

The Youth's Instructor

DESCRIBING his experiences in visiting the Holy Land, a young soldier wrote to his parents:

"And there was no charge to go through the Garden of Gethsemane!"

What a singular statement! "No charge to go through the Garden of Gethsemane"—and it had cost the Saviour His life! No charge to step reverently on that sacred ground, to see the place where He had poured out His soul, His blood, His life; to breathe the air that seemed poignant with immortality, and bow humbly before the greatest altar of sacrifice humanity has ever known!

This was the first time I had ever heard of Gethsemane being free. Others had passed through it, but admission was high. I thought of the prices I knew had been paid—and none of these were bargains.

I thought about Anne. She was a talented, ambitious girl, popular with the high school set and happy in the

love and companionship of her devoted family. One day she learned about God, and in her enthusiasm tried to share Him with those she held dear. But her family wanted neither God nor Anne with God. It was the "Garden" experience; she was ordered to leave home. Would it be possible for her bitter cup to pass? Could she actually leave the comforts of home and family to face life alone, alone with God? In her tears and heart-break she heard His voice come down through the ages, and from her trembling lips were echoed those victorious words, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Anne went through Gethsemane

perfect upon his parents was atomic; the ultimatum was Gethsemane for Jim. Either he would give up this foolish religion and attend a university or there would be no money for his education. Mr. Young did not intend to be disgraced by having his prominent son attend such an obscure place. But God knew Jim's ambition, his desire for further education—and He wanted Jim in a Christian college, even though it would mean delay. Jim went into the Garden with unceasing prayer—and Gethsemane cost him a well-financed university education.

I thought about Margo. Margo was gifted in art. Graduated from an art

What a PRICE!

By Audrey Stockton



ane, but it cost her the love of her family and the security that was home.

I thought about Jim. Such a promising young fellow! Graduated from high school as valedictorian of his class and so eager to accept the challenge of college. Mr. and Mrs. Young were proud of Jim as they sat talking to him that summer afternoon. They were discussing the near-by universities when Jim announced his desire to attend a Christian college. The ef-

fect upon his parents was atomic; the ultimatum was Gethsemane for Jim. Either he would give up this foolish religion and attend a university or there would be no money for his education. Mr. Young did not intend to be disgraced by having his prominent son attend such an obscure place. But God knew Jim's ambition, his desire for further education—and He wanted Jim in a Christian college, even though it would mean delay. Jim went into the Garden with unceasing prayer—and Gethsemane cost him a well-financed university education.

I thought about Mr. Scott. He was holding a fine executive position in one of the leading automobile industries of the city. He had been with the firm for years, had worked from the bottom up. But business was booming; he would be needed on Saturdays since war production was demanding overtime. The firm did not want to let him go; it needed him badly. But it needed him on God's time. It was hard for Mr. Scott. He liked the firm; he liked his work; he did not want to leave. He discussed it with his conscience. Would a few months really make much difference? The Garden experience came again in a sleepless night, and in the hour before dawn came the words of victory, "Thy will be done." And Gethsemane cost Mr. Scott his position.

I thought about those who had made the supreme sacrifice—martyrs to

During the Recent War Many American Soldiers Had the Privilege of Visiting the Garden of Gethsemane, Where the Saviour Was Made Prisoner by the Angry Mob

STANDARD PUB. CO.

(Continued on page 14)

Let's Talk It Over

YOU remember it, of course—the part of the Exodus story that has to do with the experience of the children of Israel just after their deliverance from Egypt, as they journeyed from Elim and “came unto the wilderness of Sin.” The supply of food they had brought with them when they left the land of their captivity was all but gone, and “the whole congregation” began to murmur against Moses and against Aaron. “Why, oh, why,” they wailed, “did you bring us out into this desert to kill us with hunger? True, we were slaves, but at least we had enough to eat!”

The Lord's ear was bent low toward earth, for these were His chosen people, who, at His direction, were starting on their journey to the Promised Land, where He purposed to make of them a great nation which would honor His name before the world. When He heard their complaining His great heart of love was pained. Did they not have faith that He who had worked in their behalf so marvelously, to give them freedom from bondage and deliverance from avenging enemies, would see them through to Canaan's land?

“Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you.” And the very next morning, when the dew that lay around the camp had disappeared under the warmth of the sun, “behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.” “And it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey.”

Complaining, disobedient, rebellious, the Israelites wandered in the wilderness for forty long years, and all that time the manna fell with unceasing regularity. Despite their shortcomings the heavenly Father loved His erring children so dearly that He gave “them of the corn of heaven” and provided them with “angels' food.”

Each time we read of this experience in detail, as it is recounted in the Inspired Word, it seems more wonderful. We wish we could have *seen* the manna; that we could have tasted it. And perhaps we wonder, too, why

God does not perform such a miracle in this our day.



BACKTRACK with me twenty-two years, and let us join Pastor and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, veteran African mission pioneers, as they cross the border into an intensely Catholic section of the country and journey by the most primitive methods imaginable into central Angola. They are almost the first and only Protestant missionaries to gain admittance, and they find the people raw heathen living under the tragic rule of witch doctors and superstition.

By generous expenditure of “blood and sweat and tears” and the hardest of hard work they establish a mission. This is accomplished only in direct answer to prayer, and with the blessing of the God of heaven they have done what in their own strength would have been impossible.

For a number of years they labor mightily by day and by night to sow the gospel seed, and are able to gather a number of converts from heathenism to Christianity. Faithfully they teach these new believers all points of Bible truth and instill into their minds a childlike trust in the All-Father. Finally the time comes when the white missionaries are obliged to leave this scene of their love and toil. There is no European to take their place, and so the work of the mission is left with the native leaders whom they have trained.

More years passed, and at last came April of 1939. The mission was still in operation; the native leadership were still carrying on. These black men and women had witnessed faithfully for the gospel, and now there were gathered on mission land about four hundred persons. The good news of a soon-coming Saviour had been carried abroad through the countryside, and the director had many outschools to visit and was away from home for weeks at a time.

During one of these absences the food on the mission gave out. It was a time of drought and they had no mealie meal—nothing! Not even the locusts had come! In this time of crisis the director's wife took charge and called the people on the mission together for a prayer meeting. “We have run out of food,” she told them.

“We will have to remember again, ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’” Then they knelt and in all faith earnestly made their request.

After the prayer service the director's little girl went out of the house, and in a short while she came back with her hands full of a kind of white stuff, which she was eating.

“What are you eating?” asked her mother.

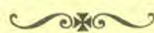
“I went out,” she answered, “and saw three white Europeans, and they said to me, ‘Little girl, God has answered your prayer. He has sent you food. It is manna. Take it and eat it.’ That is what I am eating.”

Then her mother and others went out, and they all found the same white stuff on the ground that the little girl had in her hands. Joyfully they gathered it, discovered it to be sweet as honey, and their hunger was satisfied.

Greatly impressed with this miraculous food supply that had come to them, the director's wife sent post-haste for her husband, bidding him, “Hurry home. A miracle has happened.” So he returned to the mission and saw the food that the Lord had sent. It fell for three days, and only on forty acres of cleared land which was mission property. No one ever saw it come down, but in the morning, when the dew had been dried by the sun, there it was! Unlike the manna in Bible times, it did not spoil at the end of each day, so pots and bowls were filled, and the mission family had all they needed to eat until the next harvesttime.

The mission director, fearing that his superiors in the Southern African Division office at Claremont, Cape Province, might question his story of this marvelous deliverance, sent a bowl of the manna along with his report by way of verification.

When Pastor E. L. Cardey, on furlough from Africa, told this story in the Takoma Park church recently, and showed us a little black box which held a sample of the “food from heaven,” I was eager to see it. This was my privilege. It fits the Bible description of manna in every detail.



WHY doesn't God work miracles today? He does, friend o' mine! He does! He surely does!

Lora E. Clement

I LIVE BEHIND THE *Picket Lines*



PHOTO. COURTESY WASHINGTON STAR

Up and Down, Down and Up, the Pickets
Marched in Front of Our Hotel

By HELEN E. LANHAM

YES, I can look out of the window, down ten stories to the street, and there, walking up and down in front of the door are twenty-eight guards, twenty-eight people carrying signs which say, "This Hotel Is on Strike."

It is cold outside, and it has been raining for hours. Those people who walk endlessly up and down are wet and chilled clear to the bone. Some of them are shivering, but they dare not stop picketing until their shift is over and the next shift comes to take their places. At no time, day or night, is our one open door left unguarded.

Did these workers choose to strike? Some of them did, yes, but many were forced to cease their labors. There had been rumors for weeks of a possible walkout if wages were not raised, but many of the employees did not realize just what it would mean to them as individuals. For several days prior to the actual calling of the strike I had heard, via the grapevine, such words as "Tonight at midnight we strike!" and "They called a meetin' this mawnin', and they's not out yit, so ah guesses we strikes, sho nuff." I was worried "sho nuff," not about myself particularly, for I am well and physically able to negotiate ten flights of stairs should the need arise; but my poor little mother was over in Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, recovering from some emergency surgery, and I feared to bring her back to our temporary hotel room.

We live in Florida, but for the past three months we have been traveling, mother and I, on a business trip, and had expected to be here in Washington, D.C., only a few days. In fact our hotel reservation would allow us only those "few," because the guest lists were so crowded. But a short while after we arrived, mother was taken seriously ill, and it was finally necessary to take her to a cardiovascular specialist who was on the staff of the famous Maryland hospital. There she received the best of medical attention and every care. I stayed with her until she was out of danger, and then returned to Washington to look after my dog, which I had left in the hotel room, and to find out whether there was any more strike news.

Even though I had been absent only one day, I could notice a change in the attitude of the workers. Surely the strike was coming! Some were arrogant, some fearful, some giggly and silly in their sudden leap from nonentity into prominence.

The elevator operators—lovely young girls—soon missed my mother. They were used to seeing us go out and come in together. Often they asked about her and how she was coming through the ordeal at the hospital. The maids on our floor had soon taken a personal interest in us, primarily, perhaps, because we did not ask many

favours, and because we had a little dog that was friendly and frankly glad to see them every time they came into the room.

