

The Youth's Instructor

Vol. 84

March 10, 1936

No. 10



On the New Freedom of Modern Youth

A NEW kind of youth is abroad in the land today.

This youth is more interested in freedom than in anything else. How to direct this desire for freedom, how to understand and harness this enthusiasm, is the task of youth leaders in this hour. It is the task of the church especially.

We believe that youth is neither as bad as it is painted nor as wise as it frequently pretends to be. Normal youth wants freedom and liberty. Its inexperience often leads it to make of this freedom a yoke of bondage. I want to speak to you about the Christian youth. With the apostle Paul I want to appeal to you in these words found in his epistle to the Galatians, "Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

There is no liberty in going to a social function with a flask of whisky, nor in every other means of unrestrained pleasure. It may be license to do as one pleases, but one goes into slavery conducting himself in this way. To be free, one must obey the laws of freedom. License is not

by Louise C. Kleuser

liberty, and lawlessness is not freedom. There is a higher law of liberty. "If the Son therefore

shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36.

This is an age of decisions. Youth is primarily the time for great decisions. Young people reach decisions with ease, but also with intense ardor. Adults often recognize youth's ardor as folly, if not insanity. Unsanctified zeal often borders on insanity. This is why so many ideas of youth clash glaringly with the experience of a more mature generation.

While youth's zeal may be misplaced and misdirected, in itself it offers real power. It is this power, young people, you must yourselves sense. Your natural zeal must be purified into holy ardor, the basis of all noble endeavor. The church depends on this type of zeal. It is the challenge of Christian service which molds all the weaker elements of zeal into dynamic, holy aims. This accomplished in your lives, changes the unregenerated desires for freedom. "Stand fast . . . in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." (Turn to page 3)

Let's Talk It Over

YOU have a job to do. Maybe it is in the workaday world, and again maybe it is studying school lessons and helping with home duties that are not in the least romantic, but which *must* be done. Does this job, whatever it is, seem to you small and unimportant and uninteresting and mere drudgery? Do you feel that it leads nowhere?

Don't you ever allow yourself to believe this—not for a minute! Every little job is a vital part of a big job—if only you will look at it from the right viewpoint.

A BOY ate his noon meal in the shade of the trees the fruit of which he was to bring to the farmhouse," says L. A. Hartley. "His job was to pick the fruit and store it for use. He did his work with a smile, for in his soul he saw in the job more than trees and fruit and storerooms. He saw the world as a whole, the sun, the stars, and man in the midst of all. An apple fell, and this boy saw in its fall the law of force which pulls the floods to form the seas and holds man to earth while the great ball whirls round and round. Many men in the years before had done the work that Isaac Newton did. They had seen trees and fruit, and had told how hard it was to lift their weight up to the topmost branch and pluck the fruit which would not fall.

"Young Isaac Newton saw, but he did not stop here. In his room at night he drew a plan to test his thought. He read and grew in mind and hope, and found men to help him reach his goal. For ten long years he strove to see what was in the job at which he had worked when a boy. At least his test was done save for one fact which he had yet to prove. Ten more years of work, and at last he saw in full; he understood the one-time job and told the world what he had seen. The Law of Gravity is Newton's law. The boy and man had seen the depth and width and length of one small job. A world of thought was shown to men, and life means more to us today in view of what Newton saw in his job.

A YOUNG man had a job in a hotel. He stood all day in a small cage and did just four things: (1) threw a switch to the left to stop the car, (2) moved the door to the right to let guests leave the car, (3) closed the door, (4) moved the

switch to the right to start the car.

"Some might say that there cannot be much to see in such a job. But this young man in that small cage saw more than many people see while on a long trip. He wrote of the things he saw, and is known throughout the world. Paul Laurence Dunbar, a Negro and the son of a slave, is the young man who stood in that small cage and did those four things over and over again. He saw the gold glow of sunsets and the sweep of far-off hills through the bars of his cage. He heard the songs of birds, and felt the peace of home at eventide in the hum of gears that drove the elevator.

A SCOTCH lad had a job in a wood carver's shop. He had to bring his own tools. All he could afford was a jackknife. He used this so well that one day a man who built ships asked him to carve a small model. A large ship was built from his small one, and he was made chief engineer of the new line of ships which still bears his name. This young man was Sam Cunard, and that ship carved with a humble jackknife, was the first of the great Cunard line whose boats are found in ports all around the world. As he stood at his workbench he saw the white foam thrown back from wave to wave. He saw ships sail from sea to sea and snatch days and leagues from time and space.

"A youth of fifteen found a job as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. Once in a while a magazine he carried had an article on science. These he read, and more—he thought about what he read. Then he bought a few simple supplies and set to work to learn. That boy was Thomas Alva Edison, whose mind's eye could look from the job of newsboy and catch the shaft of light which marks the greatest age of industry.

HENRY DISTON'S first job was to sweep the floor and help in a small shop where saws were made. He would work hard to get his other tasks done, so that he might do fine saw work. In this way he soon became known as the best sawsmith in the United States. The plant he built has grown, and his saws are now found wherever wood is cut. Do I hear some one say, "There is not much to see in the job of making a saw?" Henry Diston was one of those who

could see far more than the steel from which the tool was made.

"The story of Henry Ford is well known. Who dare say that he did not see beyond the doorway of his first little shop? His rise in the industrial world is no mere chance. He had a job, and in that job he saw a vision of the things that we see now as his lifework.

"John D. Rockefeller's start in the oil business was made with one small still the size of a barrel. Caruso worked in an Italian boiler factory, and heard in the roar of the riveting hammer the songs that thrilled the world. Andrew Johnson sat cross-legged on a bench and sewed on clothes for other men, and in the fabric of the cloth he sewed, he saw the fabric of a dream. His wife taught him to read and write in their humble home, yet he was one day to be President of the United States, and to be known as the greatest international lawyer of his time.

A POOR shepherd brought his family to America in 1835 and settled in a small town in Indiana. His son James got a job in a foundry. At first he swept the office, wheeled iron and coke, skimmed ladles, and did the work of an unskilled laborer. But he studied every job he did and read books on heat treatment of iron. In those days, plowshares were made of unhardened iron and could not be kept sharp. He applied himself to this problem, and when he became a molder, invented a way to chill the shares. James Oliver thus became the founder of a great business which bears his name and is known throughout the world. He rose to distinction and wealth, and what is better still, to service of his fellow men, by looking with seeing eyes at his humble job in the little Indiana foundry."

TAKE a look at *your* job today. Scrutinize it carefully from all sides through the magnifying glass known as the pride of craftsmanship. No matter how humble it may be, do it as perfectly as you are capable. And if you can't see any future in it, then ask the heavenly Father to give you vision, together with faith and courage to go on to greater achievements "for the Son of God and the sons of men."

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

Gal. 5:1. Such freedom, such liberty, does not serve the flesh; it serves our fellow men.

Candid youth today must admit youth's lawlessness. This condition is disintegrating the church. But before it reaches into the church with all its destructive forces, it has begun its work in the home. Divine inspiration characterizes the last days as "perilous" because youthful disobedience, lawlessness, is rampant. 2 Tim. 3:1-5. Most youth defy the restrictions and prohibitions of anxious parents. Such are regarded by them as "old foggy ideas," entirely unnecessary. There is set up a conflict in the home, and because of youth's willful zeal, youth wins out.

