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From DUNGEON to THRONE

by Nathaniel Krum

IT was a long way from Dothan, the place of two wells, to the prime ministership of Egypt. The distance was not very great when measured in miles; rather was it great in its relation to human possibility and achievement. But when unswerving allegiance to truth and a determination to conquer all obstacles, have once set up their kingdom within a human heart, not even death can turn such an individual from attaining his purpose. Such a character was Joseph.

It is an old, old story, this story of Joseph; but although it is old in point of time, it is ever new in point of enjoyment and worth-whileness. Joseph fought the same battle, endured the same temptations, we must meet today, and because he was a victor, his record gives us courage and persistence.

It was over the same road upon which the modern Bedouin journeys southward from Gilead, conveying the produce of the Hauran to the bazaars of Jerusalem, Nablus, or Jaffa, that Joseph, the purchased possession of a company of Ishmaelites, began his sad journey into Egypt. He was but a youth into whose heart had not yet broken the floods of disappointment and sorrow often experienced in later life. As the joy and hope of his parents, he had, from the day of his birth, been favored with special privileges and shielded from hardships. But now all was changed. His own brothers, from whom he had expected counsel and kindness, had become so possessed with the spirit of Satan, that they did not shrink from laying a plot to take his life.

Although inexperienced in the ways of sin, Joseph had an experience in the ways of righteousness, and a sincere trust in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and his own father, Jacob. Not even the sight of his father's tents receding in the distance, though it brought deep sorrow to his heart, could persuade him to believe other than that there is a divine purpose that shapes our destinies, and that all things work together for good to them that love God.

The caravan of Ishmaelites, their many baggage camels laden with "spicery and balm and myrrh," journeyed Egyptward along the sandy trail, and after many days arrived in the chief city of the Nile country. "Joseph was brought down into Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him



It was a long journey for a shepherd lad from Dothan to the prime ministership of Egypt.

of the hands of the Ishmaelites." And the Lord was with Joseph, for his master "made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had."

But the apparent smoothness of this new life was soon to be interrupted, for the Lord willed that there should be other thorns on his path from (*Turn to page 10*)



Let's Talk It Over



A HERMIT sat at the window of his rude stone hut high on the mountainside, looking down upon the tiny village in the valley below. The years seemed long since, a busy, carefree boy, he had played in its dusty, grass-bordered streets, and climbed the hillsides to herd the cattle; yet he was still young.

It was only five years ago that he had forsaken the great city, where he had hoped to find satisfaction for every heart longing, and returned, disappointed and disillusioned, to his childhood home. But he had discovered that poverty and sin lived in the valley, and that evil lurked in the quiet village as well as in the teeming city. So at last he had left it, climbed the mountain to a high plateau, and there built his hut, planted his garden, enjoyed sunrise and sunset, listened to the birds and breezes, read, prayed, grown bronzed and strong, and been quite content—until this day when he fell asleep and dreamed.

He had been reading, by the late evening glow, the story of Calvary—the agony of the garden, the mocking, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the terrible cross, the dark tomb, and then the glorious morning when the risen Lord came forth alive and all-glorious. When he had completed the wonderful story,—which, familiar as it was, always thrilled his soul,—he knelt to pray. And he prayed long, and still kneeling, fell asleep.



AS he slept he dreamed that he walked upon the road that leads from earth to heaven. Dark it was at first, and hard to travel; then it grew lighter, and he saw that it was bordered with beautiful flowers. At a turn he met the Master.

"O Master," he cried, "why didst Thou leave us? We need Thee sadly, down on earth. Couldst Thou not have stayed?"

The Master answered softly, "I finished the work I had to do there."

"O Master!" cried the hermit, made bold by his eagerness, "but the burden, the burden of poverty and sin! It is with us still, and it deadens the soul. Who but Thou canst bear the burden of man's need?"

The Master smiled and answered: "I share with those who love Me the burden of man's need. I have left a part of the burden for them."

"But," cried the hermit in surprise, and in fear, and in sorrow, as the Master looked into his very soul, "what if they fail Thee?"

"Ah, I am counting on them!" said the Master, and His voice thrilled the hermit to the depths of his being. "I am counting on those who love Me."



SUDDENLY he was awake. But so real had been the dream and so crystal-clear the vision, that he gazed about the tiny room and out through his open window into the moonlight, half expecting to see the road and the Master in reality. But all was quiet and still.

Then he arose and went outside his door and stood looking down, down the mountainside to the village, asleep now in its poverty and sin. He felt strangely disturbed, and returned at last to the silence of his retreat to think. It had been so satisfying, and he had been so content to be there alone—until tonight!

It was early morning when again he fell upon his knees for a moment, and his face was wet with tears. Then he arose, laid aside his hermit robe of sackcloth, and dressed once more in the clothes he had worn when, as a young student, he had left his father's home.

"Now," he said softly, "I am one of them."

Carefully he set his hut in order and closed and fastened the door. A moment he stood at the edge of the plateau and took another look at the world below him, lying still in the morning mist. Then with set lips and firm tread he started down the trail.

As he walked the look of fear and dread upon his face changed to joy and anticipation. "I'm going back," he said aloud to himself, "back down into the midst of it all. He has finished His part; now He is counting on me; He will work with me and through me as I do His bidding. I must not, will not fail Him!"



HOW often as we stumble and fall in our efforts to live the Christ life here below, we wail in despair: "If I could *only* be on a desert island somewhere! If I didn't have *anybody* to talk with, my tongue wouldn't get me into trouble! If I were all by myself, I wouldn't be tempted to go here and there, and do this and that—which are not just up to standard."

Well, maybe there wouldn't be these common-everyday temptations on a desert island, but don't let's fool ourselves. Satan would be there with some sugar-coated sin-plan. He doesn't mean to let anybody, any-

where, escape his snare—not if he can help it!

And besides, living here on earth—just *living* every day with everyday folks, doing and saying the things a real Christian should do and say—is absolutely the only way we can perfect characters that will fit us for entrance and residence in the City Foursquare. Meeting and beating temptation strengthens one's moral and spiritual backbone.

And in addition to this there is the still greater reason why we are needed here in this world of men—the Master is counting on our help to prepare others for a home in heaven. We simply *couldn't, wouldn't* fail Him—could we? would we?

It is not our responsibility to make over the universe, but only "to do *our own small job*," as David Grayson says, "and to look up often at the trees and the hills, and the sky, and be friendly with all men." And as we rub shoulders with them, our rough, unsightly character-corners will disappear bit by bit. The Master is an ever-present help in time of need; He *will* help us hold our tongues and our tempers; and if we listen to the "still small voice" of His Spirit, He *will* guide us in His way.

And meanwhile, by word and act we can be telling the story of a soon-coming Saviour to those with whom we mingle day by day. And when they have caught its hearthrob, they will tell others, and these others still others, and so the good news will be spread abroad around the circle of the earth.

And the Master will not have *counted* on us in vain.



IT is a very simple, concrete message He has asked us to give for Him—the plain word of God as set forth in the Bible. Not a multitude of abstract doctrines—Oh, no. Remember how this Word was made flesh in Jesus, the Son of God and our Saviour, who lived the perfect life down here among sinful men for thirty-three years, and then went back to heaven as our intercessor, leaving to us the task of "carrying on" in His stead? It is the story of His redeeming grace that we are to tell; it is His power to save a sinner from sin that He asks us to demonstrate in our lives.

We simply *must* not fail to prove worthy of this confidence.

Lora E. Clement



The Seventh-day Adventist church built in Springdale, Arkansas, fifty years ago, and F. D. Starr, who sent the tent company there to give the third angel's message.

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Years Ago

by Mrs. W. F. Martin



IN June, 1884, a freight train came to a stop in a little town of northwest Arkansas. Among the freight left on the platform was a bundle of tents—a forty-foot circular tent and a small family tent. Two couples had already arrived in the town—D. A. Wellman and his wife, and J. W. Scoles and his wife. Frank D. Starr, of Michigan, had sent the tents, and these four workers had come to proclaim a message wholly unknown to the people of this part of the country.

There were two families of Seventh-day Adventists living in the country near this town of Springdale. They were Z. Swearingen, his wife, and three children; and Enos Crawford, his wife, and two children. In the neighborhoods where they lived they were honored for their honesty and uprightness, but were thought to have a very queer religion.

These tents that had come were taken to an open space near the depot, and the ministers, assisted by these two men, began the work of pitching them. This caused great excitement in the town, for it was supposed that a circus had come. All the small boys gathered round asking the usual questions. It was soon discovered, however, that not a circus, but a religious meeting was to be held here. In those days tents were not used for religious services. What kind of strange religion could these people be bringing to an already devout community?

In a few days the news went around that they were "Advents" and "kept Saturday for Sunday." "Could such a thing be possible?" was asked by many.

Steadily the work went forward until all was in readiness.

The first night of the meeting came, and behold! a tent full of curious listeners. D. A. Wellman preached on, "The Word of God." It was a powerful sermon, the Spirit of God directing in all that was said. Also the songs these tent people led them in singing were different from any ever heard here before. Every one carried a message straight to the heart.

Night after night the meetings went on until the whole country was astir. People came long distances in wagons. Farmers who had followed the plow all day were not too weary to go to meeting in the evening to hear the wonderful message.

Many sermons were preached by ministers of other churches, in hope of keeping the members from following this strange doctrine. But every sermon made the tent message shine the brighter.

My parents were residents in this community, and our most intimate friends were a family of devout Catholics. My mother was so anxious for them to hear what to her was the most interesting thing she had ever listened to, that she urged this woman to go *just once*. Finally, one evening she consented; so my mother took her early, that they might be sure to have a front seat. That night the subject was, "Who Changed the Sabbath?" It seemed that nothing was left unsaid about this power that had attempted to change God's law. My mother was very nervous, and wished she had not brought her Catholic friend. When the meeting closed, the lady laughed and said, "I wonder if he thinks he is preaching to an

audience of ignoramuses? I was taught that at my mother's knee. We had a right to change the Sabbath, and you Protestants are all nothing but poor Catholics; for you keep our Sunday, but do not keep the rest of our feast days."

That was enough for my mother; so she said, "From now on I will not be a 'poor Catholic.' I will keep the seventh-day Sabbath as the law of God commands."

