

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

OCTOBER 26, 1954

So You're a Freshman
A Song in His Heart

Bible Lesson for November 6

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Simple Addition

By T. S. KIMBALL, M.D.

Bible chronology indicates the age of our earth to be about six thousand years. Evolutionary science has said it is millions of years old. Which is right?

Naturalists Walter Fry and John R. White, in their book *Big Trees*, state, "Humanly speaking the big tree is everlasting, the nearest thing in the animal or vegetable world to life eternal . . . [It] would live over ten thousand years, almost forever, if protected." Some species of trees now existing are thousands of years old. The age of standing trees of course has to be estimated, but the age of trees that have been cut can be determined by counting the annual rings. The oldest trees are estimated to be between four and five thousand years old. Now, if trees are potentially everlasting, something must have happened four or five thousand years ago to destroy them all, or there would be some that were six, or ten, or even twenty thousand years old.

All over our earth are to be found petrified trees. Their presence gives evidence that sometime in the past all life, including vegetable life, was destroyed by water. Under certain conditions the trees so destroyed absorbed mineral salts and became petrified. It is an amazing fact that no petrified tree has ever been found that is older than fifteen hundred to two thousand years. If trees are well-nigh everlasting and this earth is even a million years old, why aren't there tree fossils of greater age?

Add the ages of the oldest living tree and the oldest petrified tree. What do you get? A total consistent with Bible chronology! Our hope is based on God's sure Word. We do not follow "cunningly devised fables."



JOSEPH MUENCH

Grace Notes

FORESTRY Dr. Theodore Spalding Kimball was born in New Hampshire, and traces his spiritual heritage back to a grandmother whose maiden name was Farnsworth, an 1844 Adventist. An elder in his church, he considers the fact of a "united family in the church" one of the great blessings of his life. To earn expenses for schooling at Washington Missionary College and the College of Medical Evangelists, Dr. Kimball worked at carpentry and painting, and as a laundryman. In private practice for the last twenty years, he took time out to serve as a lieutenant colonel in the Medical Corps from 1943-46. The ideas in his guest editorial stem from his interest in tree growing, conservation, and forestry. People living in the southern California area who have heard and seen his demonstrated talks on the Sequoias have gained a new appreciation for these trees that add to the fame of this Pacific Coast State. Dr. Kimball also enjoys philately. "It's a good life," he writes, "as good as you make it yourself. The future life is certain and wonderful."

BEETLES There is one certain way to bring an end to such tragedies as Evelyn Preston portrays in her "Beggars and Beetles," page 5. That way is to spend more time in prayer and in planning our gifts for missions, and less time in planning to acquire the 1955 model of something or other.

FRESHMAN It is an enigma, isn't it, being a senior one year and a freshman the next? And even though you are higher on the educational ladder, it is like starting all over again. You do have the advantage, of course, of the accumulated experiences of the years before. Even so, a few may find some challenges to thinking and doing in Paul K. Freiwirth's lead story, "So You're a Freshman."

MICROSCOPE Our cover by A. Devaney shows a student in the Electron Microscopy Laboratory at Stevens Institute of Technology, operating an RCA electron microscope U-type.

Writers' original contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewritten, double spaced, and return postage should accompany each manuscript. Queries to the editor on the suitability of proposed articles will receive prompt attention.

Action pictures rather than portraits are desired with manuscripts. Black and white prints or color transparencies are usable. No pictures will be returned unless specifically requested.

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Don't try to grow up too fast! Let the seniors be seniors, while you concentrate on making the most of your particular rung on the ladder.

So You're a FRESHMAN

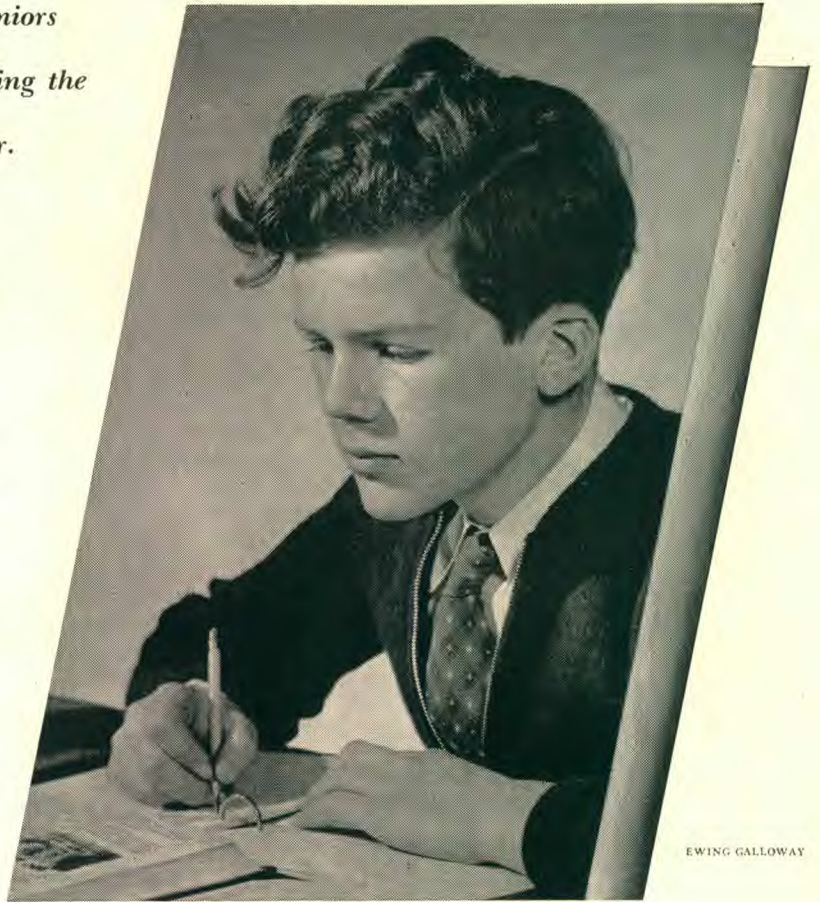
By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH

I'M SURELY glad that you finally decided to attend a Christian school, Bill, but we want you to know that you are being missed back home. Folks have been asking how you are getting along, and I've been telling them that you've been having your general orientation this week. In fact, I've told that to so many of your friends, Bill, that I got to thinking about that word *orientation*.

To you and to your classmates, I suppose it means getting the feel of things, getting used to the general routine of school life. Then my mind wandered back to the time when I was just a freshman in school, and getting orientated. I wish now that orientation had included some things it didn't. So let me tell you a few things that every new student in one of our schools ought to know.

Perhaps the first thing I should mention—and please don't get me wrong here—is just this: Don't try to grow up too fast! Let the seniors be seniors and the juniors juniors, while you concentrate all your energy on making the most of the particular rung of the ladder on which you stand. It simply doesn't pay to grow up too fast. You may make yourself ridiculous to those above you, and you will most certainly arouse the envy of those who, by every standard, ought to be your equals. But, saddest of all, years later, as you reminisce over your adolescent days, you may regret that you purposely and foolishly created a blind spot in your life, one which may scar the remainder of your days.

Remember, a loving heavenly Father provided the days of youth as well as adulthood, and each must be taken in its stride if one is to enjoy the abundant



life Jesus wants us to have. Even as the quality of fruit is determined to a large extent by what happens to it in the spring-time before it ripens, so the quality of your adult life and your future efficiency in the service of God is molded by what you put into your years now. So take each challenge in its turn, and don't try to cheat yourself by skipping any.

No doubt you'll hear a lot said in school about continuous applied effort, and that cannot be emphasized enough. Unfortunately, though, the chances are that you'll hear almost nothing about the important art of leisure and relaxation. You ought to be acquainted with its philosophy, if I may call it that, for a knowledge of its principles will not only help you work harder and better, but also help you to enjoy life more. So I won't say a word about your devotion to your studies and to your work, but I will tell you how to think of leisure in a sane and profitable way.

Leisure is more satisfying if it is first preceded by long stretches of what people call boredom. The harder and the longer you work, the greater your receptivity for the joys of relaxation. (Strange, isn't it, in how many phases of life we run into that law which says that the more you put into life, the more you get out of it!)

The enjoyment derived from your leisure moments also depends on the principle of contrast. If, for instance, you should be engaged forty hours a week,

fifty weeks a year, in the very activities you now consider leisure-time pursuits, they would, for you, soon become hard work. And what you now consider work would become a pleasant change, or leisure. So regulate and limit your hours of relaxation carefully, and if you want to get the most out of them, balance them with long hours of hard work. You see, too much leisure easily satiates the normal person, and it becomes boredom. But when you do relax, do it completely!

Of course you'll want to spend a good portion of your free time in social activities. For your personality, *doing* things is better than *watching* others perform. By all means have a lot of friends, but don't try to cultivate too many *close* friends. Of course you'll want to be sociable with everyone, but you cannot expect to be a real full-fledged friend to all the students in the dormitory. Rather, try to be an especially good friend to a limited number. Even Jesus, you recall, gave Himself more fully to a limited number of persons—His disciples.

One thing I must make clear: Have nothing whatever to do with cliques or gangs. They usually engender, sooner or later, a spirit that is out of harmony with that of Christ and the schools dedicated to the preparation of men and women for His service.

Instead of ganging up in cliques, keep a lookout for those students who may be lonely, ostracized, or discouraged. You'll

Out of Season?

By MARY GUSTAFSON

Is it wrong to tell of Jesus,
How He gave His life for me?
How upon the cross He suffered,
Dying there in agony?



Is it old to know He loves me,
Old to know I am His child,
When the day's temptations charm me,
Or the winds of wrath blow wild?

If His blood is out of season,
Where can man be satisfied?
Faith will ever claim this promise,
I am His because He died!

find a unique spiritual satisfaction in being a friend to them. Did you ever stop to think that Christ Himself made the center of His affection those men and women despised and rejected by the world? How marvelously His love transformed them into choice vessels of honor!

Recently I came across the arresting phrase "redemptive friendships." I must confess it set me to thinking. As Christians all we do should be redemptive in nature, contributing to the uplift of mankind and the glory of God. Why not also one of life's most precious gifts and talents—friendship? It should not be exploited for selfish purposes and the sole aim of self-gratification.

In your school days try to form one or more redemptive friendships. You may not only save a soul, but also make a worker for God! And your own soul will be watered.

Perhaps some of the young men coming under the category listed—the discouraged, the forsaken, and the lonely—may not be the type with whom friendships would promise to be particularly enjoyable or rewarding, but don't let that deter you. Never mind the fact that they don't laugh and frolic and constantly bubble over as much as others. Their friendships may turn out to be of a more solid and enduring kind. Remember, too, that those who laugh most heartily *with* you today may laugh even more (and heartlessly) *at* you tomorrow.

While it is excellent to be sociable (wasn't it Teddy Roosevelt who declared that the ability to get along with people is the major ingredient in the achievement of success?), learn to be alone with

yourself at regular seasons, too—alone in the presence of the Eternal One, that is. In your school days, and even more surely in later life, you will meet problems you may not feel free to take even to those nearest and dearest to you, but only to God. Therefore cultivate His friendship now.

One of my college teachers once warned the class to be afraid of the man who is afraid to be by himself. I long puzzled over that statement, and I think I faintly began to comprehend its import when I came across Prof. A. N. Whitehead's words that a man's religion consists of what he does with his solitariness. It does seem very true that the thing one turns to when left completely to his own devices is pretty indicative of the heart's supreme object of affection.

My next thought almost dovetails into what I've said about communion with God, though you may not at first see the connection: Don't become a chronic or even seasonal procrastinator. Here's the supreme reason why: Regular quiet times with God should make you calm, confident, and relaxed. But if you are letting your studies wait till the night (or even the early morning) before an examination, you will not be able to avoid getting a bit nervous every time you think of your folly. And when you finally do settle down to cram, the burden of lack of time will still add to your nervousness and loss of self-composure. Whether you have previously looked at it in this light or not, the truth of the matter is that by letting things wait until the last moment, you are directly counteracting the effects of communion with God.

And how Satan exults if he can shake you out of your spiritual repose! You cannot really keep God's holy Sabbath—a sign of spiritual rest—if you are in a perpetually ruffled state of mind. Nor will it be easy for you to keep the other commandments—in spirit, that is.

Just one of the many spiritually disastrous things nervousness leads to is the attitude of constant criticizing and fault-finding. Nervousness is closely related to self-disgust, and a person who has lost respect for himself is hardly likely to think very highly of others. Faultfinding may be nothing more than a case of projected self-hatred. And that emotion, or any other symptom of the absence of Christ's love in the heart, does not reconcile with the spirit of Him whose Word declares, "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

Granted, things may be imperfect around your school. In fact, they certainly are bound to be (pardon my frankness, but your presence there is one of the things that makes it more so!), but criticizing never helps a matter. Just the contrary, it always makes things worse, both the criticizer and the thing criticized. There surely were a lot of things out of order in the camp of ancient Israel, but the false prophet Balaam, you recall, was not permitted to tirade against them.

