

The Christian Informer

The word of Life

PSALMS 110-119

18 I will pay my vows unto the Lord
now in the presence of all his people,
19 in the courts of the Lord's house,
in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 117

PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations;
praise him, all ye people.
2 For his merciful kindness is great
toward us, and the truth of the Lord en-
dureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 118

GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he
is good; because his mercy endureth
for ever.
2 Let Israel now say, that his mercy
endureth for ever.

3 Let the house of Aaron now say, that
his mercy endureth for ever.
4 Let them now that fear the Lord say,
that his mercy endureth for ever.
5 I called upon the Lord in distress;
the Lord answered me, and set me in a
large place.

6 The Lord is on my side; I will not
fear: what can man do unto me?
7 The Lord taketh my part with them,
that help me; therefore shall I see my
desire upon them that hate me.

8 It is better to trust in the Lord than
to put confidence in princes.
9 All nations compassed me about;
but in the name of the Lord will I de-
stroy them.

11 They compassed me about; yea,
they compassed me about; but in the
name of the Lord I will destroy them.
12 They compassed me about like bees;
they are quenched as the fire of thorns;
for in the name of the Lord I will de-
stroy them.

13 Thou hast thrust sore at me that I
might fall; but the Lord helped me.
14 The Lord is my strength and song,
and is become my salvation.

15 The voice of rejoicing and salvation
is in the tabernacles of the righteous:
the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

16 The right hand of the Lord is ex-
alted: the right hand of the Lord doeth
valiantly.

17 I shall not die, but live, and shall
the works of the Lord. The Lord hath
broken the death. The stones which
were set against me, shall become
my steps. The stones which were set
against me, shall become my steps.
The stones which were set against me,
shall become my steps. The stones
which were set against me, shall
become my steps. The stones which
were set against me, shall become
my steps. The stones which were set
against me, shall become my steps.

18 Open to me the gates of righteous-
ness; I will go into them, and I will
praise the Lord.
19 This gate of the Lord, the righteous
shall enter in. I will praise thee, for
thou hast heard me, and art become
my salvation. The stones which were
set against me, shall become my
steps. The stones which were set
against me, shall become my steps.

20 Blessed be the name of the Lord
for evermore. The Lord is the name
of the Lord; he hath made us
known. The Lord is the name of the
Lord; he hath made us known. The
Lord is the name of the Lord; he
hath made us known. The Lord is
the name of the Lord; he hath made
us known. The Lord is the name of
the Lord; he hath made us known.

21 I will praise thee, O Lord, with
the voice of organ, and with the
voice of psalter, and with the voice
of harp, and with the voice of
chorus, and with the voice of organ,
and with the voice of psalter, and
with the voice of harp, and with the
voice of chorus. The Lord is the
name of the Lord; he hath made us
known. The Lord is the name of the
Lord; he hath made us known.

22 Thou art my God, and I will
praise thee; thou art my God, and I
will praise thee. Thou art my God,
and I will praise thee. Thou art my
God, and I will praise thee. Thou
art my God, and I will praise thee.

23 O give thanks unto the Lord,
for he is good; for his mercy endureth
for ever. O Lord, I beseech thee,
answer me. O Lord, I beseech thee,
answer me. O Lord, I beseech thee,
answer me. O Lord, I beseech thee,
answer me.

24 Blessed be the name of the Lord
for evermore. The Lord is the name
of the Lord; he hath made us
known. The Lord is the name of the
Lord; he hath made us known. The
Lord is the name of the Lord; he
hath made us known. The Lord is
the name of the Lord; he hath made
us known.

25 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.
26 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.
27 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.

28 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
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O Lord, do not take away my soul.

40 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.

41 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.

42 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.

43 My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
O Lord, do not take away my soul.

PSALM 119

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy
statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.
Give me understanding, and I shall
obey thy law; yea, I shall observe it
with my whole heart.

2 Make me to go in the path of thy
commandments; for therein do I delight.
3 Incline my heart unto thy testi-
monies, and not to vanities. Turn away
mine eyes from idols, and quicken thou me in thy
law.

4 Establish thy word unto thy servant,
O Lord, whom thou hast loved; for thy
word is truth. Turn away my reproach
which I fear; for thy judgments are good.
I have longed for thy judgments, O Lord;
quicken me in thy righteousness.

5 Let thy mercies, O Lord, come also unto me;
according to thy word. Let thy
word be my salvation, according to
thy word. Let thy word be my
salvation, according to thy word.