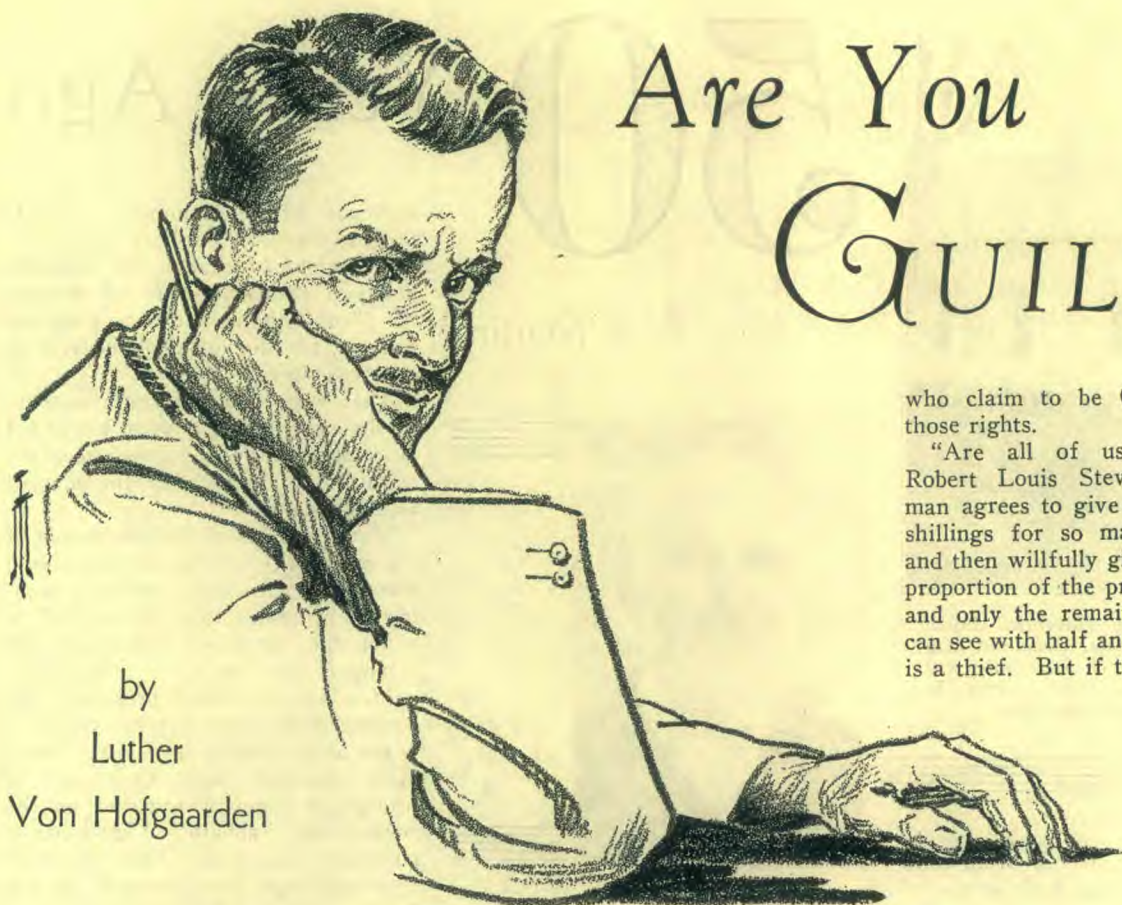
Many families of the best people of the community now began identifying themselves with these people by signing their names to a "covenant" in which they promised to keep all the commandments of God. This covenant, which is still well preserved, has seventy-four names attached to it. It is not long,—only a few lines,—but it is a covenant with God, and it brought a company together on the seventh day, Sabbath. What a happy company this was. The testimony meetings were feasts indeed, for the Lord was in their midst. Then came a baptismal service and the organizing of a church.

In August, D. A. Wellman became very ill with typhoid fever. He was moved from the small tent where he and his wife had been living all this time, to the home of Z. Swearingen. In September, he passed away and was laid to rest in the little cemetery to await the coming of the Life-giver. His sorrowing friends who had listened to his stirring sermons thought his rest would be for but a few short months, perhaps, for it seemed to them that the coming of Jesus was just at hand. It was not realized then how many things must come before that great event.

In a little while persecution began. Sunday laws were enacted, and those who kept God's Sabbath were arrested for working on Sunday. They were tried in the courts and found guilty. J. A. Armstrong was taken to jail for digging potatoes for dinner on Sunday. Z. Swearingen and his seventeen-year-old son were convicted for hauling a load of wood on Sunday. They were in jail for a month. The jails where these men were incarcerated were the usual kind, with criminals in the surrounding cells, but the prison was as a palace to them, for angels brought light and peace from heaven, and joy filled their hearts. All these persecutions, instead of crushing out this new religion, only made it spread more rapidly.

A neat little church was built by the believers on the ground near where the tent stood, and today a company still (Turn to page 12)

Are You GUILTY?



by
Luther
Von Hofgaarden

who claim to be Christians regard those rights.

"Are all of us thieves?" asks Robert Louis Stevenson. "If one man agrees to give another so many shillings for so many hours' work, and then willfully gives him a certain proportion of the price in bad money and only the remainder in good, we can see with half an eye that this man is a thief. But if the other spends a

LAST summer, as my father, brother, and I were gazing upon the monument of Columbus in Barcelona, Spain, we noticed a man a short distance away searching our car. We hurried to investigate, but he, realizing that he was observed, walked rapidly away. We called loudly after him, but he strode on, pretending not to hear us. Running, my brother and I caught up with the thief. He was a man five feet six inches tall, and he was dismayed to find that he had fallen into the clutches of two giants, for my brother is six feet five inches tall, and I am six feet seven inches. So, although our English denunciations made little impression on his Spanish mind, our voices and manner conveyed our meaning.

Timidly he reached into his coat pocket, pulled out the blue leather folder containing our important papers, and handed it over to us. "What shall we do with him now?" I asked my brother. At that moment our prisoner jerked away and ran down the street with us following close at his heels until we again caught him.

A policeman, seeing the commotion, came over to see what was happening. Since he also was a Spaniard, he could not understand our explanations; so he took the three of us to the police station. As we turned into a long, dirty corridor, several policemen followed us through a patio, up a flight of stairs, and into the office of the chief of police. After the officer had reported the trouble, we

tried to explain—but to no avail; they could not understand us. After twenty minutes of futile effort, one of the policemen was sent out to find some one who could translate for us, and he returned with an elderly woman who could speak a little English. We told our interpreter what had happened; then she told the officers. At last the thief was put in jail, and we were liberated.

Only a few days before this, our steamship tickets, field glasses, and fountain pens had been stolen from our automobile.

Why *couldn't* folks be square and recognize the rights of others? As I wondered about it, more serious thoughts came. I began searching my own life. This bold stealing I hated—but was it the only form of stealing which was possible? I began to realize that the eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has a surprising breadth and depth of meaning. Are not cheating, borrowing without returning, wasting time, taking undue credit for accomplishments, among the thousand and one ways of breaking this commandment?

Even the most primitive and savage peoples recognize proprietary rights; theft is abhorred and condemned. Many savages enslave or kill the thief when he is caught. In the Malay Archipelago thieves are also punished by various forms of mutilation. Their fingers, hands, arms, or feet, and sometimes even their noses or ears are cut off. When primitive and uneducated people recognize the rights of others, how much more should we

certain proportion of the hours . . . in looking at the sky, or the clock, or trying to recall an air, or in meditation on his own past adventures, and only the remainder in downright work such as he is paid to do, is he—because the theft is one of time and not of money—is he any the less a thief? The one gave a bad shilling, the other an imperfect hour; but both broke the bargain, and each is a thief.

"In piecework, which is what most of us do, the case is none the less plain for being even less material. If you forge a bad knife, you have wasted some of mankind's iron, and then, with unrivaled cynicism, you pocket some of mankind's money for your trouble. Is there any mind so blind who cannot see that this is theft?"

Honesty is one of man's ideals. If he sees theft and cheating, he abhors it and demands justice; yet dishonesty grows gradually upon a person unless he has character backbone enough to withstand this natural tendency. No honest person would steal a thousand dollars, but is it not dishonesty in little things which leads one to dishonesty in greater things?

One of the most common thefts of the student world is cheating. The culprit is not only stealing from his school, but he is stealing from himself. He is robbing himself of his own integrity, and is more than likely to remain dishonest all the rest of his life. Also he is stealing from his parents, who are sacrificing time and money that their son may become wise and well. (Turn to page 10)

WHY SLAY and EAT?

by

D. H. Kress, M. D.

MORE than thirty years ago, while I was visiting at a Catholic hospital, my nephew, who was at the time one of the patients, introduced me to the mother superior, a most excellent woman, as his "Uncle Dan—a vegetarian." She looked at me in surprise, for vegetarians were few and far between in those days. Then after inspecting me carefully, and I thought admiringly, she said: "Don't you eat fish either?"

I replied: "No, I do not eat fish. The little fish and I are on very friendly terms."

"Well," she said, "isn't that nice?"

I replied: "I think so, and so do the little fish."

Some one said to me the other day: "I enjoy fishing."

I replied: "You do? But the fish do not enjoy it."

As a matter of necessity in the absence of better food I see no objection to fishing, but to do it merely for pastime or as a matter of sport, is quite different. Should my friend who enjoyed fishing have put himself in the fishes' place, I doubt whether he would have enjoyed this so-called sport. Should things be reversed, would not the fish have as much right to catch man with a hook as man has to catch fish?

To me, slaying cattle, killing sheep, eating flesh, and drinking wine, seem very strange and heathenish customs.

These practices do not appeal in the least to my better nature. Some years ago I visited a large slaughtering establishment in the city of Chicago, where thousands of poor creatures were sacrificed daily. It was before automobiles were as common as they are now; so I went there on the street car. When we were a mile or two from the place, the wind happened to blow in our direction, and I noticed everybody on the car took out a handkerchief and placed it to the nostrils. We looked at each other significantly and smiled. We all knew by the smell that we were nearing the place where food was being furnished for the good Christian people of America.

On our arrival, I was conducted through the place of slaughter. Animals in a frenzy were being prodded along a narrow passageway, single file. They seemed to realize what awaited them. They had to be prodded and shoved along. Their eyes fairly bulged out of their heads as they snorted and looked from one side to the other, as though they were in search of some way of escape, or some one who would show compassion. As they were shoved along, a big burly fellow with an ax hit them on the head, one after another. Im-

mediately following this, another blood-bespattered man cut their throats. Then another with a huge knife ripped them open and eviscerated them. I noticed that everything was being utilized in some way in the preparation of food. I am certain few would relish meat if they had to prepare it from start to finish for the table. It does not appeal to the better nature.

J. C. ALLEN PHOTO

"And so the stuffed hen was given to our neighbor. This was the last time meat was served on our table."

Some time after giving up meat as an article of food, my wife was presented with a well-fed hen. We had no intention of eating it. It became the pet of our two little girls, and was shut up under a box turned upside down with slats placed at the side. It seemed quite contented here, and every other day laid a good-sized egg. The hen got out of her coop two or three times. This afforded an excuse to gratify the cannibal instinct within us, which we still possessed. One morning my wife said: "I don't think we had better be bothered with that hen any more. Let us have chicken for dinner."

To this I consented. Then the question arose who would do the killing. I said, "I don't believe I can."

She said, "Then I will."

She took the ax and was about to strike the fatal blow; but knowing how unskilled she was, I feared mutilation, so I said, "Hand me the ax!"

I laid the neck of the hen on a block and with one blow severed the head, but not completely. As she hopped about, however, she soon bled to death. Then the work began of undressing and eviscerating her. This fell chiefly to my wife. She did not at all enjoy any of the process. Neither did our two little girls, who were interested spectators.

The time came to eat that pet hen. My wife said to me as we sat around the table: "Do you want a wing or a leg?"

I replied, "I do not think I care for either."

Then she said to Eva, the elder of the girls, "Do you want some?"

With tears in her eyes, she said, "No, I cannot eat my pet."

My wife then said, "I do not think I care for any of it either."

And so the stuffed hen was given to our neighbor. This was the last time meat was served on our table.

Some time later, however, we had our crowning test. We had both been very fond of smoked halibut. My wife bought some with the expectation of feeding it to our cat—she said. Smoked halibut has a characteristic smell that is most appealing to a meat eater, and to have it actually in the house, was a little too much for us. We entered the pantry and ate some of it once or twice, and in the end poor puss got none. That was the last time meat was served in any way in our home.

