

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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My Mountain Goal

MARJORIE LEWIS-LLOYD

THERE'S a soft little breeze
That comes through the trees
And wafts its cool breath on my cheek;
And it seems in its whispers to beckon me on
To a land that is better and brighter beyond,
To the mountain I've set as my goal.

There's a rippling brook
In a quiet nook,
And I drink from its sparkling depths;
For it comes from that snow-capped peak of mine,
And its waters are urging me on to the climb,
To the mountain I've set as my goal.

I hear a song
As I walk along,
And I pause to catch every word;
There's a soft, clear voice, there's a golden chime,
And they tell of the mountain in tuneful rhyme—
The mountain I've set as my goal.

Then I quicken my pace,
And I turn my face
From the breeze and the brook and the song,
For their voices in harmony seem to say
That it's time to be up and to hasten away
To the mountain I've set as my goal.

And I see ahead,
Not a flowery tread—
'Tis a trail that is rocky and steep.
But I think of the breeze and the brook and the song,
And I know that it's time to be up and along
To the mountain I've set as my goal.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

SOME months ago this question was put to nine young people in one of our Seventh-day Adventist institutional centers: "What do you consider the greatest menace to Christian living in —?"

And the nine young people answered anonymously and honestly thus:

1. Social life, which has largely supplanted the church interests so vital a part of one's activities in a small home church.

2. A loss of the sense of responsibility. My help is not *really needed* in church work. There are so many more capable than I.

3. Disappointment. I expected every Seventh-day Adventist in — to be perfect. I have not found the perfection which I anticipated.

4. Worldly social gatherings held in the homes of church members of apparently good standing.

5. The spirit of criticism.

6. The danger of forgetting God while working for Him. This is such a rushing, busy life!

7. The example of those who occupy positions of responsibility, and to whom we naturally look for leadership.

8. Trusting to formal service for God, while the heart grows cold.

9. Inability to stand alone. The tendency to float with the tide.



NOW whoever you are and wherever you are, friend o' mine, without a doubt one, or two, or more of these conditions face you as a menace to your Christian life. You feel yourself slipping little by little, and this fact is giving you no little concern way down deep in your heart— isn't that true? And you wonder—rather frantically sometimes—if there's anything you can do about it, don't you? This world is such a confusing, bewildering place when Satan succeeds in getting us to take our eyes off Jesus and look instead at our fellow travelers along life's pathway.

Yes, there is something very definite and real that you can do about yourself. You can breathe a prayer right now—this very minute—asking Jesus to help you follow Him instead of some poor mortal prone to sin just like yourself. And He will—if you let Him have all there is of you—because He is all-powerful, and able to save unto the uttermost, no matter where or how we have fallen.

UNLESS a young person is on the alert and warned against this pitfall, there are few more discouraging things than to come from a small church into a large church of four, five, or six hundred members. At home your help in the Sabbath school, in the Missionary Volunteer Society, in the missionary activities, and in the regular Sabbath services, has been really and actually needed. You felt you were a vital part of the concern. In your new surroundings you seem to be just—well, nobody.

But, really, the Lord needs your service here just every bit as much as He did at home. Conditions are different, of course, but if you look for it with a willing spirit, you will find your place and the special work which He has for you to do. Don't allow yourself to be indifferent, or to develop an inferiority complex. Be ready to step in and do your bit whenever the door of opportunity stands ajar, and—well, you'll be surprised how *much* you'll find to do!

Of course, it's always a mistake to expect to find perfection in *mere people* anywhere. They are all—no matter what position they may hold—prone to err and make mistakes of judgment, even as you yourself are. But if your eyes are fixed on Jesus, the shortcomings of either the leaders or the laity will not discourage you in the least, nor turn you aside from following Him.

And remember this: It is always your privilege and mine to believe that our fellow humans are sincere in their purpose to do right, and that what may appear mistakes to us would probably look very different if we knew all of the circumstances which led them to do thus and so. Be generous with others, even as you wish them to be generous with you.



BUT whatever experience may come to you that you cannot understand, and no matter what you see or hear that seems questionable, *don't* criticize. Try not to talk about it at all. Just pray about it, and then forget about it—if you can. And if you can't, pray some more. Criticism is a bit of Satan's choicest bait to lure the Christian away from Jesus. And listening to criticism is dangerous, too. Of course, it is not always easy to keep one's ears and mouth shut, but—*it can be done!*

And when it comes to social gatherings,

the safest way is *never*—no matter to whose house you are invited—to do *anything* or take part in any game which you feel is not pleasing to your Saviour, or representative of the highest Christian standards. When you stand before the judgment bar of God, He is not going to ask you if So-and-so played rook, or danced—not at all. He is going to call you to account for *your own acts*. Do not allow any one's influence or persuasion to lead you to violate your conscience.

This will take backbone, but you have one—haven't you? And it may mean standing out against the public opinion of the company assembled, but remember the three Hebrews and the fiery furnace. And, moreover, you won't have to stand *alone*, even though it may seem so. Jesus didn't even send an angel to help Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—*He came Himself!* And He is just as willing to walk with you through every trying experience!

It is easy to drift into giving God a mere formal service, if we do not pull steadily against the tide. There is even more danger of this in a large church than in a small company where each believer has closer touch with his fellows. But there's nothing surer than the fact that *you can't work your way into heaven*. You may faithfully attend all church services and give liberally to all the numerous offerings asked, and still be far, far from the kingdom. The Master must have your heart as His own abiding place, and you must allow Him to live His perfect life in you before you can ever give acceptable service here or enter heaven.



NO, we can't change the world in which we live, nor the people with whom we live; but we can adjust ourselves, get a right viewpoint, and then with the Saviour's help, walk courageously and unafraid in His way through this world where humans are—oh, *so* human! Jesus says, "Follow thou Me." It is just as personal a word to you as it was to Peter in the olden time. And even as the rebuke came to Peter, so it is none of our business what other folks do; we are not to follow them—but the Man of Galilee.

Lora E. Clement

TUNE IN

By CHARLES L. PADDOCK

IT seems to be human nature to doubt and even oppose what we cannot understand. Because we cannot explain just how God can hear and answer our prayers, we doubt. We are something like the old man who was standing on the sidewalk in front of a hall where a public meeting was being held. A passer-by asked the old fellow what was going on inside the building, and he answered, "I don't know what it is, but whatever it is I'm ag'in it."

There are a good many things in this old world which are mysteries to me, but I use them every day nevertheless. The radio is a constant challenge to my weak brain. I cannot, for the life of me, understand how I can sit in my easy-chair at home, and hear distinctly a program being broadcast from a skyscraper in New York City, hundreds of miles away,

But I know it can be done, and I get much enjoyment out of the programs.

One winter evening a few years ago, when I came home from work, my two boys were all excited about making a radio.

"All the other boys have made radios," they said, "and we want to make one too. Can't we make one?"

"But we don't know how to make a radio," I answered. They had prepared to meet this objection by securing before this time a book of instructions. They had been watching the other boys make their crystal sets, too. They were positive we could make a set that would work; so what could I do but promise to try? The next day I secured the necessary parts at the five and ten cent store. Then we began. The case was an empty cigar box. We wound some wire around a hollow pasteboard

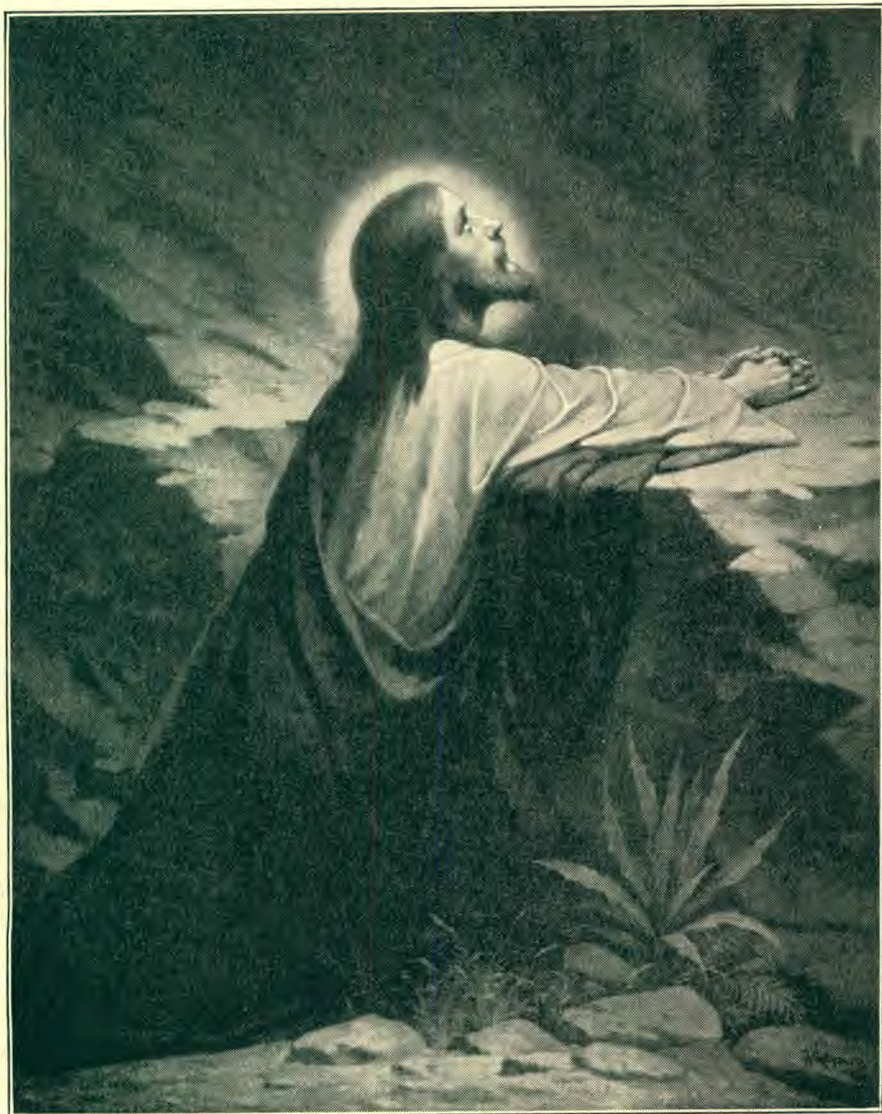
core, and put in the crystal and some other small parts. I was almost as curious as the boys to see if it would work, although I did not have the faith they had.