When Satan does not succeed in trapping students in one way, he invariably tries another. And when direct means fail, he employs subtler methods. Here's one: He may seek to discourage you by leading you to decide that it is useless to prepare for Christian service since the Lord is coming soon anyway. Such thinking has at times sapped the will power of Christian students. But this is most unfortunate. The closeness of the return of the Saviour should inspire you to more diligent study, even as in a race the runners exert the greatest measure of energy on the last lap.

If the Lord should come before you finish your education, you may not have the emotional satisfaction, as some call it, of using what you have learned in school. But if your love to Christ really is uppermost in your life, the joy of seeing Him face to face will be an even greater reward. And too, one who really loves Jesus will enjoy preparing for His service regardless of what he knows or does not know will happen to his education.

The insinuation that the nearness of the advent of Christ takes the incentive from preparation for His service is not the pious phrase some think it is. It can have real appeal only to self-centered brooding, and contemplation in the spirit of the men who, nineteen hundred years ago, asked the Saviour what they would get out of serving Him. But love never seeks a reward, because its service is its own reward.

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FROM the dim shadow of a smoky hut came the first lusty wail of a dark-skinned baby. The dirty, rag-draped woman in the corner moved on her mat and groaned. An emaciated, unkept woman tended the newborn baby, performing the traditional birth ceremonies according to the customs of the tribe, not because she cared whether the evil spirits took the baby, for the house abounded with children, but because she feared the evil spell would be cast upon the rest of them.

She turned suddenly to the man in the doorway and told him in a harsh whisper that it was only a girl. Then she prepared to leave. After all, she thought, what was the use of spending time on another unwanted girl? Besides, she was hungry. It was time she must be back on the street begging.

"Only a girl," the mother mumbled to herself, then reflected that the baby would be of some help as they begged. People always seemed to give more for a starving child. The foreigners especially made such a fuss over hungry babies.

So it was that Bama, as the baby girl was called, was carried down one hot, filthy street after another while her mother called pleadingly to passers-by for something to eat. Day after day went by, but the gifts in the begging bowl were only scant. Finally Bama's mother had to devise a plan whereby she could attract more sympathy.

The rainy season was well under way. Completely drenched, Bama's mother dragged her weary way back to her hut and sat down in the doorway. As she sat there bemoaning her wretched fate, a little black beetle ran across the mud floor and under some rubbish in the corner. Instantly an idea flashed through her mind. Well she knew, from experience, the pain a bite from this particular beetle caused.

Quickly she tore a corner from her ragged garment and with it caught the beetle and another like him from under the rubbish. Taking care not to be bitten herself, she deftly placed the beetles over the eyes of the baby and tied them securely in place with a dirty rag. At first Bama screamed, but finally, feverish and exhausted, she lay quiet except for an occasional whimper as the beetles slowly ate into her eyelids. A little blind child, Bama's mother imagined, would make their begging more successful.

The next morning the rain was still coming down in torrents. However, as the afternoon wore on, and the sun came out, Bama's mother gathered up her child and started toward the market place to beg.

They passed the open stall of the vegetable seller, who sat cross-legged on a mat among small piles of peas, beans, and a variety of other vegetables. He loudly



BEGGARS and BEETLES

By EVELYN PRESTON

called his wares, and people stopped to bargain with him and occasionally to purchase something. Bama's mother had begged from him before. He was known as the closest-fisted man in the village, so today she did not even waste the effort to cross to his side of the road; she would go on to the large market in the center of the village. However, she did pause to rest outside the gate of the temple with the other beggars. Then she turned down the narrow, crooked street that led to the market.

Dirty, naked children played on the street, and skinny, mangy dogs sniffed around for bits of food. A sacred bull helped himself to the choicest bananas from the fruit seller's stall, and no one dared to disturb him. A man was slicing pieces of pineapple and arranging them on a dingy cloth in front of him. When he had finished he dozed while he waited for customers. Perhaps he did not notice the flies that swarmed on his pineapple, but more likely he saw and did not care.

These were everyday scenes to Bama's



IRWIN, FROM MONKMEYER

Every family looks for a boy. When a girl comes, it is just another mouth to feed—a child to rear simply for the sake of marriage and a dowry. The baby girl in this story was especially unwanted.

[This story was written while the author was a student last year at Union College.]

mother, and it did not occur to her that they might seem strange to anyone else. The white woman at the other end of the street was utterly amazed by the things she saw, and her heart longed to bring an immediate transformation to the lives of the people she had come to help. Bama's mother, quickly spotting the mission lady among the multitude at the market, made her way in that direction.

The mission lady paused a moment to watch a small boy with an array of colored candies in a basket upon his head. Just then a passer-by brushed against the small boy and knocked the basket from his head, scattering the sweets over the dusty street. Her attention was completely absorbed as she watched him gather up his sticky, dust-speckled sweets and proceed down the street to sell them. She thought the least he could have done would have been to brush off the dust,

but it was evident that he saw no need to worry over dirt and germs.

So engrossed had the mission lady become in what this boy was doing that she did not notice the pleading of the thin, hollow-eyed woman beside her. In her haste to be on her way home she almost tripped over her. The mission lady could not understand the words being said, but the tone and gestures left no doubt in her mind as to what was desired.

She was about to follow her usual custom of handing the beggar a coin and passing on, when a movement under the rag covering the baby's eyes caught her attention. A cry from the baby aroused her curiosity, so she reached forward and pulled the rag from the baby's eyes. It was hard to tell who was more astonished by this act, Bama's mother, who was surprised by this unheard-of act, or

the mission lady, who was left speechless with horror. The mission lady just could not believe for a moment that such things happened and felt as if she were having a horrible nightmare.

In the next instant the mission lady grabbed for the beetles, that, glad for a chance at freedom, were making their escape down the baby's face. By this time Bama's mother had found her tongue and poured out a stream of curses that would have made the mission lady's hair stand on end if she could have understood them.

The scene attracted much attention. Shopkeepers came hurrying down the street and stopped to stare and give their loud opinion about the situation. Finally a native policeman stepped up and in his clipped, uncertain accent asked the mission lady in English what had taken place. She told him, as simply as she could, what had happened; and then she pleaded with him to allow her to take the baby to the hospital where her husband could make it well.

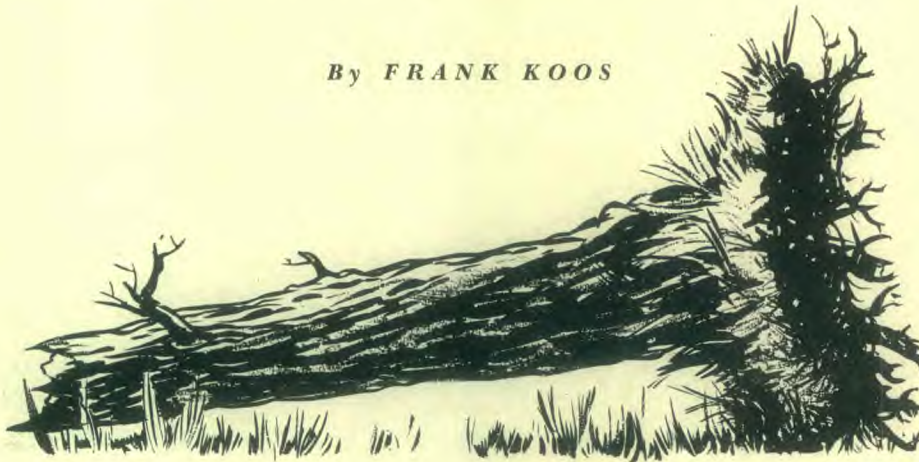
The translation of her request took some time and a heated debate followed. "If only I could understand what they're saying," she thought to herself. At last the policeman turned to her again and said that the beggar woman had not wanted to bring calamity upon her house by allowing her child to be under the spell of the foreigners, but now she was convinced that nothing would happen and would gladly permit her to take Bama. This would mean one less mouth to beg for.

The sinking sun told the mission lady that she had been gone too long already, for the Sabbath was almost here. She took the baby and made her way as rapidly as possible toward the hospital. All the way back she kept wondering whether perhaps this baby could restore happiness in the lives of the native pastor and his wife who had just laid their only child to rest. The more she thought about the idea the more impressed she became that this was the solution to the problem of what to do with the baby after they had done all they could to heal it. She could hardly wait until she found her husband, for she knew that he would be just as excited as she was.

One glance at Bama today is proof of the happy home she found with the native pastor and his wife. It is a thrill and inspiration to see her life dedicated so completely to the finishing of God's work. Now and then Bama wonders why she has such ugly scars on her eyelids and why it is so hard for her to see with her left eye; but she has accepted these obstacles as a part of God's plan for her life. If you were to visit the school where she is training for service, you might wonder why she does not answer to the name Bama. She insists on being called Dorcas, because that name symbolizes all that she wants to be.

Deceiving Exteriors

By FRANK KOOS



I THOUGHT it would be only another shower; but the sky darkened from gray to black, and the wind, at first just a zephyr, climbed steadily in velocity until it struck a shrieking crescendo. As the gale rose to its height, trees were uprooted, fences grounded, and shingles torn from roofs by the frenzied, destructive force of the storm.

Even the mighty structures of the world's greatest metropolis rocked and trembled in the fury of the water-soaked wind as it beat down on New York that November day in 1950. It was the worst storm that I have ever witnessed.

The day following was bright and clear, and I yielded to a curious inward desire to see what local damage the storm had caused. As I viewed some of the trees that had been uprooted, I was particularly impressed by one gigantic elm that lay crumbled on the ground like a broken

matchstick. As I looked at it I noticed that beside it stood an old gnarled oak that had survived the storm in spite of its fragile appearance.

"Why has this flimsy-looking oak remained upright," I asked myself, "when that strong, stately elm has been literally crushed by the wind? Surely it should have been the other way around!" I almost exclaimed aloud in amazement. Then, as I scrutinized both trees in an effort to find an answer to this apparent paradox, I made a surprising discovery.

The elm was rotten inside!

How often people, like that elm, put their confidence in outward appearances and never stop to think about how they look inside. We may have rare abilities, possess a pleasing personality, and be highly educated; yet if our hearts are filled with selfishness, pride, or evil scheming of any type, we are decaying from within. Disaster is certain.

A RELIGIOUS experience is the best balance wheel a young man or woman may possess. The Bible is the wisest counselor given to man, and the *Testimonies* and other writings by Mrs. E. G. White have the right answer to every question in a person's panel of queries.

These two sources will help you and me to choose the experiences that will make of us citizens fitted for a successful life in earth and heaven.

It is well to know how to conduct oneself properly in this old world of ours. Our human objective is to know how to behave here and in the world to come. The influence of the Spirit of God on the heart endows all His children with a sense of kindness that is the basis of politeness. To do the right thing in the right place is a lesson that Christians may learn by observation and precept, or by reading.

If Jean Barker is introduced to some person and all the other members of her group are standing, it is better for Jean to

rise too, although the lady need not rise if only men are in the party.

It is best not to applaud when others at a concert are enjoying the program quietly. At the Mission Inn in Riverside, California, where for many years most beautiful musicals were conducted twice a day, no applause was permitted. People who knew and loved music went there to listen to a talented organist, a skilled harpist, and a

rich-voiced soloist who gave of their best to an appreciative audience. There is no question but that this thoughtful group enjoyed the depth and richness of the concert more than a hand-clapping, vociferous audience could have. There is a time to applaud and a time to keep from applauding. No applause should follow the singing or playing of a sacred song.

A famous vocal artist went to sing at an Adventist college. It was her custom, after her usual repertoire, to sing a sacred song, a reverent hymn, to conclude her program. What was her chagrin, after the singing of the sacred music, to hear the listeners burst into a roar of long, continuous applause which she was compelled to answer by coming again to the stage and bowing.

After one such faux pas, the artist remarked to me, in a really kind manner, "They didn't know any better!"