6 Let thy word be my salvation, according
to thy word. Let thy word be my
salvation, according to thy word.

7 Let thy word be my salvation, according
to thy word. Let thy word be my
salvation, according to thy word.

8 Let thy word be my salvation, according
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15 Let thy word be my salvation, according
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salvation, according to thy word.

"GOING TO MEETING"

WHAT is in your mind when on a Sunday morning you say, "Let's go to church"? Did you ever search your own thoughts to find what you go to church for?

I have been in some communities where going to church is called "going to meeting." In Puritan New England the church was known as the "meeting house." In Germany the service is known as "Gottesdienst." In Swedish the corresponding phrase is "Gudstjänst." Both terms mean "service of God"—not that man thereby serves God, but that the season of worship affords an opportunity for God to aid man. It is, surely, an acceptable service rendered unto God when in worship he proffers thanks and praise and prayer. But worship is more a means of God's gift to us, than of ours to Him.

Thus we "go to church" not only to meet one another, though many a one makes such a social purpose his aim in attending services. Nor do we go primarily to do some good deed in the sight of God. People there are, plenty, who count steady attendance in church as one of the virtues which God some day will count when He distributes His rewards. Such church-going is not worship in spirit and in truth. No less an authority than Jesus Christ has told us the proper attitude in which to attend church. "Two men went up to the temple to pray." You remember the rest of the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. The latter went home justified. He went to seek the grace of God.

How great a difference this makes in one's worship! Probably we will not notice so much the clothes our fellows wear. Nor be so critical of the choir. Nor judge the minister so harshly. Churchgoers should be expert in the finding of faults—in themselves. That was the superiority of the Publican, who not so much as lifted up his eyes to scan critically others who were there that Sabbath, but who knew his own heart and self, "Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner!" Much of our spiritual weakness in respect to worship and church attendance is due not to the way we leave the church, nor altogether to the way we "sit through the service" (how revealing that phrase!) but mostly in the way we come to church. We don't know how rightly to go to church. We go, seeking wrongly. Many a one goes seeking only to find faults. And the success of such an one is the tragedy of it all—that's all he finds.

Go to church with a prayer in your heart. Let your first act be an act of prayer. Bow your head in silent petition. Pray for His presence who makes this house a house of prayer and a temple. Pray that He may reveal Himself to you this hour. Pray that the Spirit of the Lord may touch the lips of the pastor, the voices of the choir, the hearts of your fellow-worshippers, that altogether you may bow humbly in adoration before Him, who can grant spiritual gifts to His children. Pray that you may leave the church a purer soul than when you entered. Come to church to find God!



PLAYING WITH CHRISTIANITY

THE heading is an accusation. It is an indictment of much that is called church membership. Christianity essentially is faith. It is trust in God, not in any old figment of the imagination which we are pleased to call God, but in God as He has revealed Himself to men first in His Word and then in His Son, Jesus Christ. That faith is surrender. We are confident that by the atoning work of Jesus all the barriers between Him and us have been removed. We are gloriously sure that He has forgiven our sins and made us His children. We therefore yield ourselves to Him, submitting to His guidance and making His will our own. That is faith or, if you will, Christianity, and that issues in a life of obedience to God.

We play with Christianity when we would make our own all its blessings, without assuming any of its responsibilities. We want to be sure of God. We want to be comforted by His presence in our lives and by the thought that whatever happens we are His children. We want to know that heaven is our destiny. But at the same time we want to do just as we please. Not His will, but our

whims determine our actions. Not sacrifice, but self-indulgence is our motto. Not the eternal, but the ego dominates our lives. That is playing with Christianity.

That type of Christianity, we are afraid, is largely represented in our churches today. It accounts for the feebleness of the church. It is responsible for debility and deficits. When so many church members deliberately stay away from church services, when they do little or nothing financially and otherwise, when they fail to pray regularly, when they are not interested in the Word of God or in the work of His church, the conclusion is inevitable: they are playing with Christianity. They may be doing it ignorantly. They may be unconscious of their fatal error. But the fact remains: they are playing with Christianity.

Now no one can have his cake and eat it. Christianity cannot be used as a toy. God is not mocked. God demands our best. Refusal to surrender invites rejection.

Every church member should ask himself periodically: Am I playing with Christianity?