During this week before the strike I became well acquainted with the working staff of the hotel. In the morning, as I would go out for a short walk and breakfast, the elevator operators would bring me "up to date" as to the progress of the conferences that were being held between the union heads and the hotel management. The doorman had news too, as I walked in and out from time to time, and I could keenly sense the undercurrent of excitement, fear, anger, and despair over what was about to happen.

Mother was improving and was eager to return to Washington. With full knowledge of the impending trouble I urged her to stay at the hospital and under the specialist's care until she was fully recovered. But each time I went to see her she was insistent on coming back with me.

Then suddenly the pending strike hysteria seemed to abate a little. Workers quieted down, and I thought to myself, "Well, perhaps it is only a scare after all." So, on a Thursday morning, after talking again with the management and my grapevine informants, I brought mother "home." And it was just that to her. She was so glad to be back that she patted the bed

and said, "Oh, I don't care what people say, even a hotel can be a wonderful home when your own folks are in it."

I soon discovered that my patient was coming down with a severe cold. There was little sleep for either one of us that night, as she grew steadily worse. She was subject to pneumonia, and I feared a siege of that. The next morning the blow fell.

As I rode down in the elevator with our dog on leash to give him some exercise before breakfast, the elevator girl exclaimed excitedly, "It sure is a good thing you didn't bring your mother back from the hospital as you were going to, for today's the day. We strike at three o'clock." I was stunned. I just stood there. The car kept on plummeting downward, with occasional stops for more passengers, but I was oblivious to who got on or what they said. What I had been expecting for over a week had happened!

As I tried to consider my problem calmly, a solution came to my mind. The Washington Sanitarium was only a few miles away; why not see whether there was a chance of getting mother in there? I knew it would be a chance, but surely, if my mother was sick enough to need immediate hospital care, and the Lord meant for her to be there in a Seventh-day Adventist institution, He would open the way.

I came upstairs and told her the strike news and my plan, suggesting that I would drive out and make arrangements at the sanitarium "just in case of an emergency." Then before she could protest I was gone.

And the Lord really opened the way before me. There was no vacancy. They were more than full. But they always kept a room for emergencies, and when I had been vouched for by friends, and had explained my mother's condition and need, they agreed that her case was an emergency.

It was two-thirty in the afternoon when I arrived back at the hotel, and the strike was called for three o'clock. As I nosed the car in to the curb in front of the entrance I called to the doorman to watch it for me, assuring him that I would be out in a few minutes. He was a very courteous young man, and apologetically but firmly told me: "Lady, I know that you're a guest of the hotel, and ordinarily I'd be glad to watch your car for you, but you see we are striking at three o'clock, and I'm due to go off any minute now. I'm sorry, lady, I'm sorry." He was tense with excitement, and I could feel the undercurrent of fear that belied the smile on his face. Yes, he was sorry, but he was remaining true to the organization that controlled him.

On the way up to the room the elevator operator informed me that all union operators had been ordered off duty at once, that the others had gone already, and that if I was to get my

mother down I had better hurry, for she did not think they would let her run the car much longer.

I burst into our room and almost fell over the maid, who was down on her knees near the doorway, finishing scrubbing the bathroom floor. Mother was sitting quietly, fully dressed, by the window. "The strike is almost on; some of the people are quitting already. You must get out of here immediately," I exclaimed, my voice rising in my excitement. Behind me I



Wishful Thinking

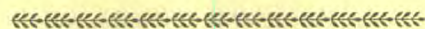
By Catherine Buxbaum

Today I thought I walked in Paradise.
The shining streets were gold (with
fallen leaves),
The air was filled with music
(rustling trees),
And beasts were tame:
(a cat came near me twice).

I thought I saw the saints with kingly
crowns.
Or were they, fervent-lipped, their
hearts afire
With loving praise, the fair-haired
boy and I
Who studied God's rich autumn reds
and browns?

Slim, scarlet sages graced one garden
nook,
Supremely gay. Chrysanthemums of
bronze
Flung spicy, pungent perfume to the
wind,
Which ruffled quiet water in a brook.

The sun rose high and made the earth
most fair.
(The rustling trees with saffron leaves
took on
A gemlike hue.) Great, longed-for
Paradise
It must have been; I felt God's presence
there!



heard the maid: "Laws me, ah's gittin' out o' heah, and gittin' out fast. Ah doan wants no trouble with them union mens."

Mother continued to look quietly out the window as she said calmly, "Then I shall stay and see what happens."

The maid returned in a few minutes with an armload of towels and other necessities. "To lasts you til' ah gets back." During this time I was urging mother to consent to go to the "nice, warm room" I had secured for her, where she could have treatment for the cold, which by now I was sure was in the beginning stage of pneumonia. Reluctantly she consented, but insisted on packing her own bag, which she did with deliberation.

"How long would that elevator girl continue to run that elevator?" Thoughts were racing through my mind. "Would she remember mother,

and how she could not walk even one flight of stairs? Would she wait for us, or be off with the others who had been ordered away from their stations?"

The suitcase was fastened at last, and I hurried mother into her coat. "Never mind how the hat looks, I urged; 'let's get out of here!'" After locking the door I grabbed the suitcase with one hand, the pup with the other, and dashed ahead down the long hall, and around the corner, more hall, and then at last, the bank of elevator doors! I pressed the button, and heaved a sigh of relief as I saw the indicator needle above one door move rapidly from the ground floor, on up to ten, which was our floor. The girl had waited after all! As we stepped in, she said, "My, I thought you folks were *never* coming. This is my last trip." As we left the car, along with a great crowd of other last-minute passengers, she said to me, "Good-by. I do hope your mother gets along all right." And with that she was off.

The trip to the hospital was uneventful, as was the routine of mother's being admitted. I stayed until I was sure that doctors and nurses were doing and would do everything possible to make her comfortable and well. Then, since I had done all that I could, I drove back to the city.

Suddenly I remembered that I could not leave the car in front of the hotel for the doorman to put away, for there was no doorman. And where, oh where, did he put my car when he "got rid of it" so miraculously each night?

I fumbled around in the pocket of my suit jacket until I found a piece of pasteboard with a series of large red numbers on it. Yes, it was an old claim check. Now, where was the garage? 1535 I Street, N.W. But where in the world was that? At long last I found it and "got rid" of the car. That, I have come to understand, is *something* in downtown Washington! Then I discovered that we were blocks and blocks from the hotel.

When we finally arrived at our destination, I was amazed at the transformation in the looks of our lovely hotel. Two entrances had been boarded up, and carried the "Closed" signs I have mentioned, while a line of pickets, spaced two feet from each other, marched before both of them. I smiled at them and waved my hand, and made for the main entrance. Here was a much longer line of pickets. The revolving doors were plastered with signs saying, "This Hotel Is Closed," so placed that vision was completely obscured for the person trying to go through. You had to go blindly, and this is what I did.

Inside the lobby people were milling about. Businessmen, loaded down with their luggage, were settling their bills at the desk. Other departing

(Continued on page 12)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER the times in grade school when the teacher had to leave the room for a few minutes, and she would ask one of your classmates, or perhaps it was *you*, to take charge? Or perhaps sometime you were called upon to lead the class in memorizing a new poem. If you liked that responsibility you would enjoy teaching.

During the war years schools suffered from the shortage of teachers. Enrollment actually doubled in some places, while the teaching staff was cut in half. Your country still needs teachers and so does your church. Why not plan a career in the field of education? At no previous time has the need been more urgent nor opportunities greater. This is not a matter of merely sitting sedately at a desk all day long. Remember, your favorite

They say exactly what they think; that is why children are so refreshing and interesting. If a child really likes you he will be absolutely loyal to you no matter what happens. He likes you because of what you are, not because of your nationality, wealth, or position. In other words, children are real and genuine. They possess that priceless quality, an open mind."

Should you decide to take the normal course you will want to visit the grade school as soon as you start your college work. If school is not in session, drop in and look around. Anyway, perhaps the teacher will even let you take a peek into her notebook, to see what some of her plans are for the year.

If you are fortunate you may get a job helping in the normal department. That would be most helpful, for it



yourself fascinated by their personalities and soon learn to recognize their faces.

As a teacher you will have one of the most precious privileges in the world, that of helping to mold the lives and destinies of the children who will be entrusted to your care the greater part of each school day. And who knows—from your little classroom of a dozen or more children, may come another Longfellow or another Lincoln. To be able to recognize and rightly direct such talent is the greatest challenge of the profession.

But it is also a high calling to live a life that will be an example to the children in and out of the classroom and influence them to live upright lives.

In teaching you also have an opportunity to exercise your originality and initiative, which might remain dormant in other work. You can invent your own methods of teaching social studies, introducing the Bible and other lessons, and making the room bright and cheery.

If you are already planning on attending college, a normal course does not cost more than any other. In fact, it will probably be less because you will not be required to take certain laboratory classes. Many students defray their tuition by part-time work during the school year and by colporteur during the summer months. Your local conference no doubt has plans to aid the "Teacher of Tomorrow," and your educational superintendent will be glad to give you any information available about scholarships and other helps your particular conference has to offer. Most colleges offer both a two- and a four-year course. After counsel from the faculty adviser you can decide which one you want to take. Many girls take the two-year course, teach awhile, and then come back for another two years and earn their degree.

Personally, I am looking forward to teaching this present generation of children. I am thrilled by the very thoughts of the duties that lie ahead and the opportunity I shall have to mold the characters of youth for this world and the world to come.

The Joys and Satisfaction of Teaching Far Outweigh Its Disadvantages and Disappointments

You CAN TEACH!

By Marjorie Hackett

teacher was the one who came out of doors and played games with you. If you have had little experience with children, try helping out in the children's departments at Sabbath school. It will be a grand way to discover your teaching ability, and the leader will undoubtedly be most eager to get some new, enthusiastic help.

You will find children intriguing and easy to get along with, because, as one teacher aptly put it, "children have not as yet acquired that mask of politeness which we adults assume, and have no self-consciousness once their confidence has been gained.

would give you an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with the textbooks and the various methods teachers use in their classrooms.