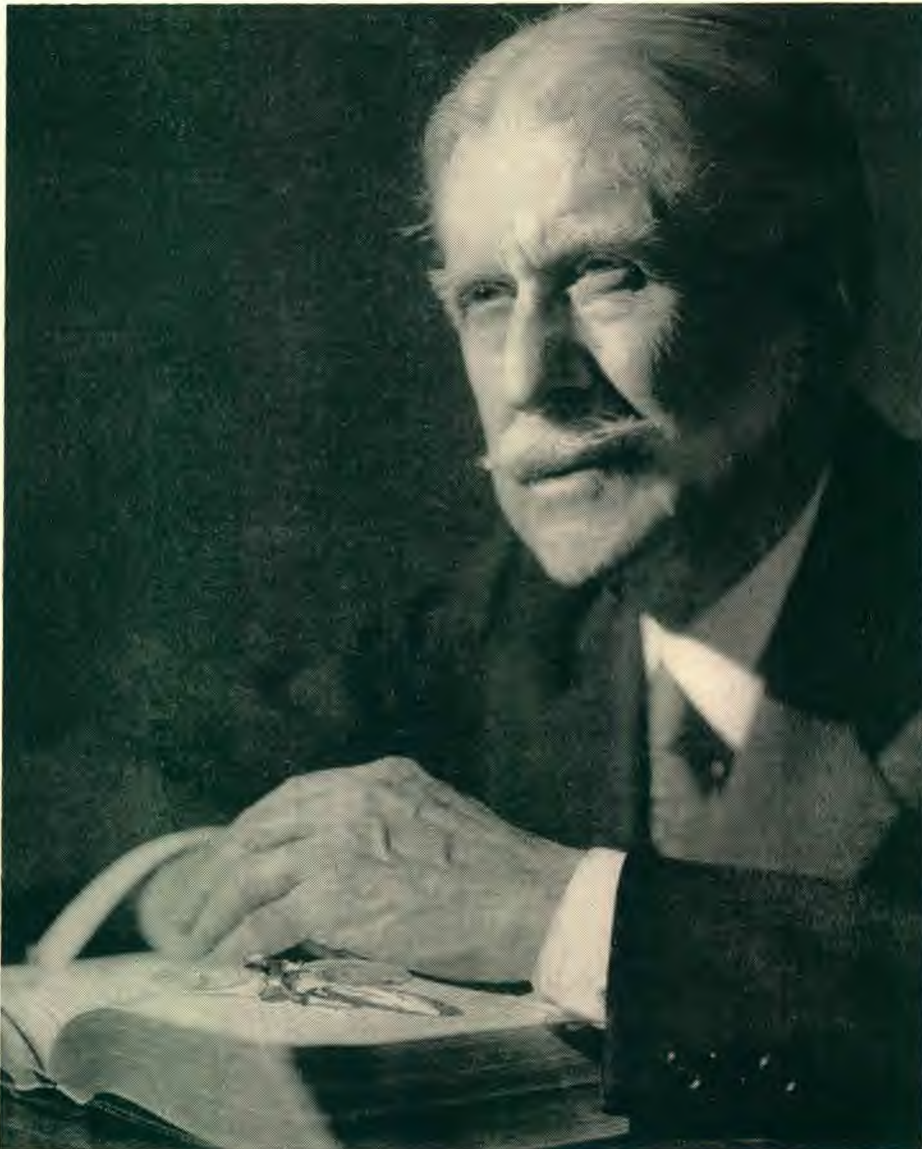
Then there is the attitude in church. In the high-class Episcopalian Church one does not find people turning around, craning their necks during the sermon or the prayer; and in the Catholic Church no such behavior is considered proper, nor will it be tolerated in religious services. Reverence in church or in any religious service marks a person as one who has a fine nobility of character.

I think of my friend, Dr. Frank Touton, one of the greatest mathematicians of this country, and one of the most understanding educators as well. Many students are acquainted with his Hawkes, Luby, Touton algebra text. Dr. Touton was a man of power in the classroom, a man of dignity, with a fine, impressive personality. Most students at the university where he taught possessed a good wholesome awe of this man. We who worked a little more closely with him admired him greatly for his wisdom and sensible advice.

As vice-president of the university he exerted a strong, scholarly influence; he was an able administrator, and a kind friend. While we were impressed by the doctor's noble personal qualities, the attribute in his daily life that appealed to some of his students strongly was his attitude toward religion.

During the opening of assembly, which was introduced by the Lord's Prayer, the doctor always bowed his head, humbly and reverently. He showed an attitude of re-

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EWING GALLOWAY

The professor was a man of power in the classroom, a man of dignity, with a fine, impressive personality. We who worked closely with him admired him greatly for his wisdom and his sensible advice.



BUG CATCHERS

in EARNEST

By *CARRIE E. TICHENOR*

nINE hundred million people and less than one dozen schools devoted entirely to their medical needs! One such school is on the Loma Linda campus of the College of Medical Evangelists.

Of the world's total population approximately nine hundred million live in tropical or semitropical lands. The strange diseases found in these climes are very different from those known in temperate and cold climates. Yet, in all the world,

there are not more than twelve schools that are devoted entirely to the study of tropical medicine, and to research for the prevention of such diseases.

This month—on October 26 to be exact—C.M.E.'s School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine celebrates its fifth anniversary. Its director is Dr. Harold N. Mozar.

As you enter the school your interest is first attracted to the collection of strange animals, sea shells, insects, and many curios

from tropical lands. These have been donated to the school's growing museum by missionaries and friends interested in the school. In one exhibit case are small black heads no larger than an average grapefruit. They are human heads that have been shrunk by a secret method practiced by the wild Indian tribes living in the jungles along the Amazon.

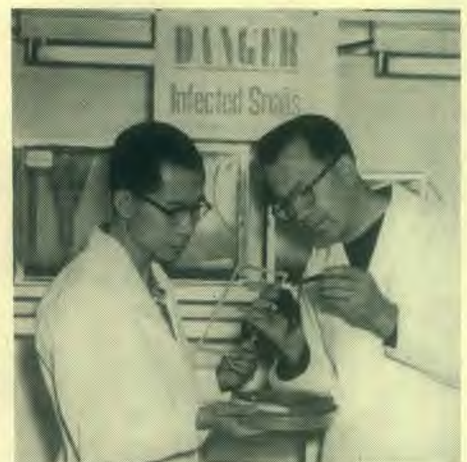
The Entomology Department, headed by Prof. Raymond Rykman, is proud of its mobile laboratory, humorously nicknamed by the department's personnel "Rykman's Mobile Bug Box." On such field trips as the recent one to Lower California the men are completely self-sustaining, camping out and learning to fry their eggs and potatoes in true prospector style.

The purpose of this trip, Professor Rykman informs you, is to trap animals.

"Trap animals? Well, have your men given up science careers to start a Hudson Bay fur trading post in Lower California?"

With a quiet smile he replies that he is not trapping the animals for their furs but for their fleas! If you were mildly surprised before, you are now amazed. Why should these men spend money and time to go on a field trip to Lower California to catch

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ELLIS RICH

Left: Poisonous fish are being held by Kenneth Groves (left), Norman Bunker (center), and Dr. Bruce Halstead. Right: Robert Lee and Mrs. Doris Williams examine one of the showcase items in the Department of Entomology. Above: One of the laboratories of C.M.E.'s School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine is used for culturing infected snails from the Orient, which carry a deadly blood fluke. Chester Wong (left) and Dr. Edward Wagner examine one. Top of the page: The Entomology Department's mobile laboratory is nicknamed after the department head: "Rykman's Mobile Bug Box."

Youth Congress in Britain

and the Face in the Dream

By *DAPHNE COX*

WE WERE converging on London from all directions. The MV's had come to town! For weeks last spring we had looked forward to the moment when we would alight at Euston, Paddington, or Waterloo. And London's skies had never seemed so blue and inviting as they did in that brief instant of our arrival. Then they were lost to view as we joined the throngs on their downward journey into the depths of the tube. In a matter of minutes we were at Piccadilly. A brief nod to Eros—and we were off. Up Regent Street, and there was the New Gallery!

The surprised "Halloo's" were heard from all sides as friend met friend, sometimes after many months' separation. My cousin was waiting for me, and soon we were inside the building. I breathed a silent prayer that she would be impressed by all she saw and heard at our British Youth Congress, for she is not of our faith.

"I Beheld His Glory" was being shown as we came in. The film was lovely, and as the lights went up, there were murmurs of appreciation from all sides. We looked around with interest. There were many old friends there, and many non-Adventists too. Among these was a woman whose face will haunt me for a long time—a modern Mary Magdalene, with a world of experience in the haggard lines on her face, lines that lavish make-up could not cover. A young face, but so old! Her hands were trembling, and there was untold misery in the depths of her eyes.

And then the meeting had begun. There were the delegates, with their colorful banners, bringing their greetings from all over the British Isles—a chuckle rippled around the building as Martin Coombes brought his message from "the pilgrims of Plymouth." There was the lad from Germany, who was to bring a breath of home to a German member, and there was the Scot, complete with kilt. Pastor E. E. White, from the Pacific Isles, was the speaker.

After the meeting, my duties began. I had left my own children in my husband's care, and instead I now had a family of some fifty girls to care for, mostly teen-agers. I tried to find out whether they were all on the waiting charabancs, for our eighteen-mile ride to Stanborough Park, but as the police were asking us to move on, I just had to hope for the best. Luckily they were all there, and soon we were all tumbling into bed. We slept on camp beds in the Annex at Stanborough Park.

Did I say slept? Overexcitement sent many whispers and giggles around the room, and the clock made the weirdest noises, unlike any we had heard. Clearly something should be done about that clock. The next night one of the girls stopped the pendulum, and we went off to sleep in blissful silence. The following day we learned that it was a master clock—and that all the clocks in the building had stopped in sympathy!

Sabbath was a wonderful day, with lovely singing and inspiring services. Pastor E. L. Minchin preached one of the best sermons I'd heard for a long time,

and when he ended with an appeal for the unbaptized youth to make a stand for Christ, many came forward.

It was a wonderful time, a time when you could cry for pure joy. One little lass of about seven followed her big sister down to the front. May she have that same longing in a few years' time.

After I had helped hand out lunch boxes to the MV's in Pastor Gillett's and my care, I looked around for a quiet corner for a rest. I was to speak in Hyde Park, and I was dreading it. When my hopes of rain seemed to be groundless, I just had to have a quiet time to prepare myself for the ordeal ahead. Pastor Watson took pity on me, and suggested I have a sleep in his car. It was quiet there.

It was restful to relax completely—but when I joined the crowds in the building, I learned that the meetings were packed, so that there was not even standing room! A brisk walk cleared the last of my cobwebs away, and by the time we were to go into the auditorium for the missions symposium, I had lost my fears.



During congress time the author had some fifty teen-age girls to care for. In the evening they clambered aboard the charabancs for the eighteen miles out to Stanborough Park, where they slept.

Once again I met Miss Boelsen, the German girl who slept next to me, and she was delighted that I had been able to arrange a meeting with the young delegate from her country. It had been so nice to hear her own tongue again, but I couldn't help wondering what his thoughts were as I asked him to sit next to me for a long time while I was handing out lunch boxes, without a moment

to explain that I was keeping him there to meet a fellow countrywoman.

Then came the moment I had been dreading. A large crowd had assembled around our mobile unit of the Voice of Prophecy in Hyde Park, London's famous spot for outdoor soapbox orations. It was cold, a chill wind was sweeping across the lawns, but I found that I was not the only one who was nervous. Pastor

Bonney, head of the Voice of Prophecy, was also nervous! That amazed me, until he said that this was the first time he had had to face speaking in the open. I wondered whether he had heard the tales my family had regaled me with, of eggs and rotten tomatoes being hurled at speakers, and hecklers to contend with.

I prayed hard—would the Lord please use me as a telephone, and speak through me? And suddenly my apprehension was gone. I found myself speaking without a single tremor, and just as suddenly, I was back in the crowd, jubilant, but with my knees trembling violently from reaction. It was a fine service, and quite a number of contacts were made.

On Sunday we were visiting the Share Your Faith workshops when I had a most unusual experience of sharing my faith. A minister, wearing a clerical collar, came in and sat down in front of me. My curiosity got the better of me, and I peeped round his shoulder and said, "Where do you hail from?"

The look of utter amazement on his face astonished me. Had I been so unconventional?

After collecting his thoughts, he said he came from Trinidad, and we started chatting more naturally. I was surprised to learn that he had spent Sabbath at the congress, and was pleased to learn that he intended coming to the evening meeting. After chatting on various subjects we arranged to meet again in the evening.

When we met, he told me more about himself, but somehow I felt that he had something on his mind—something that he wanted to talk about, and yet he was reluctant to do so. Then he spoke of a vision he had had in 1937. After a crisis in his life he had gone through a season of prayer and fasting. A dream came to him of a hand pointing to the Bible, and three times a voice said, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think." He awoke, and wrote the words down.

The night before we had met, he again had been up against a decision, and again he had prayed and fasted. And again he had had a dream. This time he saw a woman's face. Wherever he turned he saw this face. Then slowly, almost reluctantly, he told me that it was my face he had seen!

It was my turn to be surprised, but at least I could understand the blank amazement I had seen on his face. He looked at me for a moment, then said, "Please, tell me what I must do."