Years later we were presented with a cat. We were attempting to make a vegetarian of it. It was not doing



well, and some one suggested that we get it some meat. I bought a little halibut for it. When I took it to the cat, she appeared to be sound asleep. I gently held the meat a few inches from her nostrils. Her eyes opened wide, and she jumped up as though struck by an electric current and made a dive for the meat. It reminded me, somewhat of the way I felt when years before I smelled that halibut in the pantry. I could in a way sympathize with that poor creature.

And, in fact, I can sympathize with others of my fellow men who have given up the use of meat. It was more difficult, I think, for me to give up meat than it was to give up tobacco and beer. For a long time the craving for it lingered with me, but I refused to gratify my appetite. Now, however, the thought of eating the flesh of a dead creature is repulsive to me. It no longer presents a temptation. It would, in fact, be a hardship for me to eat flesh.

I do not say that I would not under any circumstances eat meat again. In the absence of anything better I might even go fishing and eat fish to keep alive. But I feel certain that I could never take any enjoyment in fishing or in eating fish. It never again can be the food of my choice.

When I first discontinued the use of meat, some of my relatives pitied me and predicted I would die in a short time. I have happily disappointed them, for I am still very much alive at the age of over seventy-two years, after having lived on a meatless diet for about forty-eight years, while those who felt such concern about my health have been laid away.

Whether we possess a craving for meat or not depends entirely upon our early training. There are millions of human beings who have never eaten meat. To them the thought of eating a dead animal is repulsive. Nothing could persuade them to resort to its use. Then we have the other extreme in that there are those who not merely eat the flesh of animals, but who actually eat human flesh. There are those in civilized lands who would not stoop to eat human flesh, but who would think nothing of eating the flesh of a pig. It all depends on the early training and the cultivation of the palate.

The palate can be trained to relish the food which at first may appeal only to the mind as being the cleanest, best, and most suitable. Fix upon that course which is best, and custom will in time render it the most delightful.

We are admonished to eat "that which is good." We are not told, "Eat that which *tastes* good," but that which *is* good. There is a difference. Good food should taste good to an unperverted palate, but there are many today whose palates are so per-

verted that they would say of the *good food* that was provided for the children of Israel in the wilderness, just as did their fathers, "Our soul loatheth this light bread."

Why should we *slay* and eat, when better and cleaner foods—foods containing all the elements of nutrition—can be obtained direct from the source of all food supplies? Why, when better foods are obtainable, should we slay and eat?

Tunnel Experiences

by Edna F.

Patterson, M. D.

IT was aboard the Overland Limited, on the roof of the world in the Rockies of Colorado. The long train of coaches, like a graceful serpent, was winding its way in and out among God's skyscrapers. For hours we had watched the kaleidoscopic shift of the ever-changing panorama before our eyes. Above us we could see the gigantic, rugged peaks arising abruptly from the mountainside, pinnacled their majestic forms to dizzy heights of thousands of feet—now catching slender shafts of golden sunlight, now crowned with white billowy clouds which only add to their enchanting beauty. To the right of us was the canyon—a gaping chasm more than five thousand feet below. On its deepening sides were growing sturdy evergreens whose twisted, gnarled shapes spoke of the ravages of wind and storm. Spreading out in the distance was the peaceful valley, with its patchwork of fertile fields. The yellow ripening grain glistened in the sunlight, and we realized that it would soon yield its drooping heads in bountiful harvest to the reaper.

Winding in and out like a shimmering silver thread was the river. On its banks we could see cattle, grazing quietly and unafraid. Our eyes were drinking in the marvelous beauty of the scene, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, we were whisked into dungeon darkness. Instead of the restful vista, we saw only two dark walls which our blurred vision could scarcely detect—a tunnel!

For fifteen long minutes, which seemed almost like hours, we rumbled through this cavern, some six miles in length, at an elevation of 9,200 ft., with boulders and rocks another four thousand feet high piled over our heads. What had we done to merit

this dreadful darkness? Why should the beautiful scene we were enjoying have been taken from us, and in its place, substituted cold, stuffy blackness?

After we traveled for a few minutes in this strange darkness, our eyes began to adjust themselves, and we were able to recognize the until now obscure faces around us. We had just begun to take it for granted that this was to be our lot, when suddenly our train emerged from the tunnel, and, lo, before our eyes was spread again the peaceful valley, with its gleaming sunlight, more beautiful than ever because of the extreme contrast.

Only a tunnel? Yes—the Moffat Tunnel, which pierces the Continental Divide. It is a tunnel which means a shortening of the road over difficult mountain peaks by approximately two hundred miles, a lessening of travel time more than eight hours; a tunnel that brings closer together the fertile valleys of the West and the great industries of the East.

And so ever is life. Sometime and somewhere before we have traveled very far upon its highway, each one of us will pass through some "tunnel experience." Without invitation or warning, dark trials will come to us—surrounding us with almost crushing gloom, shutting out the faces of our dearest loved ones, and obscuring the presence of our heavenly Father. It may be the snuffing out by accident of a life precious to us; it may be the loss by fire of our most treasured earthly possessions; it may be the disappointment in the loyalty of our closest earthly friend. Whatever it be, sooner or later each of us must pass through this tunnel darkness. But blessed is he who can realize that it is *only a tunnel*, and that "the darkness hideth not from Thee," that when the faces of our closest earthly friends are hidden from us, we may still have the blessed assurance that we have the companionship of our Saviour, who passed through His Gethsemane alone.

So let us not resent these "tunnel experiences," realizing that sometimes it is necessary to shut out the world, that we may be shut in with Him—realizing also that these "tunnels" connect not two great sections of an earthly continent, but bridge the chasm between a sinful earth and a heavenly country—

A land where disappointment and death cannot enter,
There the pilgrims of earth shall be at rest.
There they shall enjoy the eternal summerland in
Everlasting joy in the presence of Him Who hath made all things beautiful.

"MANY a seeming defeat may force us to retreat to higher ground, where we may stand in stronger array, retrenched, re-inspired, to fight harder than ever."

SEA TO SIERRA

Photos by
Elwyn P. Smith



by Vivian
Nelson-Smith

IT was ants that aroused us Sabbath morning. Evidently we had pitched camp between the house and barn of the ant family. Most of them took the short cut under the bed-covers.

For Sabbath school we found a shady spot beside the river flowing swiftly past, and swirling at our left over a few projecting rocks. Above us the hillside towered, loosely covered with oaks and Digger pines. The superintendent, George Caviness, announced the first song:

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

Charles Anderson talked of the "Trinity Mountains of China," as he called the provinces of Szechwan, Kweichow, and Yunnan in South China, a mountainous district quite cut off from the more modern provinces. This district, like Trinity County, California, has no railways, and until recent years, some of the cities did not even have jinrikishas. Charles, who came to Pacific Union College from our academy in Shanghai, has an uncle who has traversed these provinces.

"We are glad for this firsthand story of this country," said the superintendent. "Well—er—for this first-rate secondhand description. We shall now have some special music."

Those who went walking after Sabbath school reported seeing a mule-tailed deer and bear tracks. But deer and tracks and what not were all left aside to do justice to rice fritters, tomato sauce, spinach, sauerkraut, and apple pie—homemade apple pie that was baked the day before in our campeteria portable gasoline oven.

That night our bus became alive again. For when we finally went to rest for a few hours' sleep, our equipment was packed and ready for our next jaunt, out of the Trinities, across the Sacramento Valley and on to Lassen, the youngest volcano in America.

After stopping at Redding in the Sacramento River Valley for a roadside breakfast, we began the steady, or more truly, the steady-by-jerks climb to the Lassen country. The roads were good, but the detours were terrible. All too often Norman Rogers would order, "Everybody out; first-class passengers [the girls] get out and walk, second-class passengers [the boys] get out and push." By the time we were within ten miles of the park, Professor Clark had persuaded the authorities to open the main road for our especial benefit.

So night again found us in a mountain region and back again with many of our former forest friends or their close relatives. The Manzanita Lake Camp has been built under the supervision of the government in a grove of Jeffrey pines, close relatives of the yellow pine, but bearing much larger cones. Of course there were Manzanita and Reflection Lakes, pure jems dropped down from a royal blue sky. Wherever the forest had burned away there were acres and acres of green manzanita. Crowning all, stood Lassen Peak, half clad in patches of snow.

We were so busy studying birds at Manzanita Lake and helping the photographer find nests to film that we did not mind the blustery weather. The sunshine warmed the protected trails along the lake. Here we met

many birds. A pileolated warbler eyed us calmly as we walked along the trail. She gave us ample time to admire her shiny black crest and her greenish-yel-

low body. Other students came along and found her nest just below. No wonder she kept her eye on us!

There was a flock of Brewer's blackbirds who lived a noisy life on the logs and reeds at the margin of the lake, and a number of fox sparrows who cheeped at us continually. A robin posed nervously on her nest for her picture, and a yellow warbler was very upset lest we discover her little home.

Over in the stone wall of a house still under construction, one of the park ranger-naturalists showed us a Townsend's solitaire and her nest. The solitaire, as its name indicates, prefers to live away from civilization and is seldom seen by man.

On Wednesday afternoon Professor Clark warned us that the clouds over the lake looked like thunderheads, and that we might expect any sort of weather before night. Early in the evening it began to rain and snow, interrupting Mrs. Clark's plans to serve us doughnuts for our supper. The dough was made and the grease was hot, but to say the least, it is inconvenient to fry doughnuts while raindrops and snowflakes take turns sputtering around in the kettle.

Most of the group slept under cover that night in the bus or the three tents, but those who slept as usual in their sleeping bags were lulled to sleep by the soft swish of the snowflakes coming to rest on the canvas flap just a few inches above their faces. The next morning, just as we had hoped, the mountain was beautifully white.

Several of our boys came upon a heap of little red ants swarming on the ground. Investigating, they found three baby golden mantle ground squirrels, not quite dead, underneath the ants. They picked them up, shook off the ants, and brought them into camp. They were such dear little helpless things they soon had a half dozen willing nursemaids who put them to bed in a warm little box under the campeteria stove. Safe from the murderous ants, the squirrels went to sleep. Feeding them was a harder problem. The nurse took a medicine dropper from her first-aid kit, and dropped warm milk into their mouths every few hours. At first they thought this was an insult, but by the third day they grasped the tube eagerly (*Turn to page 10*)



One of the orphaned golden mantle ground squirrels we found at Manzanita Lake Camp, Lassen Volcanic National Park.

EARNING a

A Symposium A



A FRIEND of mine "way down South in Dixie" tells the story of an old Negro mammy who had thirteen children and was as poor as the proverbial church mouse. But she was always cheerful and smiling, and when asked why she did not worry, answered: "Honey, ah jest neveh lets mahself git bogged down."

"But how do you and Mose manage, mammy, to get enough to feed all these children?"

"Lan' sake, chile, we just scratches—all ob us; eben the younguns."

"But what if they *won't* scratch?"

And in reply Mammy Chloe voiced a bit of truth which is one of the foundation facts of life. "Them as'll scratch," said she, "gits; but them as won't, don't!"

You, young man, young woman, long for a Christian education. You want to go to school, but you have no money, and no college or academy can accept you in this penniless state. Neither can the institution of your choice offer you work to defray your expenses. What are you going to do about it? Sit down and bemoan your lot and resignedly allow adverse circumstances to put a period to your school days? Or are you going to get up and—dust? and do the undoable, accomplish the unaccomplishable?

