



Now therefore, our God,
we thank thee, and praise
thy glorious name.
1 Chr. 29:13.

Let us come before his
presence with thanksgiving,
and make a joyful
noise unto him with
psalms. Psalm 95:2.

Thanksgiving

For many years a special day of National Thanksgiving has been set aside by the President as a day to give thanks and praise to God for the material and spiritual blessings received during another year of labor and toil.

For all people who believe in God and obey His commandments and hope for the fulfillment of His precious promises, it is indeed a day of thanksgiving and praise.

For a nation as ours wherein freedom of religion still abounds it is also fitting and pleasing to God that the nation give thanks to God for this freedom of worship and for the many material blessings received and for His divine goodness.

At this "Thanksgiving time" many families will gather as in past years at homes of parents, sisters or brothers or friends to partake of the blessings of the earth and to enjoy the mutual fellowship and love of each other. There may be gatherings where vacant chairs are found, mothers and fathers may no longer be with us, and husbands, sons, or daughters may be serving our nation perhaps even in foreign lands, and some may pause and think that there is no "Thanksgiving" for them.

How blessed it is in such cases if they can be of those who are clothed with the armor of faith and have their whole trust in God and have the con-

(Continued on page 6)

The Importance of Thanksgiving Rev. Henry Souder, Bremen, Indiana

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. Psalm 100: verse 4.

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here and during these troubled days of world wide war, let us pause for a moment from our worries, toil, and earthly cares and think of the things for which we should be thankful.

TREASURED VERSES

PSALM 100:3-5

Know ye that the Lord he IS God: IT IS he THAT hath made us, and not we ourselves; WE ARE his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, AND into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, AND bless his name.

For the Lord IS good; his mercy IS everlasting; and his truth ENDURETH to all generations.

PSALM 103:1-4

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, BLESS his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

First, let us take for an example our dear Saviour, Jesus, the Son of God. Although He often said that He and the Father are one, He highly regarded His Father and during His mission on earth He often gave thanks to the Father. We read that at the Lord's Supper Jesus took the cup and gave thanks and then gave the cup to His disciples saying, "Drink ye all of it." We also read that He fed the multitude with a few loaves of bread and a few fishes but before feeding the multitude, He took the loaves and gave thanks. At the grave of Lazarus, the Lord said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me," knowing His prayer was answered even before He called Lazarus to come forth.

Paul, the apostle, thanked the Lord first of all for counting him faithful and putting him into the ministry. Paul then admonished the brethren to give thanks always for all things. In the Old Testament we are told that Daniel kneeled before his open window three times daily and gave thanks before his God even though by doing this his life was threatened by the persecutors of the Christians. These are just a few references showing us how important it is that we give thanks unto our Father in Heaven.

Jesus knew that in doing His Father's will His prayers were answered. So if we, with the grace of God, trust and obey our dear Lord, He will hear our prayers and accept our thanks.

He will help us to seek to further God's Word so that His Kingdom may come into the hearts of men. Should we not also include ourselves with those who deem it important to give thanks always for all spiritual blessings as well as our many earthly blessings.

We often think of our loved ones and the young men who are sacrificing so much for us and who are bearing the real burden of this war in order that we may have Peace and Liberty. It truly humbles us and we are moved to utter many humble prayers as we realize that they are often in great danger and standing in the need of prayer. We are thankful when we hear that our boys pray and read the Bible for in reading the Word of God, it becomes a voice speaking a personal message to the individual soul and will help us to live and prepare us to die. It is our sincere wish and prayer that God will bless and protect you, and guide you all safely home. So may now the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God be with us all. Amen.

THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY

By S. H. Froelich
(1 Corinthians 13)

IN THIS thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians the apostle Paul teaches us what is greatest of all gifts. Love. He says: "If I can speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a blaring trumpet or a clanging cymbal." Where love is lacking, there is no life; and therefore, even though someone would speak with the tongues of angels, and yet would not have love, his speech would be of no benefit either to him or to his hearers.

A musical instrument has no life and can bring forth no note until a person blows life into it; and as enchanting as the tones may be for the moment, so quickly are they again silent. It is the same way with false speakers. All their most finished words leave no life behind them. For if I had all knowledge and all faith, yes, and know all mysteries, I would be of no help to the church if I did not have love.

Much knowledge puffs up; and where love is lacking, pride easily re-

sults. It is, therefore, dangerous to have much knowledge with little love. Even though knowledge is very valuable for those who teach—yes, they should pray for it—yet it may become just so useless without love, for only love builds.