Student teaching is intensely interesting and an important phase of normal work. You will be able to get acquainted with the books that are needed before you ever start teaching and have an opportunity to accustom yourself to the children and learn their likes and dislikes. Perhaps at first you will know them indirectly by grading their notebooks, filing tests, correcting papers, and the like. When you know their names you will soon find



J. C. ALLEN

Glimpses Into the Old South

PART III

IN THE GREAT SMOKIES

By Florine S. Hollenbeck

ALL day we rode through the rolling green farmlands, beautifully wooded hills plumed with wild Juneberry blossoms, past pretty little farms with misty veils of apple blossoms floating above every old rail fence.

Gradually we came into more mountainous regions, crossed dashing mountain streams lined with thickets of rhododendrons, and passed cascading waterfalls that seemed to drop from the sky, as we slid over the State line into North Carolina. The wild azalea, the sweet "honeysuckle of the South," flaunted its lovely blossoms everywhere, with an occasional wild magnolia tree lifting its queenly blossoms above the surrounding woods.

About midforenoon we reached Blowing Rock, a unique spot where a strong upcurrent of air from the canyon below causes any light articles thrown from its overhanging ledge to be wafted back to the sender. My husband tried its proclivities with sheets of paper and a handkerchief, but was not brave enough to cast his new hat overboard to see whether it would come back, as the guide assured us it most certainly would!

A magnificent sweep of wild canyons and rugged peaks, and of the Great Smokies, lost in a mist of blue haze far away in the distance, is afforded from this interesting spot, with the silver snatches of river gleaming from the John's River Gorge far below.

The rain which had been threatening all morning began to fall soon after we left Blowing Rock, and fell at intervals throughout the afternoon. But it did not dampen our enthusiasm for the quaint little cabins with huge stone and mud chimneys tucked away on tiny mountain farms, surrounded by swarms of barefooted, pink-calico-clad children paddling like ducks in the soft spring rain, nor for the picturesque patchwork hillside fields being plowed with teams of oxen, as they were in Bible days.

Halfway to Asheville we stopped to make inquiry of an itinerant walking in the rain, supposing him to be one of the farmers in the vicinity. Instead, he proved to be setting out on foot for Winston-Salem, over one hundred miles away; so we gave him a "lift" to the next town, and a most interesting fellow he was.

He had been "gallacking," he told us, in a neighboring corner of Tennessee. This is a common part-time industry for many people, we were told, and consists of the gathering of the beautiful evergreens of the mountains, which they take to the nearest dealer, who converts them into ready cash. Galax, laurel, balsam, and leucothoe leaves, or evergreen shrubs, are bound into bundles and carried on the stout backs of the mountain folk to the nearest markets. For many families gallacking is the cash crop of the year, and supplements the live-at-

home farming on the rocky little hillside farms in a very material way.

The evergreens which grow in such luxurious profusion throughout these mountains are in constant demand by decorators and florists all over the world. And welcome is the itinerant gatherer at the hearths of the isolated little cabins, to their crude beds and corn pone, as long as he is gallacking in their midst.

And the flowers! All day we traveled through labyrinths of flaming azaleas, wild hydrangeas, mountain laurel whose exquisite little clusters of tiny waxen bells are delicately tinted with pink, and the ever-present snow-storm of the Southland's most familiar sight, dogwood. We thought we had never seen anything more lovely, but what glory must come to the mountains when the glossy green leaves of the dense jungles of rhododendrons become a background for the great clusters of brilliant flowers that crown the heights of this "Land of the Sky" when the "King of the Southland's Flowers" bloom in June!

Following a restful night in Asheville, we were ready to begin our motor trek through the Great Smokies the following day. The morning was bright and crisp, and soon after leaving Asheville we entered the Great Smoky National Park, one of the newest in that nation-wide chain of playgrounds which Uncle Sam maintains for our enjoyment.

This park was not dedicated until September, 1940, as the Government had not until then acquired all of its present 480,000 acres. The entire area is covered with some of the finest stands of virgin timber to be found in the United States, and lies almost equally in North Carolina and Tennessee.

Since the days of De Soto and the other early explorers, this primitive region has been but little explored. Its dense, almost impenetrable undergrowths and vast forests of hardwood and spruce remain a mystery no one has fully investigated.

These mountains are the highest chain east of the Rockies, and receive their name from the blue, smokelike haze that drapes the five- and six-thousand-foot peaks, and fills the deeply slashed canyons with what appears to be a veil of smoke. Because of their height and the heavy coniferous forests shrouding their sides, these moun-

(Continued on page 13)

The Highest Range of Mountains East of the Rockies Receives Its Name From the Smoky Haze That Drapes the Peaks

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



THE practice of the golden rule will bring rich rewards in the spiritual and social life, in business, and in school for anyone who will live it in earnest. However, it must overflow spontaneously from a heart filled with love for our fellow men, and mellowed by the influence of the spirit of Christ. Its unselfish ministry must be carried on with no thought of reward.

For over one hundred years Christians have been giving their children as missionaries and their money for foreign missions. These gifts have come willingly from hearts filled with love for others. No one has ever expected any material reward. Few, if any, have expected to see those who have been benefited by this benevo-

and who said that after seeing the unselfish spirit manifested by Adventist natives with whom he had come in contact, he wanted to become a Seventh-day Adventist.

The unselfish practice of the golden rule calls for much meditation and heart searching in our lives. We need to spend quiet periods thinking about those with whom we are associated from day to day, and about our influence on their lives. We need to begin each day with the assurance that we have a definite connection with heaven, and then by various ways and

various times throughout the day you will notice it and be reminded of your new "project." You might even make several such cards and keep some in your various pockets, use others for bookmarks, and place one where you will see it first thing each morning and the last thing at night. Such simple means may seem just a bit odd to you at first, but rest assured that they are effective, and that is what we want.

The Magic of



The GOLDEN Rule

PART II By BEN GLANZER

lence until we all meet in the new earth.

Then came World War II. The youth of many nations were called to the colors. After the dark days of the first years of the war came the time for counterinvasions on a grand scale and in many parts of the world until victory was won. No sooner had the smoke and tumult of battle died away than, from the various theaters of operation, came marvelous stories of how Allied paratroopers, soldiers, and sailors had been saved from drowning, starvation, and capture by the enemy, through the cooperative efforts of natives who had been converted to Christianity by missionaries sent out by the forefathers of these same servicemen. Not only were hundreds of lives saved physically by dark-skinned natives, but more than one serviceman was won for Christ through their efforts.

From the Australian area comes the story of a young soldier who had grown careless in his Christian experience. He was persuaded by a faithful buddy to attend a native Seventh-day Adventist church "just this once." He went, and there, through the simple, earnest pleading of a native pastor in a little straw-thatched house of worship, he was led back to the foot of the cross and to a new vision of Jesus. From the same area comes the story of an officer who was won to Christianity

means remind ourselves throughout the day to keep that connection established so that we may live as if in the atmosphere of heaven. This will help us to keep the attitude of ministry, for the Lord has put us here "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Our opportunities for ministry may be very small. But just a smile, a cheery "Hello," is at least a beginning. Have you read a good article, heard a helpful sermon or song? Why not express your appreciation in a few simple words or by writing a short letter, even if you do not know the author. Maybe you have at some time received such words of appreciation. Do you remember what that letter did for you? It gave you a lift for hours! Is this not a cue as to how you can spread sunshine? Do you know of someone going through some trying experience? A letter or a phone call will do wonders for him.

You will need reminders until such time as you have made it a habit to always practice the golden rule. Write the words *golden rule* or *kindness* on a piece of paper or cardboard and keep this in your billfold or purse where at



EWING GALLOWAY

If You Find It Easy to Get Into Arguments, Remember to Practice the Golden Rule and "Hold Your Peace"

Make it a practice, in your reading, to look for stories about the golden rule. You will do this almost automatically once you make the definite decision to really practice it. Cut out such incidents and file them, or make up a golden rule scrapbook. All this will help you to become more golden rule conscious.

Almost every person finds that he must associate with some people who get on his "nerves" from time to time. Make up your mind that every time this happens to you, you will use the temptation to "strike back" as a reminder to show kindness to that annoying person. You will need much of the grace of God to do this, but you will find it one of the most effective reminders, and just about the best way to strengthen your character on this point. Also remember that no one can get on your "nerves" unless you allow him to! If you find it easy to get into arguments, make each pro-

spective argument a reminder that you will desist and instead will "hold your peace" and practice the golden rule. Remember, too, that a good motto is, "Ninety-nine out of one hundred arguments are not worth winning!"

To practice the golden rule successfully, you must apply it to every situation in your life and to every person you meet. You will meet people who will seem objectionable to you and whom you will be tempted to avoid. But remember it is your duty to show the right spirit to *everyone*, and in so doing you will gain a great victory and will actually be doing the work Christ did, and the work angels are doing today:

"Angels are ever present where they are most needed, with those who have the hardest battles with self to fight, and whose surroundings are the most discouraging. Weak and trembling souls who have many objectionable traits of character, are their special charge. That which selfish hearts would regard as humiliating service, ministering to those who are wretched and in every way inferior in character, is the work of the pure, sinless beings from the courts above."

At all times, but especially in more difficult situations, it is well to keep in

Students of human nature have from time to time investigated the chain of events set in motion by a single act. In one instance it was decided to investigate the case of an irritable clerk who ordinarily was quite courteous, but who this day had been snubbing customers and acting grouchy. They were able to trace the reason back to an argument over a piece of burned toast at the breakfast table. From that insignificant and trifling incident at the beginning of her day, a shadow was thrown over dozens of lives.

A bit of kindness that will send some fellow worker on his way with a light heart, humming to himself, can likewise affect the lives of dozens of people with whom he may come in contact during the remainder of that day. Not only that, but as a result of your act of kindness, your own life will be favorably affected, and it will be easier for you to go through the day with a song in your heart. Unknowingly you and I have many times, by some little act, set up a chain of events that has touched many lives. Let us be prayerfully careful of the influence we cast upon others.