My answer was obvious: "You must search the Scriptures, and only when you have obeyed that first vision will you find the answer to your problems."

This he promised to do, and leaving a copy of *God's Answers* with him, and the assurance of our prayers, I left him, and went off to catch the charabanc.

What a climax that experience was! A climax to a wonderful weekend.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

This is the headquarters building of the Coral Sea Union Mission at Lae, New Guinea. From this enchanting South Pacific area comes this interesting story of providence along Turama River.

Divine Guidance

By CONSTANCE GREIVE

HEAVEN and earth are no further apart today than when angels walked with men at midday in the vineyards and in the fields. Ask Pastor C. E. Mitchell, president of the Central Papuan Mission, and he will tell you this story:

Some months ago E. L. Martin took three teachers and sailed along the coast toward the Turama River, where the people had called for Seventh-day Adventist workers. Because of the boisterous sea he was unable to go the last fifteen miles.

So he put the teachers ashore with instruction to make their way to the river when the sea was calm. The boys found a backwater that they calculated would join the river, so they launched their canoe and followed the stream. However, they finally had to drag the canoe seven miles overland before they reached the river. They were very hungry when they arrived.

Then they began paddling up the river, looking for a place to start work. It was about evening when they found a village. The people were returning home from their gardens, and they agreed to have the teachers speak to them. The teacher in charge produced a Picture Roll, the native

teacher's standard equipment, and related the stories associated with the pictures.

At the back of the company an old man nodded his head in approval as the teacher spoke, and when he had finished, the old man stood up and announced that he wanted to speak. "You all know that when I left the village this morning I was going to be away two weeks making sago, but I am back again tonight. While I was away making sago a bright being came and told me to return to the village because a teacher was coming.

"This bright being also told me that I must give the teacher one tenth of my food. I was so impressed that this was true that I put aside one tenth of my sago and one tenth of my bananas for the teacher. Now, teacher, I believe you are the man the bright being told me about, and I want you to come down to my canoe and get this food."

God knew just where His servants would be that night and that they would be hungry, so He made this provision for their sustenance some hours before their arrival. What a loving heavenly Father we have, who supplies all our requirements and much more.

THIS was the day Pierre LaSalle had been dreading. Three months ago, when he had told Mr. Simpson he wanted to have his Saturdays off, he had seen this coming. So it wasn't a complete surprise to be told this afternoon that he was laid off.

"Business is slack here in Worcester," Mr. Simpson had said, but Pierre knew that his change of religion had been distasteful to the boss. It wasn't being fired that bothered him; it was Marie. What could he say to her? Jobs weren't easy to find nowadays.

His thoughts went back to the months since they had married and had begun to study the Bible with the help of Miss Powell. He recalled particularly the evening when the Bible instructor had appealed to them to follow the Lord all the way.

As Marie had looked into Pierre's eyes he knew that she felt the Spirit of God as he did. Marie had turned to the Bible instructor with a happy smile to say, "We have thought about this a long time, Miss Powell. We want to follow our Lord all the way." Then they had severed their last ties with their church and had been baptized as Seventh-day Adventists. True, the Bible had promised that God would take care of them; but what could God do in a situation like this?

At last Pierre reached the walk to the house. He raised his eyes to see Marie standing at the open screen door.

"How did things go today?" she asked.

"Not so good, dear," he answered. "The boss fired me. He said that business was slack, and that they didn't want someone who wouldn't work on Saturday."

But Marie didn't cry; she only looked up at him with a wide smile and said, "Well, I was wondering how long it would last. Remember that song, 'God's Way Is the Best Way'? Maybe God has something better in store for you."

"I hope so. In the meantime I'll look around."

"Let's pray about it, Pierre. If nothing turns up soon maybe I can help Mrs. Gallagher, down the street, with her dressmaking. You know she said the other day that she was getting more work than she could keep up with."

Nine days later, Sunday, there was still no work in sight, despite the many hours of searching.

"I've called on every garage in town, Marie," Pierre said on Sunday night. "Nobody seems to want a Sabbathkeeper here. I'm beginning to think maybe we should look somewhere else. Let's go to Boston tomorrow and see your brother Jack."

"All right, Pierre, if you want to. Surely the Lord has something for you somewhere."

Pierre LaSalle had run into difficulty at every turn. He had a great deal to be thankful for when the manager agreed to let him have Sabbaths free.

The Best Way

By JAMES H. STIRLING

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

At Boston the next day they found Jack and his wife unsympathetic with their new faith. "Of course you haven't found work," Jack taunted. "If you don't give up your silly notions, you'll starve to death."

"No, I don't think so," Pierre answered. "I'm not doing what I am merely because I want to be different. I think it's what God really wants me to do; and if it is, He will take care of me."

In town later that afternoon Pierre chanced to meet an old friend and former employer, Dennis Baylor.

"Pierre!" Baylor exclaimed on meeting him. "What are you doing nowadays?"

"To tell the truth, I'm looking for work," Pierre confessed. "How are things with you, Baylor?"

"Fine! I'm foreman at the Midway Garage in Providence, and I need a man. Would you like to come and work for me?"

"I would," answered Pierre, "but I want

to tell you something first. I'm a Seventh-day Adventist now, and I wouldn't want to move unless you could let me have Saturday as my day off. I've learned that that is the Sabbath, and I can't work then."

"Oh, that's all right," Baylor answered. "As long as I'm foreman you'll not have to worry about that. Most of the men there work on Saturday, but you can work a five-day week, if you wish. Come up as soon as you can."

"Thank you, Baylor. I think I can be ready to start by the end of the week."

It was with a lighter step that Pierre walked back to his brother-in-law's house to break the good news.

"Surely the Lord had a hand in this," Marie murmured, but Jack only frowned.

Marie and Pierre had many reasons to thank the Lord for the new job. Baylor was a congenial boss, and working conditions at the Midway Garage were satis-

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A SONG IN HIS HEART

By SHARON BOUCHER



DWIGHT L. MOODY and Ira D. Sankey, that great evangelistic team, walked onto the stage of Doan's Tabernacle and Music Hall in Cleveland, Ohio, on a Sunday afternoon a number of years before the turn of the century. Mr. Sankey stepped to the organ and began running his trained fingers over the keys. Great peals of music welled up, up to the first balcony, up to the high ceiling beyond the second balcony.

To the small boy sitting with his father on the main floor the auditorium seemed even more huge than it really was. There were many things to which Henry had yet to become accustomed in America, and space was one of them. For he had sailed with his family from the tiny country of Holland only a short time before.

The boy's chubby, round face was solemn, but his eyes sparkled with interest and appreciation as Ira Sankey raised his expressive voice in hymns of praise as he accompanied himself on the organ. Then Mr. Sankey asked the audience to join him in singing that old favorite, "Bringing in the Sheaves."

"Now when we come to the chorus, I want the first balcony to sing the first half of the chorus; the second balcony will sing the second half. Then," continued Mr. Sankey, "we will all repeat it together."

Henry had never heard such singing. His childish soprano chimed in with the other voices. It was good to be a part of this great meeting.

When those in the second balcony sang alone they sounded so far away and beautiful. "It sounds like the angels singing 'way off in heaven," Henry thought.

Then everyone joined in to sing the chorus over again. Their hearts had been touched by the beauty of the moment. Their voices rose with fervor, and the boy's thoughts swept upward on the crest of the music.

"This," he determined in his heart, "is what I am going to do when I grow up. I will draw beautiful music from people just as Mr. Sankey is doing here." Henry

de Fluiter never lost sight of that goal.

He kept his secret dream locked in his heart for a time. But at last he felt he must tell it to someone. His father was understanding. True, he was firm, and when he said No he meant No. But he was not unreasonable. Yes, Father would understand, Henry was sure.

"Father," Henry began, "when I grow up I want to be a singer. I want to be a singing evangelist just like Mr. Sankey."

His father looked down at him and smiled. For a horrible moment Henry was afraid he was going to laugh.

"You—a singer!" he said. "No, Henry, you'll never be a singer. But your brother John, he will make a great singer."

The boy felt odd inside, as though the solid floor beneath him had been suddenly jerked away and he was sinking into space. Then, just as suddenly as it had come, the panic left him. The stubbornness of his Dutch ancestors came to his rescue.

"I will become a singer," he promised himself. "And I will lead people in praising the Lord with all their hearts with singing."

The happy childhood days passed, one after another. There were two other boys in the family and two sisters. Henry did not lack for playmates. There were duties to perform too, for the Dutch reputation for cleanliness must be upheld.

Each Sunday morning found the De Fluiter family in their pew at the Dutch Reformed church. Henry especially loved this day. Eagerly he bent forward to catch every tone, every nuance of the choir. But most of all he enjoyed the congregational singing when the voices of all present blended in praise to the Master Choir Leader.

Henry had never again spoken of his dream aloud after his father had discouraged him. But as the years passed by the dream grew more intense. He composed simple tunes and verses to complete his enjoyment of special days, such as Christmas. Then came the glad day when he sang in the church choir. Best of all was the first Sunday he led the choir. But

this, Henry knew, was not the fulfillment of his dream.

One day the youth heard his parents talking about Ravenna, a small community about twenty-five miles south of Cleveland. The firm for which Mr. de Fluiter worked was moving to Ravenna, and the De Fluiter family decided to move with it. But Henry chose to stay in Cleveland, so he packed his personal belongings and moved in with the Martins, a Methodist family who lived next door.

Mr. Martin was a sign painter by trade. The brilliant colors of the paints fascinated Henry. They seemed to blend with the music in his soul. He wanted to be a sign painter too.

Mr. Martin taught him how to mix the colors, and Henry studied the art of lettering. During the day the two worked together. When evening came Henry became part of the family, reading, singing, studying, or just talking with the others in the pleasant atmosphere of the home.

One evening a stranger came to the door. "I am visiting the homes in this neighborhood," the man explained, "to search out those interested in studying the Bible."

Mr. Martin was about to turn the man away when he noticed the interest Henry was showing in their visitor.

Mr. Martin invited the man in, and it was arranged for the seeker after Bible students, Pastor Willard H. Saxby, to come to the Martin home once a week to study with the family and Henry.

Some of the things they learned sounded strange to them, and some were contrary to the doctrines they had been taught. But Henry, especially, was impressed with the new truths he was learning each week. He was impressed too by the sincerity of the Bible teacher and by the fact that he had cared enough to search them out.

Thinking over the truths he had learned convinced Henry that he was living a Christian life in name only. Christ had not been invited to dwell within his heart. Often as he painted with the bright colors he was quiet for long moments, thinking on these things.

Then one evening Pastor Saxby told them of the true Sabbath. Saturday is the Sabbath of the Ten Commandments, he said, and quoted, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God."

The next day Henry was unusually quiet at his work. It would take a lot of courage to put his thought into words. But he found that courage.

"Mr. Martin," he said, "I have decided to make a new start in life. And now that I have determined to become a real Christian I am going all the way. I am going to keep the true Sabbath."

"I admire your courage, Henry," his employer and friend told him. "But I cannot go along with you."

After Henry made this important decision he was happier than he had ever been before. He felt he must share this

great joy with someone. There was no satisfaction in talking about it to Mr. and Mrs. Martin, because they had rejected the new light on Bible truths.

"I will go and tell my parents," he said.

Twenty-five miles is a long way to pedal a bicycle, but Henry had no other way to go. At last he came to the small town in which his parents now lived. He searched out their house, jumped off his bike, and bolted up the steps.

"Mother! Mother!" he called. "I have something wonderful to tell you."

"Just a minute, son," his mother said, after embracing her boy. "I have something wonderful to tell you."

"What is it, Mother? You tell me first, and I'll save mine until last, because no news could be more wonderful than mine."

"A man came to our door selling books," his mother began. "He told us that Jesus is coming one day soon. He told us that Saturday is the true Sabbath and we

should keep it holy. And I believe him," Mrs. de Fluiter said simply. "Now, son, what is your news?"

During the summer of 1899 Henry was baptized in Lake Erie.

"I want to be baptized in a natural body of water," he told Pastor Saxby, "one that was made by our Lord."

Henry's mother was also baptized that summer. His father was baptized later. Both parents sleep now, awaiting that glorious day when Jesus will come. One brother and both sisters joined their parents in their new-found faith. The younger sister, Anna, now Mrs. C. C. Kellar, of Shafter, California, was, with her husband, a missionary to India for twenty-two years.

Now that he knew Jesus would soon be coming to take those who love Him home, Henry felt more than ever that he must help finish the Lord's work on earth. He knew he must seek training for that work.

The school with which he was best acquainted and felt would teach him what he wanted to know, was the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. So he made arrangements to attend the Moody Bible Institute. At that time the school offered only two courses, Music-Bible and Bible-Music.