In regard to faith: All who would be converted must believe, but not all must have the faith which moves mountains. There is a difference between these two kinds of faith. The first must be had by all who would be converted, and this is called saving faith. The faith which moves mountains is possessed by few, and is called the miracle working faith.

"Though I give all my goods to the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, it profits me nothing." People's purposes, even though they think to do good, are often not the fruits of love. Often the motive is to win praise or honor or is the expectation of working out their salvation. The reward, however, in that case is lost, for true love is not the motive

Hymn for the Month TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL

Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus:

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Selected by **Henry Souder**,
Bremen, Ind.

* * *

Any one that wishes to select a hymn, is entirely welcome to do so.
Editor's Note.

force. Even believers shall carefully examine themselves to see whether what they do is done from pure love so that self-love or the desire for honor is not mixed with it.

For where the inner man is not wholly permeated by the love of God—which comes from God and which God Himself is—we cannot do anything in true love. It is really remarkable, and yet it is true, that a person might give his body up to be burned without having the true love of God. For many martyrs have died in whom there was no pure love, even though they believed to have offered their bodies for Christ's sake.

There are animals who in spite of their lack of understanding put people to shame by their loyalty. For example, the story is told of a lion who was rescued from a snake by a man who had joined in one of the Crusades. The lion became so attached to the benefactor that he absolutely did not want to be separated from the man any more. It happened that on his return trip the man had to board a ship on which he did not have permission to take the lion, and so had to leave him behind. The lion then jumped into the water and attempted to swim after the ship, but he was drowned. Does this act not shame unconverted people? For where are two on earth who love each other so sincerely?

Love is the foundation of the kingdom of God. Who continues in love, continues in God and God continues in him.

Faith, hope, and love are the three-fold cord that is not easily torn. And God draws us by this cord! The more that we free ourselves from the world, the nearer do we come to Him, and are between heaven and earth as was Jesus on the cross. The higher that we are drawn from the earth, the more are we able to see into the mysteries of God. If we so occupy ourselves with godly things, in quiet fellowship with God, we become more and more familiar with that which is of heaven and always nearer to that which God has planned for us to be! Yet we wait, though as not yet unveiled, until the Lord comes with all His saints to redeem us. Then will He give the crown of life to each of His faithful ones!

NEWS

Elmer Aeschliman, son of Elder Sam Aeschliman, of Bluffton was united in marriage to Jane Gerber, daughter of Homer Gerber, on Oct. 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norr entertained Sgt. Albert Norr who was home on furlough. Other out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chris Wuethrich and family and Miss Marjorie Wuethrich all of Francesville, Indiana.

The sewing circle met with Mrs. David Lantz on Oct. 3rd.

Mr. John Meiss of La Crosse, Indiana, visited his neice, Mrs. Robert Norr, on October 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bertsch entertained Mr. and Mrs. Phil Klaus and family on October 29th.

Edward Souder is home after the close of another semester at Dartmouth. We are always glad to see our Sunday School boys come home if only for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Getz and daughter, Edna, of Morton, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Getz of Peoria, Ill. visited their Uncle Edward Getz and other relatives here on Oct. 27. On Oct. 28th, Mrs. Al Frautschi and Mrs. Elias Souder and sons accompanied them to Elkhart and Bremen. On Sunday Elias Souder, Al Frautschi, Edward Getz, and Mrs. Louis Getz visited Bremen.

Robert W. Bollier S 2-c visited 3 days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bollier.

Mrs. Paul Gerber of Fort Wayne is improved at this writing.

A National Conference of elders, ministers, and Sunday School teachers was held at Elgin, Ill., Oct. 12. All our churches were represented. The outstanding impression of the conference was the unified effort of all delegates toward the upbuilding of the brotherhood and humanity.

Wayne Lantz has been in the hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia, three weeks for treatment.

Richard Klopfenstein was home on furlough from October 16 to 23. Before coming home, he visited his brother, Glen, in Connecticut for four

days.

The Good Cheer Group packed cookies for the soldier boys on October 26, Thursday evening.

Douglas Clauss, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Clauss, returned home from the hospital and is recovering from a broken leg.

Some of the dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schlatter on Sunday, October 29th were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gerber and children, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Franks and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Winzler and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Troxel, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Schladenhauffen and sons, and Mrs. Cora Levy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kipfer are parents of a baby boy, Larry Raymond born on October 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Troxel are parents of an eight-pound boy, Robert William, born on October 11th.

