

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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M. A. ROBERTS

*Winter days are weary, winter days are long;  
Then spring comes a-stealing, bringing robins' song.*



## LET'S TALK IT OVER

I DON'T know"—and my hostess smiled—"whether we would have taken our trip to California if we'd known just how things were going to be—probably not! Of course it *cost*—just about *ruined* a thousand dollars! But somehow I'm glad! GLAD!! GLAD!!! we went, for we had *such* a good time, and we'll *always* have it to think about and enjoy over again in memory—even in the poorhouse!" And her cheery laugh rang through the room where her husband, whom a severe illness has incapacitated for active work, sat nodding assent to her wholesome philosophy, and where she herself had only recently faced her own Gethsemane and the surgeon's knife.

Uncertain days and weeks and months have followed that casual afternoon call, but the picture of the homey little living room and its smiling occupants is still vivid; and the thought that there are some things even more valuable than mere money to lay by for "a rainy day," still sticks!

IN fact, I was thinking about it seriously just the other evening when I picked up a current magazine, and lo, printed there was the very echo of my thoughts.

"We were talking of a man we all knew," says the writer, "and some one remarked, in the customary tones of horror and warning, that the savings of his lifetime had all been swept away. Perhaps the lady who answered back had heard those words once too often. She said sharply, 'You mean that he lost his money?'"

"The mourner nodded. 'That's what I said.'"

"No," said the lady, 'you didn't say that. You told us that the savings of his lifetime were gone, which is not true. They're *not* gone. He has a mind stored full of knowledge and experience. He has made large investments in charities and in educations provided for other people—in investments which haven't depreciated and are yielding a return to society today. He's saved his simple habits and his pleasure in living. You don't have to worry about him. Worry,' she added fiercely, 'about yourself if the savings of *your* lifetime are all going to be the kind that can be swept away in a depression.'"

Come to consider, that's true enough, isn't it? None of us can

figure our savings in the dollars and cents of a bank balance, nor in the cash we carry or hoard, nor in the totals of a ledger. That is approaching the problem in the wrong way. There is a much more sensible, broad-minded, happy answer.

THE article we are reading suggests that it will be very illuminating to make a mental list of the people you know whom you think could stand up under poverty. "Miss M. couldn't. She diminished under it. Even to watch her was a humiliating experience. When her income was gone and her savings account had vanished, she was a thoroughly beaten person. She was never in real danger of starvation or lack of shelter. A dozen people could have prevented that. But"—and notice this especially—"she seemed to have saved nothing with which to meet the emergencies of life except money, and when that was gone, she was desperately afraid of existence."

Now of course it would be foolish to say that courage is all one needs, or that it is the only necessary resource. Money surely does grease the wheels of life, and help them to turn smoothly and comfortably, but what you and I must do is make up our minds just what is *really most important* to lay by for the future, so that every change or new demand of circumstances won't frighten us out of our wits. How much should we try to save? And what do we *really* want to keep?

OFTEN you save what you spend. Money put into a good education isn't going to be depreciated or lost by any economic changes or financial experiments. And "a good education" means far more than four years of college. Did you ever hear a nervous, worn woman say shrilly, "We are saving every cent for Johnny's education, to put him through college," while Johnny at the moment shows every sign of having his education decidedly skimmed? And what parent would not prefer to leave his offspring a well-filled mind and happy experiences of childhood and youth rather than money? Oh, yes, it is far better economy to put some of your savings into those habits of life which make a real home, and a happy home, out of the

place where you can afford to live, be it a palace, a cottage, an apartment, two rooms, or—one.

Money spent on books is often a saving. Money put into travel, money spent on recreation equipment, like tennis rackets, skates, and balls and bats, may be money saved. And often money given away is the very best sort of saving—the calls from home and foreign missions never were more appealing or more insistent than they are today.

"But what shall I save for myself—just myself?" asks the writer whose thoughts we are scanning. "Here again expenditures and savings dovetail. Much of the money put into experiences that are apparently transient I consider savings. The concert, the voyage, the visit with friends—I'm putting by a few of those things as I go along. What does one save for anyhow? For a few tired hours at the end of life when one sits and counts dollars? Or do we save so that those last years will not be mentally barren or esthetically shabby? I try now to save a few things to furnish my mind decently, on the theory that no auctioneer can get in there to sell off all the furniture."

AND so let's save—every possible bit we can of precious, worthwhile things. But in thus enlarging our vision let us keep a sensible eye on the practical side of life. Even the most courageous and exquisite outlook cannot satisfy the pangs of a healthy appetite. We must have *some* money. But we don't need a lot—do we? While we all *like* possessions, it isn't necessary for us to allow ourselves to become absolutely dependent upon them—is it?

Frugal tastes are most wholesome as well as the most adjustable. If you can't buy cake, there's bread and milk; if you can't afford money for books and magazines, there's the public library; if you can't take an ocean voyage personally, take a reading world tour—and so on—and on—and on!

But whatever happens to us, or to our "things," or to our uncertain financial system, let's keep a tight clutch on our gallant spirits, and look the world straight in the eye—not so sternly, but with a smile!

Lora E. Clement



# THE LIQUOR QUESTION

An Address

By ROBERT G. LEE

Pastor of the Bellevue Baptist Church,  
Memphis, Tennessee

## How Shall Young People Answer It?

**Y**OUNG PEOPLE! So I speak to youth. You have youth—the best and most dangerous of life. With your youth's capital unwasted in unprofitable investments, with your youth's wealth that you can put out at a high rate of interest, with your youth's capacity for joy, with your youth not knowing the weight of years and the departure of unrecoverable strength, it is yours to place finger marks upon mighty history-making events.

Youth is an invading army. At this very moment there is an army of invasion marching upon this country. Who compose this army of invasion? There is but one true answer,—the youth of our land. Youth is the future conqueror and ruler of the world. What youth is will determine what the civilization of future years will be. A thousand times we have been told this. Youth holds in its hands the great tomorrow!

Therefore, knowing that whisky is the enemy of youth and of all that this army of invasion will capture, I, with the prayer for wisdom and for great good to be accomplished, speak to you. Youth cannot afford to be thoughtless on this liquor question when your attitude and action toward this question is a foundation stone of tomorrow's structure. If you believe in unfettered manhood and womanhood, you dare not have a slothful timidity in daring, no passive acquiescence in the face of evils caused by liquor—no, nor a careless indifference to the matter.

I shall not discuss prohibition as a national matter—prohibition which moves on the level of the law; but personal temperance—temperance which moves on the level of morality. True temperance is moderation in things helpful and total abstinence from things hurtful.

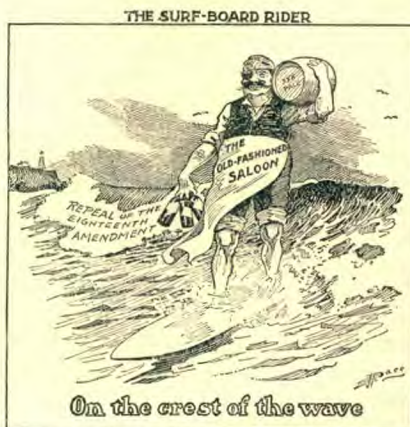
I ask you one question: What ought your attitude and life as young people to be in this matter of temperance—in this matter of the whisky business? I don't like to link the name of young people with liquor. It is like linking a nightingale with a buzzard, or a lamb with a wild boar, or sugar with gall. But what ought your attitude to be?

Many of you young people of today are ignorant of the entailed evils and horrors of a wide-open traffic in liquor. Most of you have never seen

an open saloon. You are as ignorant of it as the man who refused to help the church buy a chandelier because, said he, "If we bought it, there ain't nobody knows how to play it."

The history of the open traffic in liquor is bad continually. The companions of the open traffic in liquor are bad. All the words of any language, most skillfully combined and most eloquently spoken, could not begin to describe adequately the entailed evils and horrors of the nefarious liquor business. No man could say as bad things about a rattlesnake as can be said truthfully about the saloon. No orator could say as harsh things concerning the eagle that carried a child from its mother's arms as can truthfully be said about the open traffic in liquor. No man could say as hard things about the wolf whose fangs are at his mother's throat as can be truthfully said about the liquor business.

For a writer to write fully of its horrors, he would have to invent a new vocabulary mightier than his native tongue affords. For an artist to picture its evils on canvas, he would have to paint horrors that go beyond the horrors of Inquisition tortures.



Sunday School Times

For a sculptor to carve on marble any symbol of its evils, he would have to carve the most hideous facial expressions of the demons of hell. For a singer to sing fully of its evils and horrors, he would have to have in his voice the hiss of serpents, and the moan of all torture racks, and the sob of all bereaved, and the shriek of all maniacs, and the jabbering chatter of all idiots, and the howl of all bloodthirsty wolves.

You can search through all his-

tories, delve into all philosophies, look into all tombs, walk through all mad-houses, listen to all testimonies, and you can't find one good thing that can be said about the open traffic in liquor. With its breath of poison it has wiped whole nations from the face of the earth. It has caused men to discard honor; it has caused women to discard virtue. It has filled insane asylums and prisons. It houses its subjects—many of them—in hovels; but whether they live in hut or in palace, it feeds them on husks. It has stolen sons and daughters from fathers and mothers. With one touch it has ruined great industries, burned cities, sunk navies, and destroyed armies. It has turned gold into dross, health into misery, beauty into caricature, and pride into shame. Of character, it is the coral reef on which the ship goes down. Of life, it is rust that consumes. Of the citadel of the soul, it is the traitor that lets the enemy in.

It has never built a church where men may worship God, nor a school where children can be educated, nor a hospital where we can carry our sick, nor an orphanage where the fatherless and motherless may have a home. Not a debt of honor has it paid; no college has it endowed. No free lunch counter does it maintain. No preacher's salary does it pay—no doctors' bills. It makes no strong mind.

All its works are evil—only evil continually. But why say more? Had I a thousand mouths and each mouth had one thousand tongues and each tongue had the wisdom of the wisest of men and the eloquence of Demosthenes, and had I one thousand hours to speak, I could not portray in all the hideousness of its working the traffic in liquor.