Henry smiled as he read the curriculum, but he learned the difference between the two courses and chose Music-Bible. His studies would consist of two-thirds music and one-third Bible. Had he chosen Bible-Music the classes would have been reversed, two-thirds Bible and one-third music. The school arranged the courses in this way so the choir leader could help the minister and, if necessary, the minister could help the singing evangelist.

After one term at the school in Chicago, Henry returned to Cleveland to earn a livelihood painting signs until an opening in his chosen field should come.

D. E. Lindsey, the new pastor of the Cleveland Seventh-day Adventist church, was an enthusiastic evangelist. In appearance he resembled D. L. Moody. He was short and heavy set, and wore the same type beard that Moody wore. He always saw the funny side of a situation, and he loved to sing!

Pastor Lindsey planned to hold a series of meetings in the northwestern part of the State of Ohio during the summer months. He realized the value of music in connection with evangelistic meetings, and he knew of no one better prepared to help him than was Henry de Fluiter. And Henry was anxious to be of help.

But the conference men were not eager to make changes in the routine or add further expense to the pay roll. When Pastor Lindsey asked to be able to hire Henry as his assistant, their answer was a definite No.

"Whoever heard of such a thing!" they said. "Whoever heard of hiring someone just to help with the music?"

But Pastor Lindsey was determined.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Henry de Fluiter (left) and Royal Reed stand before one of Mr. de Fluiter's hymns in mammoth size.

"I'll take you anyway, Henry," he said. "The salary will be provided someway."

That summer Pastor Lindsey and his musical director lived royally. A family by the name of Radebaugh, who lived in the country, gave room and board without charge. They ate bountifully of homemade bread, rich milk, and fresh vegetables. Henry's other needs were supplied by private donations collected by Pastor Lindsey. Henry was paid from these offerings the sum of five dollars a week.

It was while he was assisting Pastor Lindsey that he wrote his first hymn. It was based on the prophecies of the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew and was entitled "Matthew 24." It was only the start.

At the close of the series of meetings he returned to his profession of sign painting. It was work he enjoyed doing, but it did not bring the satisfaction derived from singing evangelism.

During the next few summers Henry took part in several evangelistic campaigns. The conference men relented—to a point.

"We will pay a small salary for a music director for the duration of the meetings only," they conceded.

So each fall found Henry de Fluiter back at his old stand-by, sign writing. In 1909 he decided he wanted a change of scenery and surroundings. Colorado appealed to him, and he moved to the mile-high city of Denver.

It was in Denver that he became acquainted with the Richards family. They had a son, Harold, who was attending Campion Academy at that time. Later the two were to become fast friends and closely associated for a number of years.

Still calling Denver home, Henry de Fluiter left Colorado at intervals. He had been invited to take charge of the music at the Pennsylvania camp meeting at Allentown. After this he went to Philadelphia to work with Pastor R. E. Harter. Here Henry and Harold Richards were together again for a short time. Harold, on vacation from his theological studies in Washington, D.C., was assisting Pastor Harter with the meetings, and sang bass in the choir led by Henry.

The next summer found the young singer in Washington, D.C., with Pastor Harter. In his spare time he studied the beautiful medieval illuminated texts in the Library of Congress. He adapted these designs when painting the Ten Commandments on the wall in our church in Takoma Park, Maryland.

Later he spent two years in New York City with Charles T. Everson. The value of music coupled with evangelism was being realized more and more, but still Henry's name was not on a permanent pay roll. Between campaigns he returned to his sign writing, but his heart was not in it.

Just before the General Conference met in Milwaukee in 1926 he prayed: "Dear Lord, if Thou wilt open the way I will devote my entire time to Thy work, reserving nothing for myself."

In Milwaukee, Henry again met his old friend, Harold Richards, who was a full-fledged minister by then.

"How would you like to work with me permanently?" Pastor Richards asked Henry.

"Harold, I believe this is an answer to my prayers," he told his friend. "I would like nothing better than to work with you."

"I have an offer to go to Florida," Pastor Richards said. "And one to go to California. Which would you prefer?"

"I think I would rather go to California just now," Henry de Fluiter answered, not



Autumn Dress-Alikes

By OLIVE C. LEARY

A maple viewed her scarlet brood
Of treelets round about,
Like her own red from toe to head,
With not one tone left out.

really caring where he went as long as he could sing and lead people in singing praises to God.

The president of the Central California Conference at that time was asked by Pastor Richards whether he could bring his singer along.

"By all means!" E. L. Neff said.

The Lord had abundantly answered Henry de Fluiter's prayers.

Before going to California the two men were asked to hold a series of meetings in Verdun, a suburb of Montreal, Canada. They pitched their large tent on a vacant lot, and began a soul-winning partnership that lasted more than twelve years.

Ninety per cent of the population in the Montreal district were French Roman Catholic. The Lord blessed the efforts of the young minister and his music leader and many were baptized.

From Canada they went directly to central California. After working together there for two or three years they were transferred to southern California, where both still reside. Their first meeting in southern California was held in the city of Alhambra. Their last in North Hollywood, where a new church was organized, with Henry de Fluiter its pastor. H. M. S. Richards had been called to radio work by the General Conference.

Harold Richards and Henry de Fluiter are still close friends. They both live in communities skirting the city of Los Angeles. Many of Henry de Fluiter's songs were inspired by Pastor Richards' sermons when the two were working together. One of the better known is "Ride On, King Jesus," which the King's Heralds Quartet sings frequently.

Although Pastor de Fluiter is now retired, he is far from inactive. He is putting in almost full time directing music, giving Bible studies, and filling Sabbath appointments in various churches within the thickly populated area surrounding his home town, Gardena, California. And sign writing is not a forgotten art. Many of the attractive signs inviting the people of southern California to evangelistic meetings, and designed to pique their curiosity, are painted by Henry de Fluiter. Between these duties he is adding more songs to his long list of published favorites. His latest, just off the press, is "All of My Heart."

Others of recent date that have found public favor among those of the Adventist denomination are "Wonderful Love for Me," "Deep in My Heart," "Isaiah 53," "For Me," "Open the Windows of Heaven," "Is It in the Bible?" and "Hail Him the King of Glory." A number of these have found their way into our various songbooks.

More familiar of his hymns, perhaps, are "God Bless and Keep Thee," "Over Yonder," "O, What a Saviour," "Up in the Glory Land," and "In Clouds of Glory."

Pastor de Fluiter is a friendly person. He is affectionately known as "Uncle Henry" from coast to coast, and often receives mail addressed in this way. But he enjoys periods of solitude when he can meditate on the goodness of God and how God has led him. Often his train of thought suggests a song.

Although he plays no musical instrument, Henry de Fluiter writes both the words and the music of his songs. "But," he admits honestly, "when it comes to the music I find the aid of a close friend most helpful."

He keeps a blank music tablet handy at all times, awake or asleep. For many times words or a tune will suggest itself to him in the night season, and if it is not set down immediately it often escapes him.

Some of the songs he has written were inspired by Bible chapters or verses, others by the longing of his own heart.

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SABBATH SCHOOL



We Are Not Alone in Suffering

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 6

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you" (1 Peter 5:7).

THINK IT OVER: Every normal person enjoys being with other people. But sometimes one feels alone even in a crowd at school, downtown, at a social, or wherever one may be. Why is this?

Could it be that there is a divine purpose? Maybe God wishes to shield me from worldly associates, to keep me from becoming contaminated with evil thoughts and deeds, just as the pure white lily does not become soiled with the mud and muck around it.

Maybe He wishes to enable me to do a mighty work and thus gives me opportunity to concentrate on the task at hand. At any rate, why not make my lonely feelings work **FOR** me and not **AGAINST** me?

FOR SUNDAY

1. How many people did Elijah think were still true to God? (1 Kings 19:14.)

"And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

2. Brooding over his loneliness, how despondent did he become? (1 Kings 19:4.)

"But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

3. How mistaken was he? (1 Kings 19:18, first part.)

"Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal."

FOR MONDAY

4. What prophecy was made concerning the loneliness of Jesus in the time of His greatest need? (Isa. 63:3, first part.)

"I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me."

5. What recorded words of Jesus show how keenly He felt His separation from the Father? (Matt. 27:46.)

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

FOR TUESDAY

6. At the very time Paul needed companionship the most, how many stayed with him? (2 Tim. 4:16.)

"At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge."

7. But who did stay with him and what was the outcome? (2 Tim. 4:17.)

"Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

8. What did this and similar experiences enable Paul to declare? (2 Tim. 4:18.)

"And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

FOR WEDNESDAY

9. On one occasion how many seemed to be against Elisha and his servant? (2 Kings 6:15.)

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do?"

10. What was the actual situation in this instance? (2 Kings 6:16, 17.)



B. PLOCKHORST, ARTIST

"And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

11. Who appeared with the three Hebrew worthies in the fiery furnace? (Dan. 3:24, 25.)

"Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast

three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

NOTE.—"The Lord did not forget His own. As His witnesses were cast into the furnace, the Saviour revealed Himself to them in person, and together they walked in the midst of the fire. In the presence of the Lord of heat and cold, the flames lost their power to consume."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 508, 509.

FOR THURSDAY

12. At times how long does loneliness seem to last? (Ps. 13:1.)

"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?"

13. When the future seems dark and uncertain and I feel helpless and hopeless, on whom can I depend? (Isa. 41:10.)

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I

am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

14. When it looks as if all hope is gone and I do not know which way to turn, what consolation do I have? (Ps. 23:4.)

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

15. What am I to do with my worries and anxious thoughts? (1 Peter 5:7.)

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

FOR FRIDAY

Repeat the memory gem.

a. Make a list of all the people you know who accomplished a great task while alone. (You might start with John on Patmos who wrote Revelation, or John Bunyan who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*.)

b. Bring your list to Sabbath school and compare with the others in your class. See who can have the longest list.

c. Make a list of the things you enjoy doing while alone.

The Testing of Armor Plate

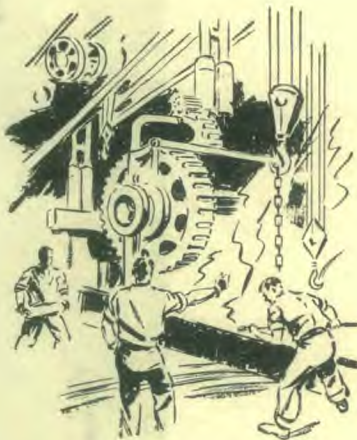
By BERT RHOADS

FROM that ninth day of March, 1862, when the armored battleships *Monitor* and *Merrimac* met in combat at Hampton Roads, Virginia, the nature of naval warfare everywhere has been changed, and intense study has been given to the making of ship armor.

Today men know what metals to mix to make the toughest and hardest armor. An ordinary battleship carries from four hundred to six hundred tons of armor plate. It takes from seven to nine months to properly fuse the steel and its alloys of chromium and nickel to make the toughest armor known to man.

First, the metal mixture is molded into great ingots. These ingots are again heated and pressed into plates of the proper thickness. Almost a month is spent in these processes of heating, shaping, and bending the armor plate. Under a pressure of three tons to the square inch the armor is made ready for other tests.

Again the plates are heated to the proper temperature and plunged into a bath of cottonseed oil. This toughens the plate, but a soft-nosed projectile would still pierce it. Next comes heating and then a chilling for two or three hours under jets of cold water. This imparts to the surface of the armor a glassy hardness.



The finished plates are then ready for the inspector. He selects one that he thinks is least likely to stand the tests. He goes over every square foot of the surface with a punch. He does some real punching too. The punch must be dulled, but there must not be left on the armor any perceptible marks.

The next test is the drill borings to determine the depth of the hardness. Other tests disclose the elasticity and tensile strength.

Then follows the most important test. The plate is taken to the proving grounds.

It is bolted into place and reinforced as it would be on a battleship. Then three shots are fired at it. Whatever the thickness of the armor, that is the diameter of the projectiles used in the tests. No projectile nor any fragment thereof must get through the armor. Nor must any impact of any projectile make a crack that extends to the edge of the plate or to any crack made by a previous projectile.

If this plate passes all the tests, all the other plates in its class are accepted without testing. An extra plate is substituted for the tested plate.

How like all this are the making and testing of the Christian's armor. It, too, must have its toughening and hardening alloys, its heatings, its baptism in the oil of the Spirit, and the constant watering in the dews and rains of divine grace. Then must come the punchings, the bendings, the drillings, the twistings, and the cruel missiles that strike the armor. This preparation, this proving, of the armor is not done in a day, and no Christian is exempted from the testing of his armor. How nobly Job, Joseph, Daniel, John the Baptist, and others stood the test.