Rev. Elias Winzeler of Chicago, Ill., visited at the home of Raymond Winzellers.

The Young People's Sunday School Meeting was held Sunday evening, October 29th. The committee in charge of the program was Jean Bollier, chairman, Laura Conrad, Dorthea Conrad, Frank Widner and Herman Bertsch.

"Living the Golden Rule" was the theme of the program. The following is an outline of the evening's program: "Take Time to be Holy," by the congregation.

Minutes of the preceding meeting—Delores Widner

Scripture Reading—St. Luke 6:27, 28 —Raymond Winzeler

Poem, "The Golden Rule"—Carol Clauss

Song, "This Little Light of Mine"—Janice Winzeler

A song, "A Beautiful Life" by the congregation

Reading, "Live the Life Each Day"—Philippina Coles

"Help Somebody Today"—Steiner Trio

A story, "Remembering the Golden Rule In Times of Temptation"—Donald Schlatter

Reading, "Easily Given"—Ethelyn

Schlatter

Poem, "If We Knew"—Laura Conrad
"Somebody Did a Golden Deed"—Steiner Trio

Reading, "Take a Little Walk Around Yourself"—Gerald Widner

A song, "The Christian Home" by the congregation

A Melody of Songs—Monalou Bertsch
Closing Prayer by Ramas Schlatter

Rev. Henry Beer and son, Marion Beer, visited Grabill October 19th with a load of nature's best trees and shrubs. A goodly number were planted in our church yard. Bro. Henry added extra blessing to our Thursday evening service.

Congratulations, Lt. Gaylord Widner! Another of our Sunday School students has become a commissioned officer. Gaylord was home October 23rd to October 30th. His father, brother and sister went to Indianapolis to bring him home. Gaylord and Edward Souder, also home, were seen together most of the time. Hope to see you again soon.

Rev. and Mrs. Menno Steiner of Sabetha, Kansas and daughters, Esther and Louise, of Elgin, Illinois visited their uncle, Eli Steiner, and other relatives, on October 20th and 21th. Services were held on Friday evening, we enjoyed a blessed evening. They were entertained at the home of Ramas Schlatters for dinner on Saturday evening.

Through the month of October we had an average Sunday School attendance of 74, a drop of 4 under September. On October 8th there were 71 present and 63 on the 15th. Pvt. Richard Klopfenstein, Sgt. Albert Norr, Chris Wuethrich and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Klopfenstein were with us bringing the attendance to 82. The 29th there were 80 present including Lt. Gaylord Widner.

F. J. Schlatter and family, Philip Schlatter family, Edward Schlatter and the Misses Odie, Mary and Maggie Schlatter, Mrs. Mildred Schlatter and family were entertained at the home of Wm. Moser of Fort Wayne, Indiana on October 15th.

Miss Milderd Graff of Milford, Ind., attended Teachers' convention at Ft. Wayne and was a house guest at the home of the J. J. Conrads.

Seven Men Went Singing Into Heaven

Editor's Note: This article was sent to the Silver Lining by W. C. Hoerr from England.

* * *

"One of the strangest experiences in my life connected with war," says Nordenberg, an eminent engineer in Finland.

"I offered my services to the Government and was appointed an officer in General Mannerheim's army. It was a terrible time. We besieged the town. It had been taken by the Red Army and we re-took it. A number of Red prisoners were under my guard. Seven of them were to be shot at dawn on Monday. I shall never forget the preceding Sunday. The seven doomed men were kept in the basement of the town hall. In the passage my men stood at attention with their rifles.

"The atmosphere was filled with hatred. My soldiers were drunk with victory and taunted their prisoners, who swore as much as they could and beat the walls with their bleeding fists. Others called for their wives and children who were far away. At dawn they were all to die.

"We had the victory, that was true enough; but the value of this seemed to diminish as the night advanced. I began to wonder whether there did not rest a curse on arms whichever side used them.

"Then something happened: one of the men doomed to death began to sing! 'He is mad!' was everybody's first thought. But I had noticed this man, Koskinen, had not raved and cursed like the others. Quietly he had sat on his bench, a picture of utter despair. Nobody said anything to him—each was carrying his burden in his own way and Koskinen sang, rather waveringly at first, then his voice grew stronger and filled out, and became natural and free. All the prisoners turned and looked at the singer who now seemed to be in his element: Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,

There by His love o'ershaded, Sweetly
my soul shall rest.