If you wish to live a successful, well-adjusted life, it is very necessary that you have harmonious relations in your home, with your fellow workers at

The very opposite should be true. We must not live under continual fear lest someone become displeased with, or offended at, us. The spirit with which we practice this way of life means everything. It requires that we take the initiative and set to work in a positive state of mind with the conviction that we will do "all the good we can, in as many ways as we can, as often as we can, to as many people as we can." We do not wait around until some action of a fellow being brings his life in touch with ours, and then humbly retaliate with good for the evil that might have been done us. Rather we go out in the fear of the Lord as the aggressors, doing good to others. They will then, in most instances, automatically retaliate with like acts. Even an individual who might be an avowed enemy will in time soften down and change his attitude. You need but persist for a time to prove this to your own satisfaction if you have not already done so.

However, we must say it again, and it cannot be stressed too much, that our acts must come from an unselfish heart of love and be implemented by a sincere desire to spread sunshine and be helpful. There is something in human nature that often causes what is *actually* in our hearts to be sensed more keenly by others than by what we do or say. It is imperative that we be genuine.

We have so many examples in the life of Jesus that teach us the way He lived and went about doing good and living the golden rule. Ellen G. White says this: "At all times and in all places He manifested a loving interest in men. . . . Jesus worked to relieve every case of suffering that He saw. He had little money to give, but He often denied Himself of food in order to relieve those who appeared more needy than He. His brothers felt that His influence went far to counteract theirs. He possessed a tact which none of them had, or desired to have. When they spoke harshly to poor, degraded beings, Jesus sought out these very ones, and spoke to them words of encouragement. To those who were in need He would give a cup of cold water, and would quietly place His own meal in their hands. As He relieved their sufferings, the truths He taught were associated with His act of mercy, and were thus riveted in the memory."

And again: "To be kind to the unthankful and to the evil, to do good hoping for nothing again, is the insignia of the royalty of heaven."

And still again: "If the mind is free and happy, under a consciousness of right-doing and a sense of satisfaction in causing happiness to others, it will create a cheerfulness that will react upon the whole system, causing a freer circulation of the blood and a toning up of the entire body."

Loving-kindness

By GEORGE C. HOSKIN

There is no love that ever
flows
More precious than what He
bestows,
No goodness that more
sweetly blends
Than loving gifts when He
befriends.

Let each devotion of the
heart
Be of His love a counter-
part,
And favors shown along the
way
In kindly deeds His love
portray.

mind the counsel found in the book *Christ's Object Lessons*. The thought is this: Make it a practice to speak to Christ before you speak to your fellow men. A little reflection on this counsel will impress us with the fact that our ministry to others might be attended with heavenly power if this counsel were always followed; and if our contacts with others were carried on as if in the presence of Christ, how kind and gentle we would be!

When you perform even the smallest act of unselfish courtesy and kindness, the good does not end with you and the immediate recipient. The influence goes on and on to eternity itself.

your daily task, and in your social contacts. The best way to bring this about is through the practice of the golden rule, because then you bring into operation the law of retaliation which operates in life. We think of this law too often in the negative sense. People will retaliate good just as readily as evil, depending on which phase of the law we set in motion by our own acts. The adage, "What you do to others you do to yourself!" is more than true.

Right here let us discard any tendency to feel that the practice of the golden rule will tend to develop vacillating, apologetic traits of character.

The Nicest Thing About Miracles

SOBELMAN SYNDICATE

Oranges Hung Like Great Golden Globes From the Trees in Happy Valley

By MAY COLE KUHN

ORANGES hung like great golden globes from thousands of trees in the valley called Happy. Pomegranate blossoms gleamed crimson in the bright sunlight, and bougainvillea vines purpled over the portico, cheering the heart of the gray-haired dean, Leah Linden. The elderly woman scanned her environment omnivorously. Then she breathed deeply an inhalation of orange blossoms that perfumed the air, and murmured, "Oh, but it's good to be alive!"

What a year it had been! First that illness at Christmas time, a hurried trip to the hospital, and long days of pain and waiting. While she was at the hospital her "wee sma' hoose" by the white, winding road had burned to the ground. An old student had whisked her away to the home of another old student, a physician, whose wife had brought peace to the dean's heart with kindness and gentle words.

Following this there were more days in a hospital, and transient visits with old friends, and a two-month sojourn in the home of a former teacher, who, some forty-odd years before, had been one of the dean's college professors. While there she had been taken ill again, and again was hurried to the hospital. This time the verdict was grave. There was no human hope for her, so the doctors said.

Unmoved, she lay on her narrow white bed, absorbing all the kindness shown by the nurses as they ministered to her. How thoughtful they were! How unselfish, how patient! She marveled at their skill and solicitude.

"No hope," she murmured, "no hope—with all this unflinching goodness about me? No hope—with a long, vast, happy eternity looming ahead? There were many things worse than the short oblivion called death. The

thought did not worry her in the least.

Then special prayer was offered in her behalf, requesting that if it were God's will, strength and health might return. Followed two weeks of almost unbearable pain, and then, one day came a sudden change! New life surged through the tortured body, the pain left, and the dean arose and walked about.

Since the little house on the hilltop had gone, she had no home. Kind friends had offered to share theirs with her, but she felt that she could not intrude on their family privacy, and waited for God to show her His plans.

"I've been somewhere all my life," she said to herself, "and I shall be somewhere still, if it is best." She knew that there must be a reason for all these sudden, strange happenings. In her notebook she had penned these words when the house had burned:

Whither now, Lord,
Shall I take my way,
As the slow mists gather
On the closing day?

I pause along the road,
Homeless, to see
If a candlelight gleams
Somewhere for me.

Groping, I linger
And peer ahead,
Sometimes with trust and hope,
Sometimes with dread.

Ashes of memories—
These I may keep;
And dream of a wee house
When I sleep.

Thou art my dwelling place;
Why should I roam?
Have I not roof and wall?
Thou art my home.

There were no places to rent in this new community, but there were places to buy. There had been no insurance on the house that burned and but little on the personal belongings, so money was lacking for the purchase of a new roof-tree. Then, suddenly, a shower

of checks, linen, letters, and needfuls of every description came

pouring in to the amazed dean. Two beautiful handmade quilts, a pair of fine woolen blankets; shoes, stockings, hats, purses, silverware, cooking pans and kettles—it seemed as if everyone knew what was necessary to living and was trying to see that all such necessities were provided. Books came, such wonderful books! The people in her old home community remembered her bountifully; and friends from the Orient opened their purses and linen closets. At last there was enough to purchase and furnish a small cottage.

The dean was glad for the tiny home that friends had so generously made possible. It was good enough, though not by any stretch of the imagination could it be called luxurious! She had been used to wide spaces, but this little house had its spaciousness in the porch and the palms outside. And it was home—a refuge from the crowds that milled along the streets of the near-by city. She found that her friends did not care whether she lived in a big house or a small one. They were still her friends.

Christmas came. So did the brother and sister of one of her former students. "Our house is large," they said. "Come and live with us for a while. You will have quietness."

"It is the way," she answered. "I shall come."

Now broad lawns, orange groves, acres of walnuts, and grassy places studded with pine, spruce, palm, and live oak stretch out before her. Birds warble from the bougainvillea vines, and agile gray squirrels play through the ivy that hangs over the leaded windows in her living room. There is no house in sight, though five minutes' walk brings one to the highway. Se-

(Continued on page 14)

DURING the hectic days of 1940 the very air was ominous with disaster in the islands of the French West Indies. Since the German armies had overrun France, none could foresee the future. The French Government had to maintain its position, so turned to the established church for help in governing her people. In the islands of the Caribbean Sea the ecclesiastical authorities took advantage of this to encourage the passage of laws which would make it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to worship God in any other way than that prescribed by what we may call the state church.

This placed Seventh-day Adventists in a difficult position, especially my father, who was the pastor of our church on one of these islands. The authorities sent spies to attend all our meetings. Sometimes they were in military dress, while at other times they were in civilian clothes. Our workers had to be extremely careful of what they said. Mother played the organ for the services in our largest church, and from where she sat she could see anyone coming into the churchyard. Whenever she saw a suspicious-looking stranger coming, she would have one of us children stand up as a signal to father.

Such experiences caused our people to become very cautious. Often the spies would take notes, and in many instances members were called to police headquarters to explain or give an account of what had been said in church on Sabbath. Also spies would sometimes walk up and down the street in front of the mission office to see whether they could gather information against the Adventists. These conditions existed for more than a year.

Finally, the authorities, feeling that they were not getting results fast enough, assigned a special agent to gather all the information he possibly could about the Adventists and their work. They hoped to prove us guilty of sedition and thus be able to expel us from all French territory in the Caribbean. Our members prayed to the heavenly Father often during those days, asking Him to protect His children and His cause. During this period of persecution and suspicion our meetings were better attended than ever before.

The agent who was chosen was noted for his dislike of all Adventists. He lived in a town on the eastern shore of the particular island not far from the one on which we made our home. Upon hearing of his appointment he was overjoyed to have this opportunity to crush his opponents. He began work immediately, going from village to village and interviewing many people. Most of the accusations he heard were, of course, false.

In this small town lived one of our members, Mme. Vustad. One day as

she was going to market she heard someone calling, "Mme. Vustad! Mme. Vustad! Come here. I have something to tell you." Turning around, she saw that it was the burly chief of police.

"Have you heard that the local leader of the established church has been appointed to gather information against Adventists and drive them out of the colony?" he asked.

"Why, no," she replied, "I haven't heard a thing about it."

"Mme. Vustad, when this special agent completes his work, it will be the end of you Adventists. Your chapels will be closed, and that white pastor will have to leave the colony. You will be obliged to give



up your faith or go to prison," the chief warned her.

She looked him straight in the eye. "Sir, if God does not see fit to let the Adventists be destroyed, all the efforts of our enemies will amount to nothing."

To this the chief of police replied sharply, "Remember my words: you chapels will be closed; you will either renounce your faith or go to prison." With that he turned and walked away. Mme. Vustad went on to market, confident of God's protection whatever the outcome.