For our young people of today Satan has a special punch for the visor, that part of the armor protecting the eyes. And woe to any Christian of today who attempts to go anywhere without that visor! David, Achan, Gehazi, Saul, and Judas all tried it, and how miserably they failed.

The archenemy knows all the weak places in the Christian's armor. He also wounds where it will cause the most pain. Our loved ones are cruelly taken; our property is destroyed by fire or storm; our health wanes; we may be led to believe that God doesn't care. And the woundings may go on for long, weary years. But if the armor stands the test—what a reward!



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Under the direction of Leonard Moore, the male chorus, which assists the Voice of Youth in rallies, evangelistic efforts, and radio work, prepares for one of its southern California engagements.

The Voice of Youth

By THOMAS J. HOOPER

STAND up! stand up, for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross." This is the theme announcing that the Voice of Youth radio broadcast is on the air. By this far-reaching means, the youth of La Sierra are endeavoring to witness for Jesus. We go back two and one-half years to see how the program got its start.

Lee Price and Les Wolpert, two La Sierra College students, are working in a branch factory of the West Coast Aero Tool Company. As we listen we are able to hear a conversation that goes a little like this:

"You know, Lee," Les says, "I've been thinking. What do the youth of La Sierra do on their own? The answer is, Nothing! Every time something is done in the way of missionary work or spreading the gospel around here, it is prompted by the elders of the church or led by older members. There ought to be some way in which the youth are able to put their talents to work in a big way, don't you think?"

"You're right," says Lee. "There ought to be some way, like holding youth efforts or giving programs at different churches or even a radio broadcast. That's an idea. Why don't we see whether we can start a radio program, a program something like the Voice of Prophecy, only run and sponsored entirely by youth? Youth speakers, youth singers, and youth sponsors."

"That's a good idea!" Les exclaims. "Stop by my place tomorrow and we'll go down to Corona and see if we can arrange for some free radio time. If we don't do it now, it probably will never be done."

The next day after school Lee and Les

were found talking to the manager of Station KBUC in Corona. They had prayed to God to impress on the mind of the station manager to give them some free time on the air, for, of course, being students, they didn't have money to pay for it.

The station manager was willing for them to have time free of charge if they would start broadcasting the next Sunday at twelve thirty. It just so happened that he had a vacant half hour from 12:30 until 1:00 P.M., and he needed somebody to fill in time. Lee and Les were overjoyed with the success of their plan, but then the thought struck them that they didn't even

have a program ready for Sunday. It was Thursday then. They had only two and a half days to prepare a full thirty-minute program for broadcast.

Both began to work feverishly. Les sat down to start writing a sermonet that could be given. Lee went over to the college to get together a quartet and two or three soloists; in fact, practically every musician on the campus was asked to contribute his talents to the first program and the programs to come.

The day arrived, and a disorganized group of nervous but eager students stood waiting in the studio. Finally they were on the air. The newly formed Lighthouse Quartet sang the song, "Stand Up for Jesus," which is now heard every Sunday as the theme of the program. After them followed the others, one by one or two by two adding their contributions to the program.

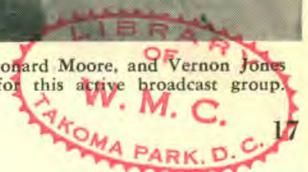
At last they were through. They were finished with the first broadcast of Lighthouse. This was the name they had chosen for their program title.

The program progressed little by little. Sometimes the presentations were better than the first program and sometimes worse, but Lee and Les kept working and kept praying. Then the quality of the programs began to improve. They changed the name to The Challenge of Youth. A well-organized quartet called the Challengers was formed, which always provided two or three songs for each program. With his own money Lee bought a tape recorder and microphone so that each program could be recorded and then played over the air. This way was found to be much less nerve straining, so all programs henceforth were transcribed.

A male chorus consisting of sixteen students from the college was organized, all of them donating their time and efforts to put on programs for different churches and youth rallies around the area. The program was expanding rapidly. The group then had an engineer to handle the



Voice of Youth leaders (left to right) Lee Price, Earl Dunnewin, Leonard Moore, and Vernon Jones lay plans for active publicity and future soul-winning endeavors for this active broadcast group.



technical equipment, an announcer, a music director, a coordinator, an organist, a quartet, and Lee Price, the speaker. We of the program group were reaching for new stations to broadcast our program and new equipment to improve the quality. We soon realized that the whole thing could not be financially supported by meager freewill offerings. Although we needed a steady backing for the program that we could depend upon each month, we did not want to ask for financial help from the church.

The leaders of the program finally conceived the idea of asking the workers of West Coast Aero Tool Company, composed mostly of Seventh-day Adventists, whether they would like to help with the expenses each month. The response was both heart warming and encouraging. The men there pledged to contribute out of their pay checks enough to cover the expenses of the program, which by now amounted to about three hundred dollars each month.

Some people ask whether we are trying to run competition with the Voice of Prophecy radio group. The answer to this is definitely No. H. M. S. Richards of the Voice of Prophecy has given his approval of the idea, besides giving us much-needed counsel as to some of the technicalities of the program. Our objectives are different from those of the Voice of Prophecy. Although we do offer a Bible correspondence course, we do it by a different method. When we begin sending Bible courses to a person, we immediately send word to the Missionary Volunteer Society of the church nearest the listener. They then send out one or two of the youth of that church to go help the person who has asked for the course so that he will not become discouraged and consequently give up. In this way the people usually finish the course and receive diplomas.

Another function of the program is to act as the radio arm for the Voice of Youth efforts that are being put on by the Missionary Volunteer Societies of our churches. For this reason the name of our broadcast was again changed, this time to The Voice of Youth. It is our job to advertise these efforts, put on solely by youth, to our listeners and encourage them to attend.

You ask, "Is the program doing any good? Are you receiving results from your program?" We cannot claim large results or thousands of people studying our course, but we do have listeners. We do have many people studying the Bible course, and each week we receive mail encouraging us to continue our work. We cannot estimate how many people have heard our program or the number of those who have received a blessing from accidentally tuning us in. Through the grace of God we now have four radio stations broadcasting our program each week, KBUC in Corona, KEAC in San Diego, KREO in Indio, and our latest,

KBIG on Catalina Island. Combined, these stations make it possible for anyone in southern California to hear the program either by chance or purposely.

The fact that our program is doing good is illustrated by the story of the radio engineer who worked at the Corona radio station. As he listened to the program being broadcast each Sunday, he became interested and asked to be enrolled in the Bible course. Shortly after this he moved



An If for Today

By Blossom M. Fairchild

**If only God can take a heart
With doubt, and fear, and hate,
And, with His love divine, transform
It into something great,**

**Can nations hope for peace, refusing
God alone as guide,
While talking well, but cherishing
Their selfishness and pride?**

**They think that God is such an one
As they—how blind their eyes!
The coming of the Prince of Peace
Will be their chief surprise.**

**Surrender here means victory;
Rebellion is defeat.
The life that serves in furrows
Of earth's need alone is sweet.**

to Oregon. We thought that we might never hear from him again. But he soon wrote us, asking us to keep sending him the Bible lessons. That man has since graduated, and we hope to hear soon of his baptism.

The radio group not only broadcasts every week, but is usually kept busy every weekend with personal appearances at different churches and youth rallies. One place that stands out in my mind is El Toro Marine Base, where the radio group put on a program for the Marines. Those who attended were marines of about eight different religions; yet every one of them was friendly and courteous, making us

feel as if we belonged right there. As a result of that meeting we have several servicemen faithfully studying our Bible correspondence course. We get letters from them telling us how much they appreciate the good of our programs. They are not content to be studying alone. We hear of one of them going around getting others to listen to the broadcast and enroll in the Bible course.

Although the Voice of Youth is small now and may seem very insignificant, for the youth of La Sierra it is an outlet for their energies and ambitions. It provides a way for them to help spread the gospel in their own way. It is a chance for the youth to gain valuable experience in God's vineyard.

We who work on with the program have felt that Jesus is nearer and dearer to each one of us. We know that He, along with His angels, is working beside us to fill in where our feeble efforts fail. Best of all it provides a way for some person who is hoping for a better way of life to be led into the light of our beloved faith.

The Best Way

From page 11

factory and the pay was satisfactory.

"This is what the Lord had in mind for me," Pierre told Marie. "We are better off here than we were in Worcester."

"This is a good place," Marie agreed, "but I do miss Mrs. Clark."

A few months later Pierre heard that his friend Baylor was leaving the garage. He had felt secure under Baylor's pledge and had worked hard to deserve the special consideration he had received. But what would the new foreman be like?

Pierre didn't like the looks of the new foreman from the time he was first ushered into the shop by the manager. He was fat and unsmiling; someone said he had trained in an automobile factory. His name was Kingston.

In the first few days after his arrival Kingston began to make changes in the way the shop work was distributed, and Pierre could see that he knew his business. Pierre wondered what he would say to a request for permission to have Sabbaths free.

Friday morning came, and Pierre knew that he would have to speak to Kingston today. He tightened the last nut on the carburetor he had just cleaned, and as he straightened up he saw Kingston in the shop not far away. Wiping his hands on a rag, he walked over to the boss.

"Mr. Kingston, may I explain to you why I can't work here on Saturdays?" he asked.

Kingston stiffened and turned to Pierre with a glare.

"Not work here on Saturday? Why not?"

"It's this way. I am a Seventh-day Adventist. The Bible teaches me that the seventh day is the Sabbath and that I should not spend that day doing ordinary work. I believe that I should observe the Sabbath from the time the sun sets Friday until it goes down Saturday. But, of course I'll be glad to work here any other time in the week. I thought you ought to know."

By this time Kingston's face was beet red. "What a foolish idea! What would we do if everyone here should take a notion to stay home one day or another? You can't run a business that way. Under no consideration can we permit you to be off Saturday."

But Pierre did not flinch before Kingston's piercing eyes. He was thinking hard about his wife, about his prayers,

about the providential leading of the Lord to bring him to this place.

"Mr. Kingston, do not misunderstand me. I am not asking for Saturday off merely as a holiday. I feel that the Lord has commanded me to spend that day in worshipping Him, and He has become the most important thing in my life." Without realizing why he did it, Pierre raised his finger and pointed it at the foreman. "Sir, the Lord has charge of my life now. If the Lord wants me here, you or anybody else won't be able to stop me from working here!"

Kingston stood speechless. He turned on his heel and went to the downstairs office of the manager. Pierre watched him until the door closed.

Three minutes later, by the clock over the door, Kingston emerged, this time with a trace of a smile on his face. As he approached Pierre, his hand was outstretched, and Pierre reluctantly joined in the handclasp.

"LaSalle," Kingston was saying, "you're one man in a thousand. You talk like the kind of man we need around here—someone who can stick up for what he believes. You can have your time off Saturday, and if you will come back Sunday morning, we have work you can do then."

"Thank you, Mr. Kingston. You don't know how much this means to me." And inwardly Pierre breathed a prayer of thanks, as he said to himself, "God's way is really the best way."

Teen Age DIARY



By JOAN

Dear Diary,

This weekend found our family and several friends in the giant redwoods. Brad and Jimmie, a couple of my college friends, had never been to the redwoods and thought they'd like to see them.

I called Bev and asked her whether she'd like to go along, and we had the most wonderful time you could imagine. Dad took us on a long hike, and we were able to locate the world's supposedly tallest tree. At least that is what the sign said.

The redwood has oval cones with blunt ends, from two to three inches long. The cone has comparatively few four-pointed scales, and has a depression in the center of each.

The leaves of the redwood are something like those of the spruce, and when crushed have the same odor. They are flat, however, and the needles are stubby.

The bark on the redwood grows at least eighteen inches thick. I heard Dad say that he thought some of the trees had been growing during the time of Christ.

I had a strange feeling when I thought of these living connections between His time and ours.

Not long ago I read a story in the San Francisco *Examiner* that said that Christ traveled a great deal more than is recorded, and that evidence had been uncovered in England which seemed to indicate that He had been there. I don't know.

Of course the most important thing right now is whether He lives in each village and town today. I wonder whether people coming to my home town can say, "Christ has been here."

Yesterday we had guests from New England. When we told them that it was our ambition to go there someday and visit, they told us that we should know beforehand that every village has a special bed in which they claim George Washington slept.

It would be nice, wouldn't it, if Christians were as proud of Christ in their hearts, as folks are of the fact that they met or shook hands with a famous person or saw the bed he slept in?

When I walk along a country road, or through a forest, it seems to me that this is the type of place where I would be likely to find Him—if He were still walking on this earth.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Bug Catchers in Earnest

From page 8

fleas? Ironically someone remarks, "I can find fleas a lot closer home than that."

