounds.

A number of churches have come to our aid in the past, for which we are grateful. We want to say "thank-you", and would appreciate your help again this year.

Send contributions to: Mr. Jack Stevens,
c/o Bethany Bible College,
Yarmouth, N. S.

OFF DUTY FOR GOD 'TILL FALL

I forgot my church in the summer-time,
Just the time when I was needed most,
I was not away, but each Lord's Day,
I just failed to be at my post.

I forgot my church in the summer-time
As I lazily lay in bed,
While the faithful few had my work to do,
And I was spiritually dead.

I forgot my offering in the summer-time,
When he needed it most of all,
While my cash was spent, I was pleasure bent,
Just off duty for God until fall.

I forgot my class in the summertime,
But the Devil did not forget,
Working day and night, he kept up the fight,
He's a go-getter, you can bet.

I forgot my soul in the summertime,
Got along without spiritual food;
While my Lord on high sent me blessings,
I showed naught but ingratitude.

If my Lord should come in the summertime
When from my duty to God I am free,
Wonder what I'll do, when my life is through,
If by chance, He should forget me?

—Selected

The King's Highway