The Christian Informer

Volume 13

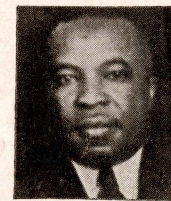
Baltimore, Maryland - April-May-June, 1958

Number 4-5-6

THE CHRISTIAN INFORMER

Baltimore, Maryland

A Monthly Publication Devoted to the Restoration of Primitive Christianity, Its Doctrine, Its Ordinances and Its Fruits.



Ye should earnestly contend for the faith - Jude verse 3.

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W. H. (Baltimore) Taylor, Editor
Office - Emmanuel Building, 1702 Madison Ave.,
Baltimore 17, Md. Phone Madison 36340-W

A NATIONAL JOURNAL
Official Organ of the National Christian
Preaching Convention

If you saw it in the Christian Informer it must be true.

Editorial

Does This Answer Your Question?

The National Christian Preaching Convention of Churches of Christ, is not a splinter group from the National Christian Missionary Convention of Disciples of Christ. The reverse is true.

The National Christian Preaching Convention, follows the line laid down in the New Testament; and preached by the founding fathers of the National Christian Missionary Convention.

In recent years, the National Christian Missionary Convention "Removed the ancient landmarks which the founding fathers set: "and replaced them with open membership landmarks, made and shaped in Indianapolis, Ind. The National Christian Preaching Convention of Churches of Christ, will continue to steer the ship by the compass, (New Testament) and not become concerned, by the criticisms or complements made by our friends or enemies.

* * *

Be Yourself

We recommend, that the National Christian Missionary Convention be itself; not a faded copy of a certain open membership convention.

* * *

Play Ball

The score is forty-one to nothing. After forty-one years of playing convention, the score between a certain national convention

and a certain super organization is forty-one to nothing, in favor of the super organization. The convention has nothing to show for the years they have been playing, but a few over-size, out-of-date, second hand church buildings, heavily mortgaged and in need of repairs.

* * *

Strike Three

This super organization have pitchers, who can throw strikes. Some of their pitchers struck out the New Testament Doctrine, and made an open membership doctrine of their own.

Some of their pitchers struck out the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ.

Some of them struck out Lord's Day Night church worship.

Some of their pitchers struck out Mid-Week Prayer Meeting.

They struck out all schools and colleges of a certain convention, except one and there are, no balls and two strikes on that college.

They struck out a certain convention paper, after more than forty-one years of good batting.

* * *

A Strike-Out Preacher

A certain preacher we know is quite a strike-out preacher. He struck out the name Disciples of Christ, the church is now known as a "Congregational Church."

This preacher struck out the weekly observance of the Lord's Supper.

He struck out the New Testament, as his rule of faith and practice, his church is now ruled by a "Congregational Church Discipline."

This preacher struck his members out. He put them in the Congregational Church and Conference; without their knowledge.

This preacher struck himself out, by leaving the New Testament Church and uniting with a man-made church.

* * *

Other Teams

Watching other teams play, and reading what they publish in some of their papers.

The Christian Informer, is forced to believe, that some of their pitchers and editors would strike-out the United States Supreme Court Decision of May 17, 1954, if possible. "Thanks be to God," The Supreme Court has spoken, and the game is over.

"Thanks be to God," we have a President, (An Umpire) who will throw you out of the park; if you interfere with the Supreme Court Decision of May 17, 1954.

* * *

Up High

Several years ago, the editor met a certain person in a certain city; and a member of the

Christian Church. Up high in the educational, denominational, organizational and open membership circles.

That person subscribed for the Christian Informer on credit, and promised to mail the subscription money. We mailed that person every issue up to this time, but have not received a penny.

That person returned the March 1958 issue of the Christian Informer, to the editor by first class mail, with no explanation, or money to pay for the years we have sent the paper.

Could it be that this person, is up so high, that they are ashamed of the Church of Christ, its Doctrine, the Christian Informer and the Editor?

Christ said in Mark 8:38, "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation: of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed." Remember, your credit is still good with the Christian Informer.

* * *

"A Wedding Garment"

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment;

And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.

Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matthew 22:11.

If you have not been buried with Christ in baptism; you do not have on a wedding garment.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16:16.

EMMANUEL CHURCH OF CHRIST (Christian Church), Baltimore Maryland

"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized." Acts 2:41.