The saloon speaks and says, "I will come back." It declares that a few years ago busy street corners belonged to it—that old men came, and young; that weak men, broken men came; that rich men and poor came; that decent men and criminals came. What a clearing house the saloon was! And now, millions of children have never smelled the saloons' alcoholic breath or taken the other side of the street to avoid its doors.

"Such knowledge disturbs me," says the saloon. "I must come back. I will put on the armor of light wines



and beers. I will revive the ancient songs of personal liberty. I will again seek to debauch lawmakers, judges, and police. Instruction in the effects of alcohol which led to my undoing is less vigorous now. The memory of neglected children is less sharp. Years of industry have new wealth to exploit. Perhaps even yet I may get a foothold. I will begin in the cities. While good men sleep, I will get in my work among the poor and the ignorant. I have learned much of human frailty. Perhaps by knowledge of human weakness I may again have a place on busy street corners. I would come back."

he called me a hippopotamus," the prisoner answered. "When did he call you a hippopotamus?" "A year ago." "A year ago?" questioned the judge in surprise. "Well, why then did you beat him up just yesterday? Tell me that, Sambo." "Because," answered the Negro, "I never seed a hippopotamus till yesterday."

What I am trying to say is that when once, through research, you see what the old saloon was, you will be ready and willing to treat it as the Negro treated the fellow who called him a hippopotamus.

Letting down bars on prohibition matters means putting up bars for



THE WETS say "beer has much food value." A bulletin recently issued by the Department of Health of the City of New York relating to the matter of alcohol as a food, states that ten cents' worth of beer provides 240 calories of food energy, while ten cents' worth of oatmeal will provide 3,720 calories.

An enemy as powerful and reckless and cruel as the liquor traffic dies hard. The fight is not over. It will not be over for a long time yet. William Jennings Bryan said this: "The saloon has been indicted; has been tried; has been convicted; has been sentenced. It is to undergo capital punishment. It is standing on the gallows now with its feet on the death trap and the black cap drawn over its eyes. And when criminals get as far along as that, only their immediate relatives stay with them." But we have now the ridiculous and tragic picture of the advocates of liquor standing in the graveyard of buried iniquities, trying to bring this most hideous monster to life again.

Joseph Daniels in 1930 said: "The man who opposes prohibition and says in the next breath that he never could tolerate the return of the saloon, either is practicing deception or he does not know that, as surely as night follows day, the fall of prohibition means the re-enthronement of the saloon."

Once, in court, a Negro was arraigned on the charge of assault and battery with attempt to kill. The man whom he had beaten up was present, bound up with many bandages and a few splints. The judge said to the accused: "Did you beat this man up?" The prisoner answered: "Yas, sah, Judge; it looks like it, don't it?" "Why did you beat him up?" asked the court. "Because

the liquor business, even though they claim that if the liquor is licensed again, it will be better regulated. As well talk about regulating a powder can in hell or a mink in a henhouse or a wolf in a sheep pasture, as to speak of regulating the open traffic in liquor.

The whisky exponents misrepresent—and they have repeated it through the ages—the same lame story, the same poor earthly selfish appeal. They are guilty of the same narrow villainy. They hold out the same old rag, held as if it were a purse that contained all earth's gold. They decorate the same old counter as if it held all earth's goods. They hold out the same old bottle as if it contained all earth's healing. When have they not misled multitudes by making them great promises which could never be redeemed? When have they not promised to create an earthly paradise? When have they not sworn that they could settle all the moral questions? When have they not promised—and miserably failed—to open a public road to better things? Falsehood is not scrupulous. It abounds in flattering promises. In newspaper propaganda, in movie stunts, in jibes at ministers, it ridicules. In vaudeville quips, in cartoonist caricature, in superheated baseless rumors, it speaks false propaganda.

Refer to the Eighteenth Amendment. They, the liquor crowd, say:

"The Eighteenth Amendment was put over by a few fanatics who do not represent the wish or will or genius of American citizenship!" These wet exponents can't see a plain fact if it is put before them and magnified by a microscope or made huge by a telescope. But here is the fact: The Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution is unique in the history of popular government. The first eleven amendments to the Federal Constitution were ratified by the bare three-fourths majority required. Four States never ratified the Twelfth Amendment; five never ratified the Thirteenth Amendment; four failed to ratify the Fourteenth Amendment; six failed to ratify the Sixteenth Amendment; twelve failed to ratify the Seventeenth Amendment, and ten failed to ratify the Nineteenth Amendment. *The Eighteenth Amendment, however, was ratified by forty-six of the forty-eight States.*

"Bring beer back, and prosperity will follow!" Hear ye—what folly! Germany is the biggest beer-drinking nation in the world. Have you ever heard anything recently or last year as to the financial crisis in Germany? Some talk as though they could wave a beer mug over the world and do wonders such as the geni of Aladdin's palace performed!

"Give us liquor, and end unemployment!" This they say. Do tell! Have you read anything of England with legalized liquor traffic and the dole? How about it? As for the economic benefit, we have the example of England. It has more unemployment than any other country. It has higher taxes than any other country. But this truth they would not "tell in Gath." This they would not "publish in Ashkelon."

"More drinking now than ever." This, too, they say. They would have us believe there is a drunken saturnalia everywhere. I acknowledge that the amount of bootleg booze is murderously prevalent. I acknowledge that some men and women are fools enough to drink it. I know, as has been said, there are lots of men with hip-pocket flasks—it looks daring to be able to violate the law with impunity. I know there are young fellows in high school who drink—it looks smart. And quite some young girls who drink in dark corners and under the lights—it looks "cutely devilish." But I know ten thousands of thousands that don't.

And I know I ought to apologize to a skunk or a rattlesnake for calling him a bootlegger, for the bootlegger is a profiteer in poison.

And I know we have editors whose pens run mud and muck and nonsense when it comes to this question and when it comes to dealing truthfully with it.

And I know there is the wail from the desert, largely in an alien tongue,  
(Continued on page 13)



# GOD'S INCOME TAX

By  
MARY NINAJ

## "BRING YE ALL THE TITHES INTO THE STOREHOUSE"

THE alarm clock rang out its unwelcome six o'clock challenge. John Holmes reached out his hand, picked up the disturber, and shut it off, then arose and began his morning toilet. Twenty minutes later he walked noiselessly toward Bobby's room, softly opened the door, and as softly entered. He had done this for many and many a morning at this same early hour. Simple as they were, he liked to add the finishing touches to his grooming for the day before Bobby's mirror. Sometimes the boy opened his eyes, sensing that some one was near, and then the tall man would bend over the slight figure on the bed, stroke the child's hair back from his forehead, and murmur soft, affectionate words to him, and they would have a precious beginning-of-the-day visit.

Bobby had been ill for so long. There had been days of fever, days of complete forgetfulness, when the child knew no one, and weeks plus weeks of slow convalescence. Now the doctor, when he came, no longer gave words of encouragement and hope, "although—" and just there his remarks usually ended.

The father thought of all this as he looked at the still sleeping boy this morning, and again, as he had done a thousand times before, he thought of those dreams which he and the boy's mother had dreamed for their first-born.

"Lucia mine!" and his dark head bent over a bit of sunlight. A little golden-haired woman had entered the room noiselessly.

"We must thank God, daddy, that he slept so well last night. He is still resting." The mother smiled, but her eyes were wet.

Breakfast, a hasty glance at the morning paper while Lucia packed his lunch, and the worship as the sun slid up into the sky and poured a lot of golden light into the room where they knelt to pray for their precious Bobby. How earnestly and pleadingly they prayed for his healing! O, they knew God *did* answer prayer! Would it be His will to answer theirs?

A quick kiss for the little mother and baby Eve, who had just awakened, and then the breadwinner of the family was off to the factory.

Up Ridge Street, a cut across Branch Brook Park, down West Market, past the Hall of Records, now down Market Street. John Holmes could have taken a bus, but opportunities for walking were rare.

At Bamberger's he turned and went on down to the Four Corners, joining the throng of other factory workers and those bound for the ferry and New York.

As he walked, thoughts of little Bobby were foremost in the anxious father's mind. Would the youngster ever be well again? He had been so buoyant, so very much alive, before this illness. And now work was becoming scarce and uncertain. There had been days of late when there was nothing for him to do at the factory, and his pay envelope at the week-end held little. Still there had always been *some* work—but little Bobby!

At the Four Corners the light was red and the traffic was whizzing across Broad Street as fast as speed laws and the public's anxiety for hurry permitted. John Holmes was so preoccupied as he stood waiting for the green signal that he failed to notice the calm "Good morning" of an acquaintance who waited at his side.

At the shop the work went on as usual, more "slowly," of course, than in "boom" times. The designer dashed back and forth from his office with drawings and samples to the cutters' table. The few operators and

knitters worked when there was anything to do, while "Misterengineer-holmes" went about among the machines, adjusting, oiling, keeping everything shipshape.

At eleven o'clock the superintendent handed out the pay envelopes. No more work that week! John Holmes looked at his pay check. Food, rent, shoes for Eve, and *Bobby* must have the doctor again. With each succeeding week it became harder to stretch the dollars.

Leaving the factory, he did not go straight home, but joined the bus waiters and the crowd of unemployed in near-by Military Park. Here he could think alone, but he felt the need of something more comforting than thought. So finding a seat with some difficulty, he took out his little pocket Bible, and slowly turned its pages, searching for—ah, yes, here were the promises, "Ask, and it shall be given you," "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it," "He heareth us," "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me," "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

Why did not God heal his boy? Why must a little child endure such suffering? No, John and Lucia Holmes did not doubt their heavenly Father's power, but this was a time of severe testing. The shopping and lunch-hour crowds swarmed by, but they did not disturb him.

The Bible was still lying open in his lap when a sudden slight spring breeze fluttered its pages. He dropped his hand to still them, and in doing so these words caught his eye: "I am the Lord, I change not. . . . Ye are gone away from Mine ordinances. . . . Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me." That was verse eight. "But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. . . . Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . prove Me now, . . . pour you out a blessing . . . not be room enough to receive it." He looked more closely. Ah! Malachi three!

Well! And John Holmes was suddenly alive. Perhaps here was the secret of his unanswered prayers. He read the text. The words were not new, but never before had they pounded themselves into his brain with such force.