Religion today often fails to grip youth because too much of it has been painted in terms of the future. Youth wants *what* it wants and *when* it wants it; it wants it *now*! Youth will not wait. Youth *need* not wait to sense the full satisfaction of a functioning religion. It is the privilege of every young person to realize the ringing words of Paul, Godliness has "promise of the life that *now* is." 1 Tim. 4:8. Let youth keep insisting that religion has to do with the present. Jesus Christ was a young man; all the marvelous work of His ministry was accomplished during the span of a youthful life. Youth has a right to know this about religion: Does it work?

The candid youth must not overlook another vital factor in his religion. He must have his dreams as well as his immediate realizations. He must plan for the future, for this is another of his God-given privileges. The practical present does not provide sufficient to fulfill the Christian life. The Christian youth has dreams to dream and hopes to realize. It is the special privilege for the youth of the "last days." Acts 2:17; Titus 2:13. The world's outlook may be dark, but there is vision for the youthful Christian of this hour. It is the promise not yet received which supplies that youthful soul hunger with manna for thought and vigor. Magnified by the prophet's vision of the future, these hopes serve youth as an "anchor of the soul."

The religion of youth does not center around mere theology. This is perhaps the reason why so few youth are interested in discussions of the more intricate, intellectual questions of religion. It may be the reason why the church has too often lost the benefit of youth's services. Youth is too active; it must be doing. Youth today is arising to its needs, demanding a leadership into the realities of true religion. Underneath an often crude exterior, it yearns for all this. Youth truly wants Christ!

Noble and pure as are the aspirations of a genuine, youthful life, so demoralizing and destructive are the

enemies of youth. Modern youth has no phantom foes to deal with; they are most real. They lurk to ensnare him on every hand. They call to service the world's best talents and scientific phenomena; they enlist the most prominent divines. These foes appeal to youth in physical strength, in sport and play. They glare from billboards and they challenge from cigarette packages. They flare from vanity cases and bubble forth out of liquor flasks. They trip the dancing feet of the frivolous and ruin the souls of the pure and spotless.

Young man, beware; take note of your enemies and set the battle in

that bear the vessels of the Lord." Isa. 52:11.

There is a reason for these challenging appeals to the youth of this hour. Many of the world's noble enterprises of the day are defeated because of inadequate power to produce the necessary results. Science and invention have not failed in the providence of God; it is human power that is failing, because it refuses to be connected with divine strength. At least the church is failing on this very ground. As we have been told through inspiration, "The greatest want of the world is the want of men,—men who will not be bought or



God Does Answer Prayer

by A. A. Cone

A LITTLE more than a year ago a young woman of the Providence, Rhode Island, Seventh-day Adventist church secured employment in a textile mill, where they worked but five days a week. Thus the question of Sabbath observance did not arise. After she had worked there about a year, one day she heard the foreman tell the other girls that hereafter they must come to work on Saturday. She immediately began to pray that the Lord would help her to stand firm for the truths of the third angel's message even though it might mean losing her job. She prayed all that afternoon and again very earnestly that night.

The next day was Friday, and the foreman came to her and said, "Margaret, I want you to come to work tomorrow. We have a rush order which must be gotten out, and we will have to work Saturdays to do it."

She replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Blank, but my religious belief does not permit me to work on Saturday; that is my Sabbath."

"What are you, Margaret?" he asked.

When she replied, "I am a Seventh-day Adventist," he said, "God bless you, Margaret, you don't have to come to work tomorrow."

A little later he came back to her and said, "Margaret, do you pay tithe on what you earn?"

"Yes, Mr. Blank," she replied. "I pay a tenth of every dollar I make."

"You don't have very much left for yourself after paying the tithe, do you?" he asked.

"Well, I have enough so I can get along."

The foreman seemed greatly impressed, and said, "I shall do all I can to give you overtime work so you can earn a little extra."

Not long after that Margaret was given a better job, with better pay. Her comment on all this, as she told the experience in a young people's meeting, was, "God *does* answer prayer. If we take all our problems to Him, He will help when no one else can."

array. You cannot afford to laugh down these forces of destruction, for they verily lurk in your laughter. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. 16:13. The world's standards are trailing in the dust. There is but one true standard. Lift it up for God's people! You are one of the sons of God, His representative on territory the enemy claims as his. Snatch the banner of Prince Immanuel, wave it high for truth and godliness! Sound the call to His colors, "We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Here is the best argument for this noble, Christian standard: "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." 1 John 3:3, 4. Is the standard too high? Read again, "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; . . . be ye clean,

sold; men who in their inmost souls are true and honest; men who do not fear to call sin by its right name; men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall."

The call of this hour is for youth who have these principles at heart. They must reach down into the very warp and woof of Christian fiber. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." All heaven sides with youth for such a cry of freedom. It is the freedom of the free, and not the yoke of bondage the enemy of youth holds out as that new freedom which characterizes this decade. It is the freedom which knows the bliss of a pure heart and the strength of divine power.

Nothing short of an experience free from all the entanglements of sin (Gal. 5:1) will (Turn to page 12)

The Most-Coveted Possession

• by Demia Knapp Wilson

WE have all read stories, fraught with interest, of the daring days of '49. The pioneers crossed the plains, had thrilling encounters with Indians and wild beasts, ran short of provisions, and endured sickness, and some even died along the way. There may or may not have been a touch of comedy in the story; but always, after a tedious, hazardous journey, they found themselves in a new wild country where the sun shone hot, birds sang contentedly, strange flowers bloomed along the wayside, lofty mountain ridges, covered with evergreen forests, stretched in vast and majestic array, and best of all, there was gold in the ground beneath their very feet!

In those pioneer boom days many prospered, while others were not so fortunate. There were disappointments and failures. Some, discouraged and homesick, managed to trek back, over the long, long trail, to their starting place, where friends were true and life was not so rough and uncertain. Mining was a gamble and gold was only where they found it.

In those turbulent years, the land of the setting sun was full of dangers. It was miles from the nearest town to

the mining camp, up over narrow, stony, red, dusty roads which wound around the edge of mountains and looked out over dizzy gorges hundreds of feet deep. There were no herds of cattle to break the underbrush. The forests were thick, dense, dark, tangled jungles into which they dared not penetrate far, for fear of losing their sense of direction. There were ferocious wild beasts,—the mountain lion, bear, wolf, coyote, wildcat, and deer in abundance, to say nothing of the rattlesnake that coiled under the huge rock. It was a task to go after supplies. Prices were high. One's worst enemy was man, as few officers of the law and very little means of protection could be provided in this new wild back country. Part of the gold seekers were made up of a lawless class who would take advantage of one's absence, as well as one's provisions, or one's gold if they could find it.

So only the strong survived, and only the courageous stayed and lived under these most primitive and perilous conditions. Although they found that gold was indeed a scarce and precious treasure, the finding of which took more courage, perseverance, and tenacity than they had

dreamed of, yet a valuable golden stream began to pour into the coffers of the United States, and persistent men prospered as fortune smiled upon them.