Much baptizing was done at Emmanuel Church, during the month of May. Those uniting with the church during the month of May are:

Sister Mildred Brooks, Brother James Henderson, Sister Julia Thornton, Sister Dorothy Lee, Sister Stephney Butler, Sister Shelia Butler, Brother Milton Snead, Sister Mildred Snead, Sister Sandra Snead.

LINCOLN'S BAPTISM

I was disappointed to find . . . (in) Settle's article (Feb. 3 issue) . . . no mention of the fact that Abraham Lincoln was immersed and became a member of a Disciples of Christ Church.

John O'Kane, a minister of the Disciples of Christ in the Springfield, Illinois, area actually baptized Abraham Lincoln. As Mr. O'Kane relates it: "On the night before Lincoln was to be baptized his wife cried all night. The matter was deferred as she thought, but soon after Lincoln and I took a buggy-ride. I baptized him in a creek near Springfield. We changed to dry clothing and returned to the city, and by his request I placed

his name on the church book. He lived and died a member of the Church of Christ."

This record has wide circulation among the Disciples of Christ. It has appeared from time to time in a number of local church publications.

First Christian Church Paul A. Remick, Lemoyne, Pa.

CHRISTIANITY TODAY Vol. II, No. 14, April 14, 1958.

"PIPER'S PRECHIN" HYMN OR HIM!

From the Cassville Christian Church Caller,
Cassville, Mo.

"We sing "Heavenly Sunlight"; and stay away from church because it's too hot. We sing "SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER"; and content ourselves with little, if any prayer. We sing "ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"; and wait to be drafted into the Lord's service. We sing "O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES"; and then we do not use the one we have to praise God. We sing "THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING", but do not come to the church when it rains. We sing "WHEN THEY RING THOSE GOLDEN BELLS", but we seem never to hear the church bells. We sing "SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS", and then gripe about all we have to do. We sing "BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS", and then let the slightest offense sever the tie of Christian love and fellowship. We sing "WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION", but fail to march to the Bible School. We sing "I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY", and yet we never mention it to our friends. We sing "CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD," and sing "O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS", and then wear ourselves out in travel, cutting grass, or other hard work; and are then grouchy about everything, and with everyone. We sing "THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE". and then spend the Lord's Day at throwing out the fishline. We can sing a lie just as easily as we can speak one! Do we condemn ourselves in the hymns we sing?"

FRIENDSHIP CHRISTIAN CHURCH

19 Richmond Street, New Brunswick, N.J.
Pastor, Zelmon D. Johnson

Sunrise services were held on Easter Sunday at 6:00 a.m. We had a very spiritual service which was largely attended. Breakfast was served at the close of the service. We express our sincere thanks to the Pastor, Elder Johnson, and the Christian Men's Fellowship for sponsoring and donating expenses for the breakfast. Sincere thanks to Mrs. Carol Austin and Mrs. Carletha Hood for the preparing and serving. A fine spirit of cooperation was shown and an enjoyable time was had by all.

Flowers for the church were donated by the Missionary Society, Sister Lizzie Grey, president.

The 11:00 a.m. sermon was delivered by the Pastor, Rev. Zelmon D. Johnson. His Text was, "I Am the Resurrection." Music was furnished by the senior choir for the Sunrise and morning services.

At 6:00 p.m. the C.Y.F. and Sunday School sponsored their "Evening Services." Mrs. Mary Mickens and Mrs. Lillian H. Foot were in charge.

However, Mrs. Mickens was sick with the measles and was unable to attend. Supt. of Sunday School, Marcel McKnight. Miss Nellie Grey was mistress of ceremonies for the evening. "A play entitled, "Easter Clothes" was presented by the youth. Songs by the junior choir. Mrs. Beatrice Taylor sang and acted, "The Old Rugged Cross."

A very fine program by the youth and they were commended on their wonderful job. Easter baskets were passed out to all the children of the school, and the visiting children were given baskets.

The "Easter Lily" was presented to the mother of the church, Sister Ora L. Johnson.

Pictures were taken of all at the close of the services.

Weekly prayer meeting held every Wednesday. 9:45 Sunday School every Sunday, 11:00 morning worship; 6:00 p.m., C.Y.F.; 7:30 evening services. Communion served every Lord's Day.

Please feel free to come out and worship with us at any time. We would be only too glad to have you.