Professor Rykman gravely gives the answer, "That is all too true. For in the last few years germs of the dread bubonic plague have been recovered from the flesh of over four thousand rodents found in the Southwestern United States. The germs of this plague are transmitted to both animals and humans by fleas. Recently several deaths have been known in these States as the result of this disease. That is the reason funds have been allocated to the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine so our department may make scientific research for means of adequate control.

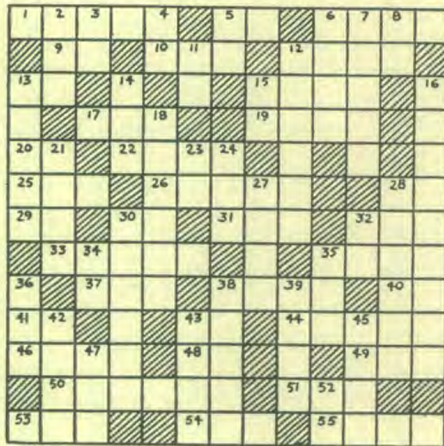
"Perhaps," he continues, "you would be interested in seeing the kissing bugs we are studying." And interested we surely are! "These creatures are about the size of a common cricket, but they live on nothing but *live* blood. They are vectors or transmitters of the dread Chagas' disease. To date no cure has been found for this disease, which is such a serious menace to children and babes in Central and South America. At present we are

Elijah

(From 1 Kings)

Across

- 1 "I have commanded a widow . . . there to sustain thee" 17:9
 5 "I will call . . . the name of the Lord" 18:24
 6 "the barrel of . . . wasted not" 17:16
 9 "but . . . Baal, then follow him" 18:21
 10 "I will send rain upon . . . earth" 18:1
 12 "ye have forsaken the commandments of the . . ." 18:18
 13 House of Lords (abbr.)
 15 "Elijah said unto her, . . . nor" 17:13
 17 "said unto . . . Give me thy son" 17:19
 19 Tardy
 20 Right Worthy (abbr.)
 22 "a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's . . ." 18:44
 25 "the . . . of the woman, the mistress of the house, fell sick" 17:17
 26 "after the fire a still small . . ." 19:12



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- 28 Senior (abbr.)
 29 Ancestor of Jesus Luke 3:28
 30 "there shall not . . . dew nor rain" 17:1
 31 "I have been very jealous for the Lord . . . of hosts" 19:10
 32 Master of Patent Law (abbr.)
 33 "and he . . . of the brook" 17:6
 35 Forehead
 37 The bitter vetch
 38 Longitudinal timber of a vessel
 40 Kings (abbr.)
 41 Man's nickname
 43 Train (mil. abbr.)
 44 Kind of cloth
 46 "Then the . . . of the Lord fell" 18:38
 48 Ordnance Officer (abbr.)
 49 "came . . . sat down under a juniper tree" 19:4
 50 "and then I will . . . thee" 19:20
 51 "the soul of the child came into . . . again" 17:22
 53 "as Obadiah was in the way, behold, Elijah . . . him" 18:7
 54 Knight (abbr.)
 55 "all the people came . . . unto him" 18:30
 Our text is 9, 10, 12, 30, 31, 50 and 51 combined

Down

- 2 "and a little . . . in a cruse" 17:12
 3 Master of Forestry (abbr.)
 4 New Testament (abbr.)
 5 Old English (abbr.)
 6 Deep, wide trench
 7 Sinned
 8 Newspaper item
 11 "The Lord, . . . is the God" 18:39
 12 "And they . . . upon the altar which was made" 18:26
 13 "there appeared a chariot of fire, and . . . s of fire" 2 Kings 2:11
 14 Nehemiah (abbr.)
 15 Flanders (abbr.)
 16 Elijah went up by a . . . into heaven" 2 Kings 2:11
 18 "I have commanded the . . . to feed thee there" 17:4
 21 "did according unto the . . . of the Lord" 17:5
 23 "brook dried up, because there had been . . . rain" 17:7
 24 Break the soil with a spade
 27 Elijah said unto all the people, . . . near unto me" 18:30
 28 "people answered and said, It is well . . ." 18:24
 30 "but an handful of meal in a . . ." 17:12
 32 Title of respect (abbr.)
 34 Second tone of the scale
 35 Bachelor of Literary Interpretation (abbr.)
 36 Simpleton
 38 "let it be . . . this day that thou art God" 18:36
 39 A king of Israel 16:6
 42 "they seek my . . . to take it away" 19:10
 43 "Elijah . . . the child, and brought him down" 17:23
 45 "call ye on the . . . of your gods" 18:24
 47 Decay
 52 "but the Lord was not . . . the earthquake" 19:11

Key on page 23

experimenting with a new antibiotic that we hope will control the disease. Every day as I work I think of our missionaries who are daily facing so many medical problems, and of the babies who are dying, and I pray that God will give us wisdom to bring relief to so much human misery."

Reluctantly you pull yourself away and pass on to the school's Department of Parasitology. Immediately you are confronted by a large sign reading, "Danger—Infected Snails!" There seem to be snails everywhere. There are snails in aquariums, snails in porous clay saucers, and snails being studied by every conceivable scientific method. Dr. Edward Wagner, head of this department, tells you that these snails have come from Japan and the Philippines—twenty-four thousand of them. The purpose of this research is to find a method for controlling the dreaded blood fluke disease so prevalent in the Orient. It is estimated that forty-six million people of the Orient suffer with

this disease, which so seriously affects the liver and other internal organs. Already you can begin to see how closely the work of the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine is connected with the needs and daily life of our missionaries.

As you approach the Department of Herpetology and Ichthyology, you bravely recall memories of biology classes at academy and remember that herpetology is the study of reptiles, lizards, et cetera. But it really takes some hard thinking to recall that you were studying about fish when you used the term ichthyology.

The research project of this department concerns poisonous fishes. Some fish poisons are capable of producing death in a matter of a few hours, and affect the nervous system in such a manner that there is apparent reversal of hot and cold sensations.

Our missionaries who work for the people living on the islands of the Pacific are constantly confronted with this prob-

lem, because fish forms a large part of the daily diet of the islanders. Poisonous fishes are a public health problem of major importance. Dr. Bruce Halstead, head of this department, has recently returned from the Philippines. At the invitation of the U.S. Air Force he attended the Eighth Pacific Science Congress as one of the speakers.

The faculty and other school personnel meet daily for a morning worship hour. Most of the workers are very young. Dr. Mozar reports that about thirty-five young people are employed by the school. These fill positions of responsibility as secretaries, scientists, and technicians. In addition to its research work, the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine offers a number of courses in parasitology and tropical medicine. These are short courses scheduled at various times during the year.

At the worship hour you meet Mrs. Doris Williams, secretary to Dr. Mozar. "Do you like your work in the school?" you ask.

"I love it," is her quick reply. And, from the twinkle in her eyes, you believe it.

Robert Lee and Chester Lindt, both of the Entomology Department, are next met. Chester says that his interest in "bugs" goes back to old China. "I remember how I used to love to catch bugs and butterflies even as a boy when my parents were missionaries there. So I just naturally enjoyed studying science. I especially like the work here because I feel we are meeting a class of people that no one else would meet. We meet the scientists of the world. They may not read the Bible, but they surely watch our lives."

"Yes," agrees Robert, "and it is so satisfying to know that in following the career of your choice you are still helping humanity. Don't you remember the other morning that someone read in worship hour that 'in a special sense the healing of the sick is our work?'"

"Every act of love, every word of kindness, every prayer in behalf of the suffering and oppressed, is reported before the eternal throne and placed on heaven's imperishable record." The work of relieving the sick and suffering and of giving the gospel to the world is the satisfying work of the personnel of the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine at the College of Medical Evangelists.

The Balance Wheel

From page 7

spectful attention when any mention was made of religion.

I do not know what the tenets of his creed were, or what he believed as to doctrine, but in our conversations and in my daily association with him I learned that he had in his soul a deep reverence for his Creator. I shall always remember him as standing on the rostrum in that great

university chapel with his head bowed simply and humbly, his hands folded like a child's, repeating the words of the greatest prayer ever spoken. From such lives as his flow inspiration and helpfulness. He passed away years ago, but his friends and students still remember him with respect and affection.

The placing of your will on the right side of any question will tend to make your life happy and peaceful, and your attitude will exert an influence for good or evil over your associates.

Another balance wheel in the shaping of one's destiny is the choosing of good companions. The Greek philosopher Plutarch (A.D. 46?-120?) wrote, "It is a true proverb that if you live with a lame man, you will learn to limp," and he who chooses wrong companions will learn to walk as they walk.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" is another way to keep balanced in the right direction. Terence, Roman philosopher, said, "There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult if you do it with reluctance, without wishing to do it."

Your life is what you make it by your decisions, and the effort or lack of effort with which you attack your problems daily. Moreover, your life is *your own*, to make of yourself someone worthy to have a vital place in both earth and heaven. This position may not be great nor carry fame with it, but your position in life is always important!

The opportunity to choose for time and for eternity comes every day. Choose then that which is wholesome, sensible, wise, and right, and—

Let communion with God and His Son, Jesus Christ, be your balance wheel.

Next week: What Makes You Go?

V. Lloyd Williams, 5 Camden Rd., Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., has Jamaican stamps to exchange for worldwide.

Robert Pepper, South Second St., Denton, Md. (junior 1,600), has worldwide stamps to trade for Central and South American.

E. Aldridge Pepper, South Second St., Denton, Md. (senior 9,000), has worldwide stamps for those of Africa, West Indies, South and Central America.

Delmer G. Ross, Momostenango, Guatemala, Central America (junior 1,250), has worldwide to trade for worldwide.

Fernando M. Domondon, P. O. Box 288, Cebu City, Philippines (senior 2,000), has Philippine stamps to exchange for worldwide. Has some first-day covers also for exchange.

David C. Currie, 32 Chien Kuo Road North, Taipei, Taiwan, has stamps from China, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Philippines, Manchukuo, and Communist China in trade for worldwide.

Believe It or Not

but the heavy advertising on the part of the cigarette and tobacco companies has backfired on the industry. Instead of promoting a greater consumption of cigarettes, it has actually reduced their sale, for the advertising has been negative. Cigarette companies have insisted that their particular brand was "less harmful" than other brands.

This idea was hammered into the minds of the people, with the result that the public at large finally believed what they heard and got the idea that cigarettes are harmful. The advertisements they listened to virtually said, "All cigarettes will kill you, but ours will kill you slower."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

A Song in His Heart

From page 14

One, "What Would Jesus Do?" was inspired by reading a book by Charles M. Sheldon. Henry de Fluiter treasures a letter of appreciation from Mr. Sheldon.

One of his best-liked songs was suggested by a member of the Gardena church when he was pastor there. During the testimony service at prayer meeting a

woman who had passed through a heart-breaking experience stood up.

"Uncle Henry," she said, "I'm homesick for heaven." Her heart was too full to say more, but Henry de Fluiter understood. Immediately he recognized in her one sentence a theme for a song.

Many find an answering note in their hearts as Del Delker, Voice of Prophecy contralto, sings "Homesick for Heaven" on the coast-to-coast radio network.

Of all his songs the one Henry de Fluiter considers most popular with evangelistic audiences is "Longing." It has been translated into several languages and sung around the world.

"Longing" was written in the mountains above the city of Denver. Before the days of MV classwork and Pathfinder Clubs it was Uncle Henry's custom, along with others of the church, to take the children and the younger members of the church up into the mountains whenever possible to enjoy a day of fellowship and healthful recreation.

On one particular Sunday the group, as usual, prepared to build a bonfire to warm their lunch. They were delighted to find a natural fireplace in one of the rocks. It was a small cave with a nature-built draft that carried the smoke from the fire into the cave. It was pleasant sitting around an outdoors fire with no smoke to smart and redden the eyes. The young people and their chaperons entered into the spirit of the day. The setting was beautiful, and it was good to be together.

The fire had died down to red-hot coals when out of the cave walked a rabbit. It had felt safe from those who had invaded its native habitat. Then smoke filled its retreat in the small cave. It stayed, huddled in a far corner, until instinct forced the furry wild animal to seek a way out. To



Stamp Exchange

Send an inquiry before you send stamps to any persons listed here.

Rue C. Balinao, 61 Avenida 5, Grace Park, Caloocan, Rizal, Philippines (junior 2,000), has worldwide for worldwide. Special interest: Chile, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, British Guiana, Solomon Islands, Fiji, Basutoland, Southern Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, and Nyasaland.

Wilfried Bartz, Bielefeld, Gr. Kurfuerstenstr, 91, Germany, has German and worldwide stamps to trade for worldwide.

Lauro S. Merginio, 2225-A O'Donnell Sta., Cruz, Manila, Philippines (senior 10,000), would like to trade worldwide for worldwide or Philippine mint issues of the British Commonwealth of Nations. He has an assortment of blocks, plate blocks, embossed envelopes, covers, first-day covers, cut squares, slogan cancellations, postal cards, bureau prints, souvenir sheets, and miniature sheets.

