

Bugler Echoes

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Southwestern Bible School Opens Fifth Year

Over mountain, plain and sea, by many different means of transportation, from various walks of life, and widely separated states, from farm and village and city, came the young men and women to enroll for the fifth year of Southwestern Bible School. The student who came the greatest distance was, doubtless, Miss Edith Sumrall from Gatun, Canal Zone.

When the Bugle sounded, a fine group, tho not so large as in other years, gathered in the Enid Gospel Tabernacle at 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, October 1, for the first chapel service of the year.

Five of the faculty members, P. C. Nelson, president; Mrs. Annie Bamford, Wm. B. McCafferty, newly elected member of the staff; Miss Celia Swank, and Robert McCutcheon were on the platform; C. A. Samuell, recently appointed to take charge of the music department, was not present but will begin his work soon.

It was announced that there would be a radio program given by the school every Wednesday afternoon from 3:45 to 4:45 p. m., over KCRC of Enid (1370 kilocycles).

ENROLL IN SOUTHWESTERN AT ONCE

THE BUGLER

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M. A. NELSON, Editor and Business Manager

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EDITORIAL.

You will want to read the news about the activities of the present and former members of Southwestern and the Enid Gospel Tabernacle

We also expect to include personal articles such as poems, songs, travelogues, and religious essays. We wish to thank the patrons and advertisers who have made this edition possible.

THE LOST CHRIST

By Elzie Templeton

A sermon preached by Elzie Templeton in the Enid Gospel Tabernacle:

"And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and His mother knew not of it, But they supposing Him to have been in the company went a day's journey; and they sought Him among their kinfolk and acquaintances, And when they found Him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem seeking Him. And it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." Luke 2:43-46.

The great feast was over! Old acquaintances had been renewed; new friendships formed; the passover week fulfilled; the benediction pronounced. "Good-byes" and "God bless you's" were heard and again every trail and highway was filled with worn out Jews and Galileans, returning to their various homes.

What a wonderful feast!

With minds absorbed with the many

things which the celebration had brought into their experience, the parents of Jesus had gained a day's journey toward their home in Nazareth.

"But, O, where is Jesus?" They ask each other anxiously.

Where was the Christ, who just a week before had made that same trail seem so short and cheerful? Where was the heavenly smiles, and the heart cherished whispers from their wonderful prophet-child?

"We see He is not with us" they tell each other. "But there is no need to be alarmed, He must be somewhere in the company."

Yes, perhaps Christ can be found in the congregation that attends our church, or I suppose He could ever be found among our kinsfolk. Is not that the way we think today? Or we say "My mother was a wonderful Christian," trying to make ourselves content with the remembrance of some one else's experience.

The trouble with the great mass of mankind today is that they are jour-

eying the road of life alone, without the blessed presence and help of Christ, the Saviour.

You ask me "What is the matter with Enid tonight?" See her young boys and girls parading the streets at a very late hour; theatres and ball rooms overflowing; while fathers and mothers are seated at a card table or have gone to bed perfectly contented, saying to themselves, "O, well, daughter must have a good time you know". Can any one doubt in view of conditions like these, that in such a home, Christ is a lost Christ?

The only answer to the great crime wave in America is that our nation needs Christ. Three hundred and twenty seven murders in Detroit last year. Four hundred in Chicago. Eighteen hundred in Chicago the last six years and only twenty four punished. Why are there more murderers loose and unpunished than there are clergymen of all denominations? Why are two out of every three children in this country uninstructed in religion. Let me say again, "America has lost the Christ."

At last the way has grown too hard and dreary—hills too high; valleys too lonely, and hearts too heavy. Back again toward Jerusalem go Joseph and Mary earnestly seeking once more that lost Jewel.

May God help us not to sit down when we have left the Christ behind by reason of some alluring temptation or perhaps by having our minds overcharged with so many good things, in the natural, thinking He will be along soon and take up His abode with us. The only thing to do is to quickly make a start toward the very same place where we left Him.

Notice that it is the place where we left Him, not the place where He left us, for the promise is "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." (Hebrews 13:5) Praise the Lord.

Dear hearts, you that are here tonight, who once knew the Lord; you once had a ringing testimony. You once enjoyed a front seat or a place on the rostrum. But now coldness and indifference has come between. Now you can scarcely get inside the door. Let me say that you were the one who left the Christ, and you surely must go back to the place you left Him to find Him.

Back Joseph and Mary go, inquiring among kinsfolk and acquaintance, But to no avail.

"Have you seen the Christ?" they ask. But the kinsfolk and acquaintances were contenting themselves by supposing Christ to be in the company.

Jerusalem is reached. A city wide search is made. Passers by are stopped. "Have you seen anything of the holy child Jesus? Darkness closes the day. Dawn brings another. Still no trace of the lost child. Poor Joseph and Mary, worn and sad, renew the search but to no avail. It was not until three days, yes, three days of earnest seeking that they found any trace of the child.

It is much easier to lose the Christ than it is to find Him. To find Him with that reality, peace,, and joy, He provided you with before you lost Him.

Three days were almost spent.

"Where can He be? Surely He is still here. You know this is where we left Him."

"Shall we go home without Him?" Joseph asks.

"O, no, no," says Mary, "that will never do." Where shall we look? "Let's go to the Temple."

Thank God for the man or woman who is anxious enough to find Christ that it brings them to the house of God. While of course he can be found and has been found on street corners, behind plows, in the homes, and on highways, but yet a large majority find the Saviour in the house of God.

To be continued next issue

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