Pastor, Elder Zelmon D. Johnson
Lillian H. Foot, Church Reporter

Thirteenth Annual Closing Exercises of THE COLLEGE OF THE SCRIPTURES Louisville, Kentucky Was held May 3-10, 1958 Sunday, May 4 at four Ground broken On New Campus, 1840 Old Shepherdsville Road

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

May 3, Saturday

At Ten - Incorporators Meeting
At One - Trustees Meet
At Eight - Class Exercise
709 West Magazine

May 4, Sunday

At Four - Ground Breaking
At Eight - Baccalaureate
Third Christian Church
Sixteenth and Chestnut

May 6-7-8-9

Examinations

May 10, Saturday

At Eleven - Commencement
Third Christian Church
Sixteenth and Chestnut

* * *

PERSONS GRACING OUR PROGRAM

Ground Breaking

Olin W. Hay, Minister
South Louisville Christian Church
Isaiah H. Moore, Dean

Baccalaureate

Julian Alyn Hunt, Evangelist
Chaplin, Kentucky

Commencement

Leland Tyrrell, President
Winston-Salem Bible College

"THE OLD BLACK HEN"

A MORAL

Once said a little rooster, "Gosh all hemlock; things are tough. It seems that worms are scarcer, and I cannot find enough,

What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me;

There were thousands through that rainy spell, but now where can they be?

The old black hen, who heard him, didn't grumble or complain,

She had gone through lots of dry spells, She had lived through floods of rain,

So she flew upon the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,

As she said, "I've never seen the time when there were no worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm,

The little rooster jeered, "New ground, that's no place for a worm."

The old black hen just spread her feet, she dug both fast and free,

I must go to "the worms," she said; the worms won't come to me."

The rooster vainly spent his day, through habit, by the ways,

Where fat worms passed in squads before, back in the rainy days;

When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough,

I'm hungry as a fowl can be, "Conditions sure are tough."

He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,

For you're not only hungry but you must be tired, too.

I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk,

But how are you? Without worms, too? And after all that work?"

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her eyes to sleep.

And murmured, in a drowsy tone, "Young man, hear this and weep,

I'm full of worms and happy, for I've dined both long and well,

The worms are there, as always--but I had to dig like hell.

(Albany Evening News)
Thanks to Mrs. Theobald

EACH DAY is a new day, and should be better than its predecessors. The mistakes and the successes of today should help make tomorrow better.

Letters to the Editor

Dayton 3, O.

Dear Christian Friend:

Enclosed two dollars, for "The Christian Informer". Also a card you can send back, then I will know you received money O.K.

This is the poem I promised a long time ago I would send you. Some may take it as a crazy poem--but true there is a great moral in it. This is one good line--

I must go to the worms, she said: the worms won't come to me.

This is a real old poem. I have five scrapbooks full of poems, will send you one more often if you would like to have them.

I never want to miss "The Christian Informer." Wishing you the best of luck in every way

Sincerely,

Tura T. Theobald

* * *

Greenwood, Miss.

Dear Bro. Taylor:

I am very sorry indeed that I have put off sending my subscription so long. Don't never doubt me, send the paper on. I am enclosing the sum of \$1.00 and my best wishes and prayers.

Hope you and all are well. We are doing fair. I have passed my 80th birthday for which I am grateful to God and Christ.

Yours for one faith,

M. F. Longs

* * *

Remus, Michigan

Dear Bro. Taylor:

Bro. Rouse of Detroit, mailed me a copy of The Informer and I have enjoyed reading it. Kindly put me on your mailing list, I am enclosing one dollar to cover the expense.

I have known Bro. Rouse for many years, he is a fine Christian man. I also know Tibbs Maxey and Mark Maxey, both have preached for us here at Remus. I have never visited the college at Louisville but hope to some time soon. I am glad to hear of the good work you are doing in Baltimore.

Yours in His Name,

Arthur Cross, Minister

Remus Church of Christ

* * *

New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Brother Taylor:

We were so happy to have you visit with us. You gave us such a spiritual uplift, we wish you could visit more often.

The Lord has been good to us. The church is coming along fine. We try to have some kind of a program every week to help swell the treasure.

We sure enjoy reading "The Christian Informer", there is so much information to be gained, if put into practice. It makes me feel good to know that someone is thinking in terms of the way things are going in the "Brotherhood" at large. God Bless you in this work, and may He preserve and keep you for His service.

Yours in Christ,

Elder Z. D. Johnson and Wife

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Brother Taylor:

Just a little donation to your CHRISTIAN INFORMER. Best wishes.

