



UNITED CHURCH CANVASS

Many young women are sure that the highway to contentment begins at the gateway of marriage.

Which Way to Contentment?

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PUSHED gently on the button, and a bell sounded somewhere within the house. For a moment there was silence, then the shuffle of slippers and feet sounded closer and closer, and the door swung open. We found ourselves looking into the pale, questioning face of a woman who appeared to be in her late fifties.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Smith," I smiled. "This is Mrs. Davis, and I am Mr. Davis. We are making some friendly Christian calls on our neighbors, and decided to call on you for a moment. We would be happy to step in."

"All right, come in," she invited.

Seated in her living room, we explained that we were giving our friends and neighbors reprints of the article, "What Is a Seventh-day Adventist?" which had appeared in *Look* magazine, and that we would like her to have one.

Then we went on to talk of the unsettled condition of the world, and the fear in the hearts of men. We talked about

the meaning of all these things in the light of our Bible. "All through life we search for satisfaction and contentment, from when we are little children, till life closes," we pointed out.

The young boy wants a bicycle; then he will be satisfied, he thinks. The girl wants a new dress, or a new pair of shoes. The teen-ager wants to be twenty-one, so that he can be old enough to run his own life. And as he or she gets older it is felt that complete contentment is to be found in a husband or a wife. Then the goal may be a car, or a house, or a comfortable bank account. And so we go, all through life, thinking that if we can only get some particular thing, we shall be satisfied.

Some look for satisfaction in "high life." Wild, gay parties, drink, dissipation, folly of all kinds. And so we hurry over the road of life, searching for the golden pot of contentment at the end of the illusory rainbow, while the milestones of the years fall one by one behind us, and suddenly we find ourselves old. We are more

discontented and unhappy and frustrated than ever.

Then I quoted the words of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in Thee."

For a moment there was thoughtful silence, then Mrs. Smith spoke in a subdued voice, "Yes, that is true! That is true!"

We talked for a little while longer, trying to impress her with her need of Christ. Then having promised to call again, we knelt in prayer before we left.

At the next house we were also invited in. During the course of our conversation we mentioned to the woman there that we had had a nice visit with Mrs. Smith.

"Do you mean to tell me that she stopped to talk religion with you?" was the incredulous response.

"Why, yes," we answered, surprised at the effect of our statement on our hostess.

"She did! Do you know what kind of life that woman has lived? I have known her since she was a young girl, and believe me, there is little that woman hasn't done. I don't mean to be a gossip, but I'm surprised. Night life, wild parties, drunkenness, dissipation. She still drinks, as far as I know. And only a short while ago she had a stroke as a result of her fast life, so that now she is an invalid."

As I listened the words of St. Augustine came to me again, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in Thee." I heard again the sober words of Mrs. Smith, "Yes, that is true! That is true!" and I realized for the first time that I had had the witness of one who really knew, of one who had spent a lifetime seeking rest for a restless heart in the turbulent ways of the world. Now, broken in body, forced to live the years remaining in partial inactivity, she is brought face to face with the cold truth that contentment has eluded her, because she has neglected the true Source of soul repose.

Youth is a time of restless ambition. The world lies before you, with a million things to offer. In the World's Mad Fair the three master showmen, To Be, To Have, and To Enjoy—the basic temptations—have a million glittering enjoyments tantalizingly displayed. With fascinating words they call you to buy their wares with honor and time, with talent and health.

"Step right up," they call in strident tones. "Don't miss it. If you want satisfaction in life, step this way. Follow the crowd."

But stop! You want *real* satisfaction from life, don't you? Then be sure that you get it from a source of permanent satisfaction. Think once more of these words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart of man is restless until it finds its rest in Thee." Hear again the sad echo from a wasted life, "That is true! That is true!"