When the simple mechanism was all assembled, the boys said we would attach the ground wire to the water pipe, and the aerial wire to the bed springs. When they mentioned using the bed springs as an aerial, what little faith I had, vanished. "It will never work, boys," I prophesied. "We will never get any music through that simple contraption." But I was due for a surprise, for when I put on the head phones, there came to my ears, through that simple toy, the most beautiful music, and it was clear and distinct. I had to admit it was true, even though I could not understand how it could be possible.

Not long after this, I was leaving Winnipeg one cold winter night, for a trip through Western Canada. It was forty below zero, and the ground was covered with about three feet of snow. The train on which I was riding, was radio equipped, and I sat up late that evening, listening to a program coming from the Edgewater Beach Hotel, in Chicago, about a thousand miles to the south of us. It seemed too wonderful to be true. Our train was speeding along through the darkness and the cold of that winter night, and yet messages, songs, music, conversation, were being picked up out of the cold, frosty air, and we could hear them as distinctly as though they were in the train.

That night as I retired, heaven seemed a little nearer, and I prayed with more faith and confidence. If man can send messages for thousands of miles through the ether, surely God can pick up our messages to Him, and send back an answer, regardless of the distance.

I have learned from my radio that I have to meet certain conditions to insure proper reception. The broadcasting station may be working perfectly, and I may have a radio in my home, and still I



In Gethsemane

J. MATHAUSER, ARTIST

will not get a thing until I first turn on the switch. Then when the switch has been turned on, I must turn the dials to just the right place. I must do everything I can to eliminate interference. If I don't meet these conditions, my radio might sit in the home year after year, and I would not hear a sound from it, in spite of the fact that the broadcasting station is working perfectly.

Heaven's broadcasting station is powerful enough to reach any part of the universe, and it is always "on the air." If we are not getting messages through and getting answers back, it must be we have not complied with the conditions necessary.

I have often thought of a remark I heard a colored minister make a few years ago, away up in the Northwest: "Not one single prayer offered by one of God's children has ever gone

unanswered." In "Steps to Christ," pages 99, 100, we are told, "The prayer of the penitent, contrite soul is always accepted."

What are the conditions? First of all, many of us do not pray. We do not ask. We do not comply with the first simple requirement.

If we do pray, perhaps we do not ask in the right spirit. James says, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." If our motives are selfish, we cannot expect God to answer our prayers. That does not mean, of course, that we cannot ask for blessings for ourselves. George Müller asked God for money, and clothing, and fuel, but his motive was unselfish.

In the Lord's prayer another condition is mentioned, "Forgive us our debts, as we for- (Turn to page 14)

had just enough drink to make them both ugly—only a little *harmless*(?) beer, you understand. Beer does not make everybody jolly and good-natured; it raises the very devil in some men.

I want to tell you about a nice family I once knew. The father had a college education, and the mother was a cultured Christian woman. The man was left a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars. He was "a good fellow," every one liked him, and when he was out with the "boys," they insisted that everybody have a few drinks of beer. "Why, man, a little beer won't hurt you. Be a sport and take *one* glass!" they said when he hesitated. Well, one glass called for another, and then another, and a little later for something stronger than beer. The man's judgment was not always at par; he made bad business deals, and began to lose money. Things went from bad to worse, and before that man died, he was penniless and a physical wreck. His poor, heartbroken wife, an educated, refined Christian woman, remember, was taking in washing to keep her children from going hungry. What caused all that? Well, the start was that first drink of beer.

At one time the writer was obliged to spend a night in a feed stable. There were twelve men there, and several flat bottles filled with an amber fluid. They were all drinking but one, that one who had been brought up at the knee of a praying mother. Also he had seen some of the effects of strong drink; so he said, "No," when a bottle was passed to him.

"Aw, come on and have a drink," the men urged. "We're all drinking tonight."

"No, I will not," answered the boy.

One man more tipsy than the rest resented this refusal, drew his gun, pointed it at the boy, who was I, and commanded, "Now—*drink!*" But another, not quite so drunk, spoiled his aim, and I was saved.

I might go on indefinitely relating experiences. Again and again, even after I became a middle-aged man and had for years been a minister of the gospel, I was *urged* to drink. Many times I have had almost to fight men in order to resist. I have worked in city missions, and seen *many* drunken women and girls, most of them clothed in rags. Yet once they were *pure, innocent* little girls. How did it happen? Many, many of them would tell you, as they have told me, "Oh, I just took a few drinks of beer. That was the way I started."

Young friends, beware of the *first* drink. It will certainly create a thirst for more, and finally for something stronger. Soon your will power will be weakened, and then broken down, and you will be a slave, with only ruin ahead. May God keep you from taking the *first glass*, the first step on the downward way.

Some Things I Have Seen

I WAS brought up at the knee of a praying mother, and carefully guarded in my childhood from the darker experiences of life. In the early spring of the year 1879 I went, with my parents and three brothers, two older and one younger, in a

By J. C. FOSTER

covered wagon from central Iowa out into Kansas. We settled in north-central Kansas, far beyond the railroad.

I was a big boy then, and as the family was poor, I had to find work where I could. Only a few nights after we landed in the town we were to make our home, a fire started in a rooming house, and nearly half of the business part of the town was burned to the ground. How did that fire start? One of the roomers was smoking in bed. He had had a few drinks of beer, only a little harmless beer, you understand, but it made him careless, and as a result a number of lives were endangered and thousands of dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

A few months later the railroad was built on into our town, and the writer saw his first drunken fight. I shall not describe that fight, nor the terrible language used, but at its close

there were two torn and bloody men, one hardly able to stand on his feet. What caused that fight? Oh, nothing much, only two or three drinks—out of a bottle.

A little later I spent the night in a farmhouse. The man of the house was away from home. There was one large room where the family ate and slept. The woman of the house and a neighbor, together with two little girls, slept in a bed in one corner. Another boy and I were in a bed in another corner, and a man (a cousin of the absent man) was on a bed on the floor. This cousin had been drinking—only a few glasses of beer and possibly *one* drink a bit stronger. But he was not drunk (so he said). However, when the hired

"Diamonds are chunks of coal that stuck to their job."

man came home, just after we had gone to bed, he, too, had taken a little beer and one or two drinks a bit stronger. And one of the bloodiest fights I ever saw occurred right there before those women and little girls. Were the men drunk? No, they were not, or they never could have fought as they did. They had



The African at Home

Life in Ruanda-Urundi

By

J. I. ROBISON

THE African native loves his country, his home, and though he may be called away to work, or to get an education, his heart longs again for the old hills and rivers of home, and nine chances out of ten, if it is at all possible, he will return to the old haunts, and the old people, if not to stay, at least long enough to breathe the smoke of the home village once more.

And why shouldn't he love his home, especially if he happens to be a Batusi of Central Africa, who dwells amid the beautiful hills of Ruanda, or on the fertile shores of Lake Kivu, the most lovely of African lakes? His country is one of the garden spots of Africa, and jealously he is guarding it against the encroachment of the European settlers who, in so many other parts, are usurping the best farming and hunting land in their conquest of the Dark Continent. But the provinces of Ruanda and Urundi are still native territories untouched by European settlement except for the missionaries, the traders, and the government officials.

The African native is a social being, and as in other parts, we find the Batusi and the Bahutu tribes of Ruanda-Urundi living in villages, although the villages here are not so large as in some parts. But well-beaten paths between the near-by kraals indicate that friend often calls on friend, and these frequent visits really make the country one vast neighborhood.

Native villages are seldom laid out with much forethought or plan, but seem to have just grown into being in the most haphazard manner, and remind one of a crazy quilt, unless, perchance, the village has been built

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

in North America have a goal of \$17,000 to reach in mission offerings for 1933, and every Missionary Volunteer must bear a part of this responsibility. The workers in that part of Africa which is Ruanda, Urundi, and the Central Congo are depending upon **you** for their support. Are **you** failing them by not doing **your part**?

under European supervision, when some geometric design may be discovered.

But a native African village is a most interesting community to visit, and so I am going to invite you to go with me this morning, and we will visit a Central African heathen village that has been untouched by the influence of white men and that has not yet heard the good news of salvation. Any one village, of course, cannot fully represent them all (for even in America we find our towns and cities vastly different); still, a visit to one village will be typical of thousands of others in this strange land.

On yonder hillside we catch a glimpse of the village roofs in the early morning sun, which look like

giant mushrooms nestled together in the midst of a scattered grove of banana and plantain trees. No church spire, no shopping district, not even a schoolhouse, marks the center of the village, but grouped here and there around a central compound, the huts stand, each in its own little fenced-off barren yard.