Hark, 'tis the voice of angels, Borne
in a song to me

Over the fields of glory, Over the

jasper sea.

"Over and over again Koskinen sang that verse and when he finished everyone was quiet for a few minutes until a wild-looking individual broke out with 'Where did you get that, you fool? Are you trying to make us religious?'

"Koskinen looked at his comrades and his eyes filled with tears. Then he asked quietly: 'Comrades, will you listen to me for a minute? You asked me where I got this song: it was from The Salvation Army. I heard it there three weeks ago. At first I also laughed at this song but it got me. It is cowardly to hide your beliefs: the God my mother believed in has now become my God also. I cannot tell you how it happened, but I know that it has happened. I lay awake last night and suddenly I felt that I had to find the Savior and to hide in Him. Then I prayed—like the thief on the Cross—that Christ would forgive me and cleanse my sinful soul, and make me ready to stand before Him whom I should meet soon.

"'It was a strange night,' continued Koskinen. 'There were times when everything seemed to shine around me. Verses from the Bible and from the Song Book came to my mind. They brought a message of the crucified Savior and the Blood that cleanses from sin and of the Home He has prepared for us. I thanked Him, accepted it, and since then this verse has been sounding inside me. It was God's answer to my prayer. I could no longer keep it to myself! Within a few hours I shall be with the Lord, saved by His grace.'

"Koskinen's face shone as by an inward light. His comrades sat there quietly. He himself stood there transfixed. My soldiers were listening to what this Red revolutionary had to say.

"'You are right, Koskinen,' said one of his comrades at last. 'If only I knew that there is mercy for me, too! But these hands of mine have shed blood and I have reviled God and trampled on all that is holy. Now I realize that there is a Hell and that it is the proper place for me.

"He sank to the ground with despair depicted on his face. 'Pray for me, Koskinen,' he groaned, 'tomorrow

I shall die and my soul will be in the hands of the devil!'

"And there these two Red soldiers went down on their knees and prayed for each other. It was no long prayer, but it opened Heaven for both, and we who listened to it forgot our hatred. It melted in the light from Heaven, for here two men who were soon to die sought reconciliation with God. A door leading into the invisible stood ajar and we were entranced by the sight.

"Let me tell you shortly that by the time it was four o'clock all Koskinen's comrades had followed his example and began to pray. The change in the atmosphere was indescribable. Some of them sat on the floor, others talked of spiritual things.

"The night had almost gone and day was dawning. No one had had a moment's sleep. 'Sing the song once more for us, Koskinen,' said one of them. And you should have heard them sing! Not only that song but verses and choruses long forgotten came forth from their memories as buds in the sunshine. The soldiers on guard united their voices with them.

"The town clock struck six. How I wished I could have begged for grace for these men, but I knew that this was impossible.

"Between two rows of soldiers they marched out to execution. One of them asked to be allowed once more to sing Koskinen's song. Permission was granted. Then they asked to die with uncovered faces—and with hands raised to Heaven they sang with might and main.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His
gentle breast.

When the last lines had died out the lieutenant gave the word 'Fire!' and the seven Red soldiers had fought their last fight. We inclined our heads in silent prayer.

"What had happened in the hearts of the others I do not know; but so far as I was concerned I was a new man from that hour. I had met Christ in one of His lowliest and youngest disciples and I had seen enough to realize that I too, could be His. 'The Lord looketh from Heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men' " (Psalm 33:13).

Jesus said: "I am the resurrection

(Continued on page 6)

Letters to the Editor.

France, 19th September, 1944. Dear Editor, Thanks for the Silver Lining. I enjoy reading the news and other items. I have been in France for quite some time. It is a beautiful land and the people are very friendly and charming . . . To be away from the family is especially trying. We, over here, can fully appreciate what being away from our loved ones really means. Keep up the good work. Yours truly, Lt. Arthur J. Blume.

* * *

Greetings,

Ever since I have arrived here in New Guinea, I have been wanting to drop you a few lines in acknowledgement of the Silver Lining. Through negligence on my part, I have waited until now to express my sincere thankfulness for the efforts that you are putting forth to publish this paper and to forward it to us, even here in New Guinea. I always look forward to receiving it, and am happy when it arrives. It reaches me in record time. This paper is indeed a big help to anyone who is concerned about their soul's welfare. I can say that there is scarcely a word that escapes my attention. Sometimes I read it over again. That is how much it means to us who are so far from our homes and our customary places of worship. The other brothers and friends who are here with me, namely, Homer Reineck, Dale Aschliman, Everett Geisel, Sam Schladenhaufen, and Raymond Levy join me in extending our greetings and best wishes to you. Wishing to thank you again, and may God bless and reward you for your efforts.