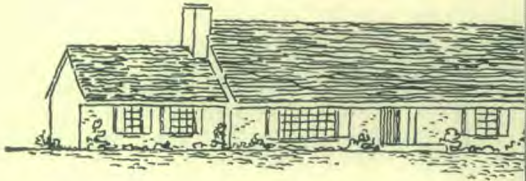
Patty Hart, Route 1, Box 19, Troy, Idaho (junior 2,000), has worldwide for British Empire. Special interest: British Solomon Islands.

Leona Thomas, P.O. Box 203, Troy, Idaho (junior 1,300), has worldwide for worldwide. Special interest: United States, United Nations, and Canal Zone.

John Williams, Ophir Glen, Burringbar, New South Wales, Australia (junior), has Australian for worldwide. Would like twenty stamps in each exchange.

Alfredo G. Villaluz, San Carlos Milling Co., Ltd., San Carlos, Negros Occidental, Philippines (senior 3,000), has Philippine stamps in exchange for worldwide.

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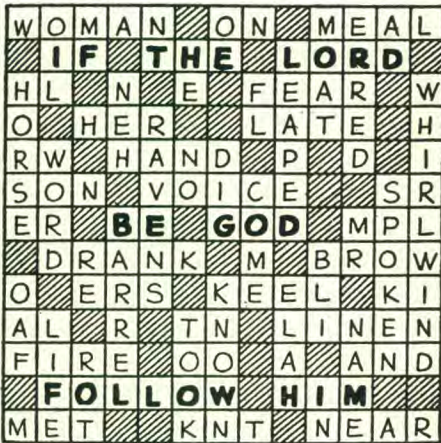
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stay would mean death from suffocation. Blinded by the smoke that had been drawn into the cave, and wringing wet, it felt its way over the searing hot coals.

The children screamed at the sight of the agony of the harmless animal to which they had unwittingly brought suffering. But soon they were back at play, crowding the unwelcome sight from their memories.

Henry de Fluiter's heart was wrung with sympathy for the pitiful creature. He felt remorseful because he had felt so helpless to aid the rabbit.

"Even innocent animals must suffer because sin entered our world," he thought. "Nothing, no one, escapes being touched by it. Oh, how I long for Jesus to come and put an end to all suffering and disappointments."

He found a lovely spot where he could be alone awhile and meditate. Before he left that mountain sanctuary the song "Longing" had been written, just as we sing it today.

Many of his songs have that same theme of longing in them—longing for the Saviour's return. And he believes that day is not far off.

Henry de Fluiter is humbly grateful that the Lord has used him in the work of preparing men and women for that day, and for helping him fulfill his childhood dream. He is confident the Lord will help any young man or woman achieve life's goal if it is in harmony with His will.

"If they will foster a worth-while objective," he says, "and never be swayed from that purpose, and never be deterred from achieving it no matter what difficulties may present themselves, the Lord will help them carry out that objective."

He never felt he had quite reached what he had set out to do until one General Conference session in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco.

Henry de Fluiter, then on the music committee, was to lead the large congrega-

tion in singing the "Glory Song." It was announced that the author, Charles Gabriel, was on the platform. He was asked to stand. There was a wonderful ovation, then the vast audience sang the words of that song as they had never been sung before.

There were missionaries from around the world gathered to give their reports and receive their assignments for the next four years. All were weary of the sin-sick world. It would indeed be glory for them

Family Fare is a new feature that will appeal to the heart of every reader who loves children. In its first appearance next week, author Betty Davenport muses on the birth of a baby, in "God's Miracle."



Watch for it next week in

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

when by His grace they would look on His face. Henry de Fluiter, with his own interpretation of this song, then led them in singing the words of the verses slowly, thoughtfully, holding each line at its close as he likes to do with this song, then increasing the tempo for the chorus. The music swelled to the very heights of the great auditorium. He was drawing from the people the song in their hearts.

In memory Henry de Fluiter went back to a Sunday afternoon in Cleveland, Ohio, when a little boy determined, "This is what I am going to do." By God's help he had done it.

So You're a Freshman

From page 4

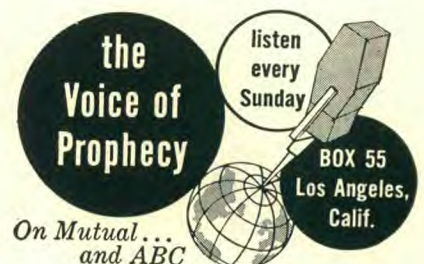
And this, Bill, brings me to the really most important thing of all that I want to tell you. Perhaps it is best summed up in Moffatt's translation of 1 Corinthians 8:1: "Knowledge puffs up, love

builds up." Pride was the first great sin, and the process of gaining knowledge is liable to give life to this heinous monster. Therefore seek God's constant and special help to make you not self-centered, but to build on Christ. In other words, strive for humility. All truly great and educated men and women are humble—first, because the more they know the more they are aware of their own ignorance, and second, because they recognize that knowledge is not something to be gloried in, but a tool and talent to be marshaled for the glory of God. And so I would say, with all your getting of wisdom and understanding, get humility.

You ask, How do I know whether I'm humble? For one thing, the more you are aware and ashamed of your own haughtiness, the less pride you really have. It is the proud who are not aware of their vice. Humility is a peculiar thing—the minute you think you have it, then you may be sure you don't have it! Too, the less the pride and contrariness of others annoy you, the closer you've come to that crowning jewel of humility. But don't for a moment think that a high aim in life and service for God constitutes a sign of pride; that is one of Satan's most subtle sophistries. After all, isn't it the highest building that has the deepest foundation?

Humility, Bill, has an exceeding great reward, not only in the next life but also in this. It is the humble who are easily happy, and with everyone eagerly and determinedly engaged in the pursuit of happiness, this means a lot. But more than that, if you have learned to heed the rustic prophet's age-old but timeless injunction to "walk humbly with thy God [and fellow men]," you are not far from the kingdom; you will have come close to happiness and salvation.

Even more, you will have finished your spiritual orientation not only for school but also for life.



NOVEMBER

- 7 The Outdoor Son of God *
- 14 Prayer and Happiness
- 21 The Sin We Are Afraid to Mention **
- 28 Revelation From the Unknown

* Available in pamphlet form on request
** To be printed in the *Voice of Prophecy News*

► DECIDUOUS trees planted on the west side of houses can reduce summer temperatures as much as 20 to 40 degrees, reports *Science News Letter*.

► WHEN Capt. Woodhouse leased a home in Hamilton, Bermuda, back in 1634, he agreed to pay the 99-year rent with a nominal fee of 100 oranges, 100 lemons, and 100 potatoes.

► THE mailing of a letter in West Berlin has been simplified. All you have to do is to drop the letter and a coin in the corner mailbox, and it will automatically stamp the letter for you.

► LEONARDO DA VINCI, known for his famous paintings and works of sculpture, was also an inventor far ahead of his time. Some of his machines thought to have been used with success are a steam gun, a pyramid-shaped parachute, an excavating machine, a printing press, and even an "air conditioning" unit.

► THE oldest vessel in the American Merchant Marine has seen her last days as a ship in the trade, reports the *United Press*. The 84-year-old *Victoria* probably brought more gold out of Alaska than any other ship afloat. She is known to have transported \$2 million worth on a single trip. She has now been sold to the Dulien Steel Products Company.

► A NEW wireless intercommunication system has been announced by the General Industrial Company of Chicago. Plugged into any standard 120 volt AC or DC outlet, this portable two-way intercom requires no wires or installation. It allows two-way communication between two, three, or more persons in separate departments or buildings, and has a transmission radius of 2½ miles within the same power-line transformer circuit.

► IN the foothills of northern Pennsylvania is located what might be called Uncle Sam's Survival Mart. The idea was born in the mind of Maj. Gen. Emerson L. Cummings, Chief of Ordnance at Philadelphia, who feared that the production potential of American industry would fall apart at the seams when defense contracts ended. In this mart are all the articles needed to produce war materiel should another hot war break out. There are some 9,000 items varying in weight from half a pound to 465,000 pounds.

► TUCKED in between two hangars at Stapleton Air Field on the edge of Denver, Colorado, is the home of Jeppesen & Co., map makers. By the use of a secret process Elrey B. Jeppesen and Hal Shelton, along with 115 workers, turn out air maps that make mountains appear to stick up from the paper, and such depressions as Death Valley resemble a hole in the table top. After information on climate, rainfall, and drainage of a certain area has been collected, Mr. Shelton, as chief artist, goes to work in his home studio with air brushes and paints. The result is a painting of the land in all its natural color and in exactness. Then skilled cartographers check and recheck to see that every stream and every road is just where it should be. The company has even devised a means of making the desert have a texture of sand and the farm field a texture of growing grasses. According to the *Associated Press*, only three of America's largest printing concerns have been successful in meeting the standards of reproduction demanded by the editors of these maps.



► A PLASTIC surgeon recently told the American Association of Plastic Surgeons how new ears and bony structures are being fashioned from cartilage. The cartilage—gristle surrounding bone joints—is obtained either from the patient's own ribs or from a cartilage bank. After it is diced it can be molded like wet sand into the desired shape. In the case of an ear created for a child born with that appendage missing, the surgeon said that the cartilage shavings were packed in a perforated vitallium mold and buried beneath the patient's abdominal skin for five months. Connective tissue grew through the mold's openings, he said, and when the cartilage was removed it had become a solid ear structure, ready for attachment to the child's head.

► A MEMBER of a 10-man expedition to 27,790-foot Mount Makalu, in the Himalayas, has collected specimens from what he believes to be "the highest animal level in the world." Dr. Lawrence Swan, biologist with this University of California expedition, found spiders living at a height of 20,000 feet and small snails at 16,000 feet.

► THE Cologne (Germany) Insurance Company suffered last summer because of bad weather. West German vacationers took out the company's "rain policy" to insure their summer holidays against rain, and now they are collecting heavily.

► THE mosquito that bites is always a female.

► SWEDEN and Great Britain have completed 300 years of trade under a 17th-century treaty.

► JAPAN hopes to begin sending 10,250 emigrants to the United States and South American countries in 1955.

► THE world's most famous statue is being renovated, reports North American Newspaper Alliance. Skilled Egyptian masons are carefully restoring the 50-foot-long paws of the Sphinx. This tremendous image—the crouching body of a lion with a human face—was hewn largely out of the living rock, 187 feet long. The paws were last reconditioned by the Romans about 100 B.C.

► THE highest scorer in the recent second international parachute championships was Yvon Sedtchichine, of the Soviet Union. In general, the Soviet team, competing for the first time in an international parachute contest, impressed the spectators by skillful handling of the square silk parachutes, according to the *New York Times*. Other nations participating were France, the United States, Britain, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. They met for three days at Saint Yan, France.

► CONSTRUCTION is to begin in 1955 on a tunnel and 14 miles of approaches that will bypass the downtown district of Baltimore, Maryland. The tunnel itself will cost about \$15 million and will be 1.7 miles long. The tubes themselves will be in prefabricated sections of 25,000 tons each, and will be sunk and joined in a trench. They will rest 95 feet below water level with a 10-foot harbor floor overhead. When completed, the tubes' capacity will be about the same as New York's Lincoln Tunnel—60,000 vehicles a day, or about 22 million a year. It will be the largest tunnel in the United States outside of New York.

► THE aircraft carrier *USS Lake Champlain* has 20 enthusiastic railroaders aboard. Back in the fall of 1952 Comdr. Wilmer E. Rawie bought some model railroad equipment and soon had an enthusiastic club of model railroaders on his hands. While the ship was in Korean waters, reports the *United Press*, the club members laid about 156 feet of track and made their own engines, railroad cars, switches, terminals, and other equipment. The cars are all "privately" owned by their makers. The highly elaborate railroad "pike" that they now have took a year's work on the part of the club members. It was formally dedicated by the ship's skipper, Capt. Leonard B. Southerland, who drove a golden spike to christen it.

Focus

Man's pursuit of electrons, his taming of power, and his conquering of space have made this a decade of marvels. Never before in human history have people in general shown such a notable dissatisfaction with ordinary knowledge. We want to know more, do more, see more, and go more than our fathers did. And our children are already outstripping us.

The challenge of going into previously inaccessible places and finding specimens of life never before known is illustrated by the University of California expedition into the Himalayas.

God's people have before them unsurpassed opportunities for this kind of study and research—not here perhaps, but in the school of the hereafter. Then, "all the treasures of the universe will be open to the study of God's children. . . . We shall share the treasures gained through ages upon ages spent in contemplation of God's handiwork."

DON YOST