Many weeks ago, when the pay check was smaller for the first time, he had kept back a few cents from the tithe, so that the week's expenses



### Tulips

THEO. G. WEIS

COME out and see the dress parade;  
Platoons in flasky colonnade,  
Drilled faces right, bright, bobbing  
plumes.  
A show of bubbling rainbow  
spumes.

Such tiers on tiers of gayety,  
Loaded with such satiety;  
Such flutt' rings on the burdened  
breeze,  
Such swells and sweeps of verdant  
seas.

The wealth of El Dorado's hills,  
The loneliness of gypsy thrills,  
The stateliness of monarch heads  
Low bowing in the tulip beds.



could be safely met. But as the pay checks kept on being smaller, as everybody's pay checks are doing these days, the tithe, or rather what should have been the tithe, also kept on shrinking. "I'll pay it back sometime," he had promised himself and God. But there came a Sabbath church service when the distressed father dropped no tithe at all into the offering basket. After that the same thing had happened many times.

"Ye have robbed Me." So, he, John Holmes, was a thief! The words were plain. And they were true! He had stolen from God—robbed the blessing Giver! He was an unfaithful steward! There could be no question about that. Yet he and Lucia had tried to live consistent Christian lives, *so hard*, but— Now he saw this matter in a different, a clearer light than ever before.

Could the Lord forgive? *Would* He forgive? How could prayer be answered without obedience? The disheartened, discouraged, troubled man looked down at the open page of his Bible again. "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts," he read. But how?

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, . . . if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field. . . . And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightful land, saith the Lord of hosts."

It was almost one by the clock in the North Church spire. The noon-day crowds milled by, bound for stores, offices, banks; the wheels of the busses and trucks made a soft purring sound as they slipped over the asphalt pavement. John Holmes closed his Bible with a new resolve. He took stock of the contents of the pay envelope in his pocket. Five dollars and ten cents—that was all! Not much even for the few hours he had worked last week! But there would be more than fifty-one cents for the Lord, no matter what the family needed.

The thief was a thief no longer.

or slips backward. What a privilege to go forward day by day, to add to our store of Christian grace, to take one step nearer heaven.

"One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me,  
But heaven is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer,  
Than yesterday to me."

So should it be in the experience of every Christian. There can be no standing still in such a life.

Not only are we to grow "in grace," but we are to grow "in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Knowledge—an education—is something that we all make an effort to acquire. But far more important than an acquaintance with the arts and sciences is a knowledge of Him who is our Redeemer.

"More about Jesus I would know,  
More of His grace to others show;  
More of His saving fullness see,  
More of His love who died for me."

To know Him and to make Him known to others is our chief business here in this world. And if we would know Him eternally, we must know Him here and now.

Yes, there is "more beyond" for us in our everyday Christian living, and an eternity of "more beyond" that we can now only see by faith as we learn to love and trust our Saviour in this present evil world. Is heaven nearer and Christ dearer than He was yesterday to you?

"True education means more than the pursuit of a certain course of study," declares Ellen G. White. "It means more than a preparation for the life that now is. It has to do with the whole being, and with the whole period of existence possible to man. It is the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers. It prepares the student for the joy of service in this world, and for the higher joy of wider service in the world to come." Yes, truly, there is infinitely "more beyond" this present moment. Indeed, "since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen," what our heavenly Father "hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."

We have a wonderful illustration of this as we look through the telescope. We see myriads of stars, suns of other worlds, even with our naked, natural eye; but as the telescope is pointed heavenward, what marvels appear. Unnumbered stars not before seen now meet our gaze, and even then we have but a glimpse of the margin of God's great universe.

What a field of new study will open before the redeemed as they live through the never-ending ages of eternity! "More beyond?" Yes, indeed. How *much* more we cannot begin to comprehend.

## "MORE BEYOND"

By

A. R. OGDEN

### A MOTTO FOR YOU

ONLY two short words, but in them is wrapped an eternity of meaning. The person who is satisfied with his attainments of the present hour, never goes far in either temporal or spiritual affairs. The world's great men, those who have done exploits for God and humanity, have been those who had the ability to see "more beyond."

Paul was one who had this "greater vision." "I count not myself to have apprehended," he says in his letter to the Philippians, "but this *one* thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before [or beyond], I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling [eternal life] of God in Christ Jesus."

At first reading we are impressed with the fact of Paul's humility and his loyalty to Christ. He says, "I count not myself to have apprehended," or, in other words, I have not yet won the goal; I have not yet achieved all there is for me; there is "more beyond" in my Christian life. And with this vision clearly in mind he continues, "But this *one* thing I do,"—here is expressed a strong definiteness of purpose, a determination to advance,—*"reaching forth unto those things which are before."* Paul clearly saw heights of attainment—everlasting life. So it will be well worth your while, my dear young

friends, like the great apostle, to make this "*one* thing" supreme in your individual lives. What you have already attained is but the beginning of a higher, broader, deeper experience in your Christian lives. You have merely laid a foundation. Your ultimate success, or final triumph, will depend upon how you build.

The Christian life is one of continuous conflict, a warfare against sin and Satan, and will continue as such until the victory is won and the crown of everlasting life is achieved. Until that moment there is ever "more beyond," for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Again, the Christian life is to be one of growth. And how shall we grow? "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Growth is a natural process of development in the physical world. Just so is it God's purpose that the life of the Christian shall be one of growth and development.

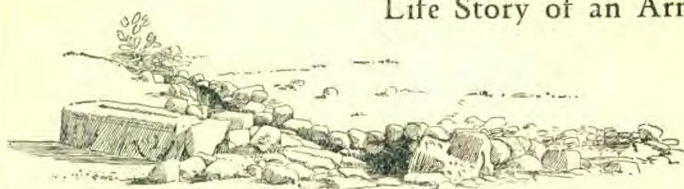
In the statement just quoted from the apostle Peter we are admonished to grow in two respects. First, "grow in grace." Every day to the Christian should be a day of growth. There is no such thing as standing still. He either makes advancement



## Life Story of an Armenian Girl Who Was

# EXILED

By Serpouhi Tavoukdjian



MY father's name was Aaron Tavoukdjian. Years before his birth, the family, following the custom of many of their countrymen, left the old Armenian country, and made for themselves a new home in Turkish territory. They settled in Ovajik, a small town near the city of Ismid. There my father was born, and has spent the most of his life.

Grown to young manhood, he married. My parents had but little of this world's goods when they started out to make their new home. But true to his native instinct for thrift, my father, in due time, overcame this handicap. His method was unique and interesting. As he bought for his own household, he put by something each week which could be used in stocking a tiny retail store some day. This week it would be a bag of beans, next week a sack of flour, next a sack of sugar, and so the supply grew. Finally the long-planned-for store became a reality, and the young man an independent merchant. How proud he and mother were of their business! Prosperity smiled upon their diligent efforts. Other lines of merchandise were added, and in a few years he discontinued the grocery department and dealt in dry goods only. He continued to have success, and as time passed, acquired no mean fortune.

Seven children were born to Aaron and Margaret Tavoukdjian. One sister died in infancy, but the six of us, in order of our ages, were, Miriam, Lazarus, Ahavne, Rebecca, Serpouhi, and Arasig. Armenians are, as a rule, a dark complexioned people, but my mother was quite fair. She had black hair and hazel eyes. My brother Lazarus was the only one of the children who resembled her. The rest of us were typical brunettes, like my father.

We had a very happy Seventh-day Adventist home. Z. Baharian, whom the Turks afterward killed for his faith, brought my parents the good news of the third angel's message soon after their marriage, and they heard and accepted it with great joy. Father, with the courage of his convictions, at once closed his store on the seventh day of the week, since he believed this to be the true Sabbath. The result was a series of persecutions. First his patrons refused to buy from him. Then they stoned his store. But he went quietly on his way, and soon those who had mocked

at his religion came back to trade and brought with them other customers, so that his business increased marvelously.

As his fortune grew, father did more and more to help and bless the lives of others. Many a homeless child was clothed and fed and sheltered and sent to school at his expense. Many a destitute widow shared his bounties, and also he gave liberally to the work of the church which he loved with all his heart.

Our home life was ideal. The discipline, though strict, was not

made irksome. We children learned to be obedient and helpful. Each had his own particular household tasks. The rough work, however, was done by servants who came in each day. And how devotedly we loved and respected our parents, even though they believed in the now old-fashioned doctrine, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," even though, when we did not give heed to their commands, punishment descended swift and sure. But usually it was a pleasure to obey, and we children seldom quarreled among ourselves, because we knew that this brought to our parents much grief.

Father and mother were strong believers in education, and so we went regularly to school. This was a school for Armenian children only, and some of our neighbors and friends could not afford the tuition for their boys and girls, so father often paid for them.

We lived in a large, three-story house. In the basement were stored the goods that my father sold in the store, which occupied the ground floor. Upstairs were our living rooms, and they were filled with beautiful things, and very comfortably furnished in harmony with the customs of the country. Heavy oriental rugs covered the hardwood floors, and many gay, downy, hand-made cushions were scattered in piles over the floor and on padded benches built along the walls. These took the place of chairs for us.

Before we entered the living quarters, we must always stop in the entry and remove our shoes and put on our house slippers. Shoes and slippers were kept in a neat row in this hall, so that each member of the family could easily find his or her own. On the walls were bright pictures, and hanging lamps swung from the ceilings to give us light at night. We used charcoal burners for heat in mildly cold weather, and coal stoves in winter.

The third floor of our home was put to a very unusual use. Its four large rooms were given over to the silk-worm industry. There my father kept his silkworms, and there a man, especially hired for this work, fed them on mulberry leaves, while they spun their fine cocoons. These were sold to silk goods manufacturers, and proved a source of considerable revenue.

Just outside the town of Ovajik,

(Continued on page 12)



### In His Care

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.  
No offering of mine own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,  
Of greater out of sight;  
And, with the chastened psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.  
And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.  
And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.  
And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

—From Whittier's  
"The Eternal Goodness."



# The College of the Two Witnesses

By  
JOSEPHINE EDWARDS

## ARE YOU A STUDENT THERE?

**T**WO WITNESS COLLEGE is accredited by the Father and Son Association of Holy Hill, and sanctioned by a thirty-year investigation conducted by Prince Emmanuel, the Son of the President, and chief stockholder in the institution.

The college is endowed by its President, who is very rich. His holdings have been itemized as including "the cattle on a thousand hills," in addition to vast treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones. And wonder of wonders, this endowment is inexhaustible!

The institution was built at the price of bloodshed and sacrifice. The "chief corner stone" was laid in the garden of Eden six thousand years ago, and it took about four thousand years to complete the edifice. In the intervening time, enemies have tried to undermine the foundation of the structure, but it has proved impregnable to every assault.

Many of the faculty members are noted authors. Their works, which are considered the best of all literature, are embodied in a Book which is printed in more languages and dialects than any other book in existence. Also it is the world's "best seller."

The school is governed by ten rules, to which every student and teacher must pledge prompt and exact obedience.

Let us meet some of the faculty members, who preside in its classrooms.

Chief Justice Moses is Professor of Law. His father was Amram of the land of Goshen, who was unlawfully impressed into the service of the king of Egypt. The lad was taken from his home and adopted by Thermutis, King Pharaoh's daughter. Thus he became heir to the throne of Egypt. But he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." He rejected the throne that he might undertake a difficult postgraduate course in shepherdology under the direct guidance of the President of the Two Witness College, where he wished to do service. His course under Thermutis was not the type of training that would make him worthy of a place on the teaching staff of this Greatest Educator.

Now Moses ably teaches ancient history, is head of the law department, besides being registrar of the college. He is the only one of the teachers who has observed the matriculation of students without a vacation for three thousand five hundred years.

Another faculty member who would catch the interest of an ap-



### My Jesus

WINNIE B. MC NAMIRE

"CHIEFEST among ten thousand,"  
With grace and beauty rare,  
"The lily of the valley,"  
"The rose of Sharon" fair.

The bright star of the morning.  
The precious hidden gem—  
I press the throng about Him  
To touch His garment's hem.

I touch, and O! the wonder,  
I'm every whit made whole;  
He turns and speaks so gently  
Peace to my guilty soul.

You wonder why I love Him,  
And long to see His face?  
He freed me from sin's bondage,  
And saves me by His grace.

plicant is Lieutenant Joshua, the son of Nun, scion of an old Ephraim family. He is an outstanding military man, and once led a company of people in the conquest and settlement of a parcel of land deeded to them by the President. His fearless exploits gained him great honor. Joshua is a firm believer in school spirit. He sees to it that each student making passing grades in his classes is loyal to the school.

At one time a band of students arose against authority and despised the ten regulations for their conduct so justly laid down by the President.

Lieutenant Joshua took a decided stand in the matter, and gave them the choice of abiding by the rules or leaving the protection which the college afforded. He stated in definite terms his determination to stand by the regulations. As a result, serious trouble was averted.

Now let me introduce you to a man of kingly bearing, Professor David, Mus. B., head of the music department. He is a renowned harpist, and knows the most beautiful melodies which soothe pain and calm a troubled mind. During his youth he was in constant demand among his rustic neighbors, and finally, as his fame grew, he was called to play in the palace of a king.

David is an authority on psalmody, having composed scores of beautiful songs which he has set to music. He is called "the sweet singer" by all who know him.

Like many great men, he was of humble parentage, and composed many of his choice psalms while herding his father's sheep in the arid hills of Judea. He developed there the strength, agility, and courage which distinguished him throughout his life. Professor David is also a loyal teacher. The President Himself at one time stated that His music teacher was a man after His own heart.

Let us turn from the echoing arches of the music department to the cleanly offices of our Professor of Medicine, Dr. Luke.

He wrote a lengthy text for college study concerning the earthly life of Prince Emmanuel. His treatise deals fully with the character and works of this great Prince, and ends with the account of the miraculous fountain of blood which flowed from His own veins on Golgotha's hill, and which He dedicated to signing the diplomas of worthy collegiates. Dr. Luke is of Lucanian descent, according to Irenaeus, but he was naturalized into the Hebrew race by their own rites.

Because Luke majored in martyrology and minored in history, he teaches classes in both subjects at Two Witness College.

Matthew, the Professor of Chronology, also wrote a history which is used as a text. It contains many valuable prophetic statements whose fulfillment has helped to place the institution on its high status. He was a politician prior to his call to the college faculty, and had charge of the tax collecting in the towns which bordered the Sea of Galilee. The keenness of his political mind enabled him to delve into the musty records of the past in order to trace the genealogy of Prince Emmanuel. Matthew also majored in martyrology.

If you would pursue a course in grammar, rhetoric, or philosophy, you would do well to study in the class-

(Continued on page 13)



IT was a cold, blustery Friday in March, and the wind seemed to chill the blood in one's veins as the proverbial March winds have a way of doing, but the young girl walking rapidly down Fifth Street did not seem to mind it, even if her coat was worn quite thin. She walked with a springing step, a pleasant smile on her lips, greeting many who passed her with a kindly nod or a cheery "Good morning," for Myrtle Newton was a friend to every one who knew her.

Although it was nearing school time, as she had been late in starting that morning, the call of "Wait, Myrtle," by a group of girls behind her caused her to turn just in time to see a tiny boy trying to pick up something in the street, unaware of the approaching morning bus. With a cry of horror she ran to his rescue, and none too soon, for before the grinding brakes sounded he would have been crushed. The little fellow, screaming with fright, lay trembling in her arms, but he managed to cry out, "I lost my mobile, and I runned out to get it. Muvver didn't know."

Like a flash Myrtle remembered seeing this little boy at one of the houses near this corner, and started in that direction, but before she reached it the door flew open, and the distracted mother came running out, crying, "Oh, my baby boy, my precious baby!" After being assured of his safety, she inquired of Myrtle her name, and thanked her over and over again.

During the accident her school-mates had stood by, fairly stunned by the suddenness of it all.

"You *always* know just what to do at just the right time," sighed Edith Ray, a pretty little blonde.

"Yes, and she *always does* it, too," added Martha Blake.

"Why, I was scared half to death," admitted a third girl. "I simply *couldn't* move!"

"Let's hurry, or we'll all be late. It was nothing; I just happened to see the danger first," remarked Myrtle casually, and they entered the school building just as the last bell started to ring.

Every one seemed to be out of sorts that day; teachers were cross, and there was an unexpected test that put most of the pupils in a bad humor.

"Friday, as usual, has proved to be an unlucky day. Maybe it was that accident this morning that started us all off wrong," said Edith on their way home at noon.

"I never did believe in *luck*," answered Myrtle as she turned down her own street through the sleet, for the wind was now blowing a fine, cutting snow or ice.

Walking with head bent, she almost collided with a woman who was picking her way very slowly up the same street, trying to shield herself with

# A LUCKY DAY

By  
EFFIE CRAWFORD

## THE KINDNESS KEY IS A MAGIC KEY

an umbrella. She was elderly, and Myrtle noticed that it was very hard for her to see the icy places on the walk. Instantly her heart went out in sympathy.

"Excuse my thoughtlessness; I should have been looking where I was going," she said kindly.

"I should not be out in such a storm as this, but it has grown much worse since I started. The wind, going this way, almost takes me off my feet; then, too, the walks are getting slippery. But when I turn south it will be much easier going."

"Let me go with you. I'll carry your umbrella and help you to the end of the street. I can, just as well as not," offered Myrtle with a friendly smile.

"Oh, would you? How nice to meet a young girl like you! So many would have passed on without a word. What is your name, dearie, and where do you live? I'd love to know," her new friend inquired as they parted.

After giving the desired information, Myrtle hurried home, her heart warmed by the gratitude of the woman she had just left.

The living room at the Newton home that night was very inviting. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, on a table were spread books and papers under the soft rays of a reading lamp, easy chairs were plentiful, and over all rested a homey atmosphere. Although Mr. Newton, like

cheery, and contented just the same.

"The girls are talking graduating dresses this early in the season, mother. I know the depression got mine, but I'm not going to let that spoil my disposition. I can wear my senior reception dress for graduation just as well as not, for I have worn it but the one time," remarked Myrtle as she seated herself at the table to study.

"How glad I am that you feel that way about it, daughter!" Mrs. Newton answered. Then, "Oh, I almost forgot! Grace Adams, the daughter of our new neighbors across the street, is coming over for you to help her with her lessons tonight. I told her mother I was sure you would be glad to give her a lift. We must do all we can to cheer their lonely lives. They lost their other daughter only last year, just a week before she would have graduated from Springdale Academy. Mrs. Adams says she was just your size and complexion, and you are so much like her that they cannot help but love you. How thankful we should be that we can all gather around the fireside with not a break in *our* family circle."

Soon Grace arrived, and Myrtle proved to be just the help she needed, for changing schools in mid-year had brought many difficulties. So a busy, pleasant evening passed, and then the "unlucky" day was done.

One morning of the next week, as Myrtle was passing the house near which the bus accident occurred, the little boy she had rescued was watching for her.

"Muvver wants you," he said, coming to the walk, the precious "mobile" in his arms.

His mother proved to be a widow who was in need of a young girl to come to the house several evenings out of the week to stay with her little son, while she was necessarily absent.

"You are just the one I need, Miss Newton. I will gladly pay you whatever price you ask. Do tell me that you will come!" She spoke earnestly, while baby Joe broke in with, "This nice lady takes care of me, won't she, muvver?"

"I shall be only too glad to come, for I am anxious to do all I can to help out during these trying times," answered Myrtle as she hurried on to class.

That same day she received a letter, postmarked "City," in the afternoon mail. Inside she found a carefully written note, which read thus:



many others, was a victim of the depression, he did not become despondent and let it spoil his home life. Each member of the family tried to make the best of it. If new clothes could not be had, they wore the old ones with good grace, and were happy,



"DEAR FRIEND:

"I've been thinking much of you since your kindness to me on that day of the sleet storm. You know I told you of my eye affliction, and I have been wondering if it would be possible to hire you to come Sunday afternoons or evenings, when you are not otherwise engaged, and read to me. It would give me much pleasure, for I love young people, and am almost entirely unable to read for myself. Set your own price, and I will gladly pay it.

"Your new friend,  
"(MISS) CORA HALE,  
"South Street."

"Looks as if I'd earn enough for a dress yet, doesn't it, mother?" laughed Myrtle, handing the letter to her.

Time passed swiftly. The showers of April were past, and the first week of May was fragrant with flowers. Next Wednesday would be graduation day.

Myrtle had been saving her money, and had bought for herself many of the things so dear to any girl graduate's heart, such as lacy lingerie, dainty hose, and white pumps. She was sure that with next week's wages she would have enough to buy the one big thing—her dress.

The new neighbors across the street had proved to be good friends. Myrtle had already learned to love the sad-faced woman who had taken such a fancy to her, and tried to give her all the happiness she could, considering her busy days and evenings. This afternoon she had a free hour, and decided to spend it with this "second mother."

Mrs. Adams, as usual, was pleased to see her. "Come in, dear," was her greeting at the door. "I've been wanting to see you for a special reason, and hoped you would drop in today.

"I have always loved you, ever since the first time I met you," she went on to say. "Then, too, you have been so kind and helpful to Grace. I want you to accept a graduation gift from me." She stepped to another room and returned with a large box, which she placed in Myrtle's hands. "This is for you," she said, smiling pleasantly.

Throwing back the cover, Myrtle gasped with surprise when she saw a beautiful dress of ivory satin. "It has never been worn," Mrs. Adams explained. "Mina died just a year ago today. It was her graduating dress. I know she would want you to have it. And, my dear, may you have as much pleasure in the wearing as I have in the giving." Tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

Myrtle was too overjoyed for words, but she bent and kissed the sweet, sad, motherly face, and went quietly out the back door and across the street.

"Mother, mother," she cried before she was fairly inside the home door, "you'd never guess!" Together they admired the lovely gift. "You shall have the new dress now, for you need one badly, too. Oh, I'm so glad and happy!" And Myrtle's face fairly shone.

As she started to her room, she turned to say, "Mother, I've been counting the blessings that have come to me from that blustery day in March that was supposed to be unlucky. They number three dear, new friends, two paying jobs, this lovely gift, besides a lot of experience."



### Compensation

HELEN MC COLLUM JOHNSTON

SHE wove from threads of habit  
A cable that was strong,  
And placed no cords of beauty  
Offsetting needless wrong,  
Until at last her finding fault  
Had built for her a cold steel vault!

Too, those who would befriend her,  
She scourged with slanderous tongue,  
And left their loving gestures  
Of worthy praise unsung!  
But still she kept on finding fault,  
And built the while a marble vault!

Now she is worn and ill and old,  
And hers a friendless couch,  
Still she is loath to understand  
Folk won't endure a grouch!  
And thus, because of finding fault,  
No flowers wreath her self-built vault!

But One there was who built in love!  
A treasure-trove He stored above!  
A garden decks His resting place,  
Because His deeds were those of grace!

"It has only proved the truth of the old adage, dear, that one never loses by doing a good act. How glad I am that this early in life you have learned to make the most of your opportunities."

Graduation night! The large auditorium was filling. The girls of the class had assembled for the great event, and many were casting admiring glances at Myrtle's dress. Happily she had told them whence it had come. "How lovely! What fine material; and above all what a perfect fit!" chorused Ethel and Martha. "You always were lucky in everything, anyhow."

Myrtle answered with a smile as she took her place in the line of march. She knew that kindness—just common, everyday kindness—had been her touchstone, and not "luck" at all!

### Singing With the Clearwater

By

WILLIAM K. REICHARD

A CROSS northern Idaho flows a beautiful, clear river, singing on its way down from the mountains where it is fed by many crystal streams. There are other such rivers, but none with just the charm, just the music, just the clear beauty, that this stream claims as its own. Wherever you may be on its surface, along its shores, or crossing one of its bridges, you can see with magic clearness the sand and stones that form the river bed. Because of the crystal charm of its water, it is called the Clearwater, and the beauty of the name harmonizes with the poetry and music that is the river.

On a recent Sabbath, following the morning services, I took my lunch and wandered down by the stream. The smoke and dust from the factories and streets of the near-by city dimmed the details of the mountain range in the background, and softened the whole scene, making the stream seem yet more beautiful. The music of the rapids drew me down to where the water rushes to a lower level. There I sat on the stones and ate, watching the stream break into foam as it rushed along.

How like our lives is the river! So friendly it is, if you but watch it, and listen to its music, and notice the mists and shadows which are always just dimming the sunshine on its gleaming surface. There may be days when no one gives more than a passing thought to its beauty, its music, or its quiet reaches of peaceful flow. The rush and roar of the city streets drown the music of its rapids. The tide of life flows on over the bridge, little noticing the pure crystal waters which flow beneath. Only occasionally does some one leave the confusion of the crowded mart really to enjoy its beauty. But still it flows peacefully on, singing down to the rapids, flowing deep in the quiet places, and bathing the feet of the willows on the shore, until it loses itself in the mightier flow of the Snake.

Seems it a grievous cross that no one notices you? Seems it a great wrong that no one laughs with you, or that no one shares your gloom or sorrow? Take heart! Just wander with me down by the river. Notice that it sings no sweeter for our presence. But oh! It is the sweeter because it has always been singing, even when no one stopped to listen. Because it has always been showing on its face the beauty of sun, or cloud, or moon, that God has set to sail on the blue above, its voice speaks the more clearly to us of life, and love, and purity.

Just keep this picture in your  
(Concluded on page 13)



# JUNIORS

## When the Doctor Failed

By

R. CHESTER BARGER

BOYS, the doctor says we are going to have to give up Little Brother." Mother came over to the bed where Vernon and Ralph were lying sick of scarlet fever, and spoke despairingly.

"What do you mean, mamma?" Ralph asked, frightened at the look on his mother's face. His five years had not given him a very extensive knowledge of the meaning of life and death.

"O son, you know how sick Little Brother has been for days. Mother and the doctor and the nurse have all done their best to make him well, but now he is worse. The doctor says he cannot possibly live until morning."

Ralph had been the first of the boys to become sick with the scarlet fever. Mother had hoped that the other boys would not take it, but Ralph had been sick so long and had grown so very lonesome that she had finally yielded to his begging to let Vernon come into the room just far enough to be seen. Surely that would not hurt! But after that exposure, it was not many days until Vernon, too, became ill and had to be put to bed.

Oh! how lonely they became! How they wished that Little Brother—three years old—could come in to play with them! But they had learned it was best not to allow visitors in the room. So every time Little Brother came to the door, they faithfully warned him to stay out. He too was lonesome without Vernon and Ralph to play with, and would hunt all the pretty little trinkets he could find out in the yard—bits of colored glass or dishes, curious rocks, anything that he thought would interest his two sick brothers. These offerings he would bring to the door and push through a hole in the screen. And no one was heartless enough to deny him this little pleasure. The two sick boys eagerly waited for his face to appear in the doorway and his voice to call out, "See! Pretty!"

Then one morning Little Brother was too sick to get out of bed. After mother had prepared breakfast and brought the customary bowl of broth to the two boys in the sick room—although they were so tired of broth

and so anxious to have something hard to chew that they could have relished even a stick of wood, they thought—she went, with a heavy heart, into Little Brother's room. And she found, as she had feared, that he too had scarlet fever.

Little Brother was now brought into the room where the other boys were so that all three could be cared for together. Mother and the doctor and the nurse all did everything they could to make the three boys well. But Little Brother grew worse from day to day. Soon he developed pneumonia. Then to make matters worse, diphtheria set in, and he had to be quarantined alone. Poisonous phlegm gathered in his throat until it was almost impossible for him to breathe or eat. Daily he grew weaker and thinner. His eyes filled with pus and swelled shut. His fever rose rapidly to heights which horrified the doctor and nurse, and kept the little patient in a state of delirium. Every effort to help him seemed in vain.

The doctor, baffled, called for a specialist, and together they applied every remedy known to them, but all to no avail. Finally, after several days of this seemingly hopeless fight, the doctor said one evening, "I'm afraid it's all over. The boy is so nearly gone he probably won't last

save him, but it's no use. His fever is burning him up." And then the doctor left.

Mother was dazed. She simply *couldn't* let Little Brother die. She must do *something*, but *what*? Her hope as well as her strength seemed spent. So this was to be the end? She sank, exhausted, into a chair. There was nothing to do but to give up! But no, she must be brave for the sake of the other boys, so she went into their room and sadly told them what the doctor had said.

Ralph, when he realized what the words meant, asked, "But, mamma, why don't you *pray*?"

"O son, I *have* prayed," she replied. "I've been praying every day since Little Brother became so sick, but it doesn't seem that God wants to save him. We'll just have to give him up, I guess."

"O mamma, let's pray again. Let's pray right now," urged Ralph. And mother, more to please her little son than in the hope of any blessing, helped the boys out of bed, and they knelt one on each side of her. Ralph prayed—a simple, childlike prayer, begging God to make Little Brother well right away. Then Vernon prayed, and mother prayed again, asking God only for strength and wisdom to bear the burden that was being placed upon her. Then she tucked the boys back in bed, stooped and kissed them, and went out.

All at once, for some reason, she was impressed to try one more thing. Almost against her better judgment, she went into the kitchen, stirred up the fire, and put a kettle of water where it would boil quickly. She stepped outside and scooped up a washpan full of snow and poured some water into it. Then she took the hot and cold water and some flannel cloths to the bedside of Little Brother. For the next two hours she applied fomentations to the baby's throat and chest and eyes, alternating the hot and cold every two or three minutes. No one had ever told her about giving such a treatment as that, but she felt that it might *possibly* help.

Suddenly, a little after midnight, she noticed that the baby was breath-



an hour longer. At best he can't live till morning. You might as well send the nurse home—she needs rest very badly, you know, and the other two boys are getting along nicely now. I'll make all arrangements for his body to be taken care of in the morning. I've done everything I can to



## Psalm 150

HELEN WOODWARD

OH, come, all ye people, and hear while I sing  
The Alpha and Beta of song to our King.  
Bring hither your instruments, fashioned with skill,  
From conch shell to organ, and play if you will.

A is for æolian, swept by the breeze;  
B is for banjo, beneath Southern trees.  
C is for cymbals, high sounding and clear;  
D is for dulcimer, sad hearts to cheer.  
E for euphonium, two trumpets it bears;  
F is for flute, pouring forth sweet airs.  
G for guitar, with its accent and chord;  
H is for harp, tuned for praise to the Lord.  
I is for instruments of David's day;  
J is for Jew's-harp, the simple may play.  
K is for kettle drum, doing its part;  
L is for lyre that touches the heart.  
M is for mandolin, vibrant and soft;  
N is for noise, joyful noise raised aloft.  
O is for organ of sweet solemn tone;  
P for piano, a concert alone.  
Q for quartet, ocarina or horn;  
R is for ram's horn, awakening the morn.  
S is for saxophone, hope in its voice;  
T is for trumpet that bids us rejoice.  
U for ukulele from over the wave;  
V is for violin, plaintive and grave.  
W is for whistle, its shrill voice is heard;  
X is for xylophone, warbling like bird.  
Y is for yodler, whose harp is his throat;  
Z is for zither, with soft, ringing note.

O, come, all ye people, and join in His praise,  
Whose mercy hath led us through all of our days.

ing easily, naturally, peacefully. He moved his arms and legs sleepily, and then—wonder of wonders—he opened his eyes and looked up at his mother and smiled—this Little Brother who for nearly a week had been blind and delirious. He sighed, closed his eyes, and went to sleep as naturally as he ever had done before he became ill.

The doctor hurried in the next morning to assist in making the final arrangements, and to say that he had already called the undertaker. He started to speak, but something in the mother's face caused him to stop. He looked toward Little Brother's bed where he had expected to see a lifeless, burned-out little body. Two wide-open gray eyes met his own. A quizzical little smile played about the lips of the boy. The doctor stood a moment in amazement. Then without saying a word, he took Little Brother's temperature. Reading the thermometer, he muttered something under his breath and wheeled about to face mother. "What on earth have you done?" he almost shouted. And without giving her time to reply, he continued, "Do you know what his temperature is now?—97 degrees. And for the past three days it's been 107, 109, 110, or more." And here the doctor took time to examine the little body more carefully. Then he went on. "There's not a sign of sickness about the boy. Of course he's weak and thin, but he's *well*! What kind of miracle is this?"

Mother, with tears of joy glistening in her eyes, told the story of the little prayer meeting, and of her treatments during the night. The doctor listened without comment until she had finished, and then he said fervently, "Thank God!"

Years have passed since that memorable night. But Vernon never becomes so busy with the many cares and duties of family life or of his mechanical trade that he does not remember to thank his heavenly Father for the great blessings of prayer. Nor does Ralph ever forget the time when God saved Little Brother. Many and many a time he has told the story to his pupils in school. And I am sure that if you could see Little Brother himself, now that he has reached his full six feet and 185 pounds, all dressed in his white nurse's uniform, ministering to the sick, you would join these two brothers in thanking God that He heard and answered the prayers they offered so many years ago.

### Exiled

(Continued from page 7)

where we lived, my father owned many acres of land, where were vineyards and orchards and rich farms, which men worked on shares. I remember the abundance of fresh vegetables and delicious fruits brought in from the gardens to supply our family table. Nothing, however,

went to waste. What we could not use was given to the poor.

Among the most vivid of my memories of those peaceful, happy days are the recollections of morning and evening family worship, and also sunset worship on Friday evening. This last was a special time. Usually friends and neighbors joined us, and we gathered around my sister Rebecca as she played the accordion, and sang the best-loved old Christian hymns, and talked about the time when Jesus would come and take those who are faithful home to heaven. We did not have a church building in Ovajik, but our little company of about fifty Seventh-day Adventists met in a rented hall for Sabbath services. In the afternoon, father would take us children out into the orchards and vineyards, and as we walked and picked the flowers and fruits, he talked to us of many things. If he could have pushed back the veil that hid the years and looked into the future, he could not have better prepared us to "stand like the brave" through the hard experiences which were in store.

As I have said, we were seven children in all. One sister had died at the age of two years, so I never saw her. But another came into our family circle, and became a part of it—a young Armenian who was an officer in the Turkish army. He loved my sister Miriam, and became engaged to marry her. Shortly after their engagement, she was taken ill. How we all loved this tall, beautiful, oldest sister! She was a devoted Christian. All that untiring loving care and medical skill could do was done to restore her health, but she grew more pale and weak from day to day, and finally fell asleep in Jesus. Her last words were, "Do not cry, mother, father. I die, but in the resurrection morning I shall live again." With this blessed hope she left us heartbroken yet comforted. Could we have known then what suffering and terror were just ahead for our people and ourselves, we would have rejoiced at her escape from things which beggar description. But we did not know.

After Miriam died, the young officer, who had waited for her for several years, hoping against hope for her recovery, made his home with us. We loved him as one of our own, and he returned the regard.

Time is a wonderful healer, and as the days and weeks and months sped by on winged feet, our sorrow became hope, and life settled back again into the old quiet, peaceful, happy routine of worship and work and play and study.

(Continued next week)



"God can use the very weakest saint to do the greatest work that has ever been done by man."



## *Singing With the Clearwater*

(Concluded from page 10)

mind. Pray to God that He will make your life as calm and clear and beautifully pure as the Clearwater River. Then you will be able to smile and sing and keep peacefully on your way, no matter where or how He leads. It matters not if friends should vanish, or if you be admired by a throng; still your face will wear a smile of encouragement, of hope and trust, that may be to some lonely fellow traveler his first glimpse of heaven. If your way be rough, or narrow, or lie among the rocks and thorns, your song will be clearer and more beautiful, and others, listening, will learn to sing with you the song of the Redeemed.



## *Young People and the Liquor Question*

(Continued from page 4)

saying, "Thirsty days hath September, April, June, and November."

And I know there are men who drink until they don't know a silver dollar from a buzz saw, and women who drink who don't know the clothes line from a railroad track.

But the man who says, "There is as much drinking as ever," is either playing Rip Van Winkle, or else he has been dead for ten years and hasn't been notified. You can't pack as much liquor under an automobile seat as you can put in a freight train of forty cars. The man who says we can do so does not have to tie crêpe on his ears for folks to know his intellect is dead.

And I know that the liquor traffic is an outlaw—it has been driven from respectable society, and has to be apologized for.

It has been taken off the main highway, and has its habitat in dark alleys, in the byways and purlieus of the city, a companion of the drug peddler and the street walker.

I know, too, that the water spaniel will beat the booze hound in the race.

They say, "The Eighteenth Amendment has made a nation of lawbreakers!" It is funny to see liquor folks who sell and buy in disregard of the law get hysterical about the lawlessness of the booze buyer. We did not become a nation of bootleggers and lawbreakers overnight. There is bootlegging in many industries. Immigrants are bootlegged over the Canadian and Mexican borders. We didn't start lawbreaking the day Mr. Volstead's name was entered in "Who's Who." We have broken the automobile laws when we could get away with it. We have broken the usury laws when we could devise a scheme. We made out our income tax returns with our fingers crossed. Big business has hired big lawyers

to punch holes in statutes. There have been some millionaire cases that have shown what money, alienists, and shrewd lawyers can do to simple justice, and Judge Lynch has nullified the constitutional rights of many an accused one to a fair trial. Yes, all this is all too true. I emphasize it.

But the only reason why we have lawbreakers under prohibition is that this law has crossed the desires and purposes of a trade that has always been the chief lawbreaker of the nation.

They say, "It takes away personal liberty." We confine the insane and the epileptic and isolate the contagiously diseased. But we must permit drunkards absolute freedom of indulgence!—they say. Yet when we suggest the rational thing to do, the saloon apologist cries out against encroachment upon personal liberty.

Individual liberty of conscience, thought, and action within certain limitations, is the priceless heritage of every American, and it is a principle that should be guarded with jealous vigilance. It is the ideal political state of man, but is subject to one other principle,—the comfort, virtue, and welfare of the community. It is the dream of the anarchist only.

Wherever there is law,—and law is necessary for our very existence,—there are checks and limitations on personal liberty. In fact, every law of God and man restricts the liberty of the individual.

We deny the right of the highwayman to take money or property by force.

We deny the right of the thief to take things of value by stealth.

We deny the right of the embezzler to take by deceit.

We deny the right of the property owner to construct buildings of inflammable materials within the fire limits of the city.

We deny the sportsman the right of killing game out of season.

We deny the right of burial except in certain prescribed areas.

We deny the right of marriage without license and prescribed ceremony.

We deny the use of fire-arms within the limits of an incorporated city.

We deny men any privilege of driving as fast as they wish on our streets.

We deny man the right to carry concealed weapons.

We deny the right of man afflicted with certain contagious diseases to mingle with his fellows.

Why then should we not, in perfect harmony with our institutions and the fundamental principles of our government, eliminate the great-

est plague spot of our special organism, the whisky business? This is not new language nor fully original, but is true language.

Personal liberty does not consist in being allowed to be our worst, but the right to become our best!

The whisky crowd says, "Whisky is good to drown sorrow." Just as well talk of jumping into a barrel of molasses to keep from getting stuck up. Or of sticking the hand in the fire to keep from getting burned. Or of jumping into a vat of hot water to keep from getting boiled. Or of cutting off the head to cure headache. Or of cutting the jugular vein to keep from losing any blood.

(To be concluded)



## *The College of the Two Witnesses*

(Continued from page 8)

rooms of Paul of Tarsus, Ph. D. Dr. Paul is a graduate of a private Jewish school of theology under the teachings of the great Gamaliel, Th. D., who was the grandson of Hillel, also an educator. Paul believed firmly in student labor and was himself apt with his hands, for he was a tent-maker of no mean ability.

Paul is an able teacher of exegesis and mission polity, because he himself has been a missionary. Through the many years of his active field service he conducted a large correspondence with the churches in his mission diocese. Many of these letters are yet extant, and are used as college texts.

## *Out in the Fields With God*



The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the winds at play,  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might  
happen,

I cast them all away  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay,  
Among the husking of the corn,  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good  
are born—

Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



No diploma is ever granted by this college that is not signed with the blood of Prince Emmanuel. The names of those who have been granted diplomas are all recorded in the record books kept at the President's home.