Other Seventh-day Adventist young people in exactly your financial state have faced the self-same Alps of difficulty and marched right over them into their heart's desire—somehow, somehow. It hasn't been easy, but the point is, they have "scratched" and arrived.

"How?" you ask. Several months ago I set out to gather information in answer to that question. The result of my research has been not only interesting, but amazing, and I am glad to pass it on to you in the symposium which follows. Some of the young people tell their own experiences. Some of the incidents are gleaned from letters sent in by teachers of long experience who know modern youth and never cease to marvel at their ingenuity in "getting there"! And some are gathered miscellaneous from here and there. But we assure you that every one is authentic, and where names are not used, they are withheld for some special reason.

Potatoes and Books

"I attended Southwestern Junior College from 1926 to 1931," writes Evelina Jensen. "Since 1925 was a year of drouth, I knew I must plan ahead. My folks promised me half of what was made on three fourths of an acre of sweet potatoes the next season. It did not seem like much to build hopes of going to college on, but I prayed earnestly for those potatoes. This particular acre was the finest in the neighborhood. My share of the profits was \$124.50, and since I found a place to work for my room and board near the school, I managed by rigid economy to make ends meet.

"The next year I planted more potatoes. Again God blessed them and they prospered. My sister went with me when I returned to school. We both worked for our room and board.

"During that school year the field missionary secretary visited us and urged me to enter the colporteur work. I was fearful that I could not make a success of it, but he encouraged me and the Lord so answered my tests and prayers for guidance that I was forced to try.

"The first year I delivered enough books to cover *two* scholarships. The next two summers I worked hard and did well, even though the depression had hit my territory hard. The last three years I was able to stay in the dormitory. It was necessary to economize, of course, but each year when school was out I had a credit of from fifty cents to seven dollars. Therefore I say to you from experience, *It can be done!*"

This and That

Ruth Lefflet bears this testimony: "I decide to see whether the old saying, 'Where there's a will there's a way,' is true. I knew there was no money in the family pocketbook to pay my expenses in school; so I cast about for opportunities to earn money. I had worked off and on in homes doing housework ever since I was fourteen, and I could and would do it again—nothing better was in sight.

"Then came a chance to help in a tent effort and since this kind of work just suited me, I have spent the last three summers thus. During the day I visit interested families; at night I play the piano. This type of work gives one a varied experience. I have learned how to put up and take down a tent, and how to care for a tent during storms, along with numerous other things.

"After the tent efforts are over, there is still some vacation time left, and this I have spent working out as a nursemaid. Whenever I am tempted to feel discouraged, I just tell myself that this part of my experience will not last forever; and that it is just another steppingstone toward my education."

Harvesting and Logging

"At the close of school it is the problem of many a student to know just how to earn and save enough money so that he can attend another year," observes Marshall Miller. "I left school one spring owing an account. Work was scarce. I tried the harvest fields of Oklahoma and Kansas, but found when September came that I had little more than enough money to pay off my old account.

"At that time my brother was running a small logging camp in the northern part of the State of Washington. I wrote to him and he gave me a job. The work was hard, but the wages were good, and I saved the greater part of what I earned. I worked there until the next August. Although I had missed a year's schooling, I have never felt that it was a year entirely lost, because I learned so much from God's great school—nature."

Fruit for Tuition

"Last summer I earned my tuition for college by working at home on my parents' fruit farm. When I came to school I brought with me about one hundred forty-five bushels of fruit from our ranch, including peaches, pears, grapes, and plums," says Gladys Pruett. And she adds, "I plan to return to college next fall on similar arrangements."

Colporteur

"I have spent six summer seasons in the colporteur work," is the testimony of Ingoval Johnson, "and my conclusion is that such work is not merely an education in itself, but also one of the surest means of getting back to school in the fall.

"Looking over the colporteur record one spring I found that Ransom County, North Dakota, had not been canvassed for ten years. Though it has its sand hills and a sparse population, I felt impressed to bring to the Scandinavian people living there our good book, 'Patriarchs and Prophets.' That was my best summer!

"With God's blessing upon my colporteur work this summer I'm returning to Union College in the fall."

Sandwiches and Ice Cream

"I fully intended to come back to college next fall," says Nellie Linscott. "At present I have conceived of only one way that can be possible. I intend to operate an ice cream station.

"I will make and sell candy and earn enough capital to buy a small quantity of ice cream with which to begin business. Later I want to

LEARNING

ged by the Editor

branch out, but I shall start with one flavor. I plan to give curb service, as that draws customers. I have located a good stand at reasonable rent, and can begin work immediately at the close of school.

"A friend has promised me the use of a stove, and this will enable me to have homemade bakery goods for sale. I have also arranged with my mother for garden produce and honey to sell."

Camp Roustabout

"I have spent the last several summers assisting in evangelistic efforts," Glen Fillman writes, "and find this to be very practical. It offers diversion from school routine, experience in living in a tent and cooking over a camp stove, and an opportunity to earn some cash. Also it gives good laboratory work in connection with my college course, and affords me the inspiration of actual soul-winning endeavor. I am spending this present summer in this same very satisfactory way."

Turkeys—Yes, Turkeys!

Elinor Staples has proved that "there are more ways than one to kill a cat," or to earn money for school. Listen:

"Of all unromantic ways of earning money for school, turkey raising probably takes the prize; but it's all in the way you look at it.

"In February of 1934 there was not the least prospect of my going to school in September. I live on a farm in eastern Colorado, and that country resembles the Sahara desert altogether too much to offer much in the way of wealth. There was, however, a possibility in raising turkeys; so through the spring days I made nests and tended sitting hens in the time I could spare from other things. Now chicken hens sitting on chicken eggs are one thing, and chicken hens on turkey eggs are something else. For the mother hens seem to resent that extra week they have to sit, and they often make trouble. They go unannounced on vacations, and you come back to the nests and find the hens 'A. W. O. L.' and the eggs cold, which state of affairs is bad for the eggs. But it's all part of the business.

"The fuzzy little poults have to be nursed like babies—kept dry and warm (even in the kitchen sometimes) during spring snow and rains, and fed egg yolks when the sun doesn't shine. Incidentally, rain and turkeys do not agree at all; so when a quick thunderstorm comes up, the turkey raiser must scurry out and gather in the flock.

"Adjoining our farm is a large open range with several tree-filled gullies running through it—a perfect hiding place for coyotes. Therefore, one of my duties as turkey tender was to get up at daybreak and go shouting about the place to scare away the varmints. Then several times during the day, especially in cool weather, I would hunt up my flock and drive them back home, keeping a constant watch for coyotes. Even with all my care I often found a scattered pile of bronze feathers and a bone or two in some secluded spot—clear evidence that some coyote had feasted on one of my precious birds.

"One of my broods of turkeys, as they grew older, insisted on roosting on the cellar door in the immediate vicinity of the back porch. Every evening I gathered them up and carried them by the legs across the yard to the turkey house. Any one who has never carried two handfuls of inert, flapping, squawking turkeys for several rocks has missed a real experience.

"I missed part of the fun, as I came to school before marketing time. But since I have assisted several times in the process of preparing turkeys for sale, I at least know what a great favor my family did me by taking over the marketing of my flock. We hatched about one hundred birds and sold something over sixty. They ate an astonish-

ing amount of grain, but I always argued that they ate grasshoppers too! Prices were not so good, as prices have a habit of being. But I came to school with the money from those turkeys."

A Dozen Suggestions

President H. K. Martin, of Canadian Junior College, gives these reminiscences of young people with whom his long school experience has brought him into touch:

"I remember one young man, a student at Emmanuel Missionary College, who helped himself through school by carrying on a cleaning and pressing business. He had worked some for dry cleaners, and was so efficient that most of the boys in the dormitory had their clothes cleaned and pressed by him.

"While I was in Australia, connected with our school at Avondale, two of our students got sufficient funds for their education from the sale of the fruit of certain trees in the citrus orchards of their parents, which were given them for this purpose. One girl testified how carefully she watched her trees and cared for them, so that the yield might be heavy.

"It is not uncommon for some of our South Sea Island students to go out diving for pearl shells in order to get sufficient funds to pay their way to school. These pearl shells sell to advantage, and are used in the manufacture of buttons.

"One young man of my acquaintance helped himself considerably by doing barbering for the boys in the dormitory. And I remember still another who was a good plumber and succeeded in getting enough business in his line to pay his way through school.

"Here at Canadian Junior College we have a number of young people who are devising ways and means of getting an education. One student is putting himself through with income derived from a flock of chickens, supplemented by cash earned in the town of Lacombe, by cleaning chimneys and windows. Another settled his account by cutting mine posts and selling them to coal mines. The mines in turn paid the college in coal. A young woman picked a large amount of wild berries, which we bought and canned. Just recently I planned with two young people to sell the school three-months-old pullets on account. Two students were here last year as a result of selling some cows that their parents had given them when the animals were born."

Furs and Cameras

"A most interesting experience, showing youthful initiative and enterprise, came under my observation a number of years ago while I was connected with one of our Canadian schools," writes President H. J. Klooster, of Southern Junior College. "The institution is located in a rural section where there is very limited opportunity for employment outside the school. However, two of our young men came to me one day with the request that I sign trapping permits for them, to be used on the college premises. We had never regarded the fur-producing possibilities of our farm as of any particular consequence, and I wondered just what they expected to accomplish. Through the long winter months I watched them visit their trap lines and gather pelts of muskrats and other fur-bearing animals. Imagine my surprise, when spring came and they had marketed their furs, to have these young men come to my office and present checks for a year's tuition.

"Another instance that has come under my notice is that of a young man who had ability as a photographer, and succeeded in meeting all of his expenses through three consecutive school years by the sale of his photographs to students and others in the school community; and by developing films and making prints for other students."



Rochelle Philmon Kilgore, well known in student circles in the South and East and Middle West, tells of a young woman who, by improving her talent as a caterer, paid all her school bills. First she served only a small circle of ladies in the vicinity of the college, but as her reputation grew, in direct proportion grew her opportunities and her income.

"Another girl," says Mrs. Kilgore, "started a sort of general repair shop in her room, where she altered dresses, did darning, mending, etc. Others helped themselves by caring for children, particularly in the evening when parents wished to be away for a few hours, and one or two found employment as part-time governesses. One young man fired a furnace, then fired two furnaces in the same block, then three, later half a dozen, and his alertness soon provided so many furnaces to be fired that he employed first one fellow student and then two to assist him. They made their rounds from four o'clock in the morning until schooltime, and again in the evening."

Oh, Yes, There Are Ways!

"During my years of experience as a college business manager I have known scores of young men and women who have earned scholarships in the colporteur work. This I consider the surest way and the best way to earn a year's schooling," says Fred L. Green, treasurer of Washington Missionary College. "But many to whom this work does not appeal have gained the same end by following the different trades, such as carpentry, painting, landscaping, as well as the professional vocations of nursing, stenography, teaching, etc."

"One young man bought and sold produce, vegetables, particularly melons. Another bought and sold chickens and eggs on commission. Many students sell merchandise of different varieties. The growing of flowers has in some cases proved very profitable. Boys on farms have raised calves, bought and fed beef cattle, bought and sold horses. Other younger boys have acted as caddies on the golf links and thus earned enough to go to school the following year."

"Another young man of my acquaintance operated a laundry agency to his financial and educational benefit. Working in dairies or driving milk-route wagons has proved remunerative to some. Waiting table in lunchrooms, restaurants, or hotels has helped many a youth through school, and others have found it profitable to operate lunch counters in the vicinity of the institution they attend, or deal in other student necessities. One young woman raised enough potatoes to assist her materially, and another conducted a riding academy. Not infrequently young men operate taxies in afternoons and evenings to defray school expenses; garage work is profitable to those mechanically inclined; and one of our leading denominational workers today shined shoes to earn a bit of cash while in college."

Get Busy!

Now, you who are anxious to go to school and haven't any money, hasn't all this given you an idea of your own? The particular thing you can do to earn your education may not have been mentioned here, but be assured there is *some* way out of this financial end-of-the-road and into school *just for you*. Why, I know a young man who *baked* his way through college—and now he is an academy principal! And I know another who paid all of his expenses by buying and selling stampos!

But don't expect to have an *easy* time earning and learning. Remember

Mammy Chloe and the truth she voiced, which is one of the foundation facts of life—"Them as'll scratch, gits; but them as won't, don't!"

Sea to Sierra

(Continued from page 7)

and sucked away with great satisfaction. They gained strength rapidly. Soon we had to watch them closely lest they escape their box.

The cold weather was nearly over when it was time to leave Manzanita Lake and move to King's Creek Meadows. The rangers warned us not to move. The weather was still changeable and the snow had been off the meadows for only a few weeks. If we had been cold at Manzanita Lake we would freeze at the Meadows, they said. We moved anyway in order to be nearer the foot of the trail to the peak. We chose for a camp site a sunny place at the edge of one of the meadows where the lodgepole pines and the graceful hemlocks would shield us from the wind. But now the sun came out in all its glory and nearly stifled us in the daytime.

Nevertheless the nights were still nippy. This brought on the second tragedy of the ground squirrels. They had to be taken to bed with some of us adopted parents every night to keep them from freezing. We wrapped them in cotton and then in a small pillowcase so they could not wriggle free. One morning one camper came over early to chat by the bedside of another, and casually inquired, "How are the squirrels?"

"They're just fine," said their adopted mother. "They're right here. No, where are they!" Jumping up, she discovered she had been sitting on them. Quaking all over, she unwrapped them and found a sorry sight. Three out of four revived when artificial respiration was applied. In a few minutes after their brother's funeral they were as active as ever.

(To be concluded)

From Dungeon to Throne

(Continued from page 1)

Dothan's pit to Egypt's palace. A very sharp one soon pierced Joseph's experience in the form of a false accusation by his master's wife, which resulted in his being thrust into the king's dungeon. But locked prison doors, although they could shut Joseph in and shut out the light of day, could not separate this loyal prisoner from his father's God. The keeper of the prison soon recognized that there was an excellent spirit in the heart of his new charge, and so he committed into Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were under his direction.

It was while acting in the capacity of underwarden in the king's dungeon that Joseph, through an act which amply demonstrated the genuine kindness of his nature, paved the way for his exalted future. It so happened that the king's butler and baker had incurred the displeasure of their lord, and were both thrown into the prison, bound, and given into Joseph's charge. After a season in ward, they each dreamed a dream in one night. But because they could not interpret their dreams, and because they sensed that the unraveling of their meaning held the key to their future, they sat brooding and sad.

While they were in this state of mind Joseph, as was his custom, came into their presence in the morning, and seeing their sadness, began to inquire the reason for it. They gladly confided in him, and told him their dreams, which as a result

of God-given wisdom, he at once explained. The baker, he declared, would be hanged within three days, while the butler would, within the same time, be restored to his former position as king's cupbearer. Time proved both predictions true. And it was through the restored, though carelessly forgetful butler, that Joseph's prophetic ability was, in a time of impending crisis, announced to Egypt's monarch.

It seems that Joseph's reactions to temptations and to unjust accusations and imprisonment should indeed be an example to those of us who have been called to endure persecution because of our integrity to truth. It was this very period of dungeon suffering that unlocked a door of opportunity which he was not slow to enter. By opening his heart to those more unfortunate than himself, and by giving service for which he could expect no reward, he exemplified the nature and teachings of the Son of man, and brought upon himself heaven's richest blessings. Joseph created light out of darkness, because he did not permit the darkness of his surroundings to steal into his soul.

When God's furnace of affliction had proved Joseph's character to be pure gold, and when God had directed the affairs of Egypt's government to fit His divine purpose, the hour struck, and this lowly Hebrew slave stepped from the dungeon into the royal robes of ruler of all Egypt.

Joseph's sudden honor was the fruit of slow growth. As the winds which beat upon a lone tree cause that tree to grow strong and symmetrical, so does the tribulation which God permits to blow upon the soul of the human being, cause the one who rightly reacts to it, to approach unto the symmetrical likeness and strength of the Creator.

Are You Guilty?

(Continued from page 4)

trained, and from his schoolmates by accepting credit for work he has not done.

A premedical student, having neglected the grind of study, found himself with only two avenues open before him. He must either suffer defeat like a man or lower himself to cheating. He took the latter course, and finished the year with good grades—apparently. Such a practice, however, can never take him through the medical course. Eventually cheating will end in disgrace as well as failure.

Time is money. If you waste your own time, you cheat yourself. If you waste the time of others, you cheat them. The other day a friend said to me, "George came in last night, and we wasted all study period, and today I failed in my chemistry examination." George may not know it, but he stole valuable time from his friend and indirectly his grade in chemistry.

Not long ago a friend dropped into my room. He was just a bit friendlier than usual, and finally asked me to lend him five dollars until the next Friday, when he was to receive a large amount of money from some "deal." Since he was a good friend, and fairly trustworthy, I gave him the money. Friday came, but—no friend, no money. Sabbath evening I made it a point to see him. I talked the matter over with him frankly and gave him two hours to get the money. In two hours only part of it came. And strange to say, he felt insulted that I should even expect to get it back!

It is experiences such as these that make one doubt the honesty and integrity of others. If a man is not willing to back up his word with his tangible property, his word is not worth much, and he admits it by (Turn to page 12)



JUNIORS

A Cake and a Conscience

by
Elsie Myles

I FOUND myself sitting up in bed, blinking at the hot sun streaming in through the open window. The blind was flapping crazily; the curtains were dancing merrily; and loose pieces of paper were pursuing each other with gay, fluttering steps across the floor of my room.

"Oh, what a wind!" I exclaimed. Then as I hurriedly fastened the window, I caught sight of the clock patiently ticking away the minutes. "Eight o'clock already! I'd better hurry, or I'll be late for Sabbath school." Then I glanced out of the window again and saw my plump, four-year-old sister, May, in the yard with her kitten. At sight of her, I involuntarily gasped as I remembered that this was May's birthday! I had promised to bake her a cake, and had completely forgotten the promise!

Only last Wednesday—and my mind flew with rapidity to the scene which had taken place between us—her wide, blue eyes were eager, her soft, golden curls tumbled about her flushed face, and sweet rosebud lips were saying, "Yuss! Wot I'd like bestest of all, is a *gweat big cake*, six whole layers, one pink, 'n yellow, 'n bwown, 'n all pitty on top—'n, oh, jest so many candles—" So I'd laughingly taken upon myself the granting of her wish, and had accordingly told my plans to mother. Then I'd forgotten!

A vivid picture of little May's disappointment flashed before me. I couldn't endure that. Something *must* be done! "Oh, *why* am I always putting things off!" I asked myself in desperation.

At that moment I heard mother coming up the stairs. Quick as a flash I jumped into bed, and moaned a little.

All ready for church, she stood in the doorway. "Jean!—Why, what's the matter?"

"Oo-oh, I have a headache," I mumbled.

Mother, always sympathetic, told me to stay in bed till I felt better, and then hurried off to church.

With a sigh of relief, but feeling a little guilty, I ran to the window and made sure she was gone. A little voice inside of me whispered, "Jean, that's lie number one." But with a shrug of defiance, I donned a house dress, raced down to the pantry, and reached into the cupboard. Bang! Down fell mother's new recipe scrapbook, and all the contents, not yet pasted in, fluttered lazily to the floor. With an impatient exclamation at the delay, I gathered them up and feverishly thumbed the cookbook. "Ah! Three-layer cake. Hmm. I'll double this, and that'll do." My hands trembled as I looked at the clock. Only three hours to mix, bake, and ice the cake, clean up the muss, and bounce back to bed before mother came home from church.

The batter certainly did look good in its chosen colors. But, as I proudly surveyed my handiwork, an old Bible story sprang up in my mind—the one about the man who had gathered fagots

on the Sabbath. And again I remembered how some of the Israelites had sought for manna on the Sabbath and had failed to find even one grain. With a shrug, I put the cake in the oven, exclaiming, "Well, maybe it is wrong to bake today. Of course I *know* it is, but May must have her cake!"

The phone rang. "Hello. Why, hello, Mrs. Irwin." I groaned inwardly. Of all people! She'd talk—indefinitely, without stopping. "Yes, an awful wind. Oh, a headache. Yes. Why, no—is that right?" Fifteen minutes slipped away.

Suddenly I sniffed. Without thinking what I was doing, I slammed the receiver on the hook and rushed to the kitchen. My heart sank as I realized what had happened. I had made the batter too thin, and put too much in each pan. Half the contents of the six pans was burning away in the bottom of the oven.

What a mess! What a smell! I started to hum, as I usually do in an emergency. Still hoping that the cake might turn out all right, I left the pans in the oven, while I busied myself with broom and dustpan. Mother would be home in less than an hour. I took another look, and saw that my cake was doomed. So I shut off the gas, and scraped the sticky mess into a handy paper bag.

I looked outside. The wind was still blowing fiercely. Running to the basement, I found a shovel, and with my



bundle, set out to "bury the evidence." In my hurry, I didn't dig a very deep hole and only scattered the dirt loosely on top. Then, with a sigh of relief, I sped back into the house.

Just as I was figuring out what to do with the dishcloth, the usual snowy folds of which had been marred by emer-

gency use on the floor, in walked mother. "Oh, hello," I stammered weakly.

"Feeling better, dear? We had a very nice— But, Jean," said mother, spying the dirty dishcloth I was trying to conceal behind my back, "whatever happened?"

"Ohh, I—er—wiped my shoes—with it," I lied miserably, wincing a little as my conscience gave me a vicious prick. "But by the way," I said, anxious to change the subject, for mother was eyeing me curiously, "I forgot to bake a birthday cake for May."

Mother sighed, and removing her hat and gloves, said, "Well, after thirteen years I know my little daughter well enough to have expected that, so—" and leading me into the dining room—"I baked her a cake myself."

And there, hidden away in the cabinet, was a beautiful layer cake. Words failed me, for a big lump had risen in my throat. I gave mother a hug.

"But, Jean, let this be a lesson to you, because one of your greatest faults is to put off things."

Thus it happened that May had her cake after all, and no thanks to me!

That evening shortly after sunset, I was sitting in the living room, when I heard mother call. "Jean, do you know where the shovel is? I put it right here in the cellar, and now it's gone."

"What do you want it for?" I parried. "I'm getting some new earth for this fern."

"Oh, do let me get it," I offered eagerly. But mother said she would attend to the fern; so I told her to look in the garden for the shovel.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she came back into the house. The first thing she did was to look in the oven; then she looked at my red, swollen fingers; and then at me.

I met her eyes as bravely as I could, until she said, "O, Jeanie, you foolish little girl," in such a heartbroken tone that I turned and ran to my room.