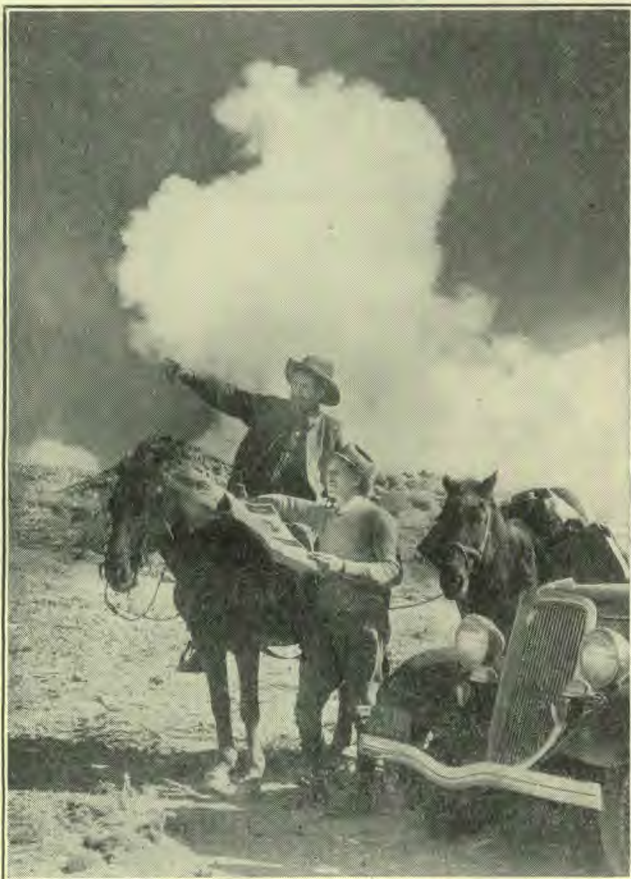
The descendants of many of those successful prospectors are at the present time scattered about the Golden State, and a few still live in the same old gold-mining districts.

Today the valleys of California are dotted with villages and cities connected by railways and bus lines. Irrigation systems are

furnishing water for the immense fruit orchards and ranches, and for many large mines now in operation. Instead of only a pick, shovel, and gold pan, these big mines of today are operated by capitalists who have the means to put into action a force of many men. They have brought electricity over the mountains at great expense and installed electric water pumps, several-hundred horsepower hoists, air compressors, and tramways. They sink shafts for hundreds of feet, and crews of men risk their lives daily to tunnel an interlacing network of underground channels beneath river beds, and under thousands of tons of rocks and mountain weight. Always they are seeking, searching for the golden vein that repays them so bountifully for their risk, expense, and labor. The hospitals of the modern mining towns of the present time are filled to overflowing with accident patients—broken and crushed bones, infections, head bruises, and exhaustions.

The dangerous old narrow mountain trails have been broadened and made fit for the automobile traffic of today. But there are still dirt roads leading off the highways into districts of deserted ghost villages. Here stand the bleached tumble-down houses, whose roofs are fast caving in, where many of California's grandfathers were born. Old orchards remain, neglected and shaggy, still bearing their sweet apples, winter pears, plums, and delicious cherries. Great black walnut trees shade the weedy front yards, with perhaps a mass of overgrown blackberry bushes in the rear. Almost every ghost town has its forsaken, bat-inhabited hotel of other days, with its many tiny rooms, narrow halls, and large kitchens, which once housed our sturdy bronze pioneers of the wild West. The windows of these old inns are all broken out. The roofs and porches are sagging, if not already fallen, and very soon nothing will be left of these decaying monuments of memories. These mining hamlets which once boasted a hotel, a store or two with iron doors, three or four saloons, a schoolhouse, and a village doctor, are now practically void of such conveniences.

The few people who have remained in this region raise enormous herds of cattle for a livelihood, but there are always several about who still "pan for a living." They work along the creeks or in the "diggings." The "diggings" are strips of land once gone over by the (Turn to page 12)



*"There Is Gold in
'Them Thar Hills'
Even Today"*

CV. LA TOUR

QUEBEC Has Her 400th BIRTHDAY

by
Ernest
Monteith

THE Old World is full of ancient cities that charm one with their antiquity. This is a fact well known to Americans and Canadians, and as a result, every year hundreds cross the ocean to visit such places. I often wonder if these very people know that right here in America, we have cities equally as alluring as any in the Old Land. Of course, I must admit we have none as ancient, but we have one that last year celebrated its quadricentennial—Quebec, the only walled city in North America!

Almost every one has studied geography sufficiently to know where this quaint old city is located, but few are familiar with its history. I wonder how many know that in 1535 Jacques Cartier and his men spent there the first winter ever spent by white men on Canadian soil. And what a terrible time of it they had! Scurvy broke out among them, and so many of his men died during the winter that Cartier sank one of his boats in the St. Charles River when he returned to France the following summer. This boat was discovered in the early part of the 19th century and raised from its watery grave. Pieces of it are on display now in the museums of the province.

Could you visit Quebec today, you would see no vestiges of this early attempt at colonization. What you would see, dates from the real founding of the city in 1608 by the French explorer, Samuel de Champlain. Ever since that time there have been white men living at Quebec. You would hear French names that were common there three hundred years ago. In fact, the modern French Canadian is proud to have as his ancestor, Louis Hébert, the first French colonist to engage in farming in this country. He points to him with every bit as much pride as the American who boasts of his ancestors' having come to the New World on the "Mayflower."

Although there are few buildings standing that are over two hundred years old, still many of its institutions have a history as old almost as the city itself. Best known of these is the Ursuline Convent, a cloister



COURTESY, CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Citadel of Historic Old Quebec, and the Famous Dog, Cut in Bold Relief Above the City Post Office

founded in 1639. You must not leave Quebec without a visit to its chapel, for there burns a light that has never been extinguished since its flame was kindled in 1717.

In that year a young woman, Marie Madeline de Repentigny by name, belonging to one of the noble families in old Montreal, was bereaved of her fiancé, a handsome young officer in the French army. Overwhelmed with grief, she sought to bury her sorrow in the pleasures of this world. Unsuccessful in this, she joined the Ursulines. There she besought "Our Lady of Great Power" for comfort, promising that if it were granted, she would light and tend a lamp. It is said that instantly her prayer was answered, and in fulfillment of her vow she lighted this flame. When, in 1759, the British general James Wolfe besieged Quebec, part of the convent was destroyed. Nevertheless ten nuns remained in its ruin to protect this votive fire, and were successful in doing so.

This convent boasts many ancient relics, included among which are said-to-be portions of the crown of thorns and of the cross. It also claims to have in its possession the bones of several saints. These and the skull of Marquis de Montcalm, who is buried in the chapel, are displayed in glass cases. Catholic institutions vie with one another for the possession of the body of a saint. The Ursulines at Quebec, unable to get the skull of

Ste. Ursule, founder of the order, have been obliged to content themselves with that of one of her companions.

Everywhere you turn in this old city, there seems to be a Catholic church. There is one in the Lower Town, called Our Lady of Victories. How it acquired this name is rather interesting. The building of the original church was begun in 1688. Two years later an English commander from the thirteen colonies, named Sir William Phipps, attempted unsuccessfully to capture the colony. Believing that the virgin Mary had intervened with Divine Providence on their behalf, the people decided to name the church which had just been completed Our Lady of Victory.