Finding a narrow path leading toward the village, we follow along through the tall grass and tangled vines until we come to the fence made of poles and woven grass which surrounds each hut as a protection from wild beasts and other foes. We follow along to the opening, and enter the nearest yard. The ground is dusty, and ends of mealie (corn) cobs, chips of wood, and chewed bits of sugar cane lie about the yard. Here and there are several little basketlike, thatched food stores standing up off the ground on poles to keep the grain from the white ants, and out of the mud and water during the rainy season. Near the main hut is a little fenced-off yard which we find is the family kitchen. In the middle of this kitchen are three stones, which serve as a stove, and the pot is even now beginning to simmer, as the smoke slowly curls up into the blue sky.

Two women are busying themselves about the yard with their



An African Village

morning tasks. One is grinding out the meal for the day's rations, using an old, hollowed-out stone for her mill. The other is bending over the fire, blowing the embers into a living flame, little minding the ashes that are blown up into the pot of porridge on the fire. Near by the large water-pots are waiting for the regular trip to the river for water, and in the corner a mother hen is scratching for her chicks where the scraps from the porridge pot were thrown a few minutes ago.

These women pause to look at the strange early visitors in bewildered wonderment. As they stand erect in the early morning sunlight to greet us, a curious smile plays across their faces, and we note their fine, graceful bodies. Not like the statue of Venus, perhaps, but nevertheless, stately and erect, with the beautiful curve of their backs made natural as a result of their carrying heavy weights upon their heads. Deep-chested and broad of hip, with muscular limbs and large natural feet which never have seen the inside of a shoe, they stand unabashed, even though they seem to us rather scantily clothed, at least according to European custom. Native women are usually quite plump, and have no desire to reduce, for fatness is one of the essentials to beauty, according to their ideas. To call a buxom young woman a "lump of fat" would be considered a high compliment.

Several naked children are just emerging from the huts, and stand around in wondering amazement as they gaze upon the strange white faces of their early callers. Our peculiar clothing, our large white helmets, our shoes, and all make us far stranger to these children than the children are to us. The little pot-bellied boys and girls of the villages are ever an interest and a curiosity.

They somehow look distorted, top-heavy, with their distended stomachs and spindly legs. They remind one of the brownies that we used to love in our childhood days. However, they are dear little roly-poly things, and quickly win our love with their shy little innocent smiles and bashful glances toward friendship, except for the very little ones who, in fear, usually run crying to their mothers.

The native boy is a great little eater, and eats until there is either no more food or no more room for food. As he eats you can almost see his stomach swell until it is as tight as a drum. The children are all innocent of clothing, and from all appearances, they have not bathed for several days. As for daily health habits, I fear they have a great deal to learn before they could receive J. M. V. certificates. But, somehow, with their little black bodies they hardly look either dirty or naked, and it seems perfectly natural to see them just as they are.

But let us wander on. Passing through another opening in the fence, we enter the yard of the headman of the village, where we find several of the men sitting around a fire, although it hardly seems cold enough, but the morning dampness makes a fire welcome to a native, even though the sun is already risen above yonder hills and its heat is beginning to be felt. The headman rises to greet the strangers, and extends to us a welcome to his village. He stands erect, although age is beginning to leave its marks upon him. He is somewhat thin and wrinkled; his eyes have lost their keenness and sparkle; and the years of sensuous life and overindulgence have left their mark in body, although his dignity seems unimpaired.

The rest of the men are younger and are fine specimens of humanity.

They appear muscular and strong, with supple, well-filled-out limbs. They look well fed, but their faces betray an indulgent life, although they have a far-away, unsatisfied look that indicates a hidden longing for something better.

One finds that the native is usually courteous and merry, and has a well-developed sense of humor. There is a dignity and grace about him that assures us that lying dormant within are all the graces of manhood which need but the call of the gospel to develop the purity of life and Christian service which has so changed our Christian natives.

On a mat in front of a near-by hut there is an old man lying in the morning sun. He is thin and wrinkled, his skin hanging like a bag on his big, long bones. Through bleary eyes he looks at us, and mutely he seems to utter an appeal that the white visitors will ease his pain and restore his lost manhood and waning strength. No one can tell his age, for the natives never seem to know or care how old they are, and it is only by finding out what events in their tribal history that they, as children, remember, that the ages of natives can be ascertained.

The huts of the village which in the distance looked so picturesque and attractive, we find upon closer examination to be very ordinary and, in fact, dirty looking. In the headman's kraal, where we are standing, there are three huts, one for each of his wives, besides several smaller basketlike grain stores, and some tiny little huts for the fowls. The center hut, in which his first wife lives, we will visit. Kneeling down in front of the small door, which is about three feet high, we crawl in. A grunt, which we interpret to be a welcome, is given by the wife, who, through the

more, we can (Turn to page 13)

AUTUMN

BY MRS. GERTRUDE THOMPSON

HAST trod the dusty road and noted not
Its wealth of goldenrod so bright and gay?
Or aster faces mirrored in the brook
On a September day?

With noisy chatter, myriad flocks of birds
Seek shelter in the friendly oaks and pines,
As marshaling for the Southland, still they come
In never-ending lines.

A busy squirrel scampers to his nest,
Intent on garnering his winter store,
Discordantly a blue jay calls, "Thief! Thief!"
You have enough and more."

So cozy 'neath that shock of ripened corn,
A tiny field mouse rears her little brood;
They play at hide and seek mid pumpkins round,
And life to them is good.

The sun shines yet more brightly, it would seem,
As if to penetrate the haze of blue
Which clothes with sleepy grace the distant hills
In softest autumn hue.

The cadence of the cricket choir ascends
As evening shadows o'er the garden fall;
A lonely loon is heard across the lake,
Sounding his sad, weird call.

The maple dons its cloak of brilliant red,
While close beside, the oak in soft pastel
Is richly robed; thus garlanded they stand
And autumn's glory tell.

See orchards rich with fruitage bending low,
And purple vineyards bloom with nature's touch:
Dear Autumn! surely thou canst not be sad
When thou dost give so much.



LETTERS

to BETTY

By AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

About Time

DEAREST BETTY:

I do not wonder you are bewildered by the "daily program" given in the college bulletin. It does look full, doesn't it? I knew a girl who, reading it over, turned to me in dismay and demanded:

"But—when do we *think*?"

I laughingly assured her that she would soon learn college was no place for thinking! People often feel so their first year in school, but if they can keep their perspective, they soon come out all right. The difficulty is that to one who sincerely wishes to learn and to improve her time, there seems so much to learn and so much to do that she gets in a whirl and has no quietness of mind to grasp anything. Of course the daily program of the school is an effort to organize one's time so as to get all the essentials in. The difficulty is that we need "discrimination," as the Scotch professor told his students. We have difficulty discriminating between the essential and the nonessential. There are so many wholly worthy and valuable goals that we are lost in the maze and make no progress at all.

I'll tell you a secret, Betty. There are a lot of splendid courses offered in school now that we did not have when I was in school. I often think how I'd love to go to school now and have a chance at some of them. All the same I think our modern curriculum overcrowded, and I do think a student has to watch herself in order not to have mental indigestion from so great consumption that complete digestion is impossible. So I think you'll have to watch that point and not try to partake of everything—even though it all may be valuable and helpful in itself.

So far as your school program is concerned, you must ask some member of the staff to help you about that. Of course you will take the regular freshman year; but even then there are several opportunities for "selecting," and I think you should talk the whole matter over with some teacher.

You know two or three already. Go to one of these, or else go to some one else who looks understanding, and ask for advice about your course of study. A request like that usually makes a teacher happy, and he gives you his very best.

You will take with you all your grades and your diploma from high school. The diploma is not so necessary as the itemized list of subjects taken, with number of hours and credits of each. And don't lose your temper because your word isn't just taken for your credits, Honey. Just remember that about five hundred persons pass through the hands of the registration committee; so you cannot expect them to depend upon guesswork or say-so. If you will keep a common sense attitude to all such things, it will save you a great deal of disturbance. Don't take the registration committee's work as anything personal against you. No one will try to hold you back from your just credits. But they have to be very careful, or the college's grades would be worth nothing.

You see I've got off my subject. Everything is so interesting anyway.

You are expected to attend morning and evening worship and the forenoon convocation in the chapel three times a week. That has come to be called just "Chapel." Besides this you will keep up your little-girl habit of always being at Sabbath school and morning church service. Sabbath school is such a magnified, glorified edition of your little country Sabbath school, that you may be a little abashed at first; but the organization is so complete that everything moves off perfectly, and you'll soon be quite at home.

The girls all sit together at morning service, usually in the same place; and it's ever so comforting.

The service that students enjoy most is the Friday evening vespers. That is a tradition of all our colleges the world around. And in after years there is not an exercise in the busy student's week that is so often spoken

of with affection as that hour. There is always much music of the voluntary type which is very restful after the busy week. I suppose more decisions have been made for Christ in Friday evening vespers than at any other occasion of the school week. You will love them, I know.

You will be tempted to join everything available, Betty, I know you will—the chorus, the glee club, the literary society, the language club, and everything in sight. But I hope you will control yourself, dear. It takes less time to join these things than to keep up with the necessary work of each group. So do be cautious, and don't take on more than you can carry.

At the same time don't make the mistake of plodding through the school life like a horse wearing blinders, who takes in nothing but what is straight in front of him. Part of your education consists in what we call "extracurricular activities," and you won't want to miss them entirely.

One of my girl friends at school said if she could afford it, she would take five years, giving one year just to all the bands and seminars and societies! Well, that would be an unbalanced ration sure enough, wouldn't it? These things are meant to be taken in homeopathic doses and are best taken so, I am sure. But don't let them worry you. If you go in for one or two this year, leave the others till next year, and you will be able to enjoy them better.