This college is but the preparatory school for the University of the Hereafter. Every graduate must pay a definite price before the crimson validating signature is affixed to his diploma. On an old Roman coin appears the picture of an ox standing between a sacrificial altar and the plow. Beneath it is inscribed, "Ready for Either." That is the attitude and motto of every student in Two Witness College. That many of them have been "faithful unto death" to that pledge is evidenced by the trail of blood left by the classes in martyrology as a mute witness that they laid their all upon the altar for the crimson signature.

Martyrology will not be taught in the University of the Hereafter. There will be no need for the shedding of blood when the redeemed take up study there, for then every account will have been settled and every diploma signed. As we study in that great school, "every power will be developed, and every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, and still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend."

Considering the ability of this well-served faculty and the generosity of the wise President, and the possibilities which a course pursued here will open before its students, will you not matriculate today in Two Witness College? Will you not work for the diploma with the crimson signature, which is the only entrance credential necessary for admission to the University of the Hereafter?

## COUNCIL CORNER

*There are only a few young people in our church, and we do not have social gatherings or any other entertainments. Is it wrong for us to play checkers among ourselves? If so, what can we do for entertainment? There is no place for us to go during cold weather.*

The question of social and recreational life is an important one, and consequently calls for careful planning and decision. There are many games which it is proper for Christians to engage in. You will find a large number of these described in the little book, "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers." The game of checkers is condemned in the Spirit of prophecy, no doubt very largely because of the fact that it generally occupies so much time. In fact, it is possible to spend altogether too much time in the playing of games that are proper. As Christians we should recognize the fact that our time is one of the talents that God has given us, and that we are

accountable for the use we make of it. There are many ways in which we can find social intercourse and recreation aside from playing games. Some of the most interesting times our young people have are in different lines of missionary endeavor. There are thousands of people who are not acquainted with the message which we believe is due the world at this time. And one of the most satisfactory methods of reaching these people is through the printed page. Instead of spending an entire evening in the playing of games, would it not be well to secure a list of names of interested people from your conference office, and spend an evening wrapping and addressing papers to send to these people? In this way the few young people in your church could have a good social time together and be accomplishing much good. Another interesting way to spend an evening where there are just a few young people, is to form a reading circle and meet together from week to week to read some of the Reading Course books or other good books which you may have in your homes or secure from the public library. Such a course always proves interesting and edifying, and does not take a great deal of planning. You will find the new Missionary Volunteer leaflet No. 79, entitled, "What Shall I Read?" a great aid in making selections of books from the public library. This leaflet contains approximately 1,400 book titles. Every sincere Christian naturally desires to improve his talents and to become better qualified to do the work God has given him to do. If you are not in school, would it not be well to arrange to take some course by correspondence through the Home Study Institute of Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.? You will find interest in this, and will also be spending your time very profitably.

C. LESTER BOND.

*Can you tell me of a way to get interested in Bible study? I read my Bible every day, but feel like a hypocrite because I do it from a sense of duty rather than from a sense of need.*

The Bible is the most interesting book that has ever been written, viewing it from all angles. It surpasses every other from a literary standpoint. It contains the most interesting accounts of romance. It deals with the sciences of geology, botany, and zoology in a most interesting way. Its poetry is unsurpassed. Its biography and history are beyond compare. But above all else it is interesting because of the effect it has upon the life of the reader. The Bible is God's love letter to His children, and every book contains much that is of special value to every human being. In the study of the Bible it will always lend interest to endeavor to find something from every passage that will help one to become a better Christian. This can be done by always keeping in mind that every verse of the Bible was written directly to you. Another plan that will lend interest in Bible study is to select a given subject, such as love, obedience, faith, or service, and follow that subject through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, making note of all the references that emphasize the chosen topic. The word of God is the Christian's food, and it is impossible to live a genuine Christian life without feeding daily upon the word. When in our hearts we actually hunger and thirst after righteousness, that very hunger will drive us to God's word for the things we crave. There are certain practices which, if indulged in, will always lead to lack of interest in Bible study and prayer. Perhaps one of the most subtle of these is the reading of novels and other light, trashy literature. The reading of such

printed matter and Bible study do not go together. Another practice which deadens an interest in Bible study is theatergoing and attendance at the movies. One who indulges in such things will naturally find little interest in the reading of God's word. To harbor any known sin in the life will also lead to lack of interest in Bible study, for as long as one is condoning sin, almost every verse of the Bible condemns him. But "if thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles." "For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God." Job 22:23, 26. As Christians let us pursue a course that will keep us in contact with heaven, that will keep God's love burning brightly in our hearts.

C. L. B.

## The Sabbath School Lessons

### SENIOR YOUTH

#### IV—The Bible and the Archeologist—I

(April 22)

MEMORY VERSE: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4.

#### Questions

1. What are we assured will come to pass at the time of the end? Dan. 12:4. Note 1.

#### The Ruins Testify

2. What call did the Lord give Abraham? Where was Abraham dwelling at the time? Gen. 11:31; 12:1. Note 2.

#### Plenty of Gold

3. How were the ark, cherubim, table, candlestick, and other furniture of the tabernacle to be ornamented? Ex. 25:11, 18, 24, 31. Note 3.

#### "Worldly Wisdom" Confounded

4. When Joshua and the armies of Israel were conquering Canaan, what opposition movement did the king of Lachish join? Who came to help him? Joshua 10:3-5, 33. Note 4.

5. What promise was made to Joshua concerning "the land of the Hittites"? Joshua 1:3, 4. Note 5.

6. What king of Assyria is mentioned by name as having sent an army against Ashdod? Isa. 20:1. Note 6.

#### Notes

1. Up to the period referred to as "the time of the end," there was nothing definitely known of the early nations and peoples except that which was revealed in the Old Testament. Many regarded the sacred records as myths or legends, for lack of corroboration from sources outside the Scriptures. However, within the past century the pick and spade of the archeologist have unearthed thousands of pieces of literature on clay tablets, cylinders, statues, and temples, contemporaneous with the Old Testament, and many antedating its writing. This newly uncovered literature marvelously corroborates and elucidates questioned statements of the Old Testament. Surely it is a wonderful providence of God that at a time when so much is being said



and done to discredit the Old Testament, so marvelous a series of discoveries bearing directly on matters contained in its pages should have been made.

2. The site of Ur, Abraham's early home, had long been lost; but in 1853 it was located by an archeologist who discovered in southern Babylonia, in the extensive ruins of a massive tower of brickwork, many of the bricks scattered about bearing the name Ur. So late as the spring of 1931, workmen unpacked in the cellar of the British Museum many large cases of inscribed clay bricks which tell of ordinary happenings in Ur four thousand years ago.

3. It was long argued by scholars that gold and silver could not have been so plentiful in Egypt as is indicated by the profusion of gold that the Israelites had at their command in building the tabernacle. Again the worldly-wise have been silenced by the findings of the spade. In November, 1922, Howard Carter, superintendent of excavations for Lord Carnarvon, discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen, a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt, a dynasty less than a hundred years removed from the time of Moses. This tomb consisted of four rooms and a long hallway, all of which contained many articles, the antechamber alone having between six and seven hundred. There were state chariots, scepters, diadems, shrines, thrones, masks, amulets, fans, buckles, necklaces, straps, perfume boxes, pendants, collarettes, rings, bangles, and very many other articles, all of solid gold or heavily plated with gold. The coffin in which the king's body lay was of solid gold. A tablet has been unearthed where a correspondent of Pharaoh speaks of Egypt as a land "where gold is as plentiful as dust," this gold having been brought "from the lands of the South."

4. The locations of the two places Lachish and Gezer were long unknown, hence "wise men" of earth regarded the Bible record as a myth of tradition. Excavators have found eight cities of the name Lachish buried one upon another. In the governor's house was a clay tablet covered with the wedge-shaped writing of Babylonia, the first tablet of the kind found in Palestine. In 1902 excavations were begun among the ruins of what proved to be Gezer. Several cities, one beneath another, were uncovered. Excavations revealed large standing stones varying in height from five to ten feet, forming a "high place" in which religious rites of the Canaanites were practiced. Near the standing stones and beneath the floor of the temple were found the bones of human skeletons, especially of newborn infants, all witnessing to the fact that human sacrifices formed a large part of the religious ceremony carried on in these high places. This fact doubtless furnishes the chief reason why the Hebrew prophets of every age demanded the destruction of the high places, and why the Lord Himself, through Moses, gave the instruction found in Deuteronomy 12:2.

5. "It was scarcely a generation ago," says Edgar J. Banks, author of "The Bible and the Spade," "that many scholars claimed that the Hittites were but a mythical race of people, yet the Bible frequently speaks of them. We are told that Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah from a Hittite, that Esau took Hittite women to be his wives, that King David married Bathsheba, the widow of Uriah the Hittite, and that Hittite soldiers were employed to fight the battles of the Hebrew kings. In spite of these and a score of other references to the Hittites, the scholars continued to assert that if such people ever existed, they were merely a small tribe of Palestine, occupying but a village or two."—Page 97.

6. As this is the only mention of Sargon in the Scriptures, or in all literature, it was easy for Biblical critics to pronounce this record a creation of the prophet's imagination, and totally untrue. The first important discovery made by the archeologist was to unearth in 1843 the palace of the conqueror of Ashdod, Sargon II, king of Assyria, and father of Sennacherib. Sargon's palace covered an area of more than twenty-five acres; and its walls were wainscoted with alabaster slabs upon which were sculptured battle and hunting scenes, triumphal processions, and like events.

"Worldly wisdom is foolishness with God. Those who rely upon it, will surely err."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 354.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Make a ✓ in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

## JUNIOR

### IV—Jacob's Dream (April 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 27:41-45; 28.

MEMORY VERSE: "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." Gen. 28:16.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 183-188, old edition; pp. 183-187, new edition.

#### Questions

1. Why did Esau hate his brother Jacob? What did he say in his heart? Gen. 27:41.
2. What plan did Rebekah propose to Jacob for preventing Esau from carrying out his purpose? What did she think Esau would soon forget? How did she introduce the subject to Isaac? Verses 42-46. Note 1.
3. What charge did Isaac give to Jacob? Where did he say Jacob should go? What blessing did he give him? Gen. 28:1-5. Note 2.
4. As Jacob journeyed, what did he do when night came? Verse 11. Note 3.
5. What did he dream? What promise once made to Abraham was renewed to him? Verses 12-14. Note 4.
6. What special comfort did the Lord give to Jacob in his loneliness? Verse 15. Note 5.
7. When Jacob awoke, what did he say? Verse 16.
8. How did he feel when he realized that he had been in the presence of God? What did he say that place was? Verse 17.
9. What did Jacob erect as a memorial of his experience? Verse 18.
10. What name did he give to the place where he had spent the night? What is the meaning of the name? Verse 19, margin.
11. What vow did Jacob make? What did he say he would give to the Lord? Verses 20-22. Note 6.

#### Who?

Who had traveled over the road Jacob was journeying, but had started at Haran at the head of a caravan, and finally settled in Canaan near Jacob's starting point?

Who had gone over that route with ten camels nearly a hundred years before Jacob made the journey?

What youth traveled with his father on that road as far as Mt. Moriah?

What maiden left her home in Haran and journeyed to Canaan?

#### Notes

1. "Esau naturally was very angry. He might have given up the birthright freely, but it made him indignant to be cheated out of it. He saw one easy course to

obtain it. With his physical strength he could kill his brother Jacob, and the birthright would be his. To escape this danger, Rebekah planned to have Jacob go away for a time, ostensibly to seek a wife among his kindred on the Euphrates. She knew Esau well enough to believe that his anger would soon burn itself out, and expected that Jacob would ere long return with one of her nieces for his wife. She little thought that it would be twenty years before he would return, and that she would never see her beloved son again."—*Peloubet*.

2. Padan-aram, in Mesopotamia, was the place where Abraham settled for a time before he came to Canaan, and where his brother Nahor remained. Jacob's uncle Laban, brother of Rebekah, lived there. The route for the first two or three days was the same as that of Abraham and Isaac in their memorable journey to Mt. Moriah. Eliezer, servant of Abraham, traveled the entire route as he made the journey to find a suitable wife for Isaac.

3. "It was with a deeply troubled heart that Jacob set out on his lonely journey. With only his staff in his hand he must travel hundreds of miles through a country inhabited by wild, roving tribes. In his remorse and timidity he sought to avoid men, lest he should be traced by his angry brother. He feared that he had lost forever the blessing that God had purposed to give him; and Satan was at hand to press temptations upon him. The evening of the second day found him far away from his father's tents. He felt that he was an outcast, and he knew that all this trouble had been brought upon him by his own wrong course. The darkness of despair pressed upon his soul, and he hardly dared to pray. But he was so utterly lonely that he felt the need of protection from God as he had never felt it before. With weeping and deep humiliation he confessed his sin, and entreated for some evidence that he was not utterly forsaken."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 183.

4. In this lesson the promise given to Abraham and to Isaac was renewed to Jacob. Ps. 105:9-11.

5. "The sin of Adam and Eve separated earth from heaven, so that man could not have communion with his Maker. Yet the world was not left in solitary hopelessness. The ladder represents Jesus, the appointed medium of communication. Had He not with His own merits bridge the gulf that sin had made, the ministering angels could have held no communion with fallen man."—*Id.*, p. 184.

6. Some may ask, What is the advantage of making vows? It fixes in our mind what we intend to do. It also quickens our conscience and strengthens our will. When the vow is made publicly, like the marriage vow or the vow of church membership, the knowledge that others know about it and expect us to be true to it, helps us to keep it. A vow of this kind is made to God, so we can confidently call upon Him to help us keep it. Vows should never be made on impulse, but with the greatest thoughtfulness, and they should be kept conscientiously.

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# THE LISTENING POST

BREAD—just common, everyday white bread—costs \$1.50 a pound in Moscow. Black bread is 40 cents a pound.

THE most densely populated region of earth is Cochin, a British Indian State, where there are 814 people to the square mile. The United States record is 41.3.

BECAUSE it is an economy food, and because its use is increasing as an infant food, sales of evaporated milk increased 3 per cent last year, reaching the grand total of 1,395,000,000 pounds.

FOR people who cannot afford to buy a radio, a certain enterprising German company has evolved the plan of installing slot machine radios in homes. The insertion of 10 pfennigs in the slot will bring an hour's entertainment. Representatives of the company collect the coins periodically.

A COTTON house is inexpensive and very practical for a summer dwelling, say architects. The cotton cloth is coated with fireproof paint, insulated with aluminum foil, and makes very good partitions, awnings, walls, and roofs. A week-end cottage can be made from 600 square yards of this cotton canvas.

THAT New York residents like to travel is proved from the report of the Department of State, that of the 153,218 people to whom passports were issued during 1932, over one third gave their permanent place of abode as New York State. And the majority of this third indicated their home as New York City.

OFFICERS of the Red Cross receive no salaries, with the exception of one of its two vice-chairmen. The others—a president, two vice-presidents, a counselor, a treasurer, a chairman, and a central committee of eighteen members—are full-time volunteers. Of course most of the clerical employees and field staff must be paid salaries.

JONAH, thirteen-foot sea elephant of the St. Louis, Missouri, Zoo, recently fell ill. In a few weeks he lost 1,000 pounds, reducing him to a mere shadow of 2,800 pounds. His attending physician put him on a very strict diet, allowing him only forty pounds of herring a day, instead of the usual 125 pounds. When an examination revealed that poor Jonah's trouble was in his sinus, the doctor went to work on that region of his anatomy, and stuffed sixty yards of gauze into his left nostril.

THE great Pan-American Highway, which will eventually connect north and South America, via Mexico and Central America, will make its first bow to traffic next June. At that time the length between Laredo, Texas, close to the Mexican border, and Mexico City, will open for service. That the travelers may journey in comfort, and really enjoy the really magnificent scenery which will be theirs for the seeing, Mexico is locating hotels and gasoline stations at frequent intervals along the way.

FROM New Zealand to Alaska is a long distance, some 10,000 miles, and yet just how close radio has brought these two spots is emphasized in the following incident which occurred recently: Two radio fans and amateur operators, one in New Zealand, and the other, Clyde de Vinna by name, located in Teller, Alaska, were chatting—via dots and dashes—one evening, when suddenly the latter's signals slackened and ceased. Sensing that something was wrong, the southern operator began flashing out the signal, "Any Pacific Coast amateur—please answer—emergency." A radio amateur in Carmel, Southern California, picked up the call, received the message, and swinging his powerful sending apparatus into action, soon made contact with another amateur operator at Teller. Receiving the message, the second Alaska operator quickly donned his furs, and hurried across the settlement to De Vinna's cabin to ascertain the cause of the trouble. He found De Vinna unconscious from carbon monoxide fumes, given out by a gasoline heater, and immediately administered first aid. A few minutes later he flashed a reassuring, "He's O. K. now," to the anxious waiters in California and New Zealand.

THAT the great Hoover Dam, in Colorado, is large enough to warrant all the talk about it, is shown by a few figures relative to its proportions. When finished, this dam will be as tall as a sixty-story office building, and will create an artificial lake 115 miles long. This project requires two and a half years' preparation work before the workmen can even begin to pour the concrete. Railroads, highways, transmission lines, and a city built for the housing of the workmen, are a few of the tools this immense undertaking is requiring. Electric power is doing a great part of the work, and already 12,250 horsepower in electric motors is in operation, and more will be applied later.

ENOUGH type was set by the Government Printing Office during the fiscal year 1932 to print a library of 612 volumes of encyclopedia size and 1,000 pages each, according to the annual report of the Public Printer recently made public. In terms of newspaper space this would mean 78,550 pages of one of the full-size metropolitan newspapers. The cost of this gigantic output was about \$3,000,000, an increase of approximately \$500,000 over the preceding fiscal year.

THE world-wide economic crisis has intruded on Sweden's financial paradise. For the first time in forty-seven years the inhabitants of Orsa, in Dalarne District, central Sweden, will be obliged to pay a local tax. In 1886 the Orsa community became taxfree when it acquired a large community forest. Income from this has been paying all parish expenses, including roads, bridges, and schools.

CANADA has voted to maintain its ban on exports of liquor to the United States until the Eighteenth Amendment is properly repealed. Such liquor shipments were banned several years ago as a gesture of good will toward the United States Government.

ONE billion dollars was spent by the American people last year for artificial light.

EXPERTS say there is enough coal hidden in the heart of the United States to last the inhabitants 7,000 years.

THE U. S. S. "Constitution," familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," now at San Pedro, California, reports the theft of one of its 24-pound cannon balls.

PROMOTERS of the Century of Progress Exposition to be held this coming summer in Chicago, have passed the five million mark in space sales, and are working well into the sixth million.

THE meeting of the Seventy-third Congress, with its large Democratic majority, necessitated a veritable "overturning" and "rearranging" in the Senate chamber to provide for fifty-nine seats, closely spaced, on the Democratic side, and thirty-seven on the Republican side.

THE furniture and other belongings of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith recently went under the auctioneer's hammer at the country home at Sutton Courtenay, England. Here this noted statesman lived for more than twenty years, and found rest and quiet during the turbulent war-torn time when he was prime minister of Great Britain.

IF you find yourself tired of reading English magazines and periodicals, don't stop reading. Remember that there is a great volume of printed matter in other languages being published right here in the United States. Among these—to name only a few—are some 300 papers published in Spanish, over a hundred in Polish, 150 in Italian, 80 in Czechoslovakian, over 200 in French; and another 200 in German.

THE longest single airplane hop measures 5,340 miles from start to finish. It was made by two officers of the British Royal Air Force, Squadron Leader O. R. Gayford, and Flight Lieut. G. E. Nicholls. These flyers started from Cranwell Airdrome, England, and spent 57 hours and 28 minutes spinning through space before shortage of fuel sent them earthward at Walvis Bay, South Africa, only eight hundred miles from the point which they had set as their destination, Cape Town, South Africa.

WYPERFIELD PARK, in Victoria, Australia, is situated about 100 miles north of Melbourne, and is one of the world's most interesting game preserves. It covers thirty-six square miles. The rainfall in this region is very small, but the park is traversed by the bed of the ancient and erratic Wimmera River, which flows only about once in ten years, and then disappears in the sand to the north of the park boundary. The water, however, remains in waterholes for three or four years before it evaporates, and during the dry period moisture for the birds and animals is supplied by wells.