A few years later the English, under Admiral Walker, again attempted to take the city. Once more the people solicited the virgin for help. The admiral's fleet was wrecked, and as a result the name was changed to Our Lady of Victories. In this same church, an annual mass is celebrated to commemorate the unsuccessful attempt of the American generals, Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, to take Quebec in 1775.

Another church with a name that fires one's imagination is the Church of the Perpetual Adoration. In it white-hooded nuns with veiled faces take turns prostrating themselves before the altar. This worship is kept up day and night. Hence the name of the church. It is believed by many devout Catholics that when this worship is discontinued, the world will come to an end.

Besides these well-known Catholic churches, there is one outstanding

Protestant church in Quebec. It is the Anglican Cathedral of the Holy Trinity. Displayed in it are the tattered flags of Wolfe and Montcalm, used during the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, 1759. There, too, is buried the Duke of Richmond, whose duchess gave the great ball on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, now immortalized by Byron in his, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

Many of those prominent in the early history of the city have been buried in its churches. Champlain, the real founder of Quebec, died there three hundred years ago last Christmas Day, and was buried in a little church called Our Lady of the Recovery. It stood, as far as I can ascertain, on the site now occupied by the General Post Office. Unfortunately, it was destroyed by fire in 1640. Frontenac, undoubtedly the most outstanding governor of French Canada, also died in Quebec, and was buried in the Basilica. However, the Basilica, like the Church of Our Lady of the Recovery, suffered from fire, and Frontenac's last resting place is a matter of contention.

As the reader will have by now concluded, Quebec has two large parts. The Lower Town is built along the mighty St. Lawrence, and the Upper Town on Cape Diamond, a part of the Laurentian Highlands, which overlooks the great river from a height of 350 feet. Most of the places of historic interest are located in the Upper Town. There stands the imposing fortress built in 1823 by the British government to defend the entrance to the great Dominion. There, too, on the site now occupied by Canada's most imposing hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, stood the fort St. Louis, built by Champlain. Under a bastion of this fort was buried the American general, Richard Montgomery, who tried unsuccessfully in 1775 to take the city. There his remains rested until 1818, when they were disinterred and taken to New York.

It is the Upper Town that is surrounded by a wall. This is, in many places, hidden from view by the buildings that hem it in on both sides, but save for the gates, which have been enlarged to accommodate modern vehicles of travel, it is much as it was, and a great attraction for tourists.

Those who are versed in Canadian history will recall that from 1841 to 1867 the Canadian parliament met in Quebec City at regular intervals. They will remember, too, that it was there that the Fathers of Confederation met together in 1864 to discuss the union of the British colonies in America. It was there that they drew up the Seventy-two Resolutions which formed the basis of the British North America Act passed by the Imperial Parliament, uniting the provinces into one vast dominion.

The building in which these Fathers of Confederation, or delegates, to use a better-known term, met, was razed by fire shortly afterward. It stood in the Upper Town in Montmorency Park where today is erected a fine monument to Sir George Etienne Cartier, the Father of Confederation, largely responsible for inducing the French Canadians to enter Confederation.

Quite near to this historical spot stands the post office of Quebec. In the front wall of this building, above its main entrance, is cut in bold relief, a dog—a strange thing for a post office. But stranger still is the mysterious inscription beneath it, which may be translated as follows:

"I am a dog that gnaws a bone,
I crouch and gnaw it all alone,
The time will come which is not yet,
When I'll bite him by whom I'm bit."

At one time this stone stood in an ancient structure on the same site. When the old building was torn down, a cornerstone was found containing a piece of lead which stated that Nicolas Jacques Philibert placed it there on August 26, 1735. The finding of this piece of lead and the

mysterious inscription on the stone fired the imagination of one of our Canadian authors, and led to his weaving around them a romance of old Quebec, known as "Le Chien d'Or" or "The Golden Dog."

After you have seen all these places of historic interest, it would be well for you to visit the Parliament Building. The government of the province of Quebec is modeled directly after that of Great Britain. There are two lawmaking bodies, a legislative assembly of eighty-five members elected at regular intervals by the people and a legislative council of twenty-four members appointed by the lieutenant governor. A bill to become law must first be passed by the legislative assembly and afterward by the legislative council. It has then to receive the royal assent, which is given by the lieutenant governor. Custom decrees that the Crown must not interfere with politics, and since 1849 no representative of the Crown has dared to refuse his assent to any law passed by a legislative body, whether in the provincial or the federal government. So we in Canada are said to enjoy representative government.

In this building are two large rooms set aside for the legislative bodies. The walls of the room occupied by the assembly are painted green to correspond to the color of the walls in the Imperial House of Commons, and the walls of the legislative council room are painted red to correspond to the color of the walls in the Imperial House of Lords. On the ceiling of each room is a magnificent painting. The one in the assembly depicts the history of the province, showing all the people connected therewith passing through the clouds of time. Heading the procession is Jacques Cartier, and following close behind are Champlain and the missionaries, Laval and Frontenac, Montcalm and Levis—the persons most prominent in the French period of Quebec's history. After these we see Papineau, Baldwin, Lafontaine, and Elgin, four men connected with the struggle for responsible government; the Fathers of Confederation; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada, 1896-1911, the only French Canadian to hold that high office.

One can review the history of Canada on the outside of the building almost as well as he can within the chamber of the legislative assembly. In the front wall of the structure are large niches containing statues of those prominent in Canadian history. All of the persons already mentioned and others are thus honored. What an interesting collection they make! Adventurers, explorers, missionaries, soldiers, and statesmen are there in almost all the styles of dress known to Western civilization during the last four centuries. (Turn to page 12)



COURTESY, CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Chateau Frontenac and Part of Dufferin Terrace, One of the Finest Promenades in the World



*Preaching in the Market Place of
Agona, Gold Coast, Africa*

I Too Was a SLAVE

by H. Wilson

(The writer of this story is one of the older native Christian workers on the Gold Coast of West Africa. It is to E. D. Dick, secretary of the Northern European Division Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, that we owe the pleasure of making his acquaintance. As he met H. Wilson on a recent visit to Sierra Leone and heard him tell the experiences recorded here, he remembered the young people all around the world circle who read the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and asked him to record them in writing for you.—EDITOR.)

SLAVERY! How horrible is the term! How humiliating is the condition of the unfortunate human being who finds himself the helpless victim of that ungodly traffic! Slavery, next to war, is the most glaring example of man's inhumanity to man which makes the devil laugh and the angels weep.

How humiliating is the very thought that any of one's ancestors should have been under the cruel yoke of bondage! The unfeeling world often takes advantage of this unpleasant fact, and throws it up at one's face with a disdainful smile and bitter mockery.

And yet it is all too true that my dear grandfather, Atatebah, was a slave. He was not born a slave, neither was he sold as a punishment for some heinous crime. No, he was born a freeman, of the proud and noble Hausa tribe. His father, Sibrimi, was the brave chief of one of the towns around the great city of Kano, the capital of Hausaland. His mother was the beautiful and favorite wife of her husband, and the sister of a near-by chief with whom Sibrimi was very friendly.