Finally the special agent came to our island to investigate. There he carried on what might well be called an "inquisition." As he went from one town to another he visited the neighbors of the Adventists or had police officers obtain information concerning our members. The authorities stressed the point that if one was independent enough to have religious convictions of his own, he was under suspicion of sympathizing with the resistance movement. Matters seemed to be getting worse all the time.

After completing his work the agent of the state church prepared to return to his home island and set plans in operation for ousting the Adventists. The day of his departure he was visiting a cruiser lying in the harbor. A friend of ours who happened to be on board heard him say, "I have everything ready. As soon as I get back

to headquarters we can start things, and we shall see what happens."

While he was still on the ship the pilot of a military reconnaissance plane came to him and suggested: "I have a flight to make over the northern part of the island. Would you like to accompany me? I'm sure you would enjoy seeing our 'Emerald Isle' from the air."

"Why, certainly, I'll be delighted to go," the agent replied. "Thank you for your invitation."

The airfield was only about a mile away and the weather was ideal for flying. Visibility was good, with very little wind. At the field he got into the plane, still carrying his precious brief case. The pilot warmed up the motors, and safety belts were fastened. Soon they were off and climbing rap-

God Overrules

By KENNETH DUNN

idly. Suddenly one motor went dead, the other burst into flames, and the plane plunged downward like a comet and landed a flaming wreck in the bay. The pilot, the agent, and the brief case containing the information against the Adventists were all destroyed.

The accident caused much excitement among the people on both islands. They exclaimed, "We had better leave the Adventists alone. See what has happened to one who came to destroy them!"

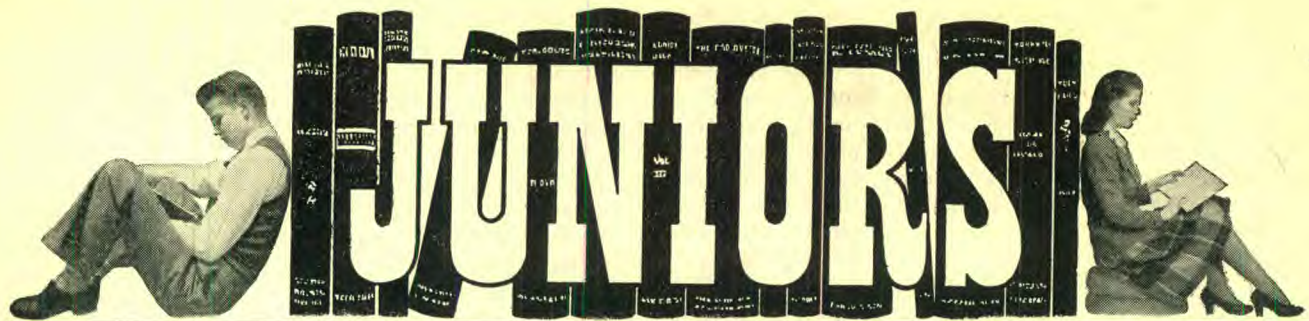
Mme. Vustad was again stopped by the chief of police of her home town. This time he invited her into his office and asked, "Have you heard that the special agent of the church appointed to investigate Adventists was killed in a plane accident?"

"Why, no," she replied. "Are you sure it's true?"

"Of course it's true, and *you Adventists are responsible for his death!* Tell me, madame, what *kind of prayers* have you Adventists been praying to your God?"

"We Adventists do not offer such prayers, sir," Mme. Vustad answered; "but you will remember I told you that if it were not God's will that we be destroyed, no one would be able to do anything against us."

Since then life in the islands has been peaceful, with the faith of our believers strengthened as never before. We have trusted in Him; He has delivered us.



I WAS about twelve years of age when my teacher talked to the students about the importance of having a hobby. That night I was looking at a letter which my mother had received from Australia, and I decided that stamp collecting would be interesting. With the stamp from that letter I started a collection which I have been increasing ever since. I now have a little more than two thousand stamps.

I collected most of my stamps by trading among friends. I also went through my parents' and grandparents' old letters, and removed all the stamps that looked interesting. Of the duplicates I kept enough so that I could trade for more. An elderly acquaintance of my mother's who had been collecting stamps for years gave

me several large books full of stamps and helped me out with a number of her duplicates.

When I was a little older I began writing to the different stamp companies, asking them to send me their sets of stamps on approval. These sets consist of stamps hinged to a sheet with the price under each. The company also sends a special envelope with more unusual, and, of course, more expensive stamps.

The trade centers are very interesting. If you send the company ten cents and a certain number of stamps from one country, they will return to you the same number of different stamps from that country. I have found this an economical way to obtain stamps, and have by this method added, at one time, from twenty-five

to seventy-five stamps. The beginning of the postal system does not coincide with the invention of the postage stamp. The postal system has been carried on by one means or another for hundreds of years. The post roads of the ancient Romans are still in existence in parts of Europe, and there is evidence that, even before the time of Rome, China had an efficient method of handling mail.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne in England, the postmen still went through the streets each day ringing their bells and collecting letters, while on the Continent the post horn of the mail coach could be heard along the country roads. Postage was paid, not by the sender, but by the receiver, and the rates were so high that hearing from one's friends was often more of a hardship than a pleasure.

As late as 1835 in New York the postal rates were as follows for single letters, which meant one page: Any distance not exceeding 30 miles, six cents; over 30 miles, but not exceeding 80 miles, ten cents; over 80 miles but not exceeding 400 miles, twenty-five cents.

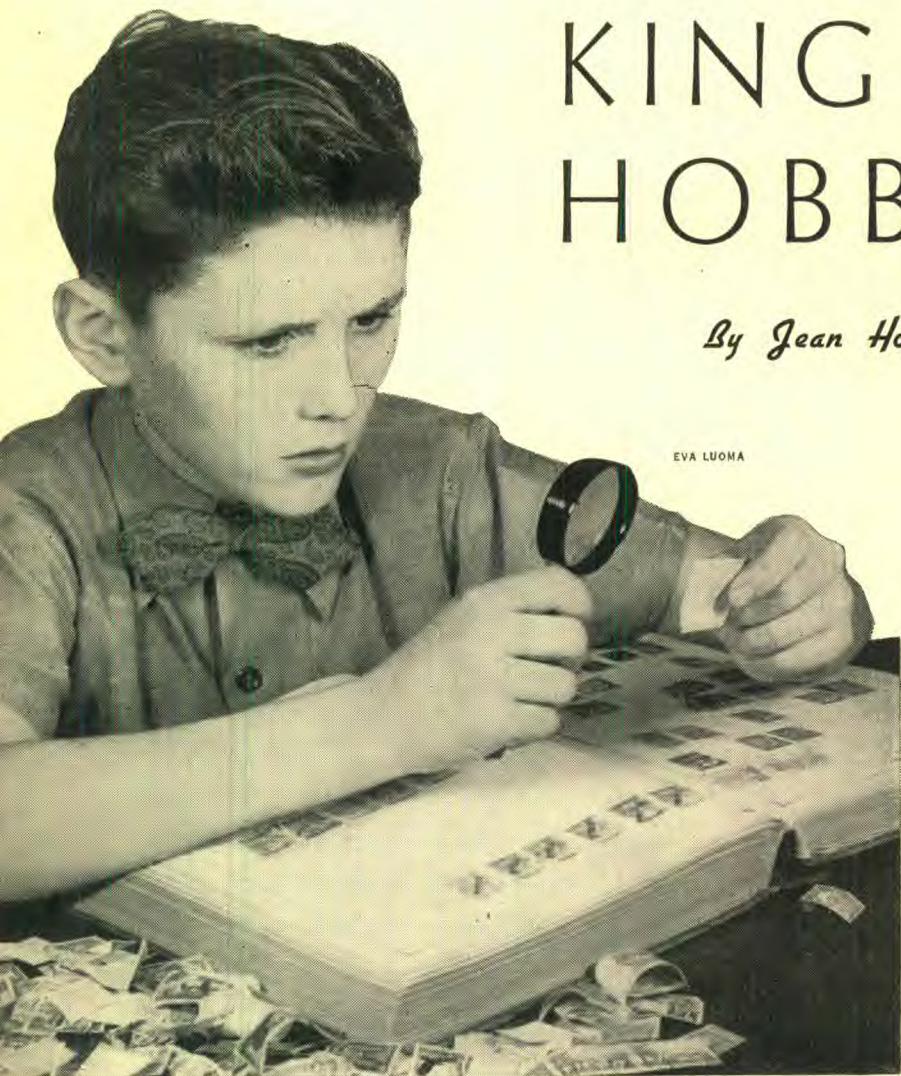
Comparatively few letters were written in those days. We are told that the average per capita correspondence in London was about three letters a year, and that even then all kinds of tricks were devised by the people to avoid paying the high postage rates.

The poet Coleridge tells of witnessing such a bit of trickery one day. He saw a letter, on which the postage was rather high, handed to a waitress. She studied the writing and finally said she could not afford to pay the postage and would not take the letter. In spite of her refusals Coleridge paid for it, expecting her to be very grateful, but instead she showed no signs of being pleased. After the postman

KING of HOBBIES

By Jean Howard

EVA LUOMA



You Can Collect Most of Your Stamps by Trading Duplicates With Your Friends and Buying Odd Lots From Stamp Dealers

left, she opened the letter and showed the poet that there was nothing in it. The message was in code. She and her correspondent had arranged to send brief messages through special ways of addressing the paper (envelopes were not used). Only when a mark so indicated, did she bother to pay the postman the price to redeem the letter.

The postage stamp, as it is known today, was not used until May 6, 1840. It was a little black stamp bearing Queen Victoria's picture. Sir Rowland Hill was the inventor, and he insisted that if only one penny was charged for all letters, the increase of mail would more than compensate for the lowering of the rates. His idea was so ridiculed that it took years to put it into effect.

At first the stamps were printed in unperforated sheets. One day a man was in need of a stamp, but he had no scissors, so he tried punching a row of pinholes between the stamps. When he found that stamps treated in this way could be easily separated, he informed the manufacturer, and, in the end, was rewarded the sum of £25,000.