You are going to stumble on the library before you've been at school a great while—not merely as a place to find reference books and materials for your required supplementary reading, but as an oasis in the busy whirl that goes on in the halls and classrooms of a big school. There you will find the best in periodicals; there you may have your daily five minutes at the newspaper (few newspapers are worth more); there you can find the word whose pronunciation was the sub- (Turn to page 14)



Ed Paschall Prayed

A Little Sketch From Real Life

By H. CALVIN SMITH, M. D., D. N. B.

FOR days Georgia lay abed. Pappy and mammy were at wit's end to know what to do. Country doctors had come to see her when they were called. Each, in turn, examined her, and then with a little glass tube and a needle gave her something in the arm which eased the terrible pain in her side temporarily, but which always seemed to make her delirious, causing her to roll and toss and cry out in her sleep. Then she would waken, some hours later, tired and weary, agonized again with that ever-increasing demon which was tearing at her side, and sapping her very life away.

Two awful weeks passed thus; and Georgia's smaller brothers and sisters—seven in number—would tiptoe to her bedside and then steal out of the room to hold each other's hands and cry heartbrokenly. Pappy did not need to tell them that big sister was going to die. Young and inexperienced though they were, they could sense it. The anxious, drawn expression on pappy's face, and mammy's continuous mopping of silent tears, made words unnecessary. When hunger drove them to it, the rough board box used as cupboard and pantry yielded "pone" and sorghum, but there was milk for little curly-haired, year-old Allie, who missed Georgia only because of their glorious playtimes together.

Pappy mechanically milked and fed Brooksie morning and evening, and carried the milk to the crude, one-room house that was their home. Every time he did this something tore at his heart more heavily, for Georgia had always been the one to run to meet him as he came with the milk. She had always been so faithful in caring for it, and in doing the many other things that a young girl of thirteen would ordinarily try to shirk. Besides that—she had finished the seventh grade in school, even though he had opposed her going, and

refused to buy books for her. Now, as he thought about it, schooling really was a good thing. Jim Scrugg's boy, Ira, had finished the fifth grade; and Jim was evidently very proud of Ira by the way he talked about his accomplishments at the town square last "fourth Monday."

These and a great many similar thoughts passed through Ed Paschall's graying head as he came from the barn to the house. He made new resolves daily; yet, about those which concerned Georgia, there was a sickening sense of futility which grew more certain as the days passed.

"Do you believe in prayer?" asked a voice, one evening, as he was making his way up the stony path from the cowshed to the house. Ed Paschall turned quickly toward the direction from which the voice seemed to come, spilling a little milk on his muddy shoe as he did so. The night had already settled, and he peered intently through the darkness. Seeing no one, he again took up his climb, pondering over the incident.

After two or three more steps, carefully picked over the mud and rocks, he was again startled by the query, "Why don't you trust God more?" He turned to observe the owner of the voice, and upon seeing no one, a strange fear gripped him. He hastened to the house and entered with only a half bucket of milk remaining. At once, with trembling hands and blanched face, he sought his wife to tell her of the unusual occurrence. He found her by the sick girl's bed.

As he finished relating the experience, Georgia's eyes flickered open an instant, and a smile crept over her wan features. "That was God a-talkin' to you, pappy. I talk to Him lots of times. My teacher taught me to. She said Jesus can do anything—" Here she stopped and bit her already bleeding lips, which

were parched from the long continued fever. The exertion of talking made her breath come in short, labored gasps; but she went bravely on, "I think Jesus would make me well now, if you'd ask Him. The teacher said He wanted to do things for us. He made lots of people well when He was here—" Her voice trailed weakly into incoherence. She seemed delirious again. After several moments, however, she opened her lids, and looking beseechingly into both of their anxious faces, she whispered, "Pray! Pray, now!"

The mother needed but an instant to drop to her knees beside the bed of the dying girl—not so with Ed Paschall. His life had been ordered without any heed toward God. He had been prone to carouse and drink with his associates in younger days, and still indulged in liquor quite often. He was quick to beat his mules and swear at them if things did not go well, and was often ill-tempered and cross toward his wife and children. These things smote his conscience as he stood over the semi-conscious, now dying girl whom his crude heart loved so much. Not disbelief, but his strict honesty, kept him from joining his wife in prayer. How could he ask a favor of One who, as his mother taught him, had died for his sins, but whom he had forgotten and treated downright mean all his life?

Suddenly, in a flash, the way became plain to him. He was not dead! He was still alive! There was still time to show that he really believed the things his Christian mother had taught him, and he could teach his children the same. Now he dropped to his knees beside his wife, and taking Georgia's hand in his, promised that he would hereafter be faithful in reading his mother's Bible and that he would live right and treat his family right. Then, with great tears rolling down his (Turn to page 14)

GOD'S WAY AND OURS

By

ROSALIND BOND

IT was a glorious sunset. The fleecy clouds that floated across the blue were tinted with a pale crimson. All the color and life of the rainbow had burst into flame just below Venus,—the evening star,—and the sparkling water reflected, mirrored, and magnified the ever-changing hues. Then the colors slowly faded, bringing dusk and the peace of God's own day.

I bowed my head in a moment of silent, grateful prayer, and then hurried on. They would be worried about my late arrival, these friends of mine with whom I was spending the week-end. Approaching the house, I knocked, but no one answered; so I threw open the heavy outer door. The loud blast of a radio greeted me, but no one was in the living room. I hastily turned off the noise. They must have forgotten! From the kitchen came the sound of raised, angry voices. Then June, the girl of the household, stalked in, her face like a thundercloud. Her mother followed wearily, anxiously, and after making me welcome, turned to her daughter.

"You may go, June," she said, "but don't be out late."

To me she made apology. "June has been invited to a party tonight. Really, there is so little recreation here, that I suppose it won't hurt her. She has her heart set on going."

I gasped. The peace in my heart was gone. The younger children of the family came in, quarreling violently. From another room, upstairs, a saxophone sobbed mournfully. Through the open window I could hear my host discussing politics and business troubles with a neighbor. The seven-year-old lay flat on the floor, reading the comic section of the evening paper to the interested toddler. Yet these people professed to be observers of the seventh-day Sabbath.

I was shocked, and finally took refuge in the fragrant outdoors, where there was peace and where there was God.

But as I tried to pray, the scenes I had left kept flashing before me, and following them, came other views. I saw myself doing many "little things" to profane God's day. There was the radio, mending, pressing, shoes, finger nails, joking, quarreling—I stopped. Then sol-

emnly I vowed, "When I'm home again, I'll do some research work on proper Sabbath observance." And I did.

Really, why was the Sabbath given us at creation?

Almost six thousand years ago, God created "the earth, the sea, and all that in them is" in six days. On the seventh day God rested from all His work which He had made. And at that time He blessed the seventh day and sanctified it as a rest day for the inhabitants of the earth for all time, "because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

The reason God rested was not that He was tired. It was to set apart this one day as a memorial of creation, a day of rest, a day of worship, for mankind.

A memorial is something intended to preserve the memory of a person

or an event. It is the Sabbath which is intended by God to preserve the memory of His creation and of His creative power. I wonder if we take time to remember on the Sabbath that God created everything? And do we keep in mind always that it is His power and long-suffering mercy by which we draw our every breath?

But the Sabbath is also a day of rest from physical labor and mental strain. He wills that it be a day of peace, spent in sweet communion with Him.

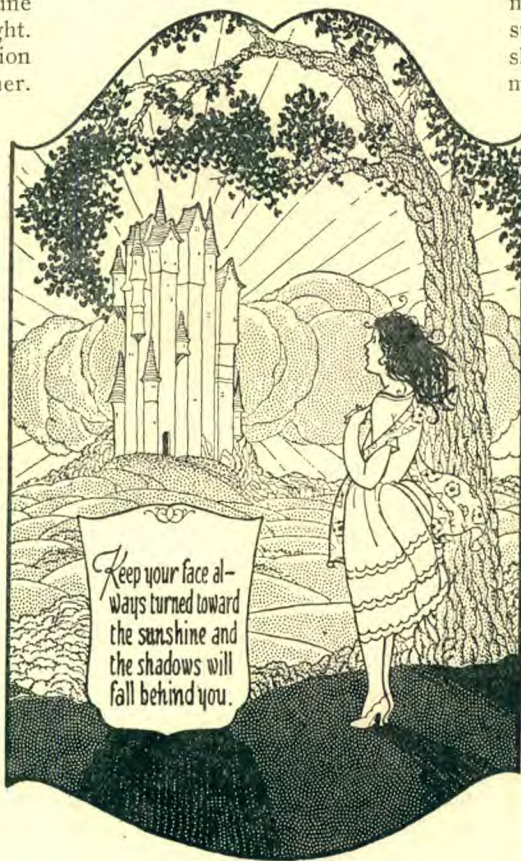
God purposed that the Sabbath would keep men from idolatry. And if man had not deliberately disregarded that holy day, but had kept it sacredly, there would never have been an atheist or an infidel. "The Sabbath would have preserved the whole world from idolatry."

Also, proper observance of the Sabbath is a sign of man's loyalty to God. And my study along this line finally led me to make two lists—one headed "Do-Not-Do's" and the other, "Do's."

The experience of the children of Israel in the wilderness is a striking example of the sacredness of the seventh-day Sabbath. When the first manna fell, God through Moses stated clearly that none of this food should be kept over until the next morning, save on the sixth day, when

they were to gather twice as much, since no manna would fall on the seventh day. God said: "Tomorrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake today, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning." Those who disobeyed the divine command and gathered a large supply on any other day, were unable to use the food, for "it bred worms, and stank." Those who neglected to gather a double portion on Friday, the preparation day, were obliged to go hungry, for not a grain of manna was on the ground on Sabbath morning. God gave explicit directions to the children of Israel about the keeping of the seventh day. Indeed, His commands to them are not idle words.

Not long after this manna experience, God gave in a concrete form the definite Sabbath commandment: (Turn to page 13)





Rosemary and Rue

By Ruth Lees Olson



BUT the religious problem was still uppermost in David Graham's mind. He was quite sure—and his visit with Dad Watkins had confirmed his belief—that the time had come when his boys must become acquainted with the divine Leader, not only by name, but by actual experience. He had talked with others about the best method of procedure, but exactly the opportune moment never seemed to present itself. After all, it was the boys who opened the door of opportunity.

It happened during an open forum meeting when the subject of bravery was under discussion. Every boy had his own personal opinion as to the meaning of the word. Johnny Antonio insisted that the story of the fireman who went into a burning building to save a little child, at the risk of his own life, recorded the greatest act of bravery. "He risked his life to save that baby, and what braver thing could he do?" he demanded to be told.

The boys were more or less familiar with Johnny's illustration, and the most of them agreed with him.

Then another lad arose and declared that real bravery belonged to a prize fighter. "He has to take a lot of punishment, and he don't dare get mad about it. I guess he's braver than a fireman," he declared. Physical prowess has its own appeal, and the boys clapped their hands vigorously.

After the question had been discussed pro and con, Ivan Trotsky, with a slightly puzzled look on his face, arose. "I don't know as much about bravery as Mr. David does, but I've been doing a lot of thinking while you fellows have been talking, and here is what I decide about being brave. That fireman was brave because that was his business. He knew all about fires and ladders, and smoke and houses burning down, before he joined the fire department. That was his risk, and he was willing to take it for the wages the city paid him. So that takes him out of first place.

"Now, the prize-fighting fellow wanted two things, glory and money. 'Course, it's a big thing to be a Gene Tunney or a Jack Dempsey, and most men are willing to be mauled half to death for a name and fame, and the money that goes with it if you win. But it's all selfishness, and I don't call that *true* bravery. But I did see something the other day that I

thought was real bravery. Johnny Antonio was over near Tin Can corner. He didn't know I was around, because he was listening to what two boys had to say. They were making fun of him for not smoking with them. Called him 'a white-collared dude,' and 'a sissy boy.' I know the day, and so do you fellers, when Johnny would have beaten them aplenty for calling him names, but now he never raised a hand. I saw his fist clench, though.

"He could have smoked with them, and no one, as far as he knew, would have been the wiser. That would have been the easy way. But instead I heard him say, 'Come on over to the club, you fellows, and we'll learn you something better than swearing and smoking.' Then he just walked away, but as far as they could make him hear, they taunted him. Now, that's what I call *real* bravery. Johnny didn't have to take anything off them, and he wasn't paid for being kind or for not smoking. I guess my idea of bravery is doing the things you don't want to do, because it's sort of up to you to do them."

There was a thoughtful look on many faces in the clubroom. This was a rather new idea. And from Ivan Trotsky, too! There was silence in the room. This was *the moment*! David Graham, realizing its importance fully, said, "I would like to tell you a story." Then he pictured a rich and beautiful land; he told of the King of that land, and how He had only one Son. He visualized for them the sin and sorrow that entered that land, marred its beauty, and made the utter destruction of it and its inhabitants a necessity. Then the Son, the *only* Son, gave Himself as a ransom for the land and its people. First as a baby in a manger, then as a youth like themselves, and later as a young man, the work of Jesus of Nazareth for those who knew Him not, was vividly set forth. The story of that wonderful life, with its loneliness, its misunderstandings, its sufferings in Gethsemane and on Calvary, touched the hearts of the Alley boys as nothing else ever had. Their clenched fists and straight-set mouths told of their disapproval of the men who were responsible for the suffering and torture of Jesus.

"Greater love hath no man than this," boys," concluded David Graham, "'that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Jesus, the Christ who died on Calvary for your sins

and mine, sums up all the bravery of the ages. He made the supreme sacrifice, not for fame, not for money, but for the love of you and me. He died for *you*; He died for *me*. I wish you could know Him. I wish you could love Him. He is such a wonderful Friend and Leader. Wouldn't you like to make His acquaintance?"

There was a deep silence in the room. Surely the Holy One Himself was there. Finally Johnny Antonio arose. "What does a feller have to do to get this Jesus fer his friend and leader?" All the boys leaned eagerly forward to hear the answer.

David Graham met them on their own ground. "What did you boys do when Ivan Trotsky was your leader?"

One of the boys whose remembrance of past days still lingered, answered, "We did everything he told us to, an' we never asked him why, either."

"In other words, you *obeyed* your leader. Ivan did not always lead you in the right way. He made mistakes. Jesus never does. He will lead you in the way you would choose to go if you could see the plan He has marked out for your life."

"Yes, but how are you going to know what He wants you to do? He don't live in our Alley." It was Tim Finnegan who asked the question.

David Graham had not planned a religious meeting, but he had weeks ago made provision for one when the time should come. In his desk were a number of Bibles—one for each boy who was a club member. He felt that now was the time to present them. "You fellows know," he said, "how Mr. Ingalls always had you draw a blue print before you made anything in your woodwork class, so you wouldn't make mistakes when you came to the actual building. Sometimes you have thought such extra work unnecessary, and some of you, on occasion, have decided to go ahead without the guide." He paused, and the boys looked with knowing grins at Johnny Antonio. "Oh, well," continued David, "we learn from our mistakes, and such lessons are needful at times.

"Now Jesus left a book of instructions for those of us who must live down here in the world. As long as we study and obey the rules given there, we can keep in personal touch with our great Leader. Here is the Book. I have a copy for each of you. Please read it, and then sometime you can tell me per- (Turn to page 12)

ENMITA

By FLORENCE PEUGH

A NEW life was opening to Enmita. She had come, with her father and mother, to live in the large metropolis of Lima, and she seemed to find new things to rouse her interest at every turn.

Enmita was a little Peruvian girl. She had lived her four and a half years in a small settlement situated along the coast of northern Peru. Her home, though one of poverty, had been a happy one. Her father, a poor colporteur, had little to spend out of his meager earnings in the way of making their home more comfortable or buying the children toys and playthings. He had a longing desire to go down the coast to Lima, and there learn more, so that he might be of greater use in God's service. Day after day, and week after week, he had trudged along those narrow, dusty streets of his little home town and scattered sur-

THE FAITH OF A CHILD REWARDED

rounding villages, selling his books, until finally the day had come when he had enough money to pay the family's way to Lima. That had been a happy event for them all, and now it seemed almost a dream that they were actually in their new home.

Those were busy days for Enmita's father, for besides going to school, he still had to go from door to door selling the books, in order to pay for his tuition in school, and also to support his family. It was hard for Enmita to realize that she could not have things that other little girls had. She could not see why others were rich and she must be poor, but she nevertheless met her troubles with a

smile and tried hard to help her father by keeping cheerful.

Among the many interesting and even wonderful things that the little girl saw in Lima, was a marvelous doll—a doll that could walk, sleep, and say "Mamma." It seemed almost impossible to her that the doll was not *really alive*, as it seemed to be, and how she wanted one for her own. The more she thought about it, the more she longed, until in time it seemed to her as if she could not live without a "mamma doll." At first, she told no one of her wish, but as time went on, it became such a part of her life that it was impossible to keep her secret longer. So when her father came home one night and dropped down in a chair to rest, Enmita climbed up on his knee and told him all about her desire for a "mamma doll."

Her father realized just how much she wanted a doll, for she seldom asked for things. It pained him to disappoint her, but in a tender, sympathetic voice he told her just how it was. He had many expenses that he must meet, and the bills were coming in faster than the money with which to pay them. It was proving hard to get enough dollars ahead to buy just clothing and plain food. A doll was out of the question. He felt very sorry for her disappointment, but he thought that it was merely a childish notion that she would soon forget. Not so, however. Enmita was a little uncertain as to just how or where she would get a doll, but a doll she *would have*—sometime! She became more thoughtful as the days went by, and spent much of her time in wondering and planning as to how she might bring her most cherished dream into a reality. Finally one day the thought came to her, "Why not pray?" Surely if what her parents had taught her was true, God was able to give a poor little Peruvian girl like her the *one thing* for which she most longed.

At worship that evening she seemed more trustful and quiet than she had ever been before, and when it came time for her to pray, for all the family took part in family worship at Enmita's humble home, she, in a simple, childish voice, asked God

"Hold still, dolly. You must have your hair all brushed and curled, for you're going to answer a prayer."



to send her a "mamma doll." Her parents were somewhat surprised, but still they seemed pleased to think that she had enough faith in God to claim His promises.

Day after day and week after week, Enmita prayed for a doll. If the Lord would only give her a doll, she thought that she would be satisfied. As weeks went by and the "mamma doll" did not come, she did not get discouraged, but seemed to gain more faith in God every day.

One morning when worship was over, and she had prayed even a little more earnestly than usual for a "mamma doll," if it were possible to pray more earnestly than she had prayed before, she quietly walked over to her father, looked up into his kind face, and with a smile said, "Papa, today God is going to send me my doll—a doll that can walk, that can sleep, and say 'Mamma.' He's going to answer my prayer today."

Her father was alarmed. What could he do? Was all of her faith in God going to be lost thus in her early childhood? She seemed to be confident that God would send her the doll. Would He really do it? If he only had the money, how gladly he would buy a doll, and thus retain his daughter's faith in her Creator, but it was out of the question. He could not part with so much money, when there were so many urgent bills to meet, and his family was in sore need of clothing and food.

So that day, as her father went out to his colporteur work, his heart carried a heavy load. He tried to smile, but it was hard when his heart was so sad. It was not so with Enmita. She was sure her new doll would come somehow, from somewhere, and she went about her play with a new enthusiasm and a bright smile for every one.

In another part of the city, another girl, somewhat older than Enmita, sat looking over her many beautiful dolls that morning. And as she looked, she wondered if she were not perhaps a bit selfish to have so many nice dolls to play with when there were poor little children who had none. She thought of her little friend Enmita, and picked up a large, pretty doll, and set it aside for her. She also brought out a little trunk, and carefully placed in it some clean doll dresses, a few little sweaters and bonnets. Then she asked her mother if she might not take her doll over to play with the colporteur's little girl.

As the girl approached the door to the little dwelling, Enmita looked up and saw her coming, with the doll in her arms. She walked calmly toward her, and stretched out her hands to take the precious treasure. Her prayer had been answered! But then

she *knew* it was going to be, and she was not in the least surprised. She even seemed a little passive, but not the less happy.

This experience strengthened her faith in God, and ever after her love for Him was immeasurable, for she knew that He was a God that hears and answers prayer.

If God will answer the prayer of a poor little Peruvian girl, will He not also hear and answer our prayers? I think He will. Don't you?

Rosemary and Rue

(Continued from page 10)

sonally whether you wish to follow the Leader. I suggest that you read the New Testament, beginning here, with the Gospel by Matthew, first."

All the boys came forward and received their books, save Ivan Trotsky. He remained in his seat. But David noted the troubled look on his face. After the meeting was dismissed and the rest of the boys had gone, he remained. "I understand, lad." David laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Your folks would not be willing for you to read the story of Jesus?"

"The 'unwilling' is only a part of it, Mr. David," said Ivan miserably. "My folks would curse me to my dying day. They would drive me from home, and never let me return if I read it and they found out. I would do anything in the world for you, but—this here leadership is not for me."

His voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears. David realized the love the boy was placing on the altar of their friendship, and appreciated it, but he was at a loss to know what to say. There was a moment of silence; then after a breathed prayer for special guidance, he spoke. "I don't believe you can ever be an ideal leader, Ivan, without Jesus the Christ to help you, and I also know that the reading of the New Testament, which tells the detailed story of His life and death, is a hard test for you. But, my boy, you have a right to your own life, and you must make your own decisions for right or wrong. You, and you alone, are responsible to God for what you do and say.

"Have you ever read the Jewish Bible, Ivan?"

"No, Mr. David," the boy answered. "My father has one. I have seen it sometimes. Where we live there is not room to read. But I know that every Jew *must* hate Jesus Christ. It is a *lie* that He is the Messiah!"

David Graham did not argue the point. He simply said: "I'm going to leave this Bible here on my desk. You have a key to the clubroom. If you decide to read the Book, you can come here any time and do so. But

I have one special request to make if you do read it. That is, please read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah carefully and thoughtfully *before* you attempt Matthew and the New Testament. You will find the writings of Isaiah in the Jewish Bible. Isaiah is one of the great prophets of the Jews, and is often quoted by your rabbis and teachers."

Ivan was silent for several minutes; then he asked suddenly: "Isn't there *some* other leader than Jesus Christ that I could follow?"

"Not and be successful, lad."

"But, Mr. David, how *can* I read what my father has cursed?"

"There's no leader equal to the Son of God," was the quiet rejoinder. "He is all love, and He is all powerful. He knows and understands you better than your father does, and He will provide you help in every time of trouble and need. Trust Him, Ivan; He will not fail you."

The boy was silent, and David gave him time to think. But at last he arose, and placing the Bible on his desk, said, "I must be going now. Please lock up and see that everything is all right before you leave. And remember this, lad, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' Jesus Himself said those words."

The door closed, and the Jewish boy was left alone with his thoughts, and with his God.

David stopped a few moments at Dew Drop Inn. The late art class was just finishing its work. As he watched Anita Trotsky making a few last deft pencil strokes, he asked, "Do you like art work, Anita?"

"O Mr. David, I just *love* it. I wish I could spend all my days and nights here. But there is the work at the factory. Miss Jean is good to me, though, and she always waits for my coming, and lets me stay late."

"Your work is very realistic. I'd like to share the boy's apple. What else have you done?"

The girl drew a sheet from the folder and shyly held it out to him. She was delighted at the surprised look which came over his face. "Why, this is Jean Douglas and the sewing class. I can call all those girls by name. When did you do this, Anita?"

She laughed, and taking the sheet, replaced it in the folder. "I'm going to sketch a real picture of Miss Jean some day. I think it will be very good-looking, don't you?"

"It will look a lot better to me if it's mine," was his rejoinder. "Say you'll give it to me, Anita."

She would not promise, and as Jean came toward them, dressed for the street, it was evident that work at Dew Drop Inn was ended for that day.

(To be continued)

God's Way and Ours

(Concluded from page 9)

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work."

And still later He declared: "Who-soever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death."

When the Jews were captives in idolatrous Babylon over a period of years, they became lax in their regard for the command of God which marked them as a peculiar people. But when the exiles returned to Jerusalem, Nehemiah talked to them very seriously concerning the Sabbath. "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?" he asked. He had seen them treading wine presses, bringing in sheaves, leading asses, and bringing wine, grapes, figs, and numerous burdens into the city on that day, as well as trading in merchandise with the people of the land.

So it is in this our day, when we are constantly thrown with those who do not recognize the Sabbath of the Lord. We find ourselves growing lax in its observance. Under this influence we say, "This little thing won't matter," or, "I must go here, or there." Thus do we also profane the Sabbath. Yet we are plainly told by the word of prophecy for today that those who "acknowledge the requirements of God to keep the Sabbath, yet whose daily life does not harmonize with their declared faith, give influence to the side of unbelievers."

God accepts no compromise in this matter. No partial obedience to His command is tolerated.

The Sabbath was not given as a day for sleep. Those who use it thus "dishonor their Creator in so doing, and by so doing say that the six days are too precious for them to spend in resting." Thus they rob their Creator.

"The mind should never be allowed to dwell upon business transactions, the cares of the everyday life, or political topics; for as surely as the thoughts are of worldly affairs, so will the conversation be." Ah, so many times, while we do not really dig ditches, or go shopping, or sew, we will plan a new dress, taking pattern from the one Jane wears to church, or discuss the coming picnic, or do our "outside reading" for history class. All this is just as truly breaking the Sabbath, showing disloyalty to God.

Before the sacred hours of the Sabbath arrive, all work should be out of the way, all wrongs should be made right, all quarrels settled. And each mind should be peaceful and ready for the holy day.

"Six days shall work be done: but

the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, a holy convocation."

"It is necessary that the people of God gather to talk of Him, to praise Him, and to exchange thoughts in regard to the truths contained in His word." Only a portion of the time will be thus occupied. Much time should be spent in the open, studying the works of God in nature. The unfolding of each tiny petal shows forth the mighty power of God. If we allow our minds to dwell upon His power thus manifested, it must of necessity bring us nearer to Him.

The sick among us may be lonely or neglected. Who knows what cheer it will bring to their hearts if we visit them and encourage them? It is "lawful to do good on the Sabbath day."

Some hours of the day should be spent in prayer and meditation, and in reading God's word. Is it not wonderful to think that there is one day in which we need not hurry, or worry, or fret? If that day is spent in close communion with God, all through the week we will feel its sweet, helpful influence.

"It shall come to pass," in the new earth, "that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord."



The African at Home

(Continued from page 6)

barely see sitting on a mat by the fire in the center of the hut. Our eyes begin to smart, and the native odor seems to be our most prominent impression upon entering. However, as we become accustomed to the darkness and the smoke, a strange sight slowly becomes unveiled before us. Only toward the center of the hut is it possible to stand erect, as the walls are only about four feet high. They are made of mud plastered over a row of poles stuck into the ground. The roof, peaked at the center, is covered with a long thatch grass. The fire, which is always present in every hut, is the first thing that we clearly distinguish, and we note that as the smoke rises to the roof, it has no outlet, but escapes as best it may through the thatch, causing, however, the roof poles and the thatch to have the appearance of polished, jet-black ebony. The cooking is usually done outside the hut, but unless there is a scarcity of fuel, every hut also has its fire within; and during cold weather it is often the only heat that the inmates have, for no extra clothing is provided for winter months, and seldom are there sufficient blankets to keep the family warm at night.

As we gaze around the hut, we find little in the way of furniture; a roll of mats on a crude cot is all there is in the way of sleeping accommo-

dation, but there are no tables or chairs to be seen. We notice that the roof seems to be the catchall of the hut. Calabashes hang down from it; pegs are fixed to it to hold old blankets, knobkerries, loin cloths, spoons, medicines, and other articles. In another corner are several old blankets, a dried ox skin, a bow and some arrows, besides sundry sticks, native hoes, and several assagais. A native dog, sleeping by the fire, is disturbed by our presence and skulks out, while a hen, flying for the door, blows up the dust with her wings, which thickens the already smoke-laden atmosphere. We have seen enough, and stooping down again, we crawl out into the fresh air to free our lungs of the foul odors and smoke. As we turn to look back at the hut we are reminded that, with all its dirt and smoke, it is, nevertheless, all that one little family knows of "home, sweet home," and a longing wells up in our hearts somehow to bring more of the real joy of Christian cleanliness and godliness into not only this heathen home, but also thousands of others like it.

Our attention is now directed toward the women who are just now starting off toward the river, with their large waterpots on their heads. Chattering and calling one to another, they march past in single file; the little girls also are with them, each carrying her little pot deftly balanced on her head. We follow them to the river, a good quarter of a mile away. Here, at the usual watering place, are gathered a goodly number of women from several villages. They pause to chat and gossip. It is the village social hour, and a very pleasant time it seems to be. Calling across the river to women who have come down from the villages, they exchange greetings and laughingly taunt one another and chat on the same old topics that women the world around have always found of interest. As the sun is rising in the sky, and other duties are calling, the women soon begin to disperse. With great waterpots, holding six or eight gallons, balanced on little grass rings on their heads, they gracefully climb up the bank, and as they march back to the villages, we gaze on one of the most beautiful sights to be seen in Africa—the native water carriers, in all their beauty and grace, slowly winding their way through the grass and rushes, just as they have done for centuries.

As we turn our steps homeward, we believe we know a little more of the African and his home; and we begin to feel something of the strange fascination that these dark-skinned people seem to hold on all the missionaries and others who labor among them. Whether it be their simplicity, their great need, or their loving response to effort, we know not; but after this, our first visit to a Central

African village, we, too, feel that we are ready to labor for the uplift of dark Africa.

Tune In

(Concluded from page 4)

give our debtors." God will not answer our prayers if there is harbored in our heart ill will, hard feeling, or a grudge against one of our fellow creatures. The Lord urges us to be reconciled to our brother before bringing an offering to the altar. (See Matt. 5:23.)

We cannot harbor known sin in our lives and expect God to hear us. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," says the psalmist. We like to have our own way, but we cannot disobey God's commands and expect Him to listen to our requests.

Of course we must have faith in God and His word, or we will not even attempt to pray. We must believe that God is our father and that we are His children. And if we believe His word, the Bible, we will believe the many promises He has made us.

If your prayers are not being answered, it might be a good plan to check up on the "receiving end," and see if there may be interferences that hinder messages coming through. The great broadcasting station in heaven is operating on full power. We may be sure of that. God is just as willing to hear our prayers as He was to listen to Daniel, to Elijah, to George Müller, or any other of His children. He has no favorites. And I believe He will hear us, providing we comply with the conditions.

Ed Paschall Prayed

(Concluded from page 8)

cheeks, he asked that the life of his little daughter might be spared, ending his petition with, "If it be Thy will, Lord. Amen."

He helped his wife to her feet, and stood with his arm about her, looking down at the corpse-like face of the little patient. She seemed more peaceful and quiet, as though no longer struggling to maintain a hold upon the life which evidently was fast slipping from her.

A car drove up outside, the door slammed shut, and some one cheerily called, "Howdy, folks! This is Dr. —. Where's your light?"

Ed Paschall wonderingly turned up the lamp wick, and opened the door, to find a stranger, a rather young-looking man, carrying a physician's bag in one hand and a large bottle of clear fluid in the other.

"I never would have found the place on such a dark night if you hadn't given such good directions. And say, how were you so sure your girl has empyema of the chest?

Where is she? I have brought everything along for empyema, in case you are right."

Bewildered, Ed Paschall could do nothing but lead the way to the bed. Who had called? Who could have known?

A short examination revealed a large collection of pus in the right side of the chest. The absorption of poison from this had been the source of the weakening, and apparently was even yet to be the cause of death.

"She is too weak to be moved to the hospital," explained the doctor. "I am going to remove as much pus as I can with this needle, and give her this under the skin," indicating the fluid in the large bottle; "then, I will come back tomorrow or next day, and if she is improved, I will take a piece of rib out. If we should try to do that now, she would certainly die. This way she may have a chance.

"When she can drink, give her all the water, milk, and other liquids she will take. Give her these pills, one every three hours, if she has too much pain. Let all of the fluid from the bottle run in, and then pull the needles out like this. I'll bring more in the morning. Good night, folks!"

With these brief instructions, the midnight visitor was gone. It almost seemed a nightmare; but no—here was the bottle of fluid, slowly gurgling and bubbling as it emptied into Georgia's flesh, and there was the little piece of gauze and adhesive plaster where the needle had drawn out nearly four quarts of foul-smelling pus; also there remained an odor of iodine in the close atmosphere of the room. No, it was not a dream. It was true! A doctor had been here, and gone. There was some hope for Georgia's life!

Then it came to Ed Paschall with a rush of emotion—God had *really* heard him, Ed Paschall, when he prayed!

Letters to Betty

(Concluded from page 7)

ject of discussion at the dinner table; there, too, you may find that sweetest of a busy student's joys—sweeter because it must be saved for and planned for—an hour of desultory reading: biography, poetry, history—whatever pleases your fancy.

I have not spoken of your domestic work, but I am sure you understand about it. You see our schools have no money to hire people just to keep up the buildings and grounds, other than the superintendents of departments. All other work is saved for students. Only because of this arrangement is it possible to fix the rate of tuition as low as it is. I hope you won't resent this time spent in work. It may be a very profitable investment; for in it one learns to econo-

mize his moments, adapt his ways to those who are directing, and work heartily with other people.

I count on you not to forget your exercise, Betty Girl. Of course your domestic work will take care of some of this, and I am hoping you will have gymnasium twice a week at least; but even that is not sufficient in itself. Ten minutes' brisk walk a day,—*every day* and *every day*,—taken with head up and chin in, will do you a world of good. Do try it.

Poor child! Auntie will have given you so much advice you'll never know what to do with it all, will you? Well, I've almost finished for this time. I only want to tell you two things more in this letter. One is that you must never fail to write your weekly letter home. Better have a definite time for it, such as Friday evening or Saturday night or Sunday morning. I never write letters on Sabbath, and I never did—except this one home letter. Somehow it did me good to write down all the story of the week and then start right another week.

Are you thinking you'll not be able to write the home letter on Saturday night because some one says there is nearly always a social or lecture to attend? That is true. Some of us think there are too many of such occasions. But you understand that among so many young people there are always those who cannot direct their own activities—who always have to have something planned for them. That is the explanation, and I want to tell you, Betty, that you will sometimes prefer to stay in your room in kimono and slippers, writing letters and communing with yourself. You will need such times to keep your balance. No one can bear being with people all the time. That is one of a freshman's greatest dangers. She becomes intoxicated with this constant association and cannot be contented without it. Fight that, Betty. One of the best means is this weekly letter hour.

The other thing I wanted to say? Oh, you must have guessed it. It is that the whole school year will be a failure unless you find a place for your Morning Watch and keep it with Jesus, faithfully every day. That time always pays one hundred-fold!

There, dear child, good night.

Your loving

AUNTIE.

COUNSEL CORNER

1. Why is it necessary to be engaged before marriage? Does true love need a binding agreement?

2. Would you advise young people to marry, when the man has no definite occupation, and no money with which to build a home?

1. It is difficult to see how there can be a legal marriage without a previous engagement. Certainly the young couple must agree together that they will be married, and even if they so agree no more than one minute before marriage, they are engaged for that time. Due regard to decorum and the solemnity of the event, however, demand a period of reflection, trial, and preparation for marriage, and that period, which should be neither too extended nor too brief, constitutes the time of engagement. Public announcement of the engagement may be at the pleasure of the parties concerned. As for true love needing no pledge, it may be sufficient answer that true love delights in pledging itself, and in living up to its pledge.

2. It would not be advisable for a young couple to be married without having definite means of support. It is rash, it is even dishonest, to undertake the responsibilities of marriage without providing for such an undertaking. The young couple need not necessarily have the capital to build a house, but they should have the education and the energy that promise a proper production and maintenance. This subject is treated in the book "Makers of the Home," in the section on "Courtship."

ARTHUR W. SPALDING.

12. What warning is given against defiling our bodies? Verse 17. Note 5.

Notes

1. "The genealogy of our race, as given by inspiration, traces back its origin, not to a line of developing germs, mollusks, and quadrupeds, but to the great Creator. Though formed from the dust, Adam was 'the son of God.'"—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 45.

2. "As man came forth from the hand of his Creator, he was of lofty stature and perfect symmetry. His countenance bore the ruddy tint of health, and glowed with the light of life and joy. Adam's height was much greater than that of men who now inhabit the earth. Eve was somewhat less in stature; yet her form was noble, and full of beauty."—*Ibid.*

3. Adam "was placed, as God's representative, over the lower orders of being. They cannot understand or acknowledge the sovereignty of God, yet they were made capable of loving and serving man."—*Ibid.*

4. Besides belonging to God by creation, we are His by purchase, the price paid being the precious blood of Jesus.

5. "To the church of Christ in all ages is addressed the solemn and fearful warning, 'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.'"—*Id.*, p. 362.

"Only Christ can cleanse the soul temple. But He will not force an entrance. He comes not into the heart as to the temple of old; but He says, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.'"—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 161.

day? What caused the people to tremble? Verse 16.

9. Where did the people stand? What was the appearance of Mt. Sinai? Verses 17, 18.

10. Who spoke when the trumpet sounded? Who answered? Verse 19.

11. Where did the Lord come? What did He call Moses to do? Verse 20.

12. What further charge did the Lord give concerning the people? Verses 21, 22. Note 4.

13. What did the Lord say to Moses as He sent him down from the mount? Verses 24, 25.

14. What did the Lord desire Israel to be to Him? Memory verse.

Notes

1. The children of Israel camped before Mt. Sinai in the third month of the first year, and moved from there "on the twentieth day of the second month, in the second year" (Num. 10: 11-13); hence they were encamped at this place for almost one year.

2. "'How I bare you on eagles' wings.' The female eagle is proverbial for cherishing her young with extraordinary care and attachment. She stirs up her nest, planting a thorn in the side of it that if the fledglings are tempted to laziness they may be pricked by it, prompted to bestir themselves, and learn to use their feet. She flutters over her young, not only when she has morsels of food to drop into their open beaks, but in her solicitude to train them to fly. And if other means fail, she crowds them out of the nest and over the edge of the cliff, leaving them to fall, that they may be compelled to learn to use their wings as well as feet. And this she does, one at a time—literally, 'she taketh one.' But she watches its downward plunge, and sweeping toward the earth, she expands her wings to the utmost, and rising upward from beneath, catches the falling, trembling fledgling on her own mother pinions, and soars with it to the aerie. Thus, even the severest discipline of thorn and beak is all prompted by love, and what seems merciless and cruel is all necessary to the training for flight,—the exercise of muscles, and the expansion of wings."—*Tarbell.*

3. The people must not only have clean bodies and clean clothes for their meeting with God, but they must "sanctify" or set themselves apart from their sins. "As Moses should point out their sins, they were to devote themselves to humiliation, fasting, and prayer, that their hearts might be cleansed from iniquity."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 304. We should think of this when we are preparing to meet the Lord in His place of worship.

4. "God purposed to make the occasion of speaking His law a scene of awful grandeur, in keeping with its exalted character. The people were to be impressed that everything connected with the service of God must be regarded with the greatest reverence."—*Id.*, p. 303.

The Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

I—Man's High Estate

(October 7)

MEMORY VERSE: "God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Gen. 1:26.

Questions

God, Our Father

1. From whom did the human race spring? Acts 17:29. Note 1.

2. In whose likeness was man created? Gen. 1:26, 27. Note 2.

3. How did Jesus recognize the Fatherhood of God in referring to Him? Matt. 5:16, 45, 48.

Relation to Others

4. What was man's comparative status when created? Ps. 8:4, 5.

5. What relation did he sustain to the lower orders of being? Verses 6-8. Note 3.

The Purpose of God

6. For what purpose was man created? Isa. 43:7.

7. What did David exclaim concerning himself? Ps. 139:14.

The Price of Redemption

8. By what other claim than that of creation do we belong to God? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20. Note 4.

9. What substances regarded as of great value, were not of sufficient worth to redeem us? What priceless treasure was required? 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

10. What was the purchase price Heaven paid for us? Acts 20:28, last part.

The Temple of God

11. What spiritual use does God intend our bodies shall serve? 1 Cor. 3:16.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

Make a ✓ in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

JUNIOR

I—Israel at Mt. Sinai

(October 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 19.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye will obey My voice indeed, and keep My covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people." Ex. 19:5.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 303-305, old edition; pp. 305-307, new edition.

Questions

1. To what place did the children of Israel come in the third month after they left Egypt? Where did they camp? Ex. 19:1, 2.

2. How long was this place their home? Note 1.

3. Where did Moses go to meet the Lord? What message did he there receive for the people? Verses 3-6. Note 2.

4. When the people heard the message, what did they say? Verses 7, 8.

5. What did the Lord tell Moses He was about to do? Verse 9.

6. What preparation were they to make? What would the Lord do on the third day? Verses 10, 11. Note 3.

7. How was the mount to be protected from destruction? What warning was given concerning it? What was the penalty for disobedience? What signal would be given for the people to come up to the mount? Verses 12, 13.

8. What came to pass on the third

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THE LISTENING POST

GAMBLING slot machines are said to exact a \$25,000,000 toll every year from the gullible public in New York City alone.

EVERYTHING else aside, there are good business reasons for our concern over Cuba's recent political crisis. There is more than \$1,250,000,000 of American money invested in the island.

ONE American correspondent cables from Moscow that it is not unreasonable to believe that during the past year as many as a million persons in Soviet Russia, mostly peasants, died from causes due to malnutrition, including outright hunger.

RAYMOND P. MOLEY, intimate adviser to President Roosevelt before and since his inauguration last March, recently resigned as Assistant Secretary of State. He will edit a new national weekly to be published by Vincent Astor. This is the first major break in the President's official family.

THE Administration economy "big stick" has descended upon the luckless heads of extravagant government officials who have been accustomed, as a matter of routine, to sending long and expensive unimportant messages by telegraph. Hereafter the executive agencies of Uncle Sam are directed to use the air mail for all but the most urgent messages.

A WELL-KNOWN circus recently used for the first time an experimental aluminum canvas. This material, submitted by an aluminum manufacturing company, is the result of more than two years' work in search of a suitable substitute for canvas as a tenting. It is found that the aluminum material can be rolled up as easily as a pocket handkerchief and does not wrinkle, break, or tear.

LIKE heroes returning from war, Gen. Italo Balbo and his men of the great air armada were given a triumphant welcome on their return to Rome after their historic trip to the United States and the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. To General Balbo the title of Air Marshal was given by Mussolini, and to each of the flyers, from the highest to the lowest in rank, was given a promotion of one grade in recognition of his part in the epic achievement.

WELCOME is the news that hereafter Fiji Islanders will be able to travel safely and with dispatch among their neighbors. After twelve years of fruitless effort, aviation has at last become a reality in Fiji. Subsidized by the British government, the Fiji Airways Company is operating a pair of hydroplanes, so that trips among the islands, requiring eight or ten days when made by sailing craft, and four days when made by motor boat, can now be made without difficulty in two hours.

WHEN a coin is minted it is supposed to last as long as the government by which it is sponsored. But recently a silver dollar minted in China "lived" only one day. It was and is a perfectly good dollar. One side bears the portrait of Sun Yat Sen, the modern patron saint of China, in profile. The reverse shows a junk symbolizing China, sailing toward a rising sun typifying the new era, while overhead fly three doves representing the three principles of Sun Yat Sen—"Nationalism, Democracy, and Livelihood." By some strange chance these doves were somewhat distorted artistically, and the sensitive official mind at Nanking at once read into the symbol a sinister significance. Instead of representing China as facing toward the sunrise of progress and development under the guidance of Sun Yat Sen, these doves were Japanese airplanes about to drop bombs on helpless China, driving it directly into the rising sun of Japan. Instantly the money was recalled, and so completely was it scooped back into the treasury that only a few coins escaped. It is altogether likely that they will be priceless from a numismatics standpoint, as the shortest-lived dollar ever minted.

A GROUP of deputies from wine-producing regions in Spain has petitioned the government for funds to enable the National Institute of Wine Exporters to finance a publicity campaign in the United States. It was pointed out that France and other European wine countries already have initiated such a campaign, and that Spain will lose an important United States market unless such action is taken.

CONSTRUCTION of ships' hulls of gleaming stainless steel may follow tests being planned by British engineers who think that this metal will overcome the troubles caused by barnacles, which frequently foul keels, and must of necessity be removed.

A BLACK rose, said to be the world's first, is being shown at the Sangerhausen Rosarium in Germany. It is of a velvety deep black-red hue, so dark—especially in dry weather—that it may properly be described as black, according to Associated Press reports.

RAISING house plants by artificial light is possible with ordinary 60-watt electric lamps, provided the light is placed above them and only a few inches distant.

ALEXANDER KARAGEORGIVICH is paid \$1,000,000 annually as king-dictator of Yugoslavia, and with the exception of the Mikado of Japan, is the world's highest salaried ruler.

It is surprising to the average layman to learn that diabetes is now ranked among the major problems of medicine, and that the total number of diabetics in the United States now exceeds the number of tubercular persons.

MANY thousands of needy Italian war veterans and their families are being placed on government-subsidized wheat farms, in an effort by Il Duce to bring Italy back to prosperity. It is hoped that 80,000 or more can be cared for in this way.

THE world's largest government building, the new \$17,500,000 Department of Commerce Building in Washington, covers three city blocks and has approximately eight acres of floor space. Twenty-eight passenger elevators serve its seven floors.

UNBEATEN and rarely even challenged for seven years, Helen Wills Moody recently lost her tennis crown by default to her California rival, Helen Jacobs, in the third set of their final match for the woman's tennis championship of the United States, staged at Forest Hills, New York. On the verge of collapse, the result of wearing a back brace that gave her increasing trouble, Mrs. Moody surrendered her title as gracefully as she has carried its honors.

THE ten most popular songs of the past decade in the United States have been selected by vote of 370 American orchestra leaders and musical authorities. Here are the titles: "Old Man River," "The Man I Love," "My Blue Heaven," "Good Night, Sweetheart," "When Day Is Done," "Stardust," "I'll See You in My Dreams," "Tea for Two," "Lover, Come Back to Me," and "Russian Lullaby." All but two of these were written by Americans; one is British, and one Austrian.

UNEMPLOYMENT is one problem which does not trouble the grand duchy of Luxemburg. There is today only one person unemployed to every 600 inhabitants, or one sixth of one per cent. And not only is there sufficient work available for every Luxemburger, but the grand duchy is also able to provide employment for more than 6,000 aliens. The population of the country is approximately 300,000, and its industrial activities are almost entirely confined to iron ore mining and iron and steel production.

BE SURE TO READ
"God Has Promised"

by Charles L. Paddock

"A Hero Fallen"

by John M. Howell
and

"Winning Against
Odds"

by Arthur Warren
in

NEXT WEEK'S
INSTRUCTOR