Atatebah was a bright and active lad, and was dearly loved by his parents. His mother called him her jewel, and his father, his right hand. The Muslim priests and medicine men often prophesied that this lad would one day become a rich and powerful chief, and so Sibrimi and his wife gave him the best training obtainable

to fit him for the high position it was supposed he would occupy later on in life.

Sibrimi had a large flock of sheep and cattle, and as soon as Atatebah was old enough he took up the duties of a shepherd boy. This training in course of time, made him a brave, strong, and adventurous lad, to the great pleasure and delight of his fond parents. One of Atatebah's uncles, Abion, his mother's younger brother, was very fond of the lad, and did all he possibly could to help make him good and brave.

About this time the slave trade had been firmly established all along the African coast from Cape Verde to the mouth of the river Congo. There were slave trading centers in many places, and the agents of slave merchants were slowly finding their way farther and farther into the hinterland up unexplored rivers and creeks, for the purpose of buying or capturing slaves for the markets of America and the West Indies. Armed with swords and muskets, slave raiders would lie in ambush around a village, and in the dead of night rush upon the sleeping and unsuspecting inhabitants, drive them out of their huts, chain them together in gangs, and march them down to the coast. In such raids the brave who would not give up their liberty without a struggle were killed. The old and sickly, with the very young children, would be left alive and alone, and the young and strong, who could

fetch good prices, would be driven away like so many head of cattle.

But not all slaves were thus captured in raids; many were bought. Slaves that cost the merchants from £2 to £6 on the coast would fetch from £20 to £60, and sometimes more, landed in America. Yes, this wicked traffic in human flesh and blood was a paying business, and one that had an irresistible appeal to the greed and avarice of the human heart. Even some of the Africans themselves were induced, by the love of gain, to assist the European slave merchants and raiders in their wicked work.

When Atatebah was about twenty-two years of age, he and his uncle Abion, who was a traveling merchant, together with several other people, undertook a business trip toward the coast. They were to travel westward for a whole month, selling and bartering on the way, and then return home.

Early in the morning of the day appointed, Atatebah rose up, said his prayers to Allah and Mohammed, put on the prescribed charms against ill luck, sickness, and witches, and said good-by to his mother, whom he promised to bring a handsome present. Sibrimi accompanied his son to the main road, where they were joined by Abion and the other members of the caravan. There they bade each other good-by, and the caravan started off. Before returning to his hut, as if he had some anxiety about his son's safety, Sibrimi called Abion and at the top of his voice warned him to take good care of Atatebah, and bring him back safe and sound. Abion assured him that he would, and the party soon passed out of sight.

Poor Sibrimi and his wife! If they had only known the sad fate that was awaiting their loved ones! But how could they know? The priests and witch doctors had predicted a safe and prosperous journey, and the prescribed charms had been worn, so that all would be well. Alas, how unreliable are the witch doctors and their many charms!

One evening, after many days' journey westward, Abion and his party reached a small village, and decided to spend the night there. After the customary introduction to the village chief and elders, the party was broken up and lodged in different huts. Atatebah and his uncle, together with their stock in trade, occupied a small hut in the chief's compound.

But other strangers were approaching the village that evening. Both parties were traders seeking for gain. Those from the east were traders in dyed cloths, good ornaments, leatherwork, and other articles, while those from the west were traders in human flesh and blood. By a strange coincidence, both parties met in this little town.

The slave raiders, arriving later in the evening, quietly encamped in the thick bush outside the village, waiting for the moon to rise and give them light for their cruel work. In the dead of the night, when the whole village was wrapped in quietness and slumber, they made their attack.

Suddenly a shot rang out from each quarter of the village. Some huts were set on fire, and immediately the whole village was in confusion. The sleepy and frightened inhabitants rushed here and there, only to fall into the hands of the raiding gang. The brave tried to rescue their loved ones, but soon found that resistance was in vain. The shouts and cries of men, women, and children filled the air with one frantic appeal for help to Allah and Mohammed, to the devils, and to the supposed spirits of the dead. A few lucky ones escaped into the bush, but the majority were captured.

Atatebah fell into the hands of the raiders. Abion, who would not give up his beloved nephew without a struggle, took his sword and rushed at the group of men who were now dragging him to be chained to the gang of unfortunate captives. But after a few minutes' desperate struggle, he dropped dying to the ground, with a gaping gunshot wound in his chest.

Atatebah was now left alone at the mercy of his captors. He looked at the chains upon his body, and slowly the awful fact dawned upon him that he was no more a free Hausa prince, but a helpless slave. Soon the march to the coast began, and then he lost all hope of ever seeing his beloved father and mother again. The thought filled him with despair, and he wept bitterly.

During the next few days he could think of nothing else but his uncle Abion, his home folks, and the liberty he had lost under such strange circumstances. He cared very little for food and sleep, and soon grew lean and sickly. At last, after many days of hardship and suffering, he and his fellow captives reached the coast, where they met hundreds of unfortunate human beings like themselves. Many of their number had died on the way, and the majority of those who survived were more or less ill and discouraged.

The heavy chains had irritated and bruised their flesh. Kicks and blows were the only admonition given the disobedient, and the weary and footsore were encouraged to press on by the cutting lashes of the whip administered with oaths and curses. All of them—men, women, and children—were practically naked, and the only garment that Atatebah now had on was the loincloth which he was wearing on the night of the raid.

After waiting in suspense for three months on the coast, wondering what their fate would be, the slaves one day saw two ships coming toward the shore. They were slave ships, and a few days later began to take on their cargo of human beings. Men and women, boys and girls, were huddled together in the holds of the ship. Atatebah was one of about five hundred slaves packed in one little ship which soon weighed anchor. The poor, wretched slaves had not the faintest idea of their destination. Thus their very last hope of liberty was shattered.

The cramped position in which they were placed, the heat and foul air of

the compartments, and many other hardships soon proved too much for many, and poor Atatebah had the painful experience of seeing a large number of his fellow captives die and be thrown into the sea.

The ship's officers and crew cared nothing for the cries and tears of the wretched captives, but would often whip them to silence when they thought the poor slaves were becoming a little too noisy. But they could not help weeping. Life for them was misery.

Whenever the sailors had cause to go among the captives, they would tread on them as if they were so many logs lying about. But there was one young man who was different from the rest. He would always take off his boots and pick his way among them, taking care not to hurt any. Many a time he would take some of his food into the slaves' quarters; and in spite of the heat and stench of the place, and the ridicule of his fellow sailors, he would go from one sick slave to another, distributing the dainty morsels. When later on Atatebah became sick, he too received similar favors from this young Portuguese sailor; and up till the day of his death he never forgot the "good white master."

After many weeks of sailing on the high seas something happened which changed the fate of the poor, wretched captives. Early one afternoon there was a stir among the officers and crew. They had spied a British gunboat coming, and fear and dismay suddenly took hold of them. They knew they would be captured and the slaves set free. They knew also that this would smash their long cherished hope of making huge profits on their cargo of human beings.

Soon the gunboat came within gunshot, and suddenly a cannon boomed. Although the slaves did not know it, yet that cannon shot was the signal of their freedom. It was a warning to the slaver to stop. This warning, however, was not heeded. Soon another shot rang out, and a part of the slaver's masts and riggings fell on the deck. There was now no alternative but to surrender, and thus the officers and crew quickly did.