Your least brother in faith,

Laurin Bertsch.

(From the Bluffton Apostolic Christian Church.)

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Somewhere in England,
October 12, 1944.

Dear Ones,

I've been wanting to drop you a few lines for some time. I just finished reading the September issue of the Silver Lining and so I decided I'd write you immediately what I think about your paper. My folks have been sending them to me since I have been overseas (I came over last spring) and

truly those little papers have proven to be some of the best Christian Literature I've had opportunity to read. The stories are so written that one cannot read them without great interest and I've found that your poems are very good, too. If your paper keeps up its good work I sincerely believe it shall always be a great success. As far as I know it is the only monthly publication by any of our churches. I'm sure it will prove to inspire other churches to start papers similar to yours.

A short time before I left the states I accepted Christ as my Savior. I'm so thankful that I have come to know the happiness that Jesus can give. When one evening, about the fourth day out, Bro. Wilmer Blunier of Roanoke, Illinois bumped into me. I met him while I was at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, last summer and we were very good friends there. So you can imagine how very glad I was to see him. We had many discussions on religion the remainder of the trip. We often read the Bible together and sang hymns. As I was quite young in Faith at the time it was great comfort to have a good Christian friend as a companion. I truly believe it was an act of God, and since then I've had many more blessings. Yes, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." I am looking forward with great pleasure to return to my church and become a child of God by baptism. I hope more of my friends will come to know Christ as I have, for only then can they, too, come to know His infinite grace and mercy.

I am enclosing a little pamphlet which I'm sure you will enjoy. Would be nice to put in your paper sometime if you have the room and would care too.

Wishing your continued success and God's blessings upon your work.

Sincerely,

Wilbur C. Hoerr,

(From the Peoria Apostolic Christian Church.)

P. S. Being interested in commercial art, as it has been my work, I wish to comment on the heading in your pa-

per, by saying, it is very fitting for the type of publication. Oh, yes, I wish to add that I have shown your "Silver Lining" to many of my buddies and they too think it's grand.—Keep them coming.

THE PSALMS

How sweet are the words of the
Psalmist,
Consoling, and precious, and pure,
For there we can read the soul's struggles,
Which saints long ago did endure.

How oft in my pilgrimage journey,
When burdened with toil and with care,
I turn to the Psalms for my comfort;
Our struggles so closely compare.

His tongue was the pen of a writer,
Who wrote not for honor or fee;
The words which I oft would have written,
The Psalmist has written for me.

He saw in his day the rare beauty,
Which heaven and earth did disclose;
For trees, and the fields, and the mountains;
His praise to the Maker arose.

His victories o'er self, and o'er evil,
Inspired the Psalmist to praise;
The Father oft leads into trials,
To show us poor mortals His ways.

His conflicts, his struggles and trials,
The Psalmist did truly record.
Though ages have passed since he wrote them,
They still live as the Word of the Lord.

O soul, art thou weary and troubled?
Just turn to your favorite Psalm.
There your heart, in its strivings and longings
Like the sea will grow peaceful and calm.

His counsel will lead thee and guide thee
To the rock that is higher than I;
And afterward take thee to glory,
For there we shall nevermore die.

Rev. Henry Beer.

ADDRESSES OF OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

Killed in Action: Eugene F. Bahr.

Pfc. Joseph Bahr
A.S.N. 35540894
69th Sta Comp Sq.
A.P.O. 638 c/o P.M.
New York City, N. Y.

Theodore W. Bahr S. 1/c
U. S. S. Wolverine
c/o Fleet Post Office
Naval Armory
Chicago, Ill.

Pvt. David Bertsch No. 35894267
38th M.T.B. Co. A-ASFTC
1st Platoon Tent City
Fort Louis, Washington

Lt. Arthur J. Blume
Hq. Co. 3rd Bn 329th Inf
APO 83 c/o P.M.
New York, N. Y.

M./Sgt. Donald R. Bollier 15059597
55th Aircraft Engineering Sq.
5th Ferrying Group Love Field
Dallas 9, Texas

Cpl. John J. Bollier 15374503
Fighter Depot,
610th A. A. F. Base Unit (H)
Elgin Field, Fla.