Sincerely,

Elmer C. Lewis, Minister

Squirrel Hill Christian Church

New And Renewed Subscribers

Elder F. B. Bradley, Washington, D.C. ,

Mr. Joseph Griffin, Maryland.

Mrs. M. E. Queen, Maryland.

Mr. Mitchel Brooks, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Potter J. Alexander, Maryland.

Mr. H. J. Smith, Maryland.

Mrs. T. T. Theobald, Ohio.

Miss Bertha Jackson, Maryland.

Mrs. Olivia Edmondson, Maryland.

Mr. Elmer C. Lewis, Minister, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. M. F. Langs, Mississippi.

Mr. James W. Franklin, Maryland.

Elder Arthur Cross, Michigan.

Same Today As It Was Yesterday

In spite of the high cost of living and everything else, The Christian Informer is the same today as it was yesterday. Only seventy-five cents a year.

Please renew your subscription. We need your help. Put a dollar bill and your name and address in an envelope, and mail it to the Editor of The Christian Informer, 1702 Madison Ave., Baltimore 17, Md.

1958

The 1958 session of the National Christian Preaching Convention will be held at Emmanuel Church of Christ, Baltimore, Maryland, Tuesday before the second Lord's Day in August, 1958.

Preaching, Praying, Singing and Shouting will be the order of the day. No board bill to pay. No room rent to pay. No reports to make. No registration fee to pay. No Laymen Fellowship to plot against the preachers. No organizations to crowd out the church.

All money raised at the Convention will be donated to the preachers doing the preaching, the Christian Informer and to the local church.

Good Manners

What a rare gift is that of good manners! How difficult to define and how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than to have wealth, beauty or talent. They will more than supply all these.

"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

IT IS fitting that one of the most inspiring of our hymns and processions should come to us from Great Britain, a nation known for its Christian citizenry and soldiery, and that in the production of this composition, two noted men should be associated, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould and Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

Christ, the Royal Master

Leads against the foe;

Forward into battle,

See, His banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

"Like a mighty army

Moves the Church of God;

Brothers, we are treading

Where the saints have trod.

We are not divided,

All one body we;

One in hope and doctrine,

One in charity.

"Crowns and thorns may perish.

Kingdoms rise and wane,

But the Church of Jesus

Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never

'Gainst that church prevail;

We have Christ's own promise,

And that cannot fail.

"Onward, then, ye people!

Join the happy throng,

Blend with ours your voices

In the triumph song;

Glory, laud and honor,

Unto Christ, the King,

This through countless ages,

Men and angels sing."

Besides acting as a rector of the Established Church of England, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, author of the words of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was a student of history, human nature and literature. He was a writer, and his works cover a wide range of interests. He was for a time editor of The Sacristy, a quarterly review of ecclesiastical literature and art. His studies in the superstitions, folk-lore and legends of the middle ages proved valuable, and he wrote "The Book of Werewolves," "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," and "Curiosities of Older Times." He was a lover of music also and the author of several hymns, both original and translated. He wrote an opera, "The Red Spider." To him is given credit for introducing into England from Flanders many carols and old Christmas music. His theological writings are numerous, and in the early part of the twentieth century he wrote "A Memorial of Nelson."

Who can resist the stirring, marching rhythm of the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"? That music was written by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, distinguished English composer. He was born of Irish parents in London in 1842, and as a boy was accepted as one of the children of the Chapel Royal. During the choristership he wrote several anthems, and his earliest published composition was a song, "O Israel," in 1855.

When fourteen years old the boy obtained the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and also at the Conservatory of Leipzig. His musical genius and skill carried him up to the rank of Doctor of Music, and his compositions included operettas, symphonies, overtures, anthems, oratorios, and finally grand opera, "Ivanhoe." His first great success in composition, we are told, was his "Orpheus With His Lute," which was soon followed by "The Lost Chord." He is held in highest repute, however, for his light opera compositions.

This gifted musician was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1883. He died in London in 1900.

HOME IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

IF THERE is one spot on earth which should most resemble heaven it is the place we call our home. And it is our part to make that home just what we know it ought to be. A man may shift the responsibility of reforming his neighbor's home on to that neighbor, but he cannot so shift the responsibility for his own home. It is his, and what it is he has very largely made it.

Most of us have very clear ideas as to what may be wrong with our home, but few of us have equally clear convictions that we ourselves are responsible for its failure, or partial failure. And yet it is evidently true that what the wife is, the husband has helped to make her, and what the husband is, the wife is in part responsible for. And what the children are, the parents must be held accountable for. If the chimney smokes, someone is to blame, and it is someone's business to put things

to rights; and that someone is usually toasting his toes by the fireside. If the meals are poor and badly served and the children dirty and uncared for, there is someone responsible for it all, and that person is usually one whom God has placed at the head of the home.

If one of the great pipes of an organ is out of tune, then the music will be badly marred; and if one unit in the home is out of tune, then the whole home suffers. But it is hard to convince the out-of-tune pipe that it is really the cause of the discord, instead, it asserts that all the other pipes are out of tune. It is important that they "get right with their own homes." There is no place where Christianity shines quite so brightly as in the home; and there is no place where its absence shows quite so plainly as there. The home is the great testing-place of the Christian.

Just One Of God's Ways

By HENRY F. MILANS

FOR SOME twenty years I have known intimately a sweet, simple old mother and her daughter.

Each gave to the other her all in affectionate care. The mother had little book learning; for when she should have been at school she was doing a man's work in the harvest fields.

But the daughter, by her own hard work and by her parents' skimping and saving, enjoyed the advantages of a higher education. With it, however, she absorbed a modern cynicism regarding religion and the future life. She is a fine, splendid woman, clean in thought and life, well worthy of the deep love we all have had for her.

This daughter's disbelief in God and the hereafter didn't worry me much, for it was so entirely unlike her not to believe in God and His Son, our Savior, that I felt sure she in time would just naturally turn to Him. God waited and watched over her, as He watches over all of us—good and bad.

The mother fell ill, and it was soon evident that she would have to die. Her life had been a long and full one. The old body was worn out. She had earned a rest. The daughter was heart-broken at the thought of losing her mother, and I watched to see what God was going to make out of the situation; I have great faith in God's loving wisdom.

For a week or more the dear old mother recognized those about her only momentarily. "Guess I'm going to leave you, child," she said to Sue one afternoon. She didn't open her eyes again for another whole day, and then, with trembling lips, she said weakly: "Oh, my Frank, you have come; and Carrie, too. I'm so glad." And her voice trailed away to a long sigh. ("Frank" was her husband, who had died years ago, and "Carrie" was an older sister, gone before some forty years.)

Not more than ten minutes after this scene the

tired old soul tightened her grip on that skeptical daughter's hand and breathed her last. She turned from the bedside, walked with bowed head into her own room, closed the door behind her. Half an hour later, when a relative ventured in to comfort her she found the sorrowing woman on her knees in penitence. Jesus had come with Father Frank and Aunt Carrie to greet Mother Mary as she "entered in through the gates into the City." And God Himself had come to fold in His own arms of love the daughter whose skepticism had been brushed aside by the triumphal passing of the sweet old mother. A stubborn child had been given a glimpse into the reality of the Promised Land, and she cried out: "Lord, I believe!" Bless her heart.

As a much-loved intimate, I was asked to have a part in the committal service at the graveside. This, somehow, seemed shorn of its usual cold formality, and became a meeting of prayer, praise and thanksgiving for the reality of life everlasting with Him.

That grave had surely lost all its sting. Instead of being an occasion for sorrowing, it was a time of victory and rejoicing for all of us who had known the situation as I recite it here. Mother Mary had died, but another soul had been born again in Christ Jesus.

As I walked away from the grave at the side of Sue, she looked up into my face and said, confidently: "I can now have faith that they will come for me, too, as they came for Mother."

How absurd it is for creatures as small as we to strive against Almighty God! "His ways for winning sinners to righteousness are as many as human souls."

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor," He has said. And again: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

-:- Jesus, the Christ -:-

*He built no temple, yet the farthest sea
Can yield no shore that's barren of His place
For bended knee.*

*He wrote no book, and yet His words and prayer
Are intimate on many myriad tongues,
Are counsel everywhere.*

*Without an effort to explain the wraith
Which we call life, He bade men have in God
Implicit faith.*

*He left no riches, yet much land and gold,
Safe under superscription of His sign,
As wealth untold.*

*The life He lived has never been assailed,
Nor any precept—as he lived it—yet
Has ever failed.*

*He built no kingdom, yet a King from youth
He reigned, is reigning yet; they call His realm
The kingdom of the truth.*

—Therese Lindsey