Stamp collecting has been in existence for nearly a century. Possibly one reason for its popularity is that it partially satisfies the rather common desire to travel in foreign countries.

This hobby was first called the "ladies' sport," but there are now more men than women who collect stamps. It has been estimated that 98 out of 100 men in the Western Hemisphere collect, or have collected, sometime during their lives. Stamp collecting is also called the "king of hobbies and the hobby of kings," for there are many rulers who have collected and are now collecting stamps. Among the more famous collectors are George V of England, Gustavus V of Sweden, Carol of Rumania, Alfonso XIII of Spain, Manuel II of Portugal, and the late President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Count Philippe la Rénotière von Ferrari, who had unlimited funds at his disposal, kept two secretaries busy for over forty years working on his collection. He spent about fifty thousand francs a week, and over twenty million dollars in the fifty-three years that he collected. He is reported to have had the most nearly perfect collection ever owned. After his death in 1917 his vast accumulation of stamps was auctioned off by the French Government.

About the year 1864 stamp collecting took on the dignified title of philately, which means "love of tax exemption." It would seem, however, that by means of stamps the taxation was only transferred from the receiver to the sender.

Stamp collecting has been made to serve various purposes. Teachers in elementary schools sometimes use

stamps as a device in presenting geography lessons. For example, the pupil may be given a stamp and be required to go to the map and place it on the country to which it belongs, and explain what the picture represents and why it was issued.

Some time ago the management of a large bank in New York City, believing that stamp collecting develops a person's character, organized a stamp club for its employees and arranged to give them all the stamps which came to the bank through its world correspondence. The leaders of the club believed that "a man who collects stamps develops an orderly mind; he must also be neat, accurate, and observant." Also they felt that after handling stamps, he would handle money with greater speed and accuracy. Because working with stamps increases his powers of observation, the bank clerk would be less likely to allow a counterfeit to pass through his hands. If he is honest in handling stamps sent on approval, some of which are rare and expensive, he would also be honest in his job and could be trusted to handle money. That which applies to bank clerks could just as well apply to men in all professions.

The hobby of philately, or stamp collecting, is still growing, and my collection will need to grow at a faster rate than it has in the past if I do not expect to be left hopelessly behind.



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park 12, D.C.

Mix-up

By MARY KENT

How many animals can you find by unscrambling this text?

Hte lofw losa lahsl wedll itwh eth balm,
dan het pelodar halsl cil ondw hitw hte
dik; nad het lafc nda eth onygu nilo nod
het tagnni rotgeteh; dan a titel hidlc lashl
dale hemt.

Nda hte woc dna teh reba salhl defe;
tirhe noyug sone lahls ile onwd gotehret;
nad het niol lashl tea waslr ikle eth xo.

A Word Square

By CLYDE ROSSER

.
.
.
.

1. Duration.
2. A thought or plan.
3. A quantity of food.
4. Freedom from perplexity or trial.

(Answers on page 14)

I Live Behind the Picket Lines

(Continued from page 4)

guests were trying to negotiate their luggage through the blind doors, still others were trying to get transportation, or just standing in a bewildered way.

There was, underneath the light-hearted air of the desk clerks and assistant managers (those people of the executive staff who are not union and had not struck), a grimness, and tenseness of feeling that was frightening in itself. They were doing their best to be calm and keep up a good front before the guests, but to say that they were worried is putting it mildly.

I had come in, dreading my long climb up to the tenth floor. As I headed for the stairs, one of the assistant managers approached me and asked, "May I take you up?"

The question in my mind must have shown in my face, for he laughed, indicated the elevators, smilingly reached into his pocket, and pulled out an envelope, from which he extracted a license. Yes, all the assistant managers, the manager, the desk clerks, and even the owner of the hotel had taken out elevator operators' licenses, and were ready for business. The fact that they were not experts apparently had not entered into the matter at all, but that item did not seem important at the moment, and I thankfully accepted the offer to ride.

As soon as I reached my room I realized it was sunset and Sabbath. I was ashamed that I had become so taken up with the "cares of the world" that God's sacred day had come upon me unawares. I knelt in prayer to ask the All-Father for forgiveness and to thank Him for His goodness to me, and for His care over mother. Then I cleaned up and went downstairs and outside in search of food.

The picketing employees were laughing and joking as they passed and re-passed the hotel. Yes, the elevator girls were there, and the whole crew of night maids had come on. One of them—one who had been especially friendly—was leading the line. As I passed her, she recognized me and called out, "Say, Miss, how's your mother?" As she spoke she slowed down a bit, as is the natural thing to do when speaking to someone who is passing you, but one of the strike leaders standing near by giving orders and assigning people to their places in line, looked up and shouted, "Keep moving, you! Keep that line moving." I said nothing to her then, but as I came back later I walked along by her side and told her that mother was all right, that she was in the hospital, and that she was being taken care of. The maid said, "I'm sure glad. I was worried about her. Now I feel better."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

It started raining during the night and turned much colder, but the line went on, hour in and hour out. Some of the pickets had been thoughtful enough to bring umbrellas for themselves, but others had not, and they were drenched.

The next morning as I went out to get my breakfast, before going to Sab-

ning to wonder just how long the hotels could keep their few remaining guests. They were really closed, of course—that is, closed to all new reservations, and were checking people out as fast as they would go, but there were hundreds of us scattered throughout the city who had no other place to lay our heads, and we could not leave. In our hotel there were about one hundred guests left, and the place was like a morgue.

The assistant managers and the faithful desk clerks were doing all the work in the place. Can you picture one of these executive managers going through the halls with a little push cart, rapping on the doors of the occupied rooms, asking the people whether their wastebaskets needed emptying? I was certainly surprised when he came to my door, and glad, too, for my trash basket was full to overflowing.

Many of the hotels were without phone service completely. We had some, for two of our operators, non-union, had not struck, and had stayed on in the building, never going out, dividing the shift into twelve-hour intervals.

Some places were without heat or hot water. Fortunately we had some of both. This was due, I was told, to the fact that some of these same men of all work—the assistant managers and desk clerks—had gone down into the boiler rooms and kept the fires going. Also I heard that the boiler and fire men stayed on to “protect life and property,” so I did not know just what had happened. But I did know we had heat.

And now this is the fourteenth day of the strike, and there is no promise of a break. As I go in and out, there is no light laughter among the pickets. Those whom I have known, yes, and whom I might say I have considered as friends, look the other way when I come along. (All except that night maid!) They either do not want to speak to me or for some reason they are afraid to. It seems so strange. Fourteen days ago these hotel employees were my friends, or, at least, I could say acquaintances. Now they scarcely speak.

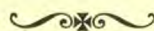
It makes me think of a time that is soon coming when people like these folks here in this hotel, ordinary human beings, just like you and me, are going to be divided by a barrier that will never be broken. Instead of guests and managers of a hotel being divided from striking employees, families will be divided. A mother may be on one side, the father on the other. Children will be separated from their parents, and in some instances whole communities will be torn in bitter strife. Some people will choose God's side of the argument. They will stand firmly for His commandments. Those on the other side

will do everything in their power to persecute even their own dear ones standing for what they believe is right.

These strikes that we see on every hand are merely one more sign of the nearness of the coming of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. The apostle James, drawing a word picture of today, declares: “Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, *the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth:* and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.” Then a little farther on we read the exhortation, “Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.”

This hotel strike in which I have accidentally become involved has made me realize more keenly than ever that His coming is near, “even at the doors.” These people, striking for what they believe to be their just rights, are merely expressing the “cries of them which have reaped” down through the ages.

One of these days there will be no picket lines, there will be no hatred, there will be no class consciousness, there will be only brotherly love and happiness. But that cannot be until Jesus comes. Signs point to that wonderful event, and each sign seems to say, “Soon, soon, soon the Master will be here!”



Glimpses Into the Old South

(Continued from page 6)

tains appear more like the mountains of the Pacific slope than do the others of the Appalachian range, although their hardwood trees are peculiar to them alone.

Much road construction was going on at the time of our visit, and the new car tested its worth as we negotiated the rutty road, and were greeted occasionally with a shower of rock falling back to earth after being hurled upward by a blast of dynamite! But we were too much impressed by the verdant beauty around us to be greatly annoyed by the rough roads. Down precipitous slopes they led us, across deeply slashed canyons (I know that is a Western term, but it certainly applies here!) whose sides were densely studded with the spiral tips of heavy forests of spruce, hemlock, balsam, and other magnificent forest trees and shrubs that presented a panorama of verdant beauty in every direction.

Most of the deciduous trees were not yet in leaf, but the feathery white plumes of the serviceberry flaunted their dainty heads everywhere amid the gray branches of the leafless trees,



Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

Thomas Keay Tapling

“Thomas Keay Tapling, physician by training, lawyer by choice, and wealthy carpet merchant by inheritance, began to collect in 1865, when he was ten years old.” As he grew older, he bought every stamp that he could, and so formed a very general collection. He failed always to demand perfection in the stamps which he purchased, but some of the collections which he bought had been compiled by very careful philatelists and were of fine quality.

Some of the more outstanding items of his collection were his Hawaiian missionaries, Buenos Aires ship types, and his British colonial specimens. Many of the world's classics were included in his accumulations, and the scope covered the world. In fact, his collection was the second largest ever made. At his death it was given to the British Museum, where it was arranged and mounted by Edward Denny Bacon. According to Charles J. Phillips, its present-day market value is close to two million dollars.

STAMP EXCHANGE

D. van Waardenburg, Hevea Weg 9, Batavia, Java, Netherlands East Indies (senior), offers stamps from Netherlands East Indies in exchange for world-wide issues.

Bob Darnell, Little Creek School, Concord, Tennessee (senior, 4,000 stamps), has world-wide issues to exchange.

bath school and church, a new shift of pickets were taking their places. I spoke to the ones I knew, and they (most of them, at least) replied in some manner—some to touch their caps, others to smile, yet others to look woodenly away, pretending not to have seen me.

And so the strike continued. Mother was much better, and I was busy all the daylight hours. I saw the picket lines only when I went out in the morning and when I came back at night. I read in the papers that almost all the hotels in the city of Washington were striking. I was begin-

and stood out like wreaths against the somber background of the evergreens.

It is claimed there are more than 152 varieties of trees in the Great Smoky National Park. In this one magnificent area of the Appalachian Mountains is clustered as great a variety of flora as that found anywhere in the world.

Upon reaching the crest of the Smokies, we crossed the boundary line and began the long descent on the Tennessee side. The long afternoon shadows were falling across the western slope as we slid down its forested side into the broad valley of the Tennessee River toward Knoxville, where we found accommodations for the night.

What a Price!

(Continued from page 1)

the cause of truth, those who chose to die rather than to fail in the eyes of men—and God. Their Gethsemane was far beyond a ceiling price. But because there was One who was willing to go through the Garden of long ago, these have not died in vain. They wait only to claim the promise, "Who-soever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

And then I thought about the first Gethsemane, and I found embodied in that one great cost all other prices the world has ever known. The pain of separation, the loss of position, the agony of death—He knew them all. As I meditate upon that kneeling form, bowed down with the sins of humanity, broken by separation from His Father, sweating great drops of sinless blood, wondering whether there was any other way but to drink the bitter cup—my own life kneels in humble submission, and my heart cries, "Thy will be done."

What price Gethsemane? No price is too high. Today Anne is teaching academy students; Jim is working his way toward dentistry in a Christian college; Margo is molding lives under the influence of the Master Artist; Mr. Scott is leading out in the colporteur ministry; and martyrs are resting in the hope of the resurrection, because the highest price has already been paid.

Have you been in the Garden? Have you gone through Gethsemane? Not literally, as did that sight-seeing soldier, but *spiritually*? Not until you have agonized with Him there can you know the price that He paid—for you.

Key to Mix-Up: Isaiah 1:8, 7.

Key to A Word Square

TIME
IDEA
MESS
EASE



YOUTH'S FORUM

CURRENT PROPOSITION:

What do you think of students' "cribbing" in examinations? Of a student appropriating for his own advantage the notebook work done by another? Or of one student writing themes for another who submits them as his own? What can we who hold the very highest ideals of honor do to help our fellow youth appreciate the importance of building absolute honesty into the very foundations of life?

By special request we are allowing TEN DAYS OF GRACE beyond the announced deadline of December 15. If you have not sent in your contribution to this discussion be sure to do so AT ONCE.

Address all communications to Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

The Nicest Thing About Miracles

(Continued from page 9)

clusion and comfort! What a boon they are to the tired, pain-burdened woman.

"God cares," she whispers to herself. "How marvelously He renews strength of body and spirit." New physical vigor and vitality surge through her frail physique. She cares for her rooms and does her own washing! Of course there is all the paraphernalia here for making housework mere play! Moreover, these kind friends with whom she is sojourning have provided a typewriter and other equipment suitable for her use should she feel like putting forth any journalistic efforts.

Answer to Last Week's Crossword Puzzle

L	E	T	U	S	N	O	T	A
D	O	V	E	S	O	D	E	R
B	E	W	E	A	R	Y	I	N
E	E	Z	E	L	Y	B		
U	W	E	L	L	D	O	I	N
C	L	A	R	O	F	E	R	R
H	F	O	R	I	N	D	U	E
A	C	T	N	E	D	S	E	P
R	S	E	A	S	O	N	W	E
I	S	L	L	S	O	I	A	G
S	H	A	L	L	R	E	A	P
T	E	N	S	O	M	E	B	E
W	E	F	A	I	N	T	N	O

COPYRIGHT, W. A. WILDE CO.

One day recently she found the scales tipping heavily. She peered at the balance curiously. A year ago it had registered one hundred and sixteen. Now it read—what was that? One hundred and fifty-four? Impossible! But the scales were right.

"I'm getting well," she exclaimed in avid surprise.

Then she heard from June. June is a woman who was healed forty-three years ago in a sanitarium in New England, where the dean was then working. Her friend, a girl companion who lived in June's home for years, had received some magazines published by Seventh-day Adventists (perhaps some young people's Literature Band sent them), and since she had time on her hands, she decided to read them, and in time accepted the truths of the third angel's message. It was in the INSTRUCTOR that she read the story about June's healing written by the dean a number of years ago, and it was she who now wrote to Dean Linden and assured her June, who is her friend too, is well and happy and that there had been no recurrence of her old trouble.

"That was forty years ago," mused the dean. "God does His work well! There was no excitement, no disturbance, no noise connected with that healing."

"Be still, and know that I am God," she quoted. Then looking into her notebook she read this excerpt from Chesterton:

"The nicest thing about miracles is—they sometimes happen!"

Sabbath School Lessons

Senior Youth

XII—The Feast of Tabernacles
(December 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 7:2 to 8:11.

MEMORY VERSE: John 7:37, 38.

LESSON HELP: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 447-462.

1. As the annual gathering of the Feast of Tabernacles was at hand, what did some members of Jesus' family urge Him to do? What reason did they give for their counsel? John 7:2-5.

NOTE.—"As the sons of Joseph made preparation to attend the Feast of Tabernacles, they saw that Christ made no movement signifying His intention of attending. They watched Him with anxiety. Since the healing at Bethesda He had not attended the national gatherings. To avoid useless conflict with the leaders at Jerusalem, He had restricted His labors to Galilee. His apparent neglect of the great religious assemblies, and the enmity manifested toward Him by the priests and rabbis, were a cause of perplexity to the people about Him, and even to His own disciples and His kindred. . . .

"These brothers of Jesus reasoned from the selfish motive so often found in the hearts of those ambitious for display. This spirit was the ruling spirit of the world. They were offended because, instead of

seeking a temporal throne, Christ had declared Himself to be the bread of life. They were greatly disappointed when so many of His disciples forsook Him. They themselves turned from Him to escape the cross of acknowledging what His works revealed—that He was the Sent of God.”—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 449-451.

2. How did Jesus reply to their request? Why did He not at once go up to the feast? Where did He remain for a time? Verses 6-9.

NOTE.—“His brothers had spoken to Him in a tone of authority, prescribing the course He should pursue. He cast their rebuke back to them, classing them not with His self-denying disciples, but with the world. ‘The world cannot hate you,’ He said, ‘but Me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil.’ The world does not hate those who are like it in spirit; it loves them as its own.”—*Ibid.*, p. 451.

3. After His brethren were gone, where did Jesus go? In what manner? Verse 10.

4. What opinions prevailed among the people concerning Jesus? Why did they not express these opinions publicly? Verses 11-13.

NOTE.—“Through fear of the priests and rulers, none dared acknowledge Him as the Messiah, but everywhere there was quiet yet earnest discussion concerning Him. Many defended Him as one sent from God, while others denounced Him as a deceiver of the people.”—*Ibid.*, p. 451.

5. At the height of the feast what did Jesus do? How did the Jews express their astonishment? What reply did Jesus make? Verses 14-16.

6. How may we know the truth? Verses 17, 18.

NOTE.—“Many are deceived today in the same way as were the Jews. Religious teachers read the Bible in the light of their own understanding and traditions; and the people do not search the Scriptures for themselves, and judge for themselves as to what is truth; but they yield up their judgment, and commit their souls to their leaders. The preaching and teaching of His Word is one of the means that God has ordained for diffusing light; but we must bring every man’s teaching to the test of Scripture. Whoever will prayerfully study the Bible, desiring to know the truth, that he may obey it, will receive divine enlightenment. He will understand the Scriptures.”—*Ibid.*, pp. 458, 459.

7. Although an effort was made to entrap Jesus, why could not this evil purpose be carried out? Verse 30.

8. By what inquiry did the people show confidence in Jesus? What did some declare? What did others say? What objection was raised to this? Verses 31, 40, 41.

9. What appeal did Jesus make on the last day of the feast? Verses 37, 38.

NOTE.—“The cry of Christ to the thirsty soul is still going forth, and it appears to us with even greater power than to those who heard it in the temple on that last day of the feast. The fountain is open for all. The weary and exhausted ones are offered the refreshing draught of eternal life. Jesus is still crying, ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.’”—*Ibid.*, p. 454.

10. To what did Jesus refer in the words “living water”? Why was the fulfillment of the promise still future? Verse 39.

11. What did the chief priests and Pharisees ask the officers whom they had sent to take Jesus? How did they reply? How did the Pharisees express their surprise at the reply? Verses 45-48.

12. What former inquirer came forward to defend Jesus? What principle of justice did he urge? How did the Jews answer? Verses 50-52.

13. Where did the people now go? Where did Jesus go? Verse 53; John 8:1.

Junior

XII—At the Feast of Tabernacles

(December 21)

LESSON TEXT: John 7:2-18, 30-53.

MEMORY VERSE: “In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.” John 7:37.

Guiding Thought

“We’ll tarry by the living waters,
The fountain pure and free;
There Jesus waits to give us welcome;
A welcome sweet ’twill be.

“Then come to Christ, the living water;
Thy strength will He restore.
Come, taste the joy of His salvation,
And drink to thirst no more.”

—F. E. BELDEN.

“Now on the last day, the great day of the festival, Jesus stood up and cried out, ‘If anyone is thirsty, let him come to Me and drink. If anyone believes in Me, streams of living water, as the Scripture says, shall flow forth from his heart.’” John 7:37, 38, Goodspeed.

Assignment 1

Read the lesson text and Guiding Thought. You will enjoy learning the entire poem, No. 206 in *Christ in Song*.

Assignment 2

It was the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, the thanksgiving feast of the year, after the harvests were all gathered in.

“From far and near the people came, bringing in their hands a token of rejoicing. Old and young, rich and poor, all brought some gift as a tribute of thanksgiving to Him who had crowned the year with His goodness, and made His paths drop fatness. Everything that could please the eye, and give expression to the universal joy, was brought from the woods; the city bore the appearance of a beautiful forest.

“This feast was not only the harvest thanksgiving, but the memorial of God’s protecting care over Israel in the wilderness. In commemoration of their tent life, the Israelites during the feast dwelt in booths or tabernacles of green boughs. These were erected in the streets, in the courts of the temple, or on the housetops. The hills and valleys surrounding Jerusalem were also dotted with these leafy dwellings, and seemed to be alive with people.

“With sacred song and thanksgiving the worshippers celebrated this occasion. A little before the feast was the Day of Atonement, when, after confession of their sins, the people were declared to be at peace with Heaven.”—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 447, 448.

1. At the annual gathering of the Feast of Tabernacles what did the brothers of Jesus suggest? What did they say which showed they did not believe that Jesus was the Saviour? John 7:2-5.

2. Why did Jesus not go with them to Jerusalem before the feast began? Verses 6-10.

NOTE.—Jesus did not want crowds to gather about Him on the way, so He waited until His brothers and most of the people had gone. Then He went up, following paths where not so many traveled.

3. What different ideas did the people have about Jesus? Why were they careful not to talk where the Jewish leaders could hear them? Verses 11-13.

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 3

4. Where did Jesus go to teach? John 7:14.

5. How were the Jewish leaders affected by His teaching? What did they say? Verse 15.

NOTE.—“How is it that this man can read?” they said, “when He has never gone to school?” (Goodspeed.) That is, Jesus had never gone to the schools in Jerusalem, nor studied all the teachings of the rabbis and priests.

6. Where did Jesus get the lessons He taught? Why did He not speak of Himself? Verses 16-18.

NOTE.—“My teaching is not My own; it comes from Him who has sent Me. Anyone who resolves to do His will will know whether My teaching comes from God, or originates with Me. Whoever speaks simply for himself is looking for honor for himself, but whoever looks for honor for the person who has sent him shows his sincerity; there is no dishonesty about him.” (Goodspeed.)

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 4

7. How were many people affected as they listened to Jesus? John 7:31.

8. What did the Pharisees and rulers want to do with Jesus? Verses 30, 32.

9. What did Jesus say to those sent to arrest Him? Verses 33-36.

NOTE.—As Jesus talked with those who tried to harm Him, they could do nothing. The power of God kept them from harming Him.

Study the memory verse.

Assignment 5

Day after day Jesus taught the people who gathered about Him in the temple courts.

10. How did Jesus invite the people to find peace and live in Him? John 7:37-39; 4:14.

NOTE.—“He in whom Christ is abiding has within him a never-failing fountain of grace and strength. Jesus cheers the life and brightens the path of all who truly seek Him. His love, received into the heart, will spring up in good works unto eternal life. And not only does it bless the soul in which it springs, but the living stream will flow out in words and deeds of righteousness, to refresh the thirsting around him.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 412.

11. What was the attitude of the people? John 7:40-42.

Do you know the memory verse?

Assignment 6

12. What did the enemies of Jesus desire to do? John 7:43, 44.

13. Why had they not already arrested Him? Verses 45-48.

14. Who among the Pharisees was a friend to Jesus at this time? How did he keep the rulers from harming Jesus? Verses 50-53.

Review the memory verse.

Assignment 7

The Feast of Tabernacles was held after the _____

It was held in _____

Jesus went _____ to the feast.

He taught in the _____

He taught the people about _____

Many _____ on Him.

The rulers wanted to _____

They could not harm Him because _____

Nicodemus was a _____ to Jesus.

Jesus’ invitation then, and today, is _____

(The memory verse has the answer.)

Jesus invites us to _____ (Guiding Thought, first part, has the answer.)

The Youth's Instructor

Issued by
Review and Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

LORA E. CLEMENT EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FREDERICK LEE
J. E. WEAVER

L. L. MOFFITT
E. W. DUNBAR

This paper does not pay for unsolicited material. Contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcomed, and receive every consideration; but we do not return manuscript for which return postage is not supplied.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription, \$2.75; six months, \$1.55; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, \$2.35; six months, \$1.35. Higher in Canada.

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, \$3.35; six months, \$1.85; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, \$2.95; six months, \$1.65.

ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even though you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.

The Listening Post

❖ OF those who were victims of drowning last year, nearly half lived in rural areas.

❖ It is reliably reported that Irish linens are on their way back to stock store shelves on the United States side of the Atlantic.

❖ STUDENTS and writers may now have access to the White House central files of Franklin Delano Roosevelt for the years 1933 to 1941. They are available at the Hyde Park, New York, Library.

❖ LOST: \$120,000 worth of mint 2½d King George VI stamps. These specimens were stolen from a print shop in Buckinghamshire, England, and it is possible the loot may have been brought to America.

❖ THE two most recently discovered chemical elements have been named "americium," for the New World, and "curium," for Pierre and Marie Currie. The elements (95 and 96) will be known by their chemical symbols, Am and Cm.

❖ DENTISTS and ear specialists have decided that toothlessness may bring on deafness. The removal of all the teeth lets the jaws close too tightly and cramps the nerve operating the muscles which keep the inner ear's tiny bones clicking. It is believed that holding the jaws apart with false teeth can prevent such deafness.

❖ TOTAL enrollments in all senior colleges, junior colleges, teachers' colleges, and extension courses in the United States are estimated at between 1,800,000 and 1,900,000. About 18,000,000 books are needed for the 1946-47 term, but most optimistic estimates are that the publishers will not be able to supply more than 13,500,000.

❖ Now that public transportation problems have eased up a bit, hitchhikers must be ignored, warns the Keystone Automobile Club. Too often of late the public has been horrified by the act of some brigand who has been picked up at the wag of a thumb. It is time to stop these "brazen moochers who can well afford to ride in busses or trains," the club declares.

❖ THIRTY years ago Dr. Alexis Carrel proved his contention that living tissue could be kept alive artificially. A portion of chicken heart was placed in a warm, swirling solution of salts, and not only failed to die but outlived Dr. Carrel. It was finally put to death when it became apparent it was unnecessary to continue the experiment longer. The next step is to discover whether whole hearts or kidneys may be stored as "spare parts."

❖ AFRICAN squash or Aligold has just recently been put on American markets. Said to be young, tender, and a good vegetable in the summer months, it can be used later in the season in pies and puddings. Laboratory tests show that it is rich in vitamin A and far superior to any squash or pumpkin previously grown. And, as if this were not enough to prove its merits, in all tests made, not a single plant was damaged by stem borers or other insects, and there was no serious damage by disease.

❖ A RING worth two hundred dollars was found in the stomach of a catfish caught recently near Arlington, Virginia.

❖ ONLY about one fifth of the body of the South American electric eel is occupied by its vital organs. Its power plant takes up the rest.

❖ THE Bible is now printed in 1,068 languages, reports the American Bible Society.

❖ THE United States Public Health Service estimates that some 8,000,000 Americans are now suffering from mental or nervous illness.

THE TERROR OF HUNGER

By J. J. STRAHLE

Director, Seventh-day Adventist European Relief

Some Americans have had the ghastly experience of hearing a doctor whisper "Cancer." Probably they come nearest to knowing how an individual in Central Europe feels when he hears the words "No food." When a man loses the battle against hunger it is called starvation. What does starvation do to people? In starving, a person literally begins feeding off his own body, the fatty tissues first. His body processes slow down, and his body temperature decreases. His heart shrinks, and his pulse slows up. Progressively he loses much of his strength, most of his endurance, and almost all of his will to do physical or mental work. He loses his resistance to disease. His tissues, perhaps one third, waste away, and are partly replaced by water. Then, without adequate food, he dehydrates, and the battle is lost.

Watery swellings appear in some individuals as early as at the end of two months of semistarvation. The heart fails to respond to exercise. The pulse rate falls to about forty at the highest, and sometimes drops to thirty. The person begins to age quickly, and complains of being cold; even in the heat of summer he cannot keep warm. Also he becomes very irritable.

I have heard many people describe their symptoms when they are very, very hungry. First they feel emptiness; then they talk food, think food, breathe food, and dream food, sleep thereby becoming a torture. Those who have made a study of the starving, observe that grass or orange peel will calm the stomach temporarily, but muscles shrink visibly and endurance drops. Later, fumbling and weakness begin. I was told while in Europe that efficiency on the part of workmen fell off from forty to fifty per cent. The person who starves finds that his sleep is filled with neuralgic pains and weird nightmares. In sleep he looks dead; awake, he looks dirty, suspicious, selfish, careless of safety and sanitation. The worst hit physically are heavy-set men whose stored fat helps them none. The least intelligent persons soon behave like animals.

Healing power and resistance to infection vanish after a month on six hundred calories a day. The simple fracture mends only in one-half year, if at all; anemia begins; reflexes disappear. Rescue after this may be too late. The overworked heart may fail, or death may come quietly. Men simply go to bed no longer hungry or even able to eat, and wait for the end to come.

Starving people cannot be rehabilitated in a few weeks on small handouts, vitamin pills, or protein concentrates, or by a bare subsistence diet. It takes calories, plain cereals in great quantities, and large amounts of dried and condensed milk, dried eggs, cheese, and so forth. No matter what diet is available, after starvation many months must pass before full strength, vigor, and working capacity can be regained. This means long-range planning to help the peoples of Europe.

What can we do to help our fellow Seventh-day Adventists in these trying days when they are faced with the terror of hunger? We are happy that during the past summer and autumn we have been able to send clothing and medicines for the relief of those in Europe. When our believers in North America heard the cries of the impoverished in Europe, they responded by contributing \$660,000 for famine relief. The General Conference perfected an organization enabling us to reach practically every part of Europe where a need existed. Thousands of our people were reached just in time to be rescued from starvation.

Here are a few of the many expressions of gratitude: "We were sick in bed nigh unto death as a result of being undernourished, but after receiving your food packages we gained new strength. It has been clearly demonstrated by your help and interest in us that God has a people all over the world."

The leader of a young people's group wrote, "These 'love packages' have strengthened the ties that bind us together as a people, and have given us new courage and hope."

What about the future? Our funds are used up, and in order to help our people through a hard, cold winter, we must keep up our program of relief. In order to meet the emergency an offering for famine relief will be taken on Sabbath, December 21. The need is \$500,000.

Many have already pledged a real Christmas gift for our starving people in Europe. I believe every reader of the "Instructor" will do his best to make a worth-while contribution on December 21 so that by giving others may live.