Robert W. Bollier S 2/c
U. S. S. Chester T.
O' Brien—D. E. 421
New York, N. Y.

Sgt. Ted J. Bollier No. 35160227
Hq. Co 2nd Bn. 5th Inf.
A. P. O. 360
Fort Benning, Georgia

Cpl. Louis F. Getz 35764521
429 Q. M. Platoon 91 A. D. G.
A.P.O. 149 c/o Postmaster.
New York City, N. Y.

Pvt. Arthur R. Hassig
A.S.N. 15345299
3706th AAF Base Unit (B.T.C.)
Section O. U. S. Army
Sheppard Field, Texas

Cpl. Louis Kaminer
900th Base Unit (A.A.F. School)
Orlando, Fla.

Pvt. Ephriam Kipfer 35909913
Bldg 433 Co C 27th I.T.B.
Camp Croft, South Carolina

Cpl. Henry O. Kipfer No. 35166105
119th General Hospital
A.P.O. 207 c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Pvt. Richard Klopfenstein, No. 15328084
Co. F. 264 Inf. A. P. O. 454,
Camp Rucker, Ala.

Cpl. Wm. Klopfenstein No. 35161661
Hqs., Co. 93rd Signal Bn.
A. P. O. 312 c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Lt. Richard W. Lantz 0-2070664
Bldg. C-CIS
Student Inst. Sec. H.
Randolph Field, Texas

Wayne Lantz S 2/c
Ward A-6 U.S.N.H.
Portsmouth, Va.

A/C O. W. Maxfield,
A. S. N. 15328149
Class 44 J-5 Sq-5
Napier Field,
Dotham, Ala.

Pfc. Richard H. Murphy,
Rifle Range Detachment,
M. C. B. Camp Matthews,
San Diego 42, Calif.

Sgt. Albert P. Norr
Hq. & Hq. Battery H. D. L. A.
Ft. Mac Arthur
San Pedro, Calif.

Pfc. Raymond Pulfer No. 35325674
Med. Det. Station Hospital
Williamsfield
Chandler, Arizona

Ens. Arthur W. Schwartz
N.T.S. (Diesel) N. C.
State College
Raleigh, N. C.

2nd Lt. Harry R. Schwartz
804th F. A. Bn.
Camp Bowie, Texas

Pfc. Lester D. Smith,
A. S. N. 36421390 A-T Co.
414th Infantry
A. P. O. 104 c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Edward G. Souder, U. S. N. R.
103 Gile Hall Navy V-12
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Sgt. Russel R. Stieglitz
Prov. M. P. Co. Bldg T-1572
Station Complement
Camp Lee, Va.

A/C Gaylord H. Widner 35558363
(No address at present)

Notice soldier and sailors and their families: Let *The Silver Lining* know immediately if you have a change in address. It would help us get the paper to you. May we have your help?—**Editor's Note.**

SEVEN MEN WENT SINGING INTO HEAVEN

(Continued from page 4)

and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were to die, yet shall he live" (John 11:25, R. V.).

—(Translated for "All the World" by Major Clara Becker.)

THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 1)

fidence in His promise, that He would never forsake those who love and serve Him. And for those who can not return home at this Thanksgiving time and who long to unite with their loved ones at home may they also find comfort in the Savior's words, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

How thankful we should all be for the wonderful plan of salvation which God has provided through His son Jesus; and if we live or die (only in the Lord) it is indeed well with us.

At this season of the year let us therefore take renewed courage, and though our hearts may be burdened with the anxieties of life, let us give thanks to God and gladly place ourselves in Jesus' hands with the firm faith that what He doeth is indeed well done.

Did you ever sit down in the eventide,
When all was quiet and still,
And think of the love of Christ who died,
Because it was God's will?

Did you ever think that He knew the joy
Of a loving mother's care,
And how it broke her heart to give up her boy
For a world that did not care?

And, then, as your thoughts went wandering back
To the suffering on Calvary's hill,
I wonder did you God's forgiveness ask
And obey His loving will?

O think, my friends, 'twas for you and me
He endured that awful pain.
O then, let us true disciples be
That His death be not in vain.

Let us employ the talents with which we're blest,
Though to us they may seem small.
They'll multiply, if we do our best.
God needs the help of us all.

By Al Fisher, Peoria, Illinois.

THE SILVER LINING

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