The officers on the gunboat boarded the slaver, and having captured it in the name of the British sovereign, Queen Victoria, ordered the hatches opened; and the most sickly of the slaves were brought on deck. The poor things thought their new captors might perhaps be more cruel to them, but they were happily surprised to see the look of horror and pity on the faces of the English officers, at the sight of their condition.

The two vessels soon reached Freetown, where all the slaves were taken ashore and placed in a large compound called the King's Yard. Here they met hundreds of other slaves who had been rescued by the British, and in this strange land of liberty they found to their great joy that they could once more enjoy the luxuries of a daily bath, clean, wholesome food, clean beds, and warm blankets. Decent clothing now took the place of nakedness and filthy rags. The sick were given proper care and treatment, and misery and squalor soon gave place to health and happiness. The praises of the British nation were on every tongue, and "God bless the English people" was the theme of every song.

The English gunboat that rescued my grandfather was the "Plulo" under Lieut. Commr. Norman Bedingfield. On board this vessel was Dr. David Wilson, the assistant surgeon. This good doctor continued to give treatments to my grandfather from the day the slaver was captured until he was quite well and strong again. As time passed, Doctor Wilson became very fond of his bright young Hausa patient who was very much devoted to him. Before the gunboat left for another errand of mercy on the high seas, he told Atatebah that if he cared to he could take his name. Atatebah gladly accepted this high honor, and from Atatebah Sibirimi, he became Atatebah Wilson. This is how our family got the name Wilson.

About six months after his emancipation, my grandfather and many other freed slaves were asked to make their home at York, a new settlement about twenty-one miles from Freetown. He would have liked very much to return to Hausaland, but as this was impossible, he built himself a nice little hut and settled down as a village farmer and fisherman.

Through the efforts of the good missionaries he was converted and christened. The heathen name Atatebah was now exchanged for that of Abraham. From this time on he was known as Abraham Wilson. He had an ambition to learn, but he was too old to attend school, and so he had to remain illiterate.

About three years after he settled in York, he became united in marriage to Phebe, the daughter of two liberated slaves who were pagans, but had been converted to the Christian faith by the missionaries. Phebe was one of the first children born in the colony of liberated slaves, and so she was fortunate enough to receive some education and training at the mission school. To this union were born three children—Hannah, Henry Abion, and Daniel. The second child, Henry, was named Abion after Abraham's beloved uncle who was killed in trying to (Turn to page 13)

Confession

by

I. Ragnhild Berner

I cry out,
"I do not care!
I am above
The muck of words,"
Then turn to find
One glance
Has left me crucified.

I tell myself,
"I'm not afraid!
My face is set
Like flint
To meet my sin,"
And then I weep
Because
A selfish hope
Has died.

I feel that I
Am pure and true;
That I deal well
And kindly
With my friend;
Then smile,
And burn
His house of faith
Without a pang.

I scorn
The vain and careless
Blasphemy.
I think I walk
On higher planes;
Yet now I drag
A fall-bruised spirit
Back to God,
And know but this:
I am a clod!





On the King's Business

by Robert C. Strickland

Meet the Howards Again

THE day is almost done now, Pastor Grayson," Mr. Howard said. "You must come up to the house with me. Mrs. Howard and Sonny, who is practically well now, will be pleased to have you for our guest at supper, and I insist that you spend the night with us. In the morning, I'll be glad to take you to some personal acquaintances of mine, who may be induced to give to your missions. But, of course, you know that not many people in this section are very definitely in favor of this kind of religious activity."

The invitation was accepted, and within a few minutes, all were seated upon a very attractive porch, which, well screened and shaded, afforded an exceptionally pleasant place for visiting. As they talked, the preacher's eye fell upon a familiar-looking publication which lay partly covered by others. Taking hold of it, he drew forth a late issue of the *Watchman Magazine*, and with it several copies of *Present Truth*.

"You read the *Watchman* and *Present Truth*, do you?" he remarked, addressing no one in particular.

"Just lately we have been giving them both very careful attention," Mrs. Howard replied. "They have been coming in our mail for months, but we seldom gave either more than a passing glance. But our maid put them all away with the other papers and periodicals, so they had been preserved. And when we returned from Savannah after the automobile accident, Mr. Howard and I read every word in the issue that came in the next day's mail. Then we had the maid search for all the back copies, and we have perused each one as carefully as we know how. My husband is especially interested in the subject matter they contain. He reads his *Watchman* before the newspaper, and is constantly calling my attention to certain things he discovers. Really, Pastor Grayson, I think he is sort of keeping what he calls 'the Sabbath,' and I am fully persuaded that the position you people take with regard to the day of rest is not only logical, but consistent. If one is to observe any day at all, he *must* keep the one the Lord Himself set apart.

"You see, I have come to believe the Scriptures, and we are earnestly

seeking for truth. I understand your position with regard to baptism, and I like the way you support your church administration by paying tithe, as well as the doctrine relating to the care of the 'temple of God.' In fact, I suppose you would think I am looking for the early return of the Saviour just as you Adventists are. I *do* believe in the personal, premillennial, visible, imminent coming of the Master, but I do not understand your belief about the state of the dead, and about hell. Would you take time to explain these matters to me while you are here? Mr. Howard and I would greatly appreciate your helping us to a proper understanding of these subjects."

Mrs. Howard spoke with such eagerness that had the minister been much less willing to give them the benefit of what he knew, he could not have resisted this appeal.

"It will be a pleasure to me to discuss these matters with you," he as-

sured her, "because there is not a thing in which I am more interested than the study of God's word."

He produced his ever-ready pocket Bible, but Mr. Howard suggested: "Our supper will be served within a short while. I never like to be interrupted when I study. Shall we dine first, then spend the evening with the Book?"

"Of course. We must eat first. We can all study better after we have had the benefit of some nourishment," agreed Mrs. Howard.

At the supper table, Sonny, who now bore no signs of the injuries sustained from the wrecking of the car overturned on the Tybee road, several weeks before, deported himself in such a manner as to at once endear himself to the heart of the visiting minister. His mother's eyes hardly left the little chap for a moment. Sonny was not a willful and indulged child, but a handsome, manly, well-behaved little lad.

"It was when I feared that Sonny and his father might die after the accident that I first began to think about the future," Mrs. Howard remarked. "I began to wonder what is beyond the grave. We were not Christians. Would my loved ones go to hell, at death, to suffer punishment through all eternity? Would they go to heaven to live in joy and happiness while I struggled on alone in my great sorrow? Since we came home, I have read much, Pastor Grayson, but I do not find anything satisfying. You can point out to me what the Scriptures have to say on the subject, I am sure. And this is what I want to know."

"No answers but Scriptural answers to such questions are ever soul satisfying, Mrs. Howard. My opinion is worth no more than the opinion of some other man. What we must have to satisfy our questionings is the plain statement from God's Book," and Pastor Grayson opened his pocket Bible.

"Yes, we are interested in what the words of inspiration have to tell us about the future. What becomes of man's immortal soul when he dies?" queried Mr. Howard.

"Oh, before we begin actually to read from the Bible, won't you men find more comfortable seats in the living room? I'll join you in a few

The Story:

Out for an early morning swim at Tybee Beach with his little daughter, Virginia, Pastor Grayson, in charge of the Seventh-day Adventist church at Savannah, Georgia, meets George Duke, a young man who attended a series of evangelistic meetings the pastor had conducted several months before in Columbus. Their acquaintance was renewed with mutual pleasure, and when he learned that the Duke family was just on the point of leaving for home, Pastor Grayson invited George to spend a week or two as a guest in his home. He accepted with delight, and on the trip back to Savannah, entered upon the first of a series of experiences which completely eradicated from his mind the idea that preachers have "an easy life," and during which he learned the Scriptural proof for the outstanding doctrines held by Seventh-day Adventists. An automobile wreck in which a Mr. and Mrs. Howard, the victims, were ably assisted by the pastor and his guest, brings up the subject of the inspiration of the Bible and the power of prayer. A pastoral call, a prayer meeting, and another swim at Tybee make clear to George the importance of prophecy and the meaning of Daniel 2; and then the young man goes Harvest Ingathering with his host, and is amazed to learn of the far-flung foreign mission work carried on by the small denomination to which Pastor Grayson belongs. Airplanes very definitely impress upon his mind the reality of the ministry of angels to human beings down here on earth. The proper spirit of Sabbath worship and observance, our obligation to observe the seventh-day Sabbath, the ordinance of baptism, the principles of healthful living, and the binding nature of the ten commandments are discussed while George accompanies the minister on an out-of-town Harvest Ingathering soliciting trip. When they return to Savannah the visitor is called home by telegram and Pastor Grayson, continuing his Ingathering work alone, is surprised and delighted to meet the Howards again.

moments, after putting Sonny Boy to bed."

When Mrs. Howard returned, she carried a Bible that already showed signs of considerable use, and seating herself close by her husband's side, declared emphatically:

"Now I am ready to find out what happens when one dies."

"In our investigation of such a subject as this, we are often handicapped by a misconception of some of the plainest teachings of the Scripture. For instance: in studying the state of the dead, if we retain the unscriptural idea that man has immortality, we never arrive at the truth. But if, on the other hand, we recognize, as the Bible teaches, that man is mortal, then the word of God very quickly makes everything crystal clear."

The minister would have continued, but he saw that Mrs. Howard wished to ask a question; so he paused.

"Are you telling us that we do not have immortal souls?" the good lady asked in surprise.

For reply she was cited to the text in 1 Timothy 6:15, 16. "This text says there is *only* one being who has immortality. Who is this?"

"That is God," Mr. Howard said, reading the verse.

"Then if God is the *only* one who has immortality, do *I* have it? *do you* have it? *does any man* have it?"

"No, we don't have immortality. God *only* has it." Mrs. Howard answered the preacher's query, pondering this new thought.

"Again, in Romans 2:7, we are told that those who continue patient in well-doing seek for immortality. Now the very fact that those who do well are seeking for immortality is proof in itself that they do not have it, is it not, Colonel?"

"I do not see any other conclusion we can safely draw. If I am looking for something, it is either because I do not have it, and know that I do not have it, or else that I do have it, and do not know that I have it."

"To show that all are subject to the claims of mortality, I cite you to the fifth chapter of this same book, the twelfth verse. Here we find that death has passed upon all men, because all have sinned. Death can be visited only upon mortal beings. Immortal beings are not subject to death. And, again, Job declares in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of his book that man is mortal. Isn't that plain, Mrs. Howard?"

"Well, it *seems* to be. But what about the soul?" she asked, still perplexed.

"There is much that might be said about the soul. In fact, we could spend several evenings discussing this one subject. But the kernel of the theme is found in the account of man's creation. (Gen. 2:7.) What did God form?"

"The Lord God formed man."

"Of what material did God make man?"

"Of the dust of the ground," Mr. Howard read again.

"And after God formed man, then He did something else. What was that?"

"He 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.'"

"Note that God breathed breath into man, and then, having received breath, what did he become?"

"And *man* became a living soul.' I see your point, Pastor Grayson. You are telling me that I of myself do not have life or a soul, but that God made me a living soul out of dust animated by the breath of life," the lawyer stated with satisfied air.

"No, Colonel, I am not telling you that. Those are the words of Sacred Writ. You read them yourself. I had nothing to do with the answering of this question."

"But, was not that breath that God breathed into man the soul that is the intelligent immortal part of his being?" Mrs. Howard asked, still struggling with the idea of inherent immortality.

"If, in imparting to man breath, God gave him an immortal spirit or soul, then the Creator also gave the beasts of the field immortal souls," he answered.

"Oh, my, no! That could not be," she protested.

"I agree with you that God did *not* give the beasts immortal souls. But He gave to them the same breath that was given to man. Please read the seventh chapter of Genesis, verses twenty-one and twenty-two."

"Why, it *does* say that the beasts, the fowl, the cattle, and creeping things, and even men, had breathed into their nostrils the breath of life. So, *of course*, the giving of breath could not have been the bestowal of immortality."

"Indeed, the proposition is very simple. God took dust and formed that into the shape of a man without life. Then He breathed breath into him, and that dust that once had been lifeless, now having breath, became alive—it became a living soul. To dust add breath, and the result is a living soul. Do the reverse, take from a living soul the breath, then one has a lifeless form which in time would return to what?"

"Dust," reluctantly admitted Mrs. Howard, and her husband slapped his knee vigorously, saying:

"That is *exactly* what I believe about it, only I have just now found out what I believe! That means that if I go to heaven, then I really *go* there, and not just something out of me. That's fine."

Mrs. Howard's mind was still not just clear, and she started to speak in an effort to voice an objection, but could not find the words.

Seeing her perplexity, the minister came to her aid. "Would it help you to know that the Scriptures apply the term 'soul' to animals as well as to people?"

"Does the Bible do *that*?" she asked, utterly astonished.

"It does. In Numbers 31:28, we are told that persons, bees, asses, and sheep are 'souls.' In Revelation 16:3, we are informed that the creatures living in the sea are 'souls.' The nineteenth verse of Psalms seventy-four speaks of the 'soul' of the turtle dove, and Joshua 11:11 tells us that 'souls' have been *killed* with the sword, that they have been utterly *destroyed*, and that 'souls' before being destroyed, *breathe*. In Jeremiah 2:34, we find out that 'souls' have *blood*, and Proverbs 25:25 declares that 'souls' get *thirsty*. The fifteenth verse of the nineteenth chapter tells us that 'souls' may be *idle*, and that they may suffer hunger."

"In connection with this thought, we read in Leviticus 7:20 that 'souls' may eat *flesh*, and that they may also have uncleanness upon them. Here is a substance then that may be killed with the sword, that breathes, that has blood, gets thirsty, eats when hungry, and may have his uncleanness upon him. If he breathes, he must have lungs, and the respiratory organs; if he eats and drinks, he must have a stomach and the assimilative functions; with blood he must have a heart and a circulatory system. Possessing all these things, he must have some framework to support it, and a covering withal. What is this soul, Mrs. Howard?"

"It is quite clear that the soul spoken of in these places is the person. And, of course, this is the kind of soul that God made in the beginning. So I am beginning to be convinced that man is a soul," she replied.

"Then you will be interested to know what becomes of the soul at death. In Psalms 89:48, it is asked if man can deliver his soul from the hand of the grave. Souls go to the grave at death. This

thought is further presented in Job 14:12-14. There we are told that when a man dies, he must wait until his change comes; that he rises not until such a time as the heavens be no more. To further make it plain that there is no conscious part of man either in heaven or in hell, the twenty-first verse says that the parent does not know anything about what happens to his children after his death. In Job 17:13, we are told where man will await the change that is to come—in the grave.

"The fourth verse of the one hundred forty-sixth psalm takes us right back to the day of creation. It says: 'His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.' There is no conscious state after death. In Ecclesiastes 9:5, 10, we are told that the living know that they are to die, but the dead know not anything.' And further, 'There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.'"

"But, Pastor Grayson, what about all the saints who have gone to heaven?"

"This group of people is composed of Enoch and Elijah, who were translated without seeing death; Moses, who was resurrected; and the company who ascended with our Lord at the time of His return to glory, following His resurrection. Don't you think, Mrs. Howard, if good people go to heaven when they die, that David, the man who was declared to be after God's own heart, would be there?"

"Of course he is in heaven, if other people go there at death," the good woman replied.

"In the second chapter of Acts, we are told that David is 'both dead and buried, and his sepulcher is with us unto this day' (verse 29), and that 'David is not ascended into the heavens;' 'this day' in the time of the apostles was hundreds of years after the death of King David, yet it was said emphatically, 'He is not ascended into heaven.'"

"That settles it with me," Mr. Howard declared. "I know that if David did not go to heaven at his death, there is no reason to think that I shall do so at my death."

"But you believe that we go to heaven at some time, don't you?" Mrs. Howard pleaded, not as much in words as in tone.

"Yes, indeed. We do go to heaven at the time when we are all changed from mortal to immortal, from corruptible to incorruptible. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, this change will take place, not at death, but at the second coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven. At this time, all the righteous dead are awakened from their graves to ascend to the Holy City, New Jerusalem, with their Lord. (1 Thess. 4:16, 17.)"

"Pastor Grayson, this would be very clear to me, were it not for one thing. Doesn't the Bible say somewhere that at death the body goes back to dust and the soul goes to God? I think I have read that text somewhere."

"Suppose we read the text and see what it does say. It is found, I think, in Ecclesiastes 12:7: 'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'"

"That is the text. Oh, I *see*! I have been misapplying the terms. It is the *spirit* that goes to God at death, and not the *soul*."

"Well, let us examine this just a bit. In Isaiah 2:22, we get a thought that seems to be a bit off the subject, but it has a very definite bearing on it. 'Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils.' Then in Job 27:3, we read, 'All the while my breath is in me, and the spirit of God is in my nostrils.' Isaiah tells us that man's breath is in his nostrils, and Job (Turn to page 12)



COURTESY, NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA

Asking and Receiving

by Laura Davidson

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Bobby. His mother had taught him to love and trust in his heavenly Father, and that the Lord would answer his prayers. Bobby was a very small child, and did not fully realize the meaning of all this, but one snowy Christmas Day his mother saw him walking around and around in the back yard with his hands outstretched. She could not imagine what he was trying to do. After she had watched him for nearly half an hour, he stalked into the house with a disgusted look on his face. She followed him into the living room, where she found him sitting in a corner, looking uninterestedly at the toys he had received as presents. She went over and put her arm around him, saying, "Is something troubling you, my son? Tell mother; perhaps she can help you out."

"No!" Bobby replied glumly.

"Well, then, perhaps Jesus can help us straighten things out."

"No," said Bobby still more emphatically. "I'm never going to pray again."

Mother could not understand this at all. What could be troubling her son? He had so many things to be thankful for today. Besides the many common blessings, all of his aunts and uncles and grandparents had given him lovely gifts. So she asked quietly: "But why aren't you going to pray any more?"

would have given it to me when I was ready an' waiting for it? An' I'm not going to pray ever again, either, mother—I'm not!"

This was a real challenge. Luckily, mother had noticed Bobby's admiration of a peppermint snow man the week before when they were window-shopping. She had gone back the next day and purchased one. But her boy had so many other things on Christmas morning that she had been keeping this as a surprise until after dinner. But she did not want her son to lose his faith in God, and so she began explaining in a comforting way why the heavenly Father could not send a peppermint snow man down through the air to fall right into a little boy's hands.

Then she told him how God had put it into her mind to buy the snow man. And she explained that He knows our wants even before we do ourselves, and if they are for our good, He always fulfills them. He does not, however, always do this in the way we think it should be done. He does it in the best way, so that we will learn to love and trust Him more.

After a seemingly long silence, Bobby said, "I see, mother. You are right." So they both knelt down and thanked God for answering prayer. This experience was a great help to Bobby in his future life, and enabled him to stand for principle.

Several years later we find Bobby going to the "big" school a few blocks from home. All of his pals have fun roller skating. But his parents are not as prosperous as they used to be, and there is a baby sister at home, too. His daddy cannot afford to buy his son everything he wants now. Thanks to his Christian training, Bobby does not rebel when he does not have his way. But if it is something he wants or needs badly, he always prays about it. How he longs for a pair of roller skates! Daddy does not have the money to spend for them.

Soon it would be time for camp meeting, something the family never missed. This renewed their trust in the One who cares for His own, and Bob betook himself to prayer in his disappointment.

The boy liked to read, and was often found in the campground bookstore. There he discovered a beautiful brown leather Bible. As yet he did not possess a Bible of his own, and he greatly desired this beautiful one. It was marked \$3.95 (reduced). Breathlessly he ran to their tent to ask his mother if they could get it.

Mother said, "Well, son, you have been such a good boy that daddy and I have been planning to buy you some roller skates—" Bobby was completely overwhelmed! It was a dream come true! Mother went on—"but it will be impossible for us to buy both skates and the Bible. You are quite a man now, and we will let you decide for yourself which you would rather have."

"Did any one ever have such a hard problem to decide?" Bobby wondered. He went off by himself to think it out. Meanwhile his mother was earnestly praying.

What should he do? He wanted both of them badly—but that was impossible. How he longed to ask mother what to do, but she had trusted him to decide

DO YOU JUNIORS

ENJOY THIS PAGE?

It is your own part of the *Instructor*, and we are anxious to make it as interesting and helpful as possible to every junior.

WON'T YOU WRITE ME

a letter or a penny postcard, and tell me—Do you like the stories which are printed each week? Or don't you?

ADDRESS: Editor Youth's Instructor
Review and Herald,
Takoma Park, D.C.

I'M WAITING
FOR YOUR LETTER

"He won't answer my prayer."

"But," continued mother, "what was your prayer?" She certainly could not think of another thing a boy's heart could desire.

"Well, He—He wouldn't—" sobbed Bobby.

"Yes, go on, tell mother," and she drew him closer to her.

"He—He would—wouldn't g-give m-me any c-candy."

Mother said, "Aren't three boxes of candy enough for any big boy? Johnnie didn't have any, and you know how happy he was when you gave him only two pieces of it this morning."

"B-but I want a peppermint snow man! An' you said He would give us what we asked for, b-but He didn't! So now I don't love Him any more, because He doesn't love me, or else He

alone, and he wanted to prove worthy of her trust.

Finally he made up his mind—he would take the Bible! It was worth much more and would last longer than the roller skates. He went back to the tent, whistling. His heart was light now, