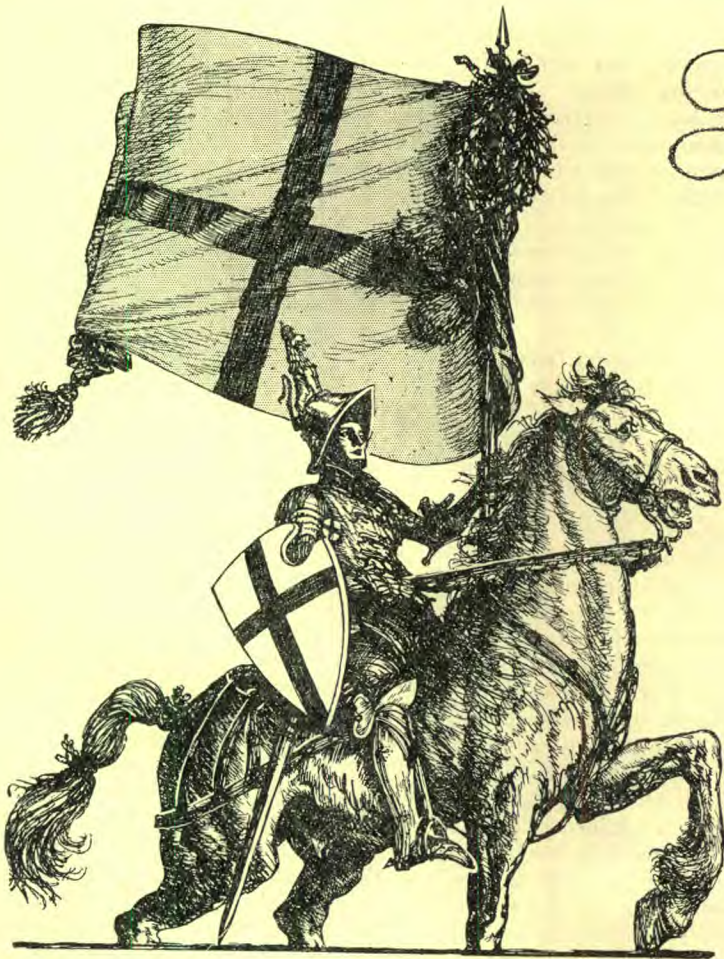


The Youth's Instructor

Vol. 83

August 6, 1935

No. 32



Fly Your Colors

by

Daniel

A. Ochs

all with the impressions left by my fellow believer? Oh, *why* did not this boy fly his colors?

This embarrassing incident recalls a similar one concerning another Seventh-day Adventist youth. It is said that he obtained a job in a logging outfit, and that before he left for the camp he had a visit with his pastor, in which he asked to be remembered in prayer, since, as he put it, he was "to work with a group of godless lumbermen."

On his return some months later, the pastor, who was naturally interested in his experience, asked him, "Well, how did you get along?" What do you suppose was the reply? "Just fine, for no one found out that I am a Seventh-day Adventist."

Not so with Joseph down in Egypt among unbelieving strangers, far removed from those of like precious faith. What a chance! No fellow believer to observe and condemn. So why be

particular? Why not haul down his colors and join these Egyptians in their social practices? Joseph? No, never. He made known his religion. He carried the banner of truth aloft before all. Indeed, he was a standard-bearer in Egypt. "In his purity and benevolence and filial love, he represented Christ in the midst of a nation of idolaters." That is why "his master saw that the Lord was with" Joseph.

Likewise with Daniel in faraway Babylon. It would have been easy for him to reason himself into believing that it might be wise—being in Babylon—to do as the Babylonians did, easy to avoid making himself conspicuous and obnoxious by thrusting his religious views upon others. But no matter what the circumstances and environments, he "purposed in his heart" that he would not lower the banner of the Lord, haul down his colors. No, he kept his colors constantly unfurled. Did it pay? Indeed it did! He was signally honored by the Lord of hosts, and the God of heaven was (*Turn to page 10*)

OH, is *he* a Seventh-day Adventist? A member of *your* church? Why, I didn't know that!" These words came from the lips of a nonbeliever, speaking of a young man—yes, a Seventh-day Adventist—a former acquaintance of mine.

The two, it appeared, met, became acquainted, and were frequently thrown together. In fact, they worked on the same job for a number of months. But for one reason or another the young man managed to keep his religious identity concealed. At any rate, my friend was nonplused when he learned of this boy's religious affiliations.

Those words of surprise were to me a scathing rebuke. Was the young Christian ashamed of his belief? Was he conscious of being an unfit representative of the third angel's message? What kind of life did he live in his contact with this questioner of mine? Did I dare now to tell this man what Seventh-day Adventists believe and practice? If I should, would he be able to harmonize it

Let's Talk It Over

A MAN well known in the English-speaking world of letters recently gave to a group in whom he has a special interest this list of "Things I Wish I Had Known Before I was Twenty-one."

1. What I was going to do for a living, and what my lifework would be.

2. That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was twenty-one.

3. How to take care of money.

4. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

5. That a habit is mighty hard to break after a person has reached twenty-one.

6. That a harvest depends upon the seeds sown.

7. That things worth while require time, patience, and work.

8. That nobody can get anything worth having for nothing.

9. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.

10. That by the sweat of my face I would earn my bread.

11. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but brings the best of everything else.

12. That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors, but also in dealing with myself and God.

13. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.

14. The folly of not taking older people's advice.

15. That my mother advised me for my best good.

16. That dad wasn't an old fogey, after all.

17. What it really meant to father and mother to rear me.

18. More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, particularly the four books dealing with the life of Christ.

19. The greatness of opportunity and the joy of serving God and my fellow men.

WHILE it is true that circumstances sometimes shape our lifework with a firm, uncompromising hand, by far the large majority of young people sort of wander around and around this decision. They have no definite aim toward which to chart the course of their education and endeavors.

Once upon a time there came to our little Midwestern village a girl from

Europe. Her own country did not have a system of free education, and since her parents were very poor, she could barely write her name, nor had she ever learned to read. But she had an aim. She was determined to get an education and become a trained nurse.

She started to school—at eighteen—in the first grade! It was a hard, uphill grind, for Amelia was trying, as an aside, to earn her board and room and clothes and a bit of cash with which to help herself. But how she studied! And when she worked she was a veritable whirlwind!

Finally she finished the eighth grade, and that very day applied for admittance to the nurses' training course in our local sanitarium. Of course disappointment awaited her, and well-meaning friends advised her to give up the idea. But they did not know Amelia! "I may not be a nurse from the Nebraska Sanitarium," she said as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "but nevertheless I shall be a nurse!"

And the day, years later, when she donned a white uniform and a snowy cap with its distinguishing black band, was the happiest of her life. Amelia knew what she was going to do—and did it!

HAVE you ever considered what a priceless treasure you have in health? No amount of money can buy it; no amount of influence can bring it back to you once it is gone.

I stepped into a drugstore early one recent morning to make a purchase, and as I waited for change a young woman entered and asked for "a coke." "This is all I ever take for breakfast," she explained, "and I have only a sandwich at noon, and very little for dinner at night, but I'm still ten pounds too fat!" and she sighed. Then she bought a box of chocolates and ran for her street car. The clerk laughed. "Some girls," he observed, "eat like they didn't have any sense!" And isn't it the truth?

MONEY! What would we do without it—even the little we have? But, believe it or not, some young folks literally throw it away.

Hal couldn't go to school year-before-last. There was an unpaid bill that the family finances wouldn't quite stretch to cover. So he got a job and went to work with all good intentions. He'd stay out a year and take some subjects by correspondence,

and then start in again the next September with all clear and a nest egg laid away. But—

Believe it or not, it will be the next September after the next in a few weeks, and Hal's bill is still unpaid at the academy business office, and he hasn't saved a cent—not one! He told me so himself, and when I asked what he had done with his money, he looked faintly distressed and answered: "Oh—er—I don't know! It's just slipped through my fingers!"

And I'm sure he isn't going back to school any time soon, because just the other day he lost his job! His employer says he prefers to give employment to young men who are thrifty. Hal sighs, "Everything is always against me. I never have any luck!"

Someday this young man will realize that by frittering away his opportunity to get an education he has made a sad mistake. But just now a dollar in hand to spend seems worth much more than a dollar invested in—himself!

THERE's no possible way to get around the fact that strict honesty is always "the best policy." But there are youth who must "be shown," and this sometimes takes the best part of their life as well as their reputation.

A young man of good family forged his father's name to a check. When he was apprehended and brought to the office of the bank president, who was an old friend, to face the father whom he had made bankrupt, he did not seem to realize the enormity of his crime. Questioned, he stated that his first dishonest act had been the use of a postage stamp which had once been through the mails, but had somehow missed cancellation.

Remember, it's the seemingly little things that ruin the most promising life—yes, even clang prison doors behind it! Eradicate the smallest weed of dishonesty from your character—right now!

WE can't, of course, mention all these nineteen listed points by way of emphasis, but in each one there's an exhortation, a sermon, and a warning as it stands. Won't you stop a moment, just now, and read them over once more carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully?

Lora E. Clement

Have you ever felt
that God's work does
not offer full scope
to all your talents?

READ

GOD'S THOUSAND WAYS

YOUTH looks ahead. The future is always rosy with hope, no matter what the present may be. Indeed, it is said to be a sign of approaching age when one thinks more of his past than of his future. And it is just as natural for youth, when it looks, to see the whole world. When one stands on the threshold of life, with the light of hope in his eyes, it is as if the roads to all success converged at his feet. Life offers everything, and the world is exceeding broad. The immortals beckon him to follow in their footsteps. Riches glitter. Fame entices. Fullness of existence offers everything desirable.

But from this picture of possibilities turn now to the work of God. Does the prospect narrow? Does it seem that many of the roads in that picture are closed to you? Are you inclined to think that God's work does not offer full scope to all your capabilities? Do you feel that to enter God's way you must give up your cherished ambitions, stifle your yearnings, drown your hopes? Does it seem to you that God's work is *just* preaching, *just* teaching, *just* selling books—humdrum, drab, commonplace, unromantic?

In a measure, and in some fashion, such thoughts as these have come, I am sure, to you who are facing life's hopes and aspirations now. Your possibilities, mayhap, seem not to be matched by denominational probabilities. If such thoughts *have* come, I invite you to a new vision of life—and God.

Let me assure you first of all that there is room for all your talents in God's plan. He did not plant such seeds of possibility in your nature to bloom and "waste their fragrance on the desert air." "Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God." I may add that the lack of openings under conference or institutional employ is no indication of the opportunities or of God's plans. "Our heavenly Father has a thousand ways to provide for us of which we know nothing."

When a man is ready, God has a place for him—and it will be just the right place. For that matter, employing boards and institutions are con-



by

Merwin R. Thurber

stantly on the lookout for certain well-developed types of talent, for there is no need so well filled that it could not be filled better. When it comes to jobs, the nine points of possession, be they ever so strong, must inevitably give way before the stronger one point of greater efficiency and superior ability.

We are talking of talents, not jobs; but it might be said, as a sort of vision narrower, that no one job anywhere will give full scope to *all* your talents. In fact, there are probably some talents that have no commercial value whatever; we could not be paid for using them were they ever so well developed. A job, as such, is a rather meager user of talents anyway. Take two very common abilities, writing and speaking. It is seldom that any employment gives full scope to these two for any individual person. In fact it is almost proverbial that good writers are not the best speakers, and good speakers are not the best writers.

This is the program, then, as I see it: Take stock of yourself. Every capability, partially developed or latent, is God-given. Use it—right now. No other prodigality is so bad as wasting opportunities. A goal at the end of the road is good—if you can see that far. For most of us the obscurations of distance shut out the view. But there is nothing distant about using the talents God has lent. Look within and start to work. And I am no preacher of pagan self-sufficiency or Emersonian transcendentalism. God has done His part in giving the possibilities. Human effort must use them. In the parable of the talents, you remember, the blessing was for those who had used the master's gifts, and *increased* them.

Seize every opportunity to develop your talents—any talents. Give yourself a chance to grow—in every direction. Life is full only as it is developed in all directions. Look on every problem and difficulty as a chance. Must you work hard at some outdoor occupation to earn money for your education? Grow strong and straight, with well-formed muscles and perfect digestion, thankful that you can be paid for it. Must you study diligently while others slip through with little effort? Remember that perseverance and backbone will be more valuable to you than *mere* knowledge.

Speak in public whenever you can. Sing or play if you have musical ability. Write freely and often—even if it is only letters home. Learn some trade with your hands. Take an interest in people. Acquire early in life the true culture that springs from the unselfish heart. Go to school if possible. Scorn no knowledge that is fine and true. And then keep your eyes—and your mind—open.

Opportunities are *everywhere*. And that brings us back to our starting point.

The problem first is a matter of choice. Shall I choose God's work or the world's? And by God's work I mean the denominational view of it. Shall I give up the glorious prospects of SUCCESS, with capital letters, for the meager opportunities—apparently—of the narrow way? Shall I abandon my hopes of riches, glamorous adventure, and excitement for

the treadmill of work for an unpopular cause?

Moses is the outstanding example of a young man who had to decide at the threshold of life just what he would do with his talents. His was no easy choice. Heir apparent to the throne, writer, poet, musician, general, loved by his foster mother and the Pharaoh—he saw with it all the folly of the Egyptian idol worship and the corruption of the royal court. How meager, indeed, to any earthly vision, appeared the prospects should he cast in his lot with the race of slaves. He decided as he did because he looked beyond the things of earth to the recompense of reward.

Did he limit the development and use of his talents by this choice? You know he did not. Every intelligent person knows now that Moses would have been a practical nonentity today, and a mummy in some museum, if he had chosen to remain in the royal courts of Egypt. How much would we care today what Moses wrote if his writings were only hieroglyphs on some stone monument on the Nile? How much generalship would he have developed marshaling the Egyptian army about the southeastern corner of the Mediterranean? His leading the Israelites for forty years in the wilderness outshines the generalship of Darius and his million men, Alexander and his Greeks during that meteoric rise to world dominion, Hannibal in the Alps, or Napoleon during the Hundred Days.

Moses gave up riches, it is true, for Egypt was a land of gold. 'Tis said that forty million dollars in gold ornaments was buried with King Tutankhamen. Moses gave up fame, as men view it, to follow a chimeric hope. But today he walks on streets of gold in the glorious company of shining angels, enshrined forever in the hearts of millions of earth's inhabitants.

No, God's work does not limit your possibilities. When you choose to serve Him, and live your life as He shall direct, you open the door to fields of endeavor that stretch through time to eternity. No bounds here to the heights you may attain! Not here the fiat, "Thus far shalt thou go!"

But what is your attitude as you approach this problem of how you shall spend your life? Do you want to *do* a certain kind of work, or do you want to be *known* as a person who does that work? Do you want the privilege of work, or the reputation? To be concrete: Do you want to *write*, or do you want to be a *writer*? The first is the attitude of service, the second the attitude of self-aggrandizement.

In God's work the motive must be the desire to serve!

What is it, after all, that makes any endeavor, any work, any *job*, desirable and pleasant. Is it not the room to grow, the room for creative

talent? We naturally aspire to do something different, something that has never been done before. And such a desire is right. Each person is an individual, the like of which has never been born before. He *should* do something different.

And I assert that God's work gives you that opportunity. He gave you the talents. He will provide the outlet for their use. And He expects you to develop and *increase* these talents for Him.

Consider the opportunities that God has placed before you personally. Look about you and take stock of the work that is offered to you to do. And while you are looking, may I suggest some possibilities that God has set before all of us as Seventh-day Adventist young people?

It seems to me that there are opportunities everywhere. It may be that certain professions are overcrowded. *Perhaps we have* prepared more doctors, nurses, and teachers than can be used in the organized work. *Perhaps* there are more bookkeepers and stenographers than can be employed by the denomination. It is possible that more young men have secured an education with the ministry in view than can be paid out of the tithe at present.

If that condition does exist, it does *not* indicate that the opportunities are absent even in those lines. If you are *just* a teacher, *just* a bookkeeper, *just*



In God's work there are opportunities both in this world and in the world to come.

a stenographer, more than likely you will not find room for yourself. Right now schools are looking for better teachers than they have. Conferences are looking for better stenographers. Publishing houses are looking for better printers, better bookkeepers, better proofreaders, yes, better editors and better promotion men. Better preachers are in demand. Better doctors are needed.

In a crowded profession the best opportunity, and maybe the only one, is superior talent. If you are seeking room for your talents, there is lots of it up above.

But for a young person with imagination as well as superior ability and backbone, there are unnumbered

chances and places that are not crowded.

One of the biggest opportunities is in the realm of salesmanship. There are possibilities in the sale of denominational books that have never been explored. No, everything hasn't been said and done in the colporteur work yet. The promotion of magazines is a newer and perhaps more interesting phase of our publishing endeavor. The possibilities have barely been touched.

Still in the field of salesmanship, advertising offers the romance of creative thrills which have been practically unexperienced by Adventist young people. Denominational promotion has left to others the latent power of advertising waiting to be tapped. Think of the possibilities of well-prepared, forceful, effective advertising in connection with evangelism. Think of the power of advertising in the sale of books and magazines. Think of the benefits of advertising for our sanitariums and their wonderful health message. Here is a field of endeavor with opportunities of talent use so vast as to stagger the imagination.

Look at all the corroborative evidence of Bible authenticity that has been unearthed by the archeologist. How much part have Adventist young people had in the work? Absolutely none! Yet of all religionists, Adventists are most interested in the facts brought to light. Archeology is the science of the Fundamentalists, and there is no reason why some of our young people should not give thought to this line of endeavor.

In authorship there is almost no limit. The text, "Of making many books there is no end," is a promise as well as a statement. There never *will* be any end to the making of books. That certainly gives room enough, doesn't it? The editors of our magazines are constantly on the lookout for new writers and new articles of merit and originality. Only a small proportion of the material presented for publication is of superior quality. Here real talent is *not* held back by any set of *circumstances*.

And public speaking! Our work offers more and better opportunity in this line than any other organization. With the message of the second advent, the atoning work of Christ, the new earth, oratory can reach its highest elevations. The sweep and grandeur and glory of the theme place no bounds on any talent, however great.

Space fails me to enumerate the opportunities of scholarship, of leadership, of language study, of Bible translation, of music, of cooking (for the girls), of social culture. Why should I enumerate them? My opportunities are not your opportunities. God will direct *you* in your search for the greatest task *you* are capable of doing. Go forward courageously in His name.



by
Fern Unger

IT was rather a cold, bleak day. Lois was beginning to feel a bit discouraged. All day she had worked, but she had not been successful in selling even one book. Suddenly she stopped and silently breathed a prayer to her heavenly Father for strength and courage to go on.

The next home which she was about to enter was a massive old colonial structure. In spite of its obtrusiveness there seemed to be a homey atmosphere hovering over it. Surely here she would find something to encourage her. She rang the old-fashioned knocker. A middle-aged woman with a kindly face answered. Lois began at once to give her canvass.

"Oh! you are a Seventh-day Adventist, aren't you?" interrupted the lady-of-the-house.

"Why, yes," answered Lois, "but how did you know?"

"God bless you, child—I am also an Adventist. You must come in and rest by my fire for a few moments. I am sure you will enjoy it on such a day as this."

"A fire *would* feel good," Lois confessed, as she accepted the invitation.

Upon entering the hall she noticed a large stone fireplace in the living room, in which was burning a cheery blaze. In front of it stood two large easy chairs. Her hostess invited her to be seated, and introduced herself as Mrs. Edenburg.

"And my name is Lois Underwood," volunteered the visitor.

"Now, my dear, do tell me all about your work. I am deeply interested in the colporteur work, because it was through this medium that I received this wonderful third angel's message."

"You know I often wonder just how much good is accomplished by this work," confessed Lois. "Sometimes I find myself really discouraged and feel as though I am not really doing much for my Saviour."

"I think it is a wonderful work," smiled Mrs. Edenburg. "You should never feel disheartened, even when it goes hard and you do not make *many* sales, because one can never tell how many seeds are sown by the selling of even one book. Let me tell you my experience, and you will see how true this is."

"Oh! I wish you would," encouraged Lois. "I haven't had very good success today, and I need something to spur up my courage."

"Well, it's a long story, but maybe it will encourage you; so I'll tell it while you rest. When I was a young girl my parents lived in a large country home in New Hampshire. I had an elder sister who had married a wealthy broker in New York. After I had finished high school, she invited me to come to her home and continue my education in any line I might choose. Consequently I went to live in the great and busy city.

"This was all a new experience, and at first I was very lonesome and homesick. But after I had started a course in business college, my life was crowded so full that there was no place for homesickness. Soon I became very much accustomed to the city and all its hustle and bustle.

"My sister, through her marriage, had become a lady of high social standing, and frequently entertained in her lovely home. At first these occasions interested me but very little, because I was going to school and was anxious to finish my course as soon as possible, in order that I might be able to make my own way.

"But one evening, as I was industriously studying, my sister tapped lightly at my door. 'Benita, you simply *must* help me out tonight.

Just the last moment one of my dinner guests has called to say it will be impossible for her to be here. I have my table all planned for ten, and you be a dear and take my absent guest's place. No arguments, please,' and she smiled her persuasive smile, 'for you have only half an hour to dress.'

"My partner for the evening was a promising young physician. He was very attentive, and I'll have to admit that I enjoyed the occasion. This was only the beginning of many such pleasant evenings. Soon I was attending many social affairs, and usually my escort was this young physician—Dr. Edenburg. In a few months we were married, and in a worldly sense I was very happy.

"My husband and I belonged to the same social group as did my sister and her husband. We were constantly going to parties and dinners. Of course, as a usual thing cocktails and light wines were served. I never drank much, but my husband had no scruples against alcoholic beverages. Soon he acquired the drink habit. He had always been such a *wonderful* man, but now I could see him going down, down, down, in every way. I was heartbroken. I no longer enjoyed attending social affairs, because I would have to take him home dead drunk.

"His practice fell off. I became very thin and nervous. Finally I had a breakdown. During the time I was sick he drank even more than before. One night while stupefied by liquor he wrote out a wrong prescription for a patient. The patient was beyond hope of recovery, and after taking the medicine, died.

"After this tragedy, calamity seemed to pursue and surround us, but through the influence of some very influential friends my husband's professional reputation was saved.

"Of course he was no longer able to practice in New York. But he was offered the prac- (Turn to page 12)

Getting the Right

START

by Helmut Wakeham

AN acquaintance of mine whom I shall call John came to college as one of the fifty to seventy-five enthusiastic new students who arrive on the campus at the beginning of each school year. He was a typical freshman—young, alert, intelligent, and eager to enter into college life.

Within a few weeks, however, he found himself face to face with some difficulties. He was beset on every side by an apparent lack of time. He was unable to get in the required amount of work and at the same time prepare his lessons properly. Many students avoided association with John because he was not interested in religion—in fact, was inclined to make sport of it and the finer things of life which we commonly call culture. In or about any school there is, to a greater or less degree, what is known as “the wrong crowd,” and John’s associations with such a group caused him to get into trouble. Finally he became discouraged.

I am always inclined to sympathize with the student who is forced to leave school during the term. It seems a waste of time and energy to attend half a semester and then return home. But that is what John did. He lost interest in his studies, got behind in his work, and finally left us “by request.”

John’s case is like that of most of the freshmen who fall out by the way. His problems were the same problems that all new college students encounter. He had the ability to grapple with these problems and solve them satisfactorily. His trouble was that the difficulties caught him unawares and unprepared.

Now suppose that you are planning to attend college this year or next. Are you going to allow the same difficulties that discouraged John to discourage you? Of course not. Then why not benefit by his experience while you are still in high school or academy? Do something about preparing for these difficulties before you meet them.

I have observed that certain methods or practices are helpful in attaining success in school life. The wise student is familiar with these habits, but a large number of young people in the secondary schools who plan to enter college are either unaware of their existence, or consider them unimportant. The suggestions which follow, cover, in my opinion, essential points. However, remember that suggestions are worthless unless you put them into use.

One of John’s outstanding problems was a lack of time. This obstacle is

successfully overcome by the student who learns to conserve his time so that he can make the most out of his study period. He has fixed hours for study, for play, and for work. He has a definite schedule for every minute of the entire day or week, as the case may be, and he adheres to that schedule as consistently as possible.

You should learn to budget your time before you go to college. Try out the budget plan and see if it does not help you to get more done in a certain length of time than you would otherwise accomplish. Then stick to that plan. When the time comes to start studying, dig in and concentrate on the subject. During an exciting game, you often become so interested in the players that you are unaware of what goes on around you. No difficulty about concentration then! Now bring this same intense quality to your work and see the results. The idea is to get at your work at the appointed hour and stay by the job until it is finished.

Don’t be afraid to work hard. As some one has stated it, “Don’t spend time sympathizing with yourself.” It is a fact of note that many students who fail in subjects are afraid to get at their work. Don’t dawdle! Spend your time and energies in earnestly tackling the problem before you. Carlyle says, “Work is the grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done.”

Students who have to work their way through school occasionally do not do as well scholastically as they might otherwise. This result is usually because they are trying to carry too heavy a schedule. I am of the opinion that it would be better for these persons to spend an extra year finishing the regular college course with good scholarship, than to spend the regular four years and just make the grade. Such a program is being carried out with great success by several young people with

whom I am personally acquainted. It is interesting to note that over 40 per cent of the students attending Princeton University are working at least a part of their way, and many of this 40 per cent are spending five years in finishing the four-year course.

My friend John, whom I mentioned above, lacked a goal toward which he was definitely working; he lacked the incentive for achievement that every good student must possess. Concerning the importance of a goal, Emerson wrote:

“And ye shall succor men;
’Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.”

Indeed, a goal of the right kind is of inestimable worth to the student. It is the impelling motive which drives him until the heights of success are reached.

Therefore, if you are going to college, you should by all means set for yourself a goal. Visualize the future and keep that vision before you constantly. Direct all your efforts toward the realization of your vision.

By goal, however, I do not mean a life occupation, although that may be included. It is not imperative that you have a vocation in mind before you attend college. To be sure, such a knowledge of purpose is helpful, but many good students graduate from college not knowing just exactly the kind of work that they will engage in for a living. In the term “goal” I include a view of one’s usefulness to the world at large, an aim toward making life more enjoyable for every one. This kind of goal is just as valuable as the vocational goal. (Turn to page 10)





The Lost Brown Brilliantine

by
Josephine
Cunnington
Edwards

THERE they were in the catalogue—just what they needed—the armchair and the straight chairs. Ethel traced the description with a quick little stubby finger. “Made of good solid mission wood, dull finish. Genuine black leather seat.” The armchair bore underneath it the legend: “Given with a \$10 purchase of products or \$10 in coupons.” The straight chair was just half that much: “Given with a \$5 purchase of products or \$5 in coupons.”

Ethel laid the dog-eared catalogue down on the stand, and impatiently finished the beds, tucking the sheets in capably and plumping up the pillows, then flinging the log cabin quilt over it all and drawing it smoothly. Deftly she straightened rugs and picked up some feathers that had escaped from the comfortably fat feather beds. She lowered the shades and hung up Chester’s roundabout, and then gathering up the precious catalogue, she dashed outdoors, her brown braids and plaid gingham dress cracking around the corner of the little cottage as she hurried on her way to Bonnie’s.

“Bonnie, O Bonnie!” Ethel beat a rat-a-tat-tat on the kitchen entrance of the house next door. Bonnie emerged, wiping her mouth with a fringed red napkin. Her hair was in long fuzzy braids, too, and the two heads, Ethel’s brown and Bonnie’s yellow, were soon bent over the catalogue as they sat together on the back steps of Bonnie’s house.

Ethel was the mentor, as usual, and was outlining her plan of action to an admiring and awe-struck Bonnie.

“You see, Bonnie, the church’ll be ready for dedication on the twentieth of October; at least, tha’s what

Deacon Bliss says. The Ladies’ Aid is buyin’ the carpet, and the young married people’s club is buyin’ the seats. Now, Bonnie, le’s you and me furnish the pulpit!”

If Ethel had proposed a trip to Saturn, Bonnie could not have been more surprised and flabbergasted, but Ethel had not sprung from a family of lawyers for nothing. The sweet joys of early autumn were forgotten. The precious hoarded few days of vacation were to be filled with mad exertion, instead of jackstones, hopscotch, and run, sheep, run. The oracle had spoken. Bonnie could but dumbly obey.

Then Ethel rushed home again, took mother into her confidence, and now with spurts of zeal that affected everything she touched, made the whole house fairly tremble under her warfare. The rugs were all hung on the porch railing, and Willie and Charlie were delegated to shake the “fringe off’n ’em.” Mary, the sweet, fair ten-year-old, was set to filling and cleaning the lamps. Pudgy ol’ Chester, three and important, was set to rock the baby cab if Dodie so much as let out a “yeep.” Ethel, a cloth pinned over her braids, and broom in hand, attacked the ingrain carpet with zeal. Before noon, the dishes, the dusting, the sweeping and cleaning, were all done. When dad came in from the grocery, she was tying on Dodie’s and Chet’s bibs, and mother was putting potatoes and dumplings and new biscuits on the oilcloth-covered table.

“My! My!” he said pleasantly, “What’s been goin’ on? Has Ethel had a house cleanin’ fit?”

Mother smiled benevolently and exchanged glances with Ethel. Mother, you see, had been pledged to secrecy.

“If ye have time this afternoon, Ethel, an’ yer fit’s still workin’, come see what you can do at cleanin’ the store.” Dad smiled as he cut up Chester’s dumplings.

Mother intercepted, “Oh, Ethel’s day is full. But she has cleaned the house so nicely, I’ll step over and help you, if Dodie goes to sleep.”

“Fine, fine,” said dad, for he liked company in his store during the quiet hours of the afternoon.

“Now, darling, don’t do that,” smiled mother as Ethel began to scrape plates and stack up cups. “I’ll do it. Just go lay Dodie down. See? She has gone to sleep at the table.”

Ethel took a damp washcloth, wiped the smeared little face of the baby, and carried her carefully to the cradle by mother’s bed. Then she tucked a little blanket about her body, and ran back to the kitchen and began her own ablutions.

Presently, clean and combed, with her starched gingham frock smooth and stiff, she ran over to Bonnie’s. Bonnie was nearly ready. Soon they marched away up the street importantly, taking in each house.

“Miz Crowell, me and Bonnie are gettin’ up a Markin order to get new pulpit chairs for the church. Can you get anything? We got to get a \$20 order.”

“Well, bless your little hearts! Now ain’t that nice! I’ll look and see.” And Ethel handed her the catalogue.

Wily Ethel had crept into her customer’s good graces before she was there five minutes by taking up the fretful baby and rocking it, while the weary mother leafed through the book. Ethel was experienced in the monotonous swing of the rocker that had induced her own little brother and sister to sleep the quicker, so it was not long till tiny Phoebe was lulled to “the land o’ nod,” and Bonnie had written down a goodly order from Mrs. Crowell.

The little girls walked, sometimes ran, on and on, all the lovely afternoon, and when Ball Brothers factory blew its five o’clock whistle, Ethel reluctantly turned homeward. They took a new route home, and stopped at a number of places on the way. Just as the Seth Thomas clock on the shelf struck six, Ethel wearily climbed the steps to her own porch.

“I *think* we’ve got it, mother. Nearly, anyway.” She started to help dish up supper. “People ordered so *good*, ’cause they was interested in the church.”

“You haven’t asked me fer my order, Ethel,” said mother, kindly. “I want a bottle of iodine, some adhesive tape, and a box of that baby Castile soap.”

“Oh, mother! I *know* I’ve got it, then.” And Ethel ran to the desk and got a pencil and paper and figured rapidly. Presently she announced, “\$21.84, and Miz Carline wants me to

stop there in the morning, and I haven't called at Aunt Hather's."

"That's fine. That'll git you enough to pay the freight. Won't dad be surprised?"

Mother helped Ethel make out the order the next morning, and she went down to the drugstore and mailed it. The little girls could hardly live through the next few days till one morning an important freight notice arrived for Miss Ethel Cunnington. Then dad was let in on the secret, and he rumbled uptown in his grocery wagon after the order and the premiums. Bonnie and Ethel were in a frenzy of joy, and hippety-hopped along the sidewalk looking this way and that, and to the corner to see if he could be coming that way. Finally the clop, clop, clop, of old Billy's hoofs could be heard, and they raced down Fifth Street to meet him, then ran along beside the wagon, their braids sticking almost straight out behind them as they hurried to keep up.

Dad took the chairs out first. They were wrapped in burlap and excelsior—then came the huge box containing the "order."

"Now, you girls have a day's work ahead of ye," he said.

They simply *couldn't* wait till they saw the chairs, so dad cut the ropes. And there they stood in all their glory. A big armchair and two straight chairs, shiny and new, "made of mission wood, dull finish, with genuine black leather seats."

Bonnie and Ethel carried them in solemnly, and set them in the parlor in a stiff row.

"They're just *fine*, girls. Wait'll the pastor sees them. He'll be that proud of ye!" Dad surveyed his little girl and the chairs alternately, as pleased and proud as the children.

"Don't touch it, Chet!" Ethel took the sticky explorative fingers away and carefully closed the parlor door on her treasures. Then with Bonnie's help the order was sorted. Ready for business, they borrowed mother's pocketbook and Willie's wagon and started their delivery. It took them all that day and part of the next, for Mrs. Cooke was gone to Daleville, and they had to return the next day to see her; and Mrs. Buschor was "clean" out of money till Ball's paid her man. By the end of the week, however, the check was mailed and all the goods were delivered.

When they got home, sweaty and panting, with just a remnant of excelsior left in the wagon, mother met them at the door.

"Go smooth your hair and pull up your stockin's. The minister wants to see you. He's seen the chairs." Her face was fairly beaming. She had buttoned on a clean crackly black and white percale apron in her bustle to hide her old work dress when the minister came to call.

Bonnie, overcome by embarrassment, rushed away to hide at the last

minute, but not Ethel. Dad and Deacon Bliss were examining the chairs when she came in, long-legged and shy. The old minister came over and put his hands on her shoulders in gratitude.

"It isn't every little girl that gets a burden to help build a church. Now, listen to me. You are going to be on the dedication program. You shall speak a piece!"

Ethel was completely surprised at this intelligence, for she had seen dad and Deacon Bliss make out the program. It was going to be "sompin grand."

"An' you shall have a new dress, too!" whispered mother. "I'll git Miss Sadie to make it fer you, and we'll go to town tomorrow to get the goods!"

Ethel trundled Dodie in the cab and mother and Chessie brought up the rear of the procession that solemnly went shopping the next day. Mother went in to Hene's, and Ethel locked the cab where Dodie was sleeping the sleep of the just, took "ol' Chet's" fat hand in hers, and followed. Awesomely they watched mother sitting at one of the counter stools examining the different bolts of cloth brought down by the clerk. She wore a black sateen apron and had spatulated thumbs. Ethel wondered if they had got that way feeling goods for years and years.

"Now, here," she said, dragging the cover from a bolt of material, "is some new fall goods, just out. It's called brilliantine. It'll wear her all winter, like buckskin." And she unrolled a golden brown glossy length that looked as if the gold of the sun-

light had been caught and spun among the more somber threads.

They held it up to Ethel's flat little front. It just matched the goldy-brown of her hair and the warm freckles on her saucy little nose.

"That's a little more, dear, than I cared to go," said mother, but catching a glimpse of Ethel's pleading eyes, she capitulated, "but I'll take it. Now I want some nice trimming, and some belting, and some tape, and some lining."

Then the two women launched into the more uninteresting details of dressmaking, and Ethel and Chessie wandered out to see whether Dodie was all right.

For trimming, mother got a piece of silk velvet, and several yards of beading with gold, tan, and yellow beads woven into a lacy edging. Ethel could have whooped for joy.

On the way home they stopped at the cottage squatting back among a tangle of overgrown untrimmed shrubs, where Miss Sadie Knapp, the town dressmaker, lived. Ethel importantly laid the brown package with the pattern in her capable, seamed little hand. The floor was covered with scraps, and an uncompleted dress was spread out on the table.

"All righty, Ethel," Miss Sadie spoke with difficulty, for her mouth was full of pins. "Come in tomorra at ten and I'll measure and fit ye."

The days fairly sped, and Ethel went daily up to the parsonage, where Mrs. Bliss helped her with her "piece." On the way she said it over and over:

"The Master has come over Jordan,
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
He is *healing* the people who *throng*
Him
With the touch of His fing—"

"What?" she interrupted herself to shout. Old Gramp Howlitt was calling to her. "I say, when's that there ded-e-cation?" He had one hand cupped about a hairy old ear and was hurrying to meet Ethel's lagging footsteps as fast as his stiff old limbs and cane could take him.

"Why, it's next week, Gramp," answered Ethel. "The church is most done. They are puttin' the last touches to the floor and woodwork now."

Together they glanced at the new wooden building they were nearing. It had been painted a glowing, shining white, and some men in overalls were rubbing at the spatters on the stained glass window. A van stood just in front, and two men were unloading the shiny varnished pews. Some rolls of dark green rug runners were stacked on the porch. Then Ethel, ecstatic and expectant, disappeared through the parsonage door.

"I've got to stop at the dressmaker's tonight and have my last fitting," she told Mrs. Bliss, and visions of herself in the golden (*Turn to page 12*)



The Opened Fountain

by

Edward J. Urquhart

THERE is a fountain opened
To the men of earth today,
Where every tinge of evil
And sins are washed away.

And he who knows the cleansing
Of that precious crimson flow
Will taste the joys of heaven
E'en in this world of woe.

Then when the Saviour cometh
To redeem His very own,
He will know the joys forever
Of a place before His throne.

On the Amazon in the

Mission Launch

by Leo B.
Halliwell



EARLY Sunday morning we were on our way up the Amazon, stopping in many places to visit persons interested in the third angel's message, and by night we reached the home of a friend, where we again held an open-air meeting, which was largely attended.

After the meeting we ran on into the city of Obidos, and the following morning visited interested people here. At Obidos is the narrowest point in the entire course of the Amazon River, and the government has built a fort on a hill that overlooks the city and the river, which at this point is only five kilometers (three miles) wide, but has an average depth of more than 300 feet.

A few hours' run on up from Obidos we left the Amazon and entered the delta of the Trombetas River, a tributary that enters from the north. From this river we entered a narrow parana (the Indian word for a little river) which connects the Trombetas with the Faro River. For more than twelve hours we wound around the curves of this narrow stream, then out across the beautiful lake Jamundá, and on up a river by the same name to the city of Faro. On the banks of this river and lake we were interested in seeing large platforms, surrounded by a fence, built up several feet above the ground. When the Amazon comes up in the rainy season it rises as much as from 40 to 50 feet above its low water level. As much of the land is relatively low, the water flows out over the banks and forms great lakes. During this time the cattle and other stock must be cared for; so they are driven up onto these platforms, called *morambas*, where they stay from two to three months. The owner hauls green grass to them in his canoe, for strange to say, when the river rises the grass grows and thrives on top of the water.

At Faro we were pleased to visit a baptized church member, at whose suggestion we visited the *prefeito*, or mayor, of the city, and arranged for a meeting in the public garden. Upon our return to the boat we were surprised to find a Catholic priest awaiting us. I invited him to come aboard, and he told me he was a North American and had been called to act as secretary to the German bishop in Santarem, since there are several

Americans working in connection with the Ford concession. I later learned that he has been instrumental in getting a gift from Mr. Ford of \$50,000 for the Catholic hospital at Santarem. After asking many questions about our boat and expressing his desire to build one like it, he ventured to ask me what I was going to do in Faro. I replied that I had come to visit a fellow church member, and that the mayor had offered us the privilege of giving a stereopticon lecture in the public square that evening. To our surprise he replied, "Well, I have announced a meeting in the Catholic church for eight o'clock, but I will begin early and then dismiss so they all can attend your meeting." By eight-thirty we were able to begin, and nearly all the people of the town turned out to hear our message.

On a previous occasion we were in a small town where the *prefeito* offered us the public school building for our meeting. When we looked over the building we found that there were very few seats; so we visited the man again and told him that we expected the whole town to turn out, and that we would need more seats. He called for a pen and paper and wrote us an order to take the benches out of the Catholic church and place them in the school for our meeting.

From Faro we wound our way out through another narrow stream called Bocca de Jacaré (the alligator's mouth) and within a few hours were back in the wide channel of the Amazon, just at the dividing line between the states of Pará and Amazonas. On the right margin of the river is a mountain range that serves as the dividing line. On the lower side of this mountain Pará has a customhouse and on the upper side the state of Amazonas has one. All boats downstream must stop on the Amazonas side and pay duty to Amazonas and all boats upstream stop on

the Pará side and pay to that state. The "Luzeiro" has been obliged to pay a tax of about fifty cents on several previous trips, but this time we were given a free pass.

A few more hours we pressed upstream and then left the Amazon, not to see it again for more than a month. This time we turned off to the left into the Parana de Ramos. This parana, together with the parana Uraria, and the rivers Amazon and Madeira, bounds the largest island of Brazil, known as the Ilha da Tupinambarana. On our way up this parana we visited several interested families, spent several hours with a group at the city of Barreirinhas, and just before the Sabbath hours we arrived at Fazenda Centenario, the home of J. B. Michiles.

Señor Michiles was the first person to accept the third angel's message in the Lower Amazon Valley, and today we have a fine group of baptized members here, also a fine church school, with an enrollment of twenty-eight pupils. This school is conducted on the open veranda of Señor Michiles' home, which is situated on the high bank of a beautiful lake called Lago de Urubú (Vulture Lake). When the waters of the Amazon are low, in the month of October, a large portion of the lake is dry and a coarse grass grows up and forms an excellent pasture for great herds of cattle. But when the waters come up (it reaches its highest mark in June), they spread out over a vast area and form a great lake.

As the only means of travel here is by water, all the children come to church school in canoes. Some of the families live so far away that the pupils must paddle for more than two hours to arrive at the school.



Three Maues Indian lads. Note their tribal mark—pointed teeth.

Sabbath at the Fazenda Centenario is a day of much activity. By seven o'clock in the morning the canoes begin to arrive, and by nine, the hour that the Sabbath school begins, the port is literally full of them. When there are visitors present, the members bring their lunch and come prepared to stay all day. In the afternoon they learn new songs, study the lesson for the following Sabbath, have a Bible study before the close of the Sabbath, and stay on yet to attend an evening meeting, even though it means that they must paddle their canoes several hours through the dark to reach their homes.

Before leaving Belem we had been asked to help two workers locate in this field as missionary teachers among the Indians, Señores Ernesto Eclache and Honorino Tavares, both from the Rio Espirito Santo Mission. They, with their families, were to arrive in Maués about a month later, on an Amazon River steamboat; so we went on ahead to arrange for the schools and a place for them to stay until a suitable home could be constructed.

Accompanied by Señor Michiles, we now directed our course out through the dark, quiet waters of the Lago Urubú down the Parana de Ramos, and then headed into a small *furo* (narrow passage), so narrow in places that we had to throttle down our motor to make the curves. As we passed along near the high clay banks, we noticed great numbers of birds of the kingfisher family darting back and forth across the stream. They were frightened by the noise of the motor and had come out of the holes in the clay banks, where they have their nests.

As we rounded the last bend of this narrow channel we found ourselves sailing out on another beautiful lake, the Macuary. To the traveler on the main stream of the Amazon it would appear that but few people live in this great valley, for in many places he may travel for hours without seeing a single sign of habitation. But the one who enters the side streams and lakes sees a different sight. Here everything is teeming with life, and large herds of cattle graze in the green pastures. There are plantations of cacao or guaraná, and in the virgin forest, still more in the background, can be seen the tops of the rubber and Brazil nut trees as they tower far above the other foliage of the forest. In many places we could see fishermen squatting in their canoes with uplifted harpoon, awaiting a chance to thrust it through a pirarucu when it comes up to spout. This is the largest of the Amazon fish, and many times attains a weight of 200 pounds or more.

As we passed in front of a certain farmhouse, Señor Michiles called our attention to some steps that lead down to the water's edge, and told us a very sad story. A few months before, a little girl eight years of age had gone down to the river with a pail to get some water. As she stooped over to fill the pail, a large alligator, that lay in hiding, struck her with his tail and knocked her into the water. He then grabbed her and dragged her down to the bottom. Every year hundreds of people are carried away by these terrible creatures.

(To be continued)

Getting the Right Start

(Continued from page 6)

Try to visualize and study those who have succeeded before you. I have found it an incentive to read the biographies of such great men as Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Louis Pasteur. Make yourself believe that the same success which those men

gained may also be yours, and realize that their discouragements were even greater than are yours. Keep alive the vision and attraction of your goal. Have confidence in your ability to succeed.

"Learn to be good readers, which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in." Carlyle suggests here that the student should read as much as possible. The good student follows this advice. He reads the periodicals as well as the books in the libraries. Reading keeps him up to date in his knowledge; it broadens his mind. It is estimated that by reading an hour a day consistently the average person can read forty medium-sized books through in one year. Yes, thoughtful, accurate, and critical reading is also important.

One of John's weak points was in his spiritual life. He did not make a practice of attending religious services and of setting apart some of his time for personal devotion. He seemed to lack the Christian attitude usually found in Seventh-day Adventist schools.

You must not make the mistake of neglecting your spiritual welfare while you are in school. An hour a day spent in personal devotion is not a moment too much. Plan for this and then work your plan. The student attending a Christian school should have a Christian growth continually, or he is missing the real point and the most important thing in his education. Attend and take part in religious services.

I suggest that along with personal devotion, you "live in the presence of beauty." Try to see the marvels of God's handiwork in nature and of the great world in which the Creator has placed us. Enjoy to the full the finer things of life which we are privileged to possess. They are the cushions which ease the bumps along the way.

As I go through school, I have learned from my own experience that budgeting my time, keeping my goal in view, reading extensively, and constantly renewing my relations with the Almighty, all help to make my education the broadening, deepening experience which I wish it to be. I believe that I have profited by the trials of John. Are you going to benefit by them? If so, act now.

✽

Fly Your Colors

(Continued from page 1)

made known throughout the entire realm.

"It is in the time of conflict," says Ellen G. White, "that the true colors should be flung to the breeze. It is then that the standard-bearers need to be firm, and let their true position be known. It is then that the skill of every true soldier for the right is tested. Shirks can never wear the laurels of victory."

Now is an unusual time for unusual witnessing. Can the Lord depend on our youth? Now "Christ is calling for volunteers to enlist under His standard," we read in "Messages to Young People," "and bear the banner of the cross before the world." What a challenge to our youth! Have you answered it? If so, you are one "who will stand before Him in your God-given manhood, free from impurity, . . . contamination, . . . who will despise all falsity and wickedness, who will dare to be true and brave, holding aloft the bloodstained banner of Prince Immanuel."

To fly our colors means to make known our religious identity, to declare what we believe, to let our light shine before men. "God has placed in our

hands a banner upon which is inscribed, 'Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.' Rev. 14:12. This is a distinct, separating message,—a message that is to give no uncertain sound."

True, this message which Seventh-day Adventist youth have espoused is not a popular one in the eyes of the world. Its adherents are considered, fortunately, peculiar. To meet the scoffing multitudes requires loyalty to God's requirements. It calls for courage to proclaim His truth boldly, even in the face of death.

Throughout all ages God has had His moral heroes, those upon whom he could depend in a crisis hour, those who never bowed the knee to Baal. Yes, and He has them now—young people who, like Joseph and Daniel, are not ashamed to acknowledge themselves His peculiar people; young people who will not be swerved from the straight line of duty, but who will step forward and reveal unmistakably their allegiance to the King of kings.

Yet it is a sad fact that there are those who would rather not fly their colors so openly. They even advise others to follow their example. Of these the servant of the Lord wrote long ago in "Testimonies for the Church:" "A company was presented before me under the name of Seventh-day Adventists, who were advising that the banner, or sign, which makes us a distinct people, should not be held out so strikingly. . . . But this is not a time to haul down our colors, to be ashamed of our faith."

She also wrote that she beheld a Christian company carrying aloft "a pure white banner, upon which was written, 'Purity and holiness unto the Lord.'" These were approached by a company of heathen idolaters, under a black banner, with the purpose of causing them to yield. Overtures were made to the Christians in an effort to persuade them to make a compromise. The Christian company consulted together. "Some said that they would lower the banner, accept the propositions, and save their lives. . . . A few, however, would not yield to this plan, but firmly chose to die holding their banner, rather than to lower it."

We are told by John the revelator that the dragon, "because he knoweth that he hath but a short time," is to make war with the "remnant"—those "which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

In this final conflict between the kingdom of righteousness and the kingdom of darkness, will our Seventh-day Adventist youth be brave and true? Will they keep pace with the Lord's standard? Will they carry aloft their colors?

In speaking of the aggressive warfare carried on in the midst of oppression, peril, and loss during these closing hours of earth's history, the servant of the Lord declares: "At a certain battle, when one of the regiments of the attacking force was being beaten back by the hordes of the enemy, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colors, but the reply of the ensign was, 'Bring the men up to the colors!' This is the work that devolves upon every faithful standard-bearer,—to bring men up to the colors. The Lord calls for wholeheartedness. We all know that the sin of many professing Christians is that they lack the courage and energy to bring themselves and those connected with them up to the standard."

Can God depend on the Seventh-day Adventist youth to assist other youth to come up to the colors, to carry high the banner of truth in such a crisis hour as this?



JUNIORS

“Consent Thou Not”

by

Sarita Nydell

“Oh, daddy, just one more story. Please, daddy.”

“No more stories tonight, my boy. It’s eight thirty and your bedtime. Now what is your memory verse for next Sabbath?”

“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not,” came the response without the least hesitation.

“Fine! now for our ‘good nights.’”

“Good night, daddy, Good night, mother.” And the “good nights” were accompanied with big bear hugs and resounding kisses.

“Good night, son,” called each fond parent as their pajama-clad boy disappeared through the bedroom door.

All was silence, save a crackling and snapping of the fire in the big fireplace, but not for long. Soon the door softly opened just wide enough for a freckled face to peer out as a merry, boyish voice called, “Say, daddy, can’t you get my bike tomorrow? I’ve learned my memory verses for a whole year now. Be sure to get one with rubber grips on the handlebars, and a spring seat, and a horn on it, too. Get a good-looking one like Ben’s.”

“Daddy’ll look when he’s in the city tomorrow, son.”

“Don’t forget. Say, won’t the gang envy me? I’ll let ‘em all have a ride on it, though. Good night, daddy, Good night, mother.”

“Good night, Teddy.” The tousled head disappeared again. The silence was not interrupted for several minutes this time.

“Guess he’s asleep, mother. Lovable, isn’t he? Makes one proud to have a boy like that.”

“Yes, indeed, John. You should have seen him this afternoon when he was helping baby build a block tower on the floor. He was so gentle with her. He knows just what to do to make her laugh and gurgle. Bonny Lou certainly adores her big brother.”

“No more than he loves her.”

“O daddy, won’t we be proud of them when he’s a fine, stalwart young man, maybe a doctor or an evangelist, and she’s an accomplished, charming young woman? That boy’ll surely make a mark in life.”

“Like his daddy,” Mr. Carson grinned.

“Oh, yes, *exactly*,” retorted his wife.

“At any rate he should have been named John Junior, for he’s the very picture of you, John.”

“But seriously, Lucille, I’m a bit worried about the lad. He has talents and a likable personality—and one terrible fault. If he doesn’t learn his lesson, somehow, some way, I’m afraid we’re going to be bitterly disappointed in Teddy.”

Mrs. Carson only sighed and said nothing. She well knew to what her husband had referred.

“Home so soon, son?”

“Well, school was out early today, and I hurried so I could take care of Bonny Lou and you could go to mothers’

society,” puffed Teddy, all out of breath. “Oh, hello there, Skeesix. Goo, goo, yourself. You want your big bud to take you, don’t you?”

Mrs. Carson was silent, though her soft blue eyes reflected the deep pride and joy she felt.

“Hurry, mother! Get dressed. I know you’d like to go. I heard Mrs. Reynolds ask you last Sabbath to be sure to come to mothers’ meeting this week, as Doctor Nickle would speak. You just smiled and thanked her, but you said, ‘I can’t leave Bonny Lou, and she’s too lively and noisy to take yet. I’ll come when she gets old enough to know how to act in meeting.’ I wished then that I got out of school in time to let you go. Now here’s your chance. You haven’t gone anywhere *all week!* I’ll take good care of Skeesix here. Hurry, or you’ll be late.”

But mother couldn’t decide. “Teddy, baby has of late seemed *determined* to run away. I can’t let her get out of my sight for a minute but she heads for the street. Its generous and noble of you, son, to offer to keep her this afternoon so I can go. But somehow boys don’t know how to watch little sisters as mothers do. What if you forgot her for a few minutes and she ran out into the street?”

“Now, mother, if you go, I’ll *promise* not to let her get out of my sight one minute.”

“Promise, son?”

“Yes, I promise.”

“All right, then. I surely do want to hear Doctor Nickle today.”

Mother was soon on the street car riding toward town, and Teddy and

Bonny Lou were enjoying a romp on the lawn. “Raw-w-w-oo-oo,” growled the young bear with all the viciousness her two years could muster as she chased her big brother, who kept just ahead of her, or allowed himself to be caught.

Just then there was a familiar whistle from down the street. Teddy felt a sickening sensation from his head to his heels. The gang—to play ball—and he had promised to watch Bonny Lou *every minute!*

“Hi, Ted,” shouted lanky Jim, obviously the leader, “come on and play ball with us.”

“Can’t.”

“Why not? Oh, look fellas; he’s nursemaid!”

“Your ma at home?” inquired red-headed Sam.

“No, and I promised not to leave the baby, even a minute, and so you fellas might as well go on. Sorry. And thanks a lot for stopping by.”

“Can’t, eh? Tied to mother’s apron strings,” chuckled Jim. “Well, you’re a pretty good little boy.”

At that remark Teddy turned red clear to his curly dark locks, and his big brown eyes, usually mild, now flashed fire. “Go on, I tell you, I’m not going to play, and you might as well be on your way.”

Clever, quick-witted Sam sensed the situation at once. He knew Teddy well, and he knew that other tactics would work better.

“Ted’s right,” he spoke in his pleasant way. “We ought to honor him for keeping his promise. But listen, Ted. Don’t you have a pen for that baby? We fellas don’t have to go to the park to play. Let’s make a diamond in the vacant lot over there, put the baby in her pen with some of her toys, and then you can play ball and watch her, too. You see, I have a little sis, too, and I know how it goes. We can’t play without you. Why, you’re our champ pitcher!”

Ted thought a moment. He didn’t feel just right about it. On the other hand he wanted very much to play. And, too, the boys would make fun of him if he refused.

“O.K., fellas. Help me set this pen up, and I’ll be right with you. Sam, you go get the pup for her to play with. We’ll put her little rocking chair and some toys inside, too. She ought to be contented then. I’ll keep my eye on her from the lot.”

But Teddy did not notice how close he placed the little rocker to the side of the pen, nor did he remember how Bonny Lou could climb.

Soon a lively ball game occupied the vacant lot next to the Carson home. At first, Teddy really did glance every few minutes toward the little pen on the lawn. But the game became more and more exciting. His side was plainly winning. The score stood at six to four in their favor. Now it stood seven to four. Sam had just made a run.



Suddenly, from the street there came the sound of horrible screeching of brakes—Teddy's heart nearly stopped beating. Could it be—Oh, the pen. No baby was there! Their Bonny Lou—Maybe killed!

"Only a broken arm, son, and a few cuts and bruises." Daddy's words were kind, but the sadness in his voice and the worried look in his eyes stung Teddy to his very soul. "You'd better go to bed now. It's eight thirty. Mother will stay with sister in the hospital tonight. We'll bring them home in the morning. I'll stay here with you. Better say your memory verse before you go upstairs."

Teddy hung his head as he began, "My son, if sinners entice thee—" but something snapped inside. He had suffered too deeply for tears. Now he knew that dear little baby sister would live, but in spite of all the dignity of his eleven years, down went a curly head on a big, broad shoulder, and a pajama-clad, boyish frame shook with great heaving sobs.

Wise, tactful daddy said nothing. He just stroked the tousled head gently until the sobs grew less violent and finally subsided.

"Finish it, my boy."

"Consent thou not."

Sowers of Seeds

(Continued from page 5)

tice of an old doctor in a small town in Vermont. I encouraged him to take the position because I felt sure that if he could get away from the old social life, he could overcome this terrible drink habit.

"It was in the springtime when we moved to Vermont. He tried very hard to reform, and I helped him in every way possible. Most of the time he resisted the craving for alcohol bravely, but at times it seemed as though some evil hand would grip him, and he would be nearly crazy for a drink.

"He had been holding his own very steadily for some time; consequently I thought it safe for me to make a short visit to my sister in New York.

"When I returned he met me at the train. My first glance told me that something had gone wrong. On our way home he confessed that he had taken *only one drink* just to be friendly with a relative of one of his patients. But immediately the old craving came back and he went home and drank some more. He was very much ashamed of himself as well as very sorry that he had yielded to temptation. I felt desperate. What *could* I do to help him overcome this truly besetting sin?

"I had never been religious, although I believed that there was a God. I did not feel, however, that God requires much of us. The golden rule had always been the standard of my religion, but in such a time of trial as I was experiencing I felt the need of stronger help than I possessed. I had heard of prayer, although I had used it but little in my lifetime. However, this was a time of dire need, and I knelt down and asked God to send me help to bear the trials that were forced upon my shoulders.

"I feel truly that God answered my prayer, for that very day a colporteur came to my door. When I found out that he was selling a book, I started to shut the door in his face. I felt I had enough troubles without being bothered by a book agent. But when I began to close the door, the colporteur began to talk faster and faster. Suddenly I caught something that struck home. 'This book,' he said, 'will tell you how God answers prayers.' I had just been praying to God, but even as I prayed I

wondered how God was ever going to answer my prayer. Maybe this book would tell me.

"I gave him an order, and after I had received the book, I read it from cover to cover. I had never before heard of such things, presented and proved from the Bible, and I became very much interested. I gave the book to my husband to read. He also became interested. We decided to send for more Seventh-day Adventist literature.

"Later the Seventh-day Adventists held an effort in our small town, and we attended all the meetings. My husband and I felt that this was the greatest good news we had ever heard. At the close of the effort we were both baptized and united with the church. He has completely won the victory over his craving for alcohol. He now is an active church worker, and has a large practice.

"So you see, my dear, what a wonderful blessing just one colporteur's work brought to us. You'll be of good courage, won't you?" concluded Mrs. Edenburg.

"Yes, indeed," responded Lois. "I shall faithfully continue in my work, and I am sure God will bless it."

The Lost Brown Brilliantine

(Continued from page 8)

brown brilliantine, with its trimmings of bead lace and velvet, and her new patent leather shoes and brown stockings, filled her little girl heart with delight.

"Now, you tell your father to come and get this dress Thursday night," Miss Sadie mouthed her pins, and managed to say. "It'll be all ready fer ye then, an' I'll press it, and you hang it up d'reckly he gits it home."

All day Thursday Ethel was in a sweat of expectancy. While she rocked Dodie she sang to a haggled little manufactured tune of her own,

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the moth—

"Chester, take your finger out of that jam."

When the evening came, dad had to deliver an order out by the foundry, and mother called to him, "Don't forget to stop at Miss Sadie's fer that dress of Ethel's."

Just then, Deacon Bliss came in, and he decided to ride with dad, so they could talk over the last-minute plans of the dedication.

The old wagon rumbled away in the gathering twilight, and Ethel helped feed the children, then undressed them and put them to bed, before she heard the rumble of its returning. She literally tore out of the house when she heard the wagon stop.

"Where's my dress? Where's my dress?" she was fairly trembling.

"Reach over there back of the seat. I throwed it in there."

Ethel reached in exploratively, felt all along the boards; felt again and then again. The dress was not there! Dad and Deacon Bliss began to look concerned. Mother brought a light. But the dress was gone! It had jounced out on the way home!

Ethel was stricken. With sagging shoulders and draining heart she turned and went into the house. Her little world had turned upside down—inside out. She lay on her bed and stared into the darkness with a grief too deep for tears.

Mother came to the door of her room. "Ethel, darlin', don't take it so hard. Dad feels awful about it. He's gone to put an ad. in the *Star*. Maybe some one will bring it back 'fore meetin' time."

Ethel gulped her sobs. Her stoic little soul arose to meet the emergency.

The blood of generations of brave ancestors came to her aid now. She arose.

"I'll go press my other dress, right now," she said, in a thin little thread of a voice. Before the lamps were put out, her old red serge lay neatly on the spare room bed, and the household settled down to troubled slumber.

When the first shafts of the October sun of Sabbath morning found her bed, Ethel arose. There was some joy in pulling on the soft brown stockings and buttoning up the new shiny shoes. She flung an apron over her head, and ran in to set the table, fill the sugar bowls, and pump water into the teakettle.

Mother gave her a smile and a hug and went on turning the thin slices of browning French toast in the skillet.

"I'll not go to Sabbath school," she said, after breakfast. "I'll stay here, and maybe some one will bring back Ethel's dress."

"Why, where's your new dress!?" gasped Bonnie, when Ethel took off her coat in the new cloakroom at the church.

"Dad lost it," she gulped, and looked so sick and forlorn that Bonnie didn't dare to inquire further.

When they went in, Ethel noticed how soft the new carpet felt under her feet, as she and Bonnie made their way to Tim O'Toole, usher, who showed them where their division was to be.

Ethel's braids were tied up by golden brown ribbons matching her stockings, but every one who had heard of her new dress, stared when she appeared in the old red serge, but her pale little face forbade any inquiries.

Just as the last song of Sabbath school was being announced, the usher touched her shoulder. "Some one wants you outside, Ethel." Ethel's heart skipped a few beats when she saw Barney, the little boy who lived next door waiting in the hall.

"Ethel, yer mother says fer you to run fer home like *everything*!"

He had hardly got the words out before Ethel, hatless, coatless, her braids flying in the wind, began literally to gallop for home.

Mother was putting the hat pins in her hat and tying on her veil. There on the sofa lay her precious brown brilliantine! In less time than it takes to tell it, Ethel had the lovely dress on, and mother was hooking her up in the back.

"A woman over by Miss Sadie's found it, and brought it back," she explained, smiling.

When Ethel slipped into her seat at the church, the dedication services had already begun. The organ was playing the last bars for the offertory. No one had noticed her absence.

Just then Deacon Bliss arose. Every eye was upon him. His rich, emphatic tones filled the room: "The burden of the building of a church has laid heavily upon our shoulders. We have labored long and hard. We have interviewed the rich and the influential, and have held sales and campaigns. For many months we have anticipated this hour. But the burden of building a church has not, as we assumed, rested upon adult shoulders alone. The Saviour, who once said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' must have anticipated the children all through the ages who would voluntarily take up the burden of His cause. Our youngest contributor is with us today. Miss Ethel Cunningham, aided by Miss Bonnie Hostetler, provided our pulpit furniture of their own volition and by their own efforts." Then he turned and indicated the shining new chairs. "Miss Ethel has the first part on the dedication program."

And Ethel's heart beat hard and joyously under *brown brilliantine* as she mounted the pulpit steps.



A Column in the Interests of Philately

Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

Where Can I Buy Stamps?

WE have received many queries in the past from readers who wished to sell stamps. Without a doubt this was encouraged by the news we published from time to time about rare and valuable stamps. Lately, however, we have been asked where stamps can be bought. In the first place we should say that the INSTRUCTOR does not buy or sell stamps. We wish only to encourage an interesting and profitable hobby.

Collections are built up in various ways. By far the most satisfactory method, if you can afford it, is to buy your supplies from a dealer. In fact, this is the only way you can get *some* stamps. Where? Well, almost every city of any size has its stamp dealer. Look in the phone book, if you do not know where his place of business is located. Department stores and ten-cent stores often have stamp counters. But if these sources are not available to you, we can recommend the following: H. E. Harris and Company, 108 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts; Scott Stamp and Coin Company, 1 West 47th Street, New York City. Write to these companies and tell them what you want. Ask for their current price list and special bargains. Scott's, you remember, publish the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, which is a price list, dictionary, and encyclopedia, all in one.

We had two specific requests this week. One questioner wished to get Silver Jubilee stamps. The Kenmore Stamp Company, Kenmore, New York, is advertising the complete Jubilee series, unused, 62 sets in all, for \$40. The sets from individual countries are generally below \$1, the lowest being 20 cents and the highest \$1.10.

Another correspondent wants the new Persian commemoratives. Scott lists

them at 70 cents for the complete set of 9, unused.

We are glad to help INSTRUCTOR readers who are *collectors*, and to assist our friends in every possible way. Write us about your stamp problems.

Foreign Contacts

MANY of our readers who send in exchange requests ask especially for answers from collectors in foreign countries. So far we have been able to do no more than make their wishes known in the paper, and trust to some stamp enthusiast in a distant land to accept the invitation. But the magazine *Stamps*, published by H. B. Lindquist, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York City, has a service for getting collectors together from different parts of the world which has proved very successful. It is a column called "Four Corners." If you are interested and wish to join, tell all about yourself in a letter addressed to Herb Shatz, specify the countries you prefer to hear from, and give any other information which will be helpful in getting you the most suitable correspondents. The membership fee of 50 cents entitles you to twenty-five contacts during the year, and a sheet of twenty-five Four Corners seals. Address Herb Shatz, care of *Stamps*, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York City. Further details will be sent by Four Corners on receipt of postage.

Exchange

H. Penzien, 2871 23d Street, San Francisco, California, would like especially to hear from people in other countries. He has duplicate stamps from Greece, Mexico, Chile, Argentina, France, and South Africa, to trade for any others. Thanks a lot, Mr. Penzien, for the gift of stamps. We will add them to the INSTRUCTOR collection.

Ruth Wagner, 1205 Green Street, Glendale, California, who says she enjoys the Stamps column very much, wishes to exchange stamps from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Great Britain, and the Philippines, for those from Rhodesia, South Africa, Southwest Africa, Australia, Spain, and any South American countries.

teacher's most formidable rivals and most effective hindrances."—*"Education,"* p. 246. Why? Because progress is made along the line in which one's interest lies. If this principle holds true for the study of geometry or Spanish or history, may it not also hold true for Bible study? We need to be reminded frequently that we travel in the direction of our thinking, that we take the level of our thinking, and that is the reason why the soul of one who is centered in self and whose big interest in life is dress, grows smaller and smaller until like a geometrical point it has neither length, breadth, nor thickness.

"Christ has warned us against the pride of life, but not against its grace and natural beauty. He pointed to the flowers of the field, to the lily unfolding in its purity, and said, 'Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Matt. 6:29. Thus by the things of nature Christ illustrates the beauty that Heaven values, the modest grace, the simplicity, the purity, the appropriateness, that would make our attire pleasing to Him."—*"Messages,"* p. 352.

ALFRED W. PETERSON.



A Trek Through the Jungle

WE invited some of the Missionary Volunteers of the Cimpumpu, Mpira, and Muchenje districts to go with us to visit one of our schools fifty miles to the north in real lion country. They were delighted. So we started out—seventeen Missionary Volunteers, in addition to the driver, lead boy, ax man, the bwana, and three others. We found a wagon which the owner said we could use for ten shillings [\$2.50]. Some of the native brethren loaned us oxen, yokes, strops, and skeys until we had a team of eighteen oxen. As these oxen had never worked together before, it was a real effort to get them to move on, and the tall grass and thorn trees by the side of the road were no aid to progress. The long golden grass was so tall in places that the wagon was entirely hidden.

Once when we stuck in a bog, some of the oxen turned around the yoke, some tangled themselves up in the chain, some reared and plunged, and some laid down and refused to pull a pound. So with shouting and pulling and two men dragging on the leaders' reins, we finally got through. Then we had to load up again. On one stretch wild pigs had dug big holes in the path. The path wound at times through the forest. Vine creepers hanging from the trees, the violet tree that scents the air for some distance with its sweet fragrance, the huge anthills covered with different kinds of verdure,—all made a beautiful picture.

The young people made the bush ring with their Missionary Volunteer

YOUR MV PAGE



A Meditation on Dress

WE are all, some more than others, influenced by the clothes we wear, and the more sensitive our spirit the more our clothes react upon us. Have you never felt the humiliation and the self-consciousness when, dressed carelessly or inappropriately, you suddenly found yourself surrounded by friends or acquaintances whom you wished to think well of you? Have you ever been aware that critical eyes were centered upon you because of some oddity or peculiarity of dress? The experience merely illustrates the type of social control to which we are subjected in matters of dress.

How, then, is the Christian influenced by his associations in matters of dress? If one habitually associ-

ates with a worldly crowd, what kind of clothes will he feel inclined to wear? If one associates with a careless crowd, how will his clothing reflect their attitudes? Paul was a keen student of the influence of social living upon us all, and he wrote, "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." We tend to reflect the ideals, attitudes, and sanctions of the group with which we habitually associate—in dress as well as in other things.

When may dress become a matter of idolatry? Is it not when good taste, health, time, and other worthwhile considerations are sacrificed for it? Thoughtful teachers know how an interest in dress may rival an interest in study. "Love of dress, and devotion to fashion, are among the

rally songs. What must the natives along the way have thought as they heard those songs of praise?

We had trekked all afternoon till about nine o'clock, for we were in a district where there was no water. We had a drum of water with us on the wagon, for the purpose of cooking our food, but the oxen had no water until the next day. We simply threw down our beds in the path. The bwana put down a mat for the "little Missionary Volunteers" and covered them over with the tent to keep them warm and dry, for the dew is heavy and one gets very wet if he sleeps out in the open. The fires felt good, for it was cool.

The next morning we started again. At Muyembe the flies were so bad that we could hardly eat. We stopped under a tree between two kraals. While we were there a girl was led by with a cloth over her head. She was to be confined in a hut near by for three months—a native custom when girls are nearing the marriageable age. We had our service near that hut, but did not see the little girl again. How cruel to shut these girls away so long! What blessings come to those who know the better way.

We pressed on to the Kafushi. Our drinking water was all gone, and we were glad when we saw the trees by the stream. Some of the Missionary Volunteers from the school at Kawemba showed us the way to a good camping place near the river across from Musopelo. In the morning they came again, this time with some wild oxen tied to two sleds, to take our things to Kawemba. We were not able to bring our own oxen across the river because of cattle restrictions. Bwana Arthur took his wife on the bicycle, and it was not a bicycle built for two either. The road six miles through the forest was lovely, but all were glad to reach the school safely.

At Kawemba we had our rally on Sabbath. We went across the river to help the sick and visit some of the villages. We saw the native medicine by the path, placed there because a baby had died. We saw the firewood collected for the dance. The wooden paddle was stuck in the roof with ashes on its tip to help keep away the evil spirits that brought sickness and death.

The story was circulated that the lions had killed three people in the district, but we found later that this was not a fact. On our return journey the lions were bad. They killed two head of cattle in Mpira. At Chinkumbi I spread my blankets on the veranda of a hut, for I was afraid to sleep inside, because many old huts are alive with vermin. Once during the night I thought something was near, but I could not see anything. The next morning the path was filled with fresh lion tracks. The king of beasts had traveled for some

distance on the path and had taken a cow out of the kraal at the next village. The natives said there were five lions there that night.

The homeward journey was not so hard, for the driver knew the way, the bogs were dried harder, the trees had been cut on the outward journey. We enjoyed it—all but those five lions!

S. M. KONIGMACHER,

Liumba Hill Mission, N. Rhodesia, Africa.



The Best M. V. Meeting

You know what Siam and Cambodia are like—we must create our own enthusiasm and do our own shouting. But we are happy to work for these people, and would not change places with any one!

We have now twenty-four baptized Cambodians, and hope to have eight or ten more soon. Our Siamese work will go sometime.

I wish you could have attended the best M. V. meeting that I suppose was ever held in Siam. A solo by a five-year-old Siamese boy, a dialogue on God the Creator, a duet and a trio, a prayer by an orphan boy, etc., were parts on our program.

Our school is going in a strong way with about forty students.

F. L. PICKETT,

Siam Mission, Far Eastern Division.

Counsel Corner

Do you really feel that it is right to have non-Adventists in any office of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society?

"It may be well to say a few words about their [society officers'] essential qualifications. However, all should remember that the most essential qualifications may be acquired by any one who, keeping close to his Master, endeavors faithfully to do his part. . .

"Surely every society officer should have a burden for souls. He should be a loyal Missionary Volunteer, whose aim in theory and practice is to help give 'the advent message to all the world in this generation,' one who is truly constrained by the love of Christ. He should have the Saviour for his daily companion, and know something of the power of prayer. His life should be an example to others. He should be a personal worker, ever seeking for souls as one who must give an account.

"One young people's worker says that every society leader should possess spirituality, sense, tact, grit. These qualifications, however, should be found not alone in the leader, but in every officer of the society. Spirituality is indispensable to success, for spirituality is to the society what steam is to the locomotive."—*Mis-*

siary Volunteers and Their Work," pp. 116, 117.

If one is a loyal Missionary Volunteer, he is a church member, for the "first condition of membership laid down was membership in the Seventh-day Adventist Church; and the second, a willingness to engage in active service for Christ."—*Id. p. 134.*

Prof. M. E. Kern has put it this way: "When any person has yielded all to God and desires to enter His service, he should unite with God's church, which is His organized body on earth for building up His people and accomplishing His work; and in our young people's work we should recognize this fact.

"To give unconsecrated youth a part in the management of this organization would in many cases divert the society from the purpose for which it was established.

"There is a great tendency among our young people toward worldliness and a breaking down of the distinction between the ways of the world and the ways of God. Our Missionary Volunteer Societies should hold the standard high, for in this way only can our young people have a part in the closing work.

"The establishment of this standard does not by any means cut off our unconverted young people from the benefits of the society. It is a drawing together of hearts that are really burdened for souls, that a more efficient work may be done for these dear young people who are out of Christ. It is an attempt to form 'well-organized plans for helping other youth,' and to work for those who 'profess to be Sabbathkeepers' as well as 'for those who are not of our faith.'"

In a newly organized church, where young people may be in a baptismal class preparing for baptism and for church membership, a society might be organized and its leaders be associate members. But these young people would of course soon be baptized.

ALFRED W. PETERSON.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

VII—Feeding Five Thousand; Jesus Walks on the Sea

(August 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Mark 6:30-56; Matthew 14:14-36; Luke 9:10-17; John 6:1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 14:27.
LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 359-382; "Ministry of Healing," pp. 56-58.

Questions

1. When the disciples returned from their first missionary trip, what did they tell Jesus? Mark 6:30.
2. Knowing they were weary, what did Jesus say they should do? Verses 31, 32. Note 1.

3. When the people saw Jesus and the disciples leaving, what did they do? How did He feel toward them? Verses 33, 34.
4. What did the disciples suggest to Jesus as evening came? What was His reply? Verses 35-37.
5. How did Philip show he doubted that the multitude could be fed? John 6:5-7.
6. How did Andrew express the same sentiments? Verses 8, 9. Note 2.
7. In what order did Jesus say the multitude should arrange themselves? Mark 6:39, 40.
8. What did Jesus do before giving the disciples the bread for the people? How much was left after all were supplied? How many were fed? Verses 41-44. Note 3.
9. What did those say who saw this miracle? What were they going to do with Jesus? John 6:14, 15.
10. What did Jesus then tell His disciples to do? When the people were sent away, where did He go? For what purpose? Matt. 14:22, 23.
11. What unpleasant experience did the disciples have in crossing the lake? Toward morning, how did Jesus go to help them? Verses 24, 25.
12. How did the disciples feel when they saw Jesus? What did they think? How did Jesus comfort them? Verses 26, 27.
13. What unusual request did Peter make? How did the Lord answer him? What was Peter's experience? Verses 28-31. Note 4.
14. What came to pass as soon as Jesus and Peter entered the ship? How did those in the boat show they believed Jesus to be the Son of God? Verses 32, 33.
15. When the people of Gennesaret heard that Jesus had come into their land, what did they do? Verses 34, 35.
16. What was done for every one who had faith to reach out and touch Him? Mark 6:55, 56.

Notes

1. The "desert place" to which Jesus and His disciples retired seeking rest was not a barren, desolate region. John says there was much grass there (John 6:10), and Mark says that the grass was green (Mark 6:39). It was no doubt a quiet, sparsely populated region.
2. Instead of looking at Jesus and His power to help them obey His command, Philip was looking at the great amount needed, and Andrew at the small amount on hand. This showed that they lacked faith in Jesus. Whenever Jesus asks us to do anything, He is willing to help us to do it. Every command has a promise of help wrapped up in it.
3. Jesus always acknowledged the Father as the source and giver of all that He Himself imparted. In this object lesson He directed the minds of the disciples to the same source, and set the example to every follower to ask God's blessing upon his food before partaking of it. This also emphasizes the fact that all the Father gives us comes through Jesus, our Mediator. "Christ could have spread for the people a rich repast, but food prepared merely for the gratification of appetite would have conveyed no lesson for their good. Through this miracle Christ desired to teach a lesson of simplicity."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 47.
4. "However impossible the thing commanded by Christ may appear, it is certain He will give power to accomplish it to those who receive His word by faith; but we must take care never to put Christ's power to the proof for the gratification of a vain curiosity; or even for the strengthening of our faith, when the ordinary means for doing that are within our reach."—*Dr. Adam Clarke*.

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

JUNIOR

VII—Feeding Five Thousand; Jesus Walks on the Sea

(August 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 6:30-56.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matthew 14:14-33; Luke 9:10-17; John 6:1-21.

AUGUST 6, 1935

MEMORY VERSE: "Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14:27.

STUDY HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 359-382.

PLACES: Near Bethsaida; Sea of Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus; the disciples; the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

The twelve had returned from their first missionary trip. "The disciples came to Jesus and told Him all things. Their intimate relationship with Him encouraged them to lay before Him their favorable and unfavorable experiences, their joy at seeing results from their labors, and their sorrow at their failures, their faults, and their weaknesses. They had committed errors in their first work as evangelists, and as they frankly told Christ of their experiences, He saw that they needed much instruction. He saw, too, that they had become weary in their labors, and that they needed to rest."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 359.

Questions

1. On returning from their missionary tour, what did the disciples tell Jesus? Seeing their need of rest, what did He say to them? Where did they go? Mark 6:30-32.
2. When the people saw them departing, what did they do? When Jesus saw the multitude how did He feel concerning them? How did He try to help them? Verses 33, 34.
3. At the close of the day, what did the disciples urge Jesus to do? What reply did He make? Verses 35-37.
4. How did Philip show that he did not think it possible to obey this command? John 6:7.
5. How did Andrew also show that he did not think it possible? Verses 8, 9. Note 1.
6. What did Jesus ask them to do with what food they had? Matt. 14:18. Note 2.
7. What command did He give concerning the multitude? How did the people arrange themselves? Mark 6:39, 40.
8. What did Jesus then do in the sight of the people? What part did the disciples act? Verse 41.
9. When all had eaten, what did Jesus tell the disciples to do? How much food was left? John 6:12, 13. Note 3.
10. How many had eaten? Matt. 14:21.
11. What did those say who saw this miracle? What did the multitude at once plan to do? John 6:14, 15. Note 4.
12. How were they hindered in carrying out their plan to make Jesus a king? Matt. 14:22, 23. Note 5.
13. What hardship did the disciples meet on the lake? Who saw them toiling? How did Jesus go to them? Mark 6:47, 48. Note 6.
14. When the disciples saw Jesus what did they think? How did they show their alarm? How did Jesus quiet their fears? Matt. 14:26, 27.
15. What strange request did Peter make? What invitation did Jesus give to him? Verses 28, 29, first part.
16. As long as Peter looked at Jesus, what was he able to do? What caused him to be afraid? What did he begin to do? What did he cry out? Verses 29, 30. Note 7.
17. How quickly did Jesus answer him? What kind words of reproof did Jesus speak? What change came to pass as soon as Jesus came into the ship? What did those who were in the ship do and say? Verses 31-33.
18. When they landed at Gennesaret in the morning, what did the people at once do? How were many of the sick healed? Mark 6:53-56.

Notes

1. Instead of looking at Jesus and His power to help them obey His command, Philip was looking at the great amount of food needed, and Andrew at the small amount on hand. The "five loaves" were doubtless the round, flat cakes like large biscuits, made of coarse barley. The fishes were dried or pickled, as was the custom of those days, and were to be eaten with the bread.
2. No matter how little we have, no matter how great our need, no matter how impossible it may seem to obey the Lord's command, we should bring what

we have to Jesus. He will do what we cannot.

3. "He who had all the resources of infinite power at His command said, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.' These words meant more than putting the bread into the baskets. The lesson was twofold. Nothing is to be wasted. We are to let slip no temporal advantage. We should neglect nothing that will tend to benefit a human being. Let everything be gathered up that will relieve the necessity of earth's hungry ones. And there should be the same carefulness in spiritual things. When the baskets of fragments were collected, the people thought of their friends at home. They wanted them to share in the bread that Christ had blessed. The contents of the baskets were distributed among the eager throng, and were carried away into all the region round about. So those who were at the feast were to give to others the bread that comes down from heaven, to satisfy the hunger of the soul. They were to repeat what they had learned of the wonderful things of God."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 368.

4. "The Jews had often suffered by famine in those times in which their enemies were permitted to prevail over them; but, finding that Jesus had such power as to multiply a few loaves to feed thousands, they took it for granted that while He was at their head, no evil could possibly happen to them, and therefore were determined immediately to proclaim Him king."—*Clarke*.

5. "Calling His disciples, Jesus bids them take the boat, and return at once to Capernaum, leaving Him to dismiss the people. Never before had a command from Christ seemed so impossible of fulfillment. The disciples had long hoped for a popular movement to place Jesus on the throne; they could not endure the thought that all this enthusiasm should come to nothing. . . . Jesus now commands the multitude to disperse; and His manner is so decisive that they dare not disobey. The words of praise and exaltation die on their lips. In the very act of advancing to seize Him, their steps are stayed, and the glad, eager look fades from their countenances. In that throng are men of strong mind and firm determination; but the kingly bearing of Jesus, and His few quiet words of command, quell the tumult, and frustrate their designs. They recognize in Him a power above all earthly authority, and without a question they submit."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 378.

6. The "fourth watch" was from three to six o'clock in the morning.

7. "Looking unto Jesus, Peter walks securely; but as in self-satisfaction he glances back toward his companions in the boat, his eyes are turned from the Saviour. The wind is boisterous. The waves roll high, and come directly between him and the Master; and he is afraid. For a moment Christ is hidden from his view, and his faith gives way. . . . Walking side by side, Peter's hand in that of his Master, they stepped into the boat together. But Peter was now subdued and silent. He had no reason to boast over his fellows, for through unbelief and self-exaltation he had very nearly lost his life."—*Id.*, pp. 381, 382.



Issued by

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Yearly subscription, \$1.75; six months, \$1. In clubs of five or more, one year, each \$1.50; six months, 80 cents.

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▶ THE world's largest bus, 65 feet long and having 18 wheels, a buffet, and a bathroom, runs from Damascus, Syria, to Baghdad, Iraq.

▶ THE Prince of Wales, still the world's most famous bachelor, celebrated his 41st birthday recently in the quiet of his country house, Fort Belvedere, Berkshire.

▶ SINCE the inauguration of the present Fascisti government in Rome in the autumn of 1922, the Italian government has signed 1,087 diplomatic covenants, or treaties, with fifty-nine different nations.

▶ THE St. Lawrence River is one of the world's widest rivers. It is only at Point de Monts, after a long sail upriver, that both banks can be seen from the deck of a ship, and even here the St. Lawrence is 40 miles wide.

▶ THE farmer is experiencing a decreasing demand for his best-paying crop—dairy products. During 1933, farms in the United States produced 102,309,000,000 pounds of milk. In 1934 production fell to 98,940,000,000 pounds. At the prevailing farm price this represents a loss of \$58,400,000 to the producer alone, without taking into account the loss to dairies and other intermediate dealers.

▶ Two vaccines giving immunity against athlete's foot, a type of ringworm estimated to attack 80 per cent of the population of the United States, was announced at Philadelphia before a recent meeting of the American College of Physicians, by Dr. Herbert Thomas Kelly, of the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Medicines. The two vaccines, Dr. Kelly states, will offer immunity against five of the principal fungi causing this trouble, and were developed for the protection of diabetics, for whom ringworm often proves fatal.

▶ ON the Fourth of July word went out that the frail old original manuscripts of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States will not be moved from the Library of Congress after all. The plan had been to place them in the new archives building which is nearing completion, and which has been erected to "hold state papers." Between two and three thousand visitors to Washington, D. C., climb the stairs to the second floor of the third greatest library in the world every day to peer through protective yellow glass at these two historic documents.

▶ THIS summer Marshall Field and Company, of Chicago, has in operation an eleven-car Merchandise Express—a full-fledged catalogue of their stock-for-sale on wheels. The whole venture is purely wholesaling promotion. Air-conditioned cars, leased from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have been stripped of seats and fitted up as modern display rooms. Forward is a dormitory car for the train crew, and in the rear a diner, two Pullmans, and an office car fully equipped for business. Hung conspicuously by the vestibule of the office car is the sign, "For Merchants Only." The general public is not admitted, because no goods are actually for sale; they are simply samples from which local merchants may order. When its 3,000-mile itinerary is completed it will have visited 19 important merchandising centers in the South and East.

▶ GOLD washing or panning has been seriously undermining La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, 12,200 feet above sea level. The city is located in a ravine formed by the Choqueyapu River, which was famous for gold even in the days of the ancient Aymara Indians. In fact, the Indian name of the river means "gold river." Such was the fame of its wealth that the Spanish conquerors pressed their conquest there in 1545. They not only greatly expanded the city, but also located rich deposits of silver, tin, lead, and copper in the neighboring mountains, and in comparison gold washing offered smaller profits and was finally abandoned. The world depression, however, brought a fall in the price of tin—Bolivia's chief export—and the government set forth inducements to all who would again wash for gold and sell it to the Central Bank at the official rate. Many applications were received, deep pits were dug along the river, and many heavy boulders moved. As a consequence the foundations of a number of public buildings in La Paz have been undermined, and it has been necessary to absolutely prohibit gold washing within the city limits.

▶ PRACTICALLY all lace used today is made on machines. France and England are the leading machine lace producers of the world, but the United States has a lace industry also. It represents about \$25,000,000 of invested capital, employs 3,000 workers, and last year turned out \$8,000,000 worth of lace and lace goods.

▶ SINCE 1930 more than 15,000 young women have applied to the United Air Lines for positions as air stewardesses. Three major air lines in the United States now employ such hostesses, but the requirements which they must meet are exceedingly stringent.

▶ FROM London to Brisbane, Australia, is the longest airway in the world—12,803 air miles. Regular weekly service for passengers and mail is maintained.

▶ The only remaining native caribou in the United States proper are the dozen animals found in the boggy swamp north of Upper Red Lake, Minnesota.

▶ THE discovery of a new vitamin, to be called "K," is announced in *Nature*, a London scientific weekly. It is said to cure anemia.

▶ THE Chinese government, fearing pirates, has requested the loan of a British warship to carry her priceless art treasures to England, where they will be exhibited.


▶ THE bridge across the Jasgone Valley, near Kashmir, India, consists merely of three ropes made of hazel twigs slung from stout poles from one side of the river to the other. One rope is for the traveler's feet, and the other two, about four feet above the foot rope, are for his hands. All three are joined together about every six feet by V-shaped branches. This bridge is surprisingly strong, despite its fragile appearance.

▶ IN the village of Wickham, near Southampton, England, stands an old mill which has ground corn for the villagers for more than a century. The timbers of it are as sound as when it was built, but they are pitted by embedded shot, and the floors are seamed and marked with signs of conflict. Yet, as a mill it has never been attacked. The story is that it was once an American frigate, captured during the war of 1812, taken to England, sold, and used to construct this sturdy mill.

▶ THE *New York Times* reports that a copy of a treaty recently discovered at the Public Records Office in London, and placed on exhibition at the British Museum, reveals that John Batman secured from the trusting aborigines of Southeastern Australia 600,000 acres, the present state of Victoria, for some cutlery and cheap textiles. To be explicit, the natives surrendered their land for "twenty pairs of blankets, thirty tomahawks, 100 knives, fifty pairs of scissors, 200 handkerchiefs, 100 pounds of flour, and six shirts."

▶ WHEN white picket gates in the New England village of Storrowton, Massachusetts, swung open recently to admit summer tourists, it marked a restoration in the Old Colony similar to Williamsburg in the Old Dominion. Eleven authentic Revolutionary or pre-Revolutionary buildings have been assembled from different sections of New England by Mrs. James J. Storrow, of Boston. This has been the work of years. First she bought a house here, then a church there, then a village hall, then a tavern, and so on. Beam by beam they were then transferred to their present site. The fine old structures are to preserve for future generations the simplicity and charm of those early days.

▶ A COMPLETE subterranean city of vast extent was recently discovered under Austria's capital, Vienna, when new pipe lines were laid in the Zoller Gasse near the center of the city. A number of spacious underground halls came to light, their walls lined with brick masonry. These were apparently main thoroughfares of the hidden city, as they seem to be points of issue for a maze of intricate galleries extending over an area of several square miles. The discoveries include a vast underground cemetery, and a vaulted catacomb chamber with remnants of wall paintings. These are believed to date from the eleventh century, and are thus 200 years older than the oldest parts of Vienna.



"A Little

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