As I lay on the bed, I lived over the events of that terrible morning. I had hurt mother, myself, and most of all I'd hurt Jesus by lying and breaking His holy Sabbath. When I could stand it no longer, I slipped out of bed and knelt sobbing on the floor. Hearing a quiet step, I looked up, and found that mother had stolen into the room. She knelt beside me, and softly asked, "Has my little daughter something to tell mother?"

So I sobbed out my miserable confession and she readily forgave me; then we prayed together, and I asked Jesus' forgiveness too. It was a long time before I went to sleep. As I gazed at the starry heavens, and watched the silvery moon softly shedding her rays of light, a determined resolve deepened in my heart. I *would* overcome my "putting-off" habit; I *would* keep the Sabbath more carefully; I *would* always tell the truth.

At last I drifted off to sleep, but I have never forgotten the lesson I learned that windy autumn day.

Patricia's Ride

The Story of a Pioneer Girl

by
Virginia Moffett

SLOWLY the big clock struck the hour—one, two, three. Then once more the room became silent, the quietness broken only by the crackle of the blazing fire. Patricia sighed tremulously as she folded her knitting and placed it on the shelf. "Everything seems lonely with mother dead and father so ill," she murmured, "but I should not complain. Just think—twenty people died at the settlement last week!"

It had been a long hard winter for the pioneers in that part of the country, and many of their number had succumbed to the dreaded fever, a disease causing great disaster at that time.

Patricia Anthony alone in her family remained in good health. Mother, brother, and sister were already buried, and she feared her father's death at any moment. Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by the sound of horse's hoofs on the hard-packed snow. "Who can it be?" she thought as she opened the door.

Around a bend of the road came a panting horse and on his back an excited man. "To the fort, to the fort!" he shouted. "The Indians are coming!" Then he rushed on out of sight, too frightened to stop.

Patricia's face was pale but determined as she closed the door. "I shall stay with father—even, even if they kill me," she decided. For nearly an hour she waited by the window, watching intently for her enemies to appear, until at last the sun sank behind the dark pines, casting a golden radiance across the sky, and leaving its reflection on the white world beneath it.

"It is growing late," sighed Patricia, "I must see how father is." Turning from the window, she crossed the room to his bedside. Softly she called his name, there was no answer—no sound in the room but the steady ticking of the clock.

Gently she touched his forehead—it was cold. "He is dead," she whispered. "I am alone." Tenderly she drew the covers over him, then in a reverent, hushed voice she prayed, "Father in heaven, keep my life in Thy care, that I may live to be noble and true like my earthly father."

Patricia shed no vain tears, neither did she waste valuable time; instead she hurriedly drew a heavy, dark cloak over her shoulders and wrapped a long white sheet about her, then slipped cautiously from the cabin. On the step she stopped and whistled softly. Almost immediately a white horse came in answer to her call.

Patricia smoothed the graceful head and murmured, "Fleetfoot, I knew you'd come!" Lightly she mounted her pet, and in a moment they were cantering swiftly down the path in the direction of the fort.

It was an intensely cold night and the forests were dark and forbidding, but the girl was not afraid. She knew that angels were watching her, and that they would keep her from all harm. The trees grew more dense and the road more narrow, until at last the branches were brushing the horse's sides. It was then that Patricia heard a slight rustle in the bushes ahead of her. "Hurry, Fleetfoot; the Indians are near," she whispered.

Fleetfoot, too, scented the danger and quickened his pace until he seemed

barely to touch the ground, so swiftly did he run. Now they were passing through the place of danger. Patricia urged the horse on, hardly daring to turn her head. Suddenly from the forest on her right came the sound of a weird voice calling in frightened tones, "Manitou—Manitou." Then the word was echoed on all sides, and from their hiding places among the trees, Patricia saw the shadows of many figures gliding away into the darkness.

"The Indians thought I was a spirit," thought the brave girl. "God has answered my prayer and has protected me." Patricia soon passed out of the forest into the open plain surrounding the fort. The moon had risen, and it shone majestically upon the glassy surface of the frozen river, which wound its way between the banks of glistening snow.

Far up in the deep blue heavens merrily twinkled the stars, glimmering like a countless number of diamonds and trying to beautify the picture of which they formed a part.

"It is a wonderful scene," murmured Patricia, as she stopped her horse on the river's brink, "but just now the sight of the strong fort seems more wonderful to me. To God do I owe the privilege of looking at these things again." Then after bowing her head in a silent prayer of thanks, she rode on into the fort, and to safety.

Are You Guilty?

(Continued from page 10)

not being willing to do so. Avoid borrowing as you would the plague.

Another form of stealing is taking credit for other men's ideas. In a factory one of the workers on a machine thought of an improvement which would save time and money for the factory. He told the boss about it, thinking he would get an advancement and a raise in wages. The boss took the idea, went to the superintendent of the factory, and passed it on as his own. Thereby he secured the advancement and raise, instead of the worker from whom he had stolen the idea.

Such violations of the eighth commandment are bad enough, but there is one which is even worse. "Will a man rob God?" asks the prophet Malachi. And indeed many of them do. Ananias and Sapphira voluntarily promised to give their property to His work, but when they received the money, they failed to fulfill the obligation. Their terrible punishment is a warning we should not forget.

God claims a certain part of the means entrusted to man, the tithe—a tenth of all his increase. But only a very small percentage of the people in the world recognize this obligation. Withholding the tithe is nothing less than plain stealing—stealing from God.

The Sabbath, made holy by the Creator as His day of rest, is to be used in His worship. If we use it for our own pleasure, do we not rob God?

Not only is God robbed by our withholding our gifts and offerings from Him and by disregard of His holy Sabbath, but when we withhold ourselves from Him, we are also taking that which does not belong to us. We should remember that we "were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." Therefore in no sense do we belong to ourselves, for we "are bought with a price." Therefore, if we would be perfectly honest we must glorify God in body and in spirit, "which are God's."

Fifty Years Ago

(Continued from page 3)

gathers in it from Sabbath to Sabbath. A few of the children and grandchildren of the charter members are still there.

Fifty years have slipped by since that tent meeting was held. What are the present-day results from it? Nearly all the charter members have been laid to rest, but the first elder, J. A. Armstrong, is still active, though ninety-two years of age. Many of the children and grandchildren have gone into different kinds of Christian service—some are ministers, some doctors, some teachers, and some nurses. Some have gone to the dark places of the earth to proclaim this precious truth of the third angel's message. Saddest of all, a few have grown weary of the long delay of the Master's coming and have given up; and some have gone into bypaths and lost their interest in the real message. Without doubt, a goodly number of this company will arise from their dusty beds to meet their Lord at His coming, while those still living will be caught up in the clouds to meet Him in the air. This long-looked-for event cannot be far off. Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly.



A Column in the Interests of Philately

Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

Bilingual South Africa

THE word "bilingual" applied to a country means that two languages are spoken there. In the case of South Africa the two languages are official. If you will go back in history, you will find that the country which is now called the Union of South Africa was settled by both the Dutch and the English. There grew up in time two independent states of Dutch origin, and several English colonies, which were all united under British rule after the Boer War in 1899-1902. In 1910 these self-governing colonies were formed into a Dominion of the British Empire, with English and Afrikaans (a language developed from Holland Dutch) as official languages.

What has all this to do with stamp collecting? you ask. Just this: The inscriptions on the stamps of South Africa are in two languages, and in very interesting combination. The first full set, of the new Dominion, issued in 1913, had around the curved frame of the central picture of the king on one side, "Union of South Africa" and "Postage;" on the other side, "Unie van Zuid Afrika" and "Postzegel."

Then in 1926, when the present pictorial set was brought out, a new method of keeping the balance between the two languages was used. Alternate individual stamps on the sheet were inscribed one in Afrikaans, another in English. Thus it would be impossible to secure a pair of these South African stamps alike, unless, of course, a mistake was made. As you can see, this variation lends itself to quite a variety of arrangement on the part of the collector. In order to have a good representation of the stamps of the Dominion, one should have each denomination in both languages, with pairs of alternate positions, that is, with English on the right and Afrikaans on the left, and reverse. And to go a little further, one could have blocks in two positions. These would all be proper varieties, and legitimate for the collector.

When we come to the Silver Jubilee stamps, we have the same possibilities for variation. This issue has the two languages on the same stamp, but with the positions reversed on alternate stamps. The stamps contain the following inscriptions: "South Africa"—"Suid-Afrika," alternating positions at the top and bottom; "Silver Jubilee"—"Silwer Jubileum," alternating positions at the right and left of the central picture of the king; "Postage," "Revenue"—"Posseel," "Inkomste" above and below the denomination value, alternating positions right and left (with this exception, that the 3p and 6p have only "Postage," "Posseel").

The most interesting variations, however, are in the relation of these various bilingual elements to each other. On the ½p the top inscription—South Africa (English)—goes with the right side—Silver Jubilee (English)—but with the left side "Postage" and "Revenue" (English). The same relationship exists, of course, in the ½p stamp with Afrikaans at the top. On the 1p the top goes with both the other elements on the left side. The 3p is like the ½p, and the 6p is the same as the 1p.

This may sound very complicated, but as soon as you see some of the stamps, it will be perfectly clear.

We wish you much pleasure in collecting South African stamps. They have been in existence only since 1910, when the union was formed. Therefore they are not so old or so numerous as some, but with two languages to study and collect, the philatelist will not find them at all dull or uninteresting.

News Notes

LAST-DAY sales of the special issue stamps totaled more than \$75,000.

THE new Philadelphia post office has a landing place for autogyros on the roof. It is planned to use such machines to carry air mail between the regular mail airport and the city office.

THE 50c "Graf Zeppelin" air-mail stamp has been removed from the sales list of the Philatelic Agency. Because of its limited use, canceled copies are quite rare, and are bringing 45 cents each on the stamp market.

FROM all the news comment that is going the rounds, it looks as though we would soon be having transpacific air-mail service. This would call for large denomination air-mail stamps, and, of course, some first-flight covers.

CONCERNING this perpetual argument that the National Parks are or are not commemoratives, one writer settles the question for himself by saying that the Department of the Interior declared 1934 National Parks Year; and since an event can be commemorative, the status of the stamps is settled.

YOUR MY PAGE

Greetings From the West Nordic Union

SKODSBORG SANITARIUM is always a scene of activity. Both night and day, week in and week out, some of the two hundred fifty workers—mostly young people—are always on duty serving the two hundred to four hundred guests who frequent the place. However, this week end in March [1935] is especially alive with advent youth from all corners of the East Danish Conference, who are assembled for a few days with the young people of the sanitarium in a Missionary Volunteer rally.

The chapel, which seats nearly three hundred, is far too small to accommodate the crowd; therefore the adjoining gymnasium is put to good use. I wish you could hear that audience sing! At every service the local choir sat up in front on one side, and a visiting choir and string band sat on the other side. It would have done your soul good to see a hundred or more hands go up from those who wished to enroll in the Bible Year. The question hour proved very helpful. Real, practical questions were handed in, indicating that the young people were doing some thinking, and were desirous of walking straight. We have a thousand young people in Denmark, and they are as fine a lot as you can find anywhere in this world.

Eastertide stirred the hearts of South Norway's young people. Kristiansand, on the south coast, had just built a new church, and the conference had arranged to dedicate it on the Sabbath when the young people's conference was held.

You must realize that winter had not yet let go in the mountains of Norway, and that roads are not modern or straight, which makes motor traffic difficult. Few of the cities of that section of the coast have a railway connecting them with the outside world. Ocean traffic is the only regular accommodation. But advent youth were made to overcome obstacles. Therefore use your imagination if you can, and see a truckload of twenty students, from the academy three hundred miles away, spend a whole night climbing mountains and going through various experiences to be present on time. I shall not tell you of the midnight lunch, driving wrong, and so forth, but say only that they appeared smiling and full of anticipation at the first meeting. Three loads came from Stavanger, a distance of two hundred miles, and many others arrived by boat, on cycle, and on foot.

Long shall be remembered the eagerness with which those two hundred fifty young people drank in the truths presented. The response was wonderful, the instruction helpful, and all enjoyed a refreshing. How willingly our young people respond to loving leadership! May God bless them. They need your prayers.

The young people of the West Nordic Union (which includes Denmark and Norway) greet heartily the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

CLARENCE V. ANDERSON,
M. V. Secretary, Northern
European Division.

The Training Ground

No youth's movement in a conference or in a church can be stronger than its organization, for the Missionary Volunteer Society is like the bone and sinew of this mighty youth's movement of Adventist young people. In a world as highly organized as is ours today, work, no matter how enthusiastically done, can have but little influence and little permanency unless it is anchored with an organization. On the other hand, we see small minority groups which wield a power out of all proportion to their size, because they are thoroughly organized and throw the full weight of their influence at the point where they wish to accomplish their aims.

The Missionary Volunteer Society is more important today as a rallying ground and as an organization to give direction and effectiveness to work than ever before. God, looking forward to our time, when everything about us would be so thoroughly organized, and seeing how futile sporadic and uncoordinated effort would be, gave the following counsel for the youth of today:

"Let young men, and women, and children go to work in the name of Jesus. Let them unite together upon some plan and order of action. Cannot you form a band of workers, and have set times to pray together and ask the Lord to give you His grace, and put forth united action?"—"Messages to Young People," p. 197.

"Let them [the youth] organize into bands for Christian service, and the cooperation will prove an assistance and an encouragement."—"Education," p. 269.

In the olden time "men of war, that could keep rank, came with a perfect heart," and God blessed them. Today He will pour out His Spirit in power upon the youth who join themselves together to do His service. And out

of this experience of working together to save perishing souls will come young men and women who will be efficient, dynamic, and capable of leading in the thrilling days ahead.

A well-organized Missionary Volunteer Society is not only a vital thing in the church to accomplish missionary work, but it is a training ground to develop sturdy, robust Christian workers. May the Missionary Volunteer Society in your church measure to its opportunities.

ALFRED W. PETERSON.

A Shanghai M. V. Society

How would you like to belong to an active Missionary Volunteer Society in which there are members from the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippine Islands, the Malay States, Australia, America, Japan, Korea, Burma, Russia, and different parts of China?

That is the kind of Missionary Volunteer Society that we have here at the Shanghai Sanitarium. Last September, Progressive Class work was first presented here, and all were anxious to do what they could. The society was divided into bands of ten members each. The bands met on different evenings to repeat the memory work and to tie knots. Two sets of English Reading Course books were used by those who could not read Chinese. From time to time programs were presented explaining the requirements, which helped a great deal to keep up the interest.

Because of the fact that some of the nurses must be on duty, we had to have our Investiture program on two Sabbaths. On the two days there were more than 100 invested in the Friend Class. Six are working for Comrade insignia, 113 are already Friends (many of whom are working to become Companions), and 23 more expect to become Friends at our next Investiture service.

Since the Progressive work has been started, there is greater interest among members of our Missionary Volunteer Society in pursuing the Reading Courses and the Bible Year.

MRS. IVA HAMEL HARTWELL,
Leader of M. V. Society,
Shanghai Sanitarium, China.

With the Naturalists

Casting Animal Tracks.—In the woods or even in the city one has a chance to make permanent records of the tracks of our four-footed friends and of some of the birds. All that is needed is some plaster of Paris or casting plaster (the latter is the more economical and satisfactory, and can be obtained from any lumberyard for about \$1 per hundred pounds), a pan in which to mix it, and water. A strip of tin an inch or so wide and a foot long will enable you to make your cast any desired shape.

When a satisfactory track is located, bend the tin into a circle, a square, or any desired shape and press it into the earth surrounding the track. Leave sufficient space around the edge of the track so that the finished cast will not look too crowded.

Mix the casting plaster to the consistency of cream, being careful not to add water too rapidly, and pour over the track on the ground inside the tin strip. In about one-half hour the cast may be picked up and a perfect cast of the foot will result if the work has been carefully done and a good track was selected.

The cast may be washed, if desired, after it has hardened, but a better way is to brush the dirt from it with a stiff brush such as a whisk broom. This lightens the high spots and leaves the depressions dark with the soil. If the cast is washed, this effect may be obtained by coloring.

If a loop of string or wire is inserted before the plaster hardens, you will be able to hang the specimen up after the cast is finished.

If salt is added to the plaster it will hasten the setting of the cast. Glue added will cause it to set more slowly and make it much harder. *Never try to dilute the plaster after it has begun to set.* To do so will weaken it and may even prevent it from setting at all. Better discard it and mix a new quantity if it becomes too thick to use.

UNCLE JOE.

Counsel Corner

I am required to take an examination in music in order to get my certificate. The examiners have absolutely refused to give me my examination on a day other than that scheduled, the Sabbath. Now, would it be wrong for me to sit for that examination on the Sabbath, provided I use this musical education unselfishly in God's work and to His glory and honor?

You are not the only one of our young people who finds himself in such a predicament. Truly, it is disheartening to come up to the time of recognition and find an examination on the Sabbath the only thing standing in the way. Such experiences cause us to sense more fully the importance of our young people attending our own schools.

But shall we assume that under the circumstances in which you find yourself the Lord will overlook obedience in Sabbath observance, provided you unselfishly devote your music talent to His glory and honor? If in music, why not then in any other educational achievement, such as obtaining a teacher's certificate, a State medical certificate, etc.?

Daniel and his three companions in Babylon's land met a similar test on the question of obedience to God's requirements. They were loyal; and the final outcome? They made known the God of heaven throughout the realm, and they themselves came out stronger in faith.

Is not Cain's experience applicable here also? The Lord required an offering of the firstlings of the flock. To the contrary, "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." Notice, it was "an offering unto the Lord," but the wrong offering.

The Lord said to Saul, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

D. A. OCHS.

I should like to know if there are any positions in our denomination for young men trained in journalism. If so, do our denominational colleges teach such a course?

Our colleges give courses in journalism, especially stressing the preparation of matter for newspaper publicity. We need editorial and other writers in connection with our periodicals. Young people trained in practical journalism should be able to find a place in our work. Of course, the demand for this type of work in our publishing houses will not be large, but there is an almost unlimited field for promoting the message through the public press.

C. A. RUSSELL.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

V—Sending Out the Twelve

(August 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 10:1-23; Mark 6:7-13; Luke 9:1-6.

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 10:8.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 349-355.

Questions

1. When Jesus called together the twelve disciples, what power did He give them? Matt. 10:1.
2. Name the twelve disciples. Verses 2-4. Note 1.
3. On their first missionary journey, what directions were they to follow? Verses 5, 6.
4. What commission did Jesus give the disciples? Verse 7.
5. What miracles would accompany the preaching of the gospel? What rule were the disciples to follow? Verse 8. Note 2.
6. What preparation should they not make for their daily needs? Why were they not to make such provision? Verses 9, 10. Note 3.
7. How were the twelve to obtain lodging when entering a city or town? What should they do when going into a house? On what condition were they to bestow peace? Verses 11-13.
8. If the disciples were not welcomed, what were they to do? What did Jesus say about any city that rejected their message? Verses 14, 15.
9. To what does Jesus liken those among whom the disciples were sent? What advice did He give them? Verse 16. Note 4.
10. What were they to suffer through

men? Before whom were they to be brought? For what purpose? Verses 17, 18.

11. For what should they take no thought? What assurance did Jesus give them? Verses 19, 20.

12. How will the gospel sometimes divide families? Verse 21.

13. What must the Christian endure for the name of Christ? Who only will be saved? Verse 22.

14. When persecuted in one city, where were the disciples to go? Verse 23.

Notes

1. This is the first time the word "apostles" is used. It is derived from the Greek signifying, "I send a message." Jesus Christ never made an apostle of any man who was not first His scholar or disciple. These twelve apostles were chosen: 1. That they might be with our Lord, to see and witness His miracles, and hear His doctrine. 2. That they might bear testimony of the former, and preach His truth to mankind."—*Dr. Adam Clarke*.

Here is a helpful way to memorize the names of the disciples:

"This is the way the disciples run:
Peter and Andrew, James and John,
Philip and Bartholomew,
Thomas next, and Matthew, too,
James 'the less,' and Judas (the greater),
Simon the Zealot, and Judas the traitor."

2. "Christ has linked His interest with that of humanity, and He asks us to become one with Him for the saving of humanity. 'Freely ye have received,' He says, 'freely give.' Sin is the greatest of all evils, and it is ours to pity and help the sinner. There are many who err, and who feel their shame and their folly. They are hungry for words of encouragement. They look upon their mistakes and errors, until they are driven almost to desperation. These souls we are not to neglect. If we are Christians, we shall not pass by on the other side, keeping as far as possible from the very ones who most need our help."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 504.*

Margaret Slattery, an earnest Christian worker, who has devoted her life to the interests of young people, makes this challenge for Christian service:

"I challenge you, young men and women, to go with Christ as He goes—down into the midst of the problems that must be met and solved, down where life is hard and men must toil, down into the thick of the battle with selfishness and greed, into the commonplace made gray by the deadly grind, into the midst of mad pleasures where souls seek to find release, into the homes where men and women struggle to be true, and fail. Leave your ceaseless round of self-indulgence, your drifting days, where, safe and well content, you may draw down the shades, say your comfortable prayers at eventide, and easily forget. Let your prayers be like Christ's, as you kneel alone in the night when the day's work is done. Go out into the problems of your own home, your office and school, your city streets, your country lanes; go out to lift burdens, knowing that in the ultimate plan of the eternal God you have a part. I pray you turn to the Christ of Calvary, the Man of Galilee, and say to Him, with joy, 'I see the need, I take it upon myself.'"

3. "On this first tour the disciples were to go only where Jesus had been before them, and had made friends. Their preparation for the journey was to be of the simplest kind. Nothing must be allowed to divert their minds from their great work, or in any way excite opposition and close the door for further labor. They were not to adopt the dress of the religious teachers, nor use any guise in apparel to distinguish them from the humble peasants. They were not to enter into the synagogues and call the people together for public service; their efforts were to be put forth in house-to-house labor. They were not to waste time in needless salutations, or in going from house to house for entertainment. But in every place they were to accept the hospitality of those who were worthy, those who would welcome them heartily as if entertaining Christ Himself."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 351.*

4. The mission of the worker for Christ is to save men. For this reason he must go out among them, and mingle with them, searching out those whom he can lead to the Saviour. In this work he will encounter those here called "wolves," ready to intimidate and devour and destroy. Of this class, says Jesus, "beware;" that is,

be wary, be watchful, be ready to meet them, not in the spirit of fight, as wolf meets wolf, but as explained in the verses following.

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

JUNIOR

V—The Twelve Sent Forth

(August 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 10:1-23.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 6:7-13; Luke 9:1-6.

MEMORY VERSE: "Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

STUDY HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 349-355.

PLACE: Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus and the twelve disciples.

Setting of the Lesson

"The apostles were members of the family of Jesus, and they had accompanied Him as He traveled on foot through Galilee. They had shared with Him the toils and hardships that overtook them. They had listened to His discourses, they had walked and talked with the Son of God, and from His daily instruction they had learned how to work for the elevation of humanity. As Jesus ministered to the vast multitudes that gathered about Him, His disciples were in attendance, eager to do His bidding and to lighten His labor. They assisted in arranging the people, bringing the afflicted ones to the Saviour, and promoting the comfort of all. They watched for interested hearers, explained the Scriptures to them, and in various ways worked for their spiritual benefit. They taught what they had learned of Jesus, and were every day obtaining a rich experience. But they needed also an experience in laboring alone. They were still in need of much instruction, great patience and tenderness. Now, while He was personally with them, to point out their errors, and counsel and correct them, the Saviour sent them forth as His representatives."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 349.*

Questions

1. When Jesus sent forth the twelve apostles whom He had chosen, what power did He give them? Matt. 10:1.

2. Name the twelve apostles. Verses 2-4. Note 1.

3. What instruction did Jesus give concerning the people to whom they were to go? Verses 5, 6.

4. What message were they to preach? Verse 7. Note 2.

5. What work were the apostles to do in connection with their preaching? In what way were they to give? Verse 8. Note 3.

6. What provision were they not to make for their daily needs? Of what is the workman worthy? Verses 9, 10. Note 4.

7. How were the apostles to find a place in which to live when they went into a strange city or town? What were they to do when they found a worthy home? Verses 11-13. Note 5.

8. What were the disciples to do if they were not made welcome in any place? What cities would be regarded as less sinful than these in the day of judgment? Verses 14, 15. Note 6.

9. In sending His disciples forth to meet the wickedness of evil men, what comparisons did Jesus make? What did He tell the disciples to be? What dangers would they meet? Verses 16, 17.

10. Before whom were they to be brought? At such times for what were they to take no anxious thought? Why was this unnecessary? Verses 18, 19.

11. Who would speak through them? Verse 20. Note 7.

12. What division will the gospel sometimes make in families? Verse 21. Note 8.

13. Who will be saved? Verse 22.

14. Where did Jesus say the disciples should go when persecuted in one city? Verse 23.

Notes

1. The primary meaning of "disciple" is learner. Up to this time the twelve had been learners in the school of Christ. Jesus had chosen them to be intimately as-

sociated with Him daily, that they might learn from the wonderful words which fell from His lips, witness the exercise of His power to comfort the sorrowing, heal the sick, and raise the dead; and observe how to meet the accusations of critical and hostile men under all conditions. Now Jesus was to send them forth to do a similar work, and they were now called apostles—*sent ones*.

2. The first message preached by John the Baptist, and the first given by Jesus Himself, was to be the message of the apostles also—"The kingdom of heaven is at hand." Heaven was truly come down to earth. The principles of the kingdom were taught and lived.

3. "Freely," not merely abundantly, but without pay.

4. The twelve disciples no doubt thought they would have to provide themselves with money and extra clothing for their missionary trip. But Jesus forbade this. On this first trip they were to go only where Jesus had already gone before them, and in many places they would find friends. Some of them had never seen Jesus, yet they loved Him. Persons who had been healed of diseases had returned to their homes and told their friends what they had seen and heard. When the disciples went among these friends, they would gladly be given food and a place to rest. In doing this these persons would receive a blessing, and it was only right that these worthy disciples should be cared for.

5. The customary Oriental salutation was, "Peace be to this house." If the house was unworthy, the blessing of the salutation would come to nothing.

6. To shake the dust off their feet was not meant to show resentment or wounded dignity, but to impress upon the people how grievous and serious a thing it is to refuse the Lord's message and to turn deaf ears to His messengers. To reject the servants of the Lord is to reject the Lord Himself.

7. "The servants of Christ were to prepare no set speech to present when brought to trial. Their preparation was to be made day by day in treasuring up the precious truths of God's word, and through prayer strengthening their faith. When they were brought into trial, the Holy Spirit would bring to their remembrance the very truths that would be needed. . . . The knowledge obtained by diligent searching of the Scriptures, would be flashed into the memory at the right time. But if any had neglected to acquaint themselves with the words of Christ, if they had never tested the power of His grace in trial, they could not expect that the Holy Spirit would bring His words to their remembrance."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 355.*

8. The martyrs have not all been burned at the stake nor have they all died in dungeons. Some are in homes suffering for the truth's sake. As a result of obeying God and walking in the light, wives have borne persecution from husbands, and husbands from wives, parents from children, and even children from parents. To stand true to God under such circumstances requires a martyr's spirit and a heart made strong by the love of God. Though the gospel is a gospel of peace to those who receive it, its reception often causes suffering and sorrow. But the Lord admonishes His people under all circumstances to stand without wavering.



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The Listening Post



► A NEW ship channel completed last April at St. George, in Bermuda, permits the largest vessels to dock at that port for the first time in history.

► EVERY year an average of 15,000 lives are lost in earthquakes. The rate in 1935 will run much higher because of the major disasters in Formosa and India.

► NEW YORK CITY recently changed the name of her Exterior Street above Sixty-third Street to Mme. Curie Avenue, in honor of the codiscoverer of radium.

► MANY Oriental peoples rest after each meal, inhaling their favorite scent in the belief that the mental state thus created induces a relaxation and contentment beneficial to nerves and digestion.

► THE time-mellowed chamber that has housed the Supreme Court of the United States since 1801 has been used for the last time by the nine justices of this highest judicial body. They have recessed for the summer season, and next fall the court will reassemble in the magnificent new \$10,000,000 building, the first exclusive and permanent home it has ever had.

► TWENTY-FIVE years ago Charles K. Hamilton flew from New York to Philadelphia and returned to win a prize of \$10,000 offered by the New York Times and the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It took him, all told, a day. On the recent anniversary of that flight Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker made a commemoration flight, completing the same double journey in 58 minutes and 35 seconds.

► MOSQUITOES which carry dread yellow fever germs are not going to be allowed to hitchhike on airplanes between tropical countries and the United States, if Uncle Sam's Public Health Service can prevent it. That such mosquitoes are transferred by plane has been demonstrated, and a campaign is being undertaken that will ensure fumigation of every airship at port of departure and at each port of call immediately before its departure.

► THE American Automobile Association has just issued a new and emphatic warning to motorists against hitchhikers. In order to curb "thumbers," 12 States have laws prohibiting the soliciting of free rides on their highways. These States are Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Maine, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Utah, Vermont, and Wisconsin. In 22 States a guest rider can sue the motorist for damages in case of injury merely by proving carelessness or negligence.

► THE wisdom of King George and Queen Mary of Great Britain not to use their solid gold dinner service at the three state Jubilee banquets in Buckingham Palace was further manifested when these functions were over and a check revealed that guests of their Majesties had departed with solid silver pepper pots, knives, and spoons, and a solid silver dinner plate worth \$250. Since the invitations were limited to the immediate circle of their Majesties' friends, the highest British government officials and ambassadors and ministers of foreign states accredited to the Court of St. James, no effort will be made to recover the silver. Its value is being charged to the account of "souvenirs."

► THE United States refuses to be modern in two respects: Several snuff-boxes, which are always kept filled, are found at the door leading from the Marble Room, though it is not known which, if any, of the august lawmakers use their tobacco in this form; also the Senators still use sand instead of blotting paper. And they really use it! It sits in a pretty, old-fashioned bottle with sifter top, on each member's desk. When he writes something he sprinkles the sand lightly where the ink is wet, and shakes it off. Because the present session of Congress has been especially long, the supply of sand ran out recently, and left the storekeeper's office in a quandary as to what to do. Where could they obtain more? Finally a sample was sent to the Geological Survey, analyzed, and found to be ilmenite. These scientists also proffered helpful information by way of the name of a Virginia mill where it can be obtained. Learning of the need, even before an order could be sent, the mill donated a 50-pound sample which is expected to supply all blotting sand needs for years to come.

► THE Philippine Islanders will elect their first president and vice-president, as well as members of the national assembly which will succeed the present insular legislature, on September 17. This will be the initial election under the commonwealth constitution, which will be the basic law of the islands during the ten-year transition period preceding complete independence from the protectorate of the United States.

► THE State of Georgia, dry for twenty-seven years, recently voted in a referendum on the prohibition issue, and remains in the dry column by a scant majority of 243 votes. However, six-per-cent beer and wine were legalized.

► A NEW Turkish law, promulgated six months ago, but in full force for the first time at the expiration of the time limit for publicity, forbids ecclesiastics of all sects in Turkey to wear clerical dress except at religious services.

► EVERY pound of fat in the human body requires six tenths of a mile of blood vessels. Therefore a person carries three extra miles of them for every five pounds of superfluous flesh.

► ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, America's largest military burial ground, has averaged approximately 900 funerals a year since the World War.



IF A MAN TELLS YOU
YOUR VIRTUES, WATCH
HIM; IF HE TELLS YOU
YOUR FAULTS, HEED HIM.

—William Feather.

► BOUQUETS of fresh flowers can now be obtained from slot machines in Berlin.

► ONE person of every twelve of the population of Great Britain lives by passing on goods to the other eleven.

► IN Moslem countries there is no fault-finding about the weather. If it be bad, then "Imshallah" (Allah's will be done). To complain of natural phenomena would be offensive to Allah.

► THE Federal Communications Commission recently summoned the directors of 21 radio stations to Washington to "prove that their continued operation on the air will be in the public interest."

► A FEW weeks ago a unique treasure hunt started off the coast of Delaware near the old town of Lewes. A salvaging company from New England began search for the sloop of war "De Braak," of His Britannic Majesty's navy, sunk in the mud at the mouth of the Delaware River 137 years ago.

► A NEW method of branding cattle is being used among ranchers, to do away with the torture of the old-fashioned branding iron. A tool is simply dipped in a cold chemical compound and applied to the hide of the animal. A few days later the hair drops off, leaving the skin white and the brand indelibly fixed for identification. The cattle so branded feel no pain and are easily and quickly handled.

► DID you ever hear of Charles F. Anderson? Probably not, but he is one of Uncle Sam's most traveled servants. He has been with the United States government for forty-four years, and in the last forty has traveled 45,000 miles annually, a total of 1,800,000 miles, equal to 72 trips around the world. He first broke into newsprint when Postmaster General Farley sent him to Little America to straighten out the philatelic mail carried on the Byrd expedition.

► THE world's loneliest hospital, which has not even a resident doctor, is Wimmera Australian Inland Mission Nursing Home, situated on a small tributary of the Victoria River in the northern territory of vast, sparsely populated Northwest Australia. Two resident nurses form the staff, and three times a day one of them sits down to the radio,—a small pedal one,—pedals to obtain power, and types out on a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter her reports to the doctor 800 miles away in the base hospital in Glencurry. He sends in reply detailed instructions by wireless telephony.

► THE rarest bird in the Smithsonian Institution, and, in fact, in the world, is a white oriole. It has a white back and breast with black head and wings, and migrates between China and Siam. Five specimens came to the Smithsonian about a year ago from Dr. Hugh M. Smith, former adviser to the Siamese government. At that time the only other museum in the world which had the white oriole was in Canton, China. Recently the Smithsonian traded two of its white orioles to Harvard University for two other rare birds. Not much is known about the white oriole's habits, but it has been determined that it lives in the tops of the highest trees it can find, and this makes it extremely difficult to capture. Also it has a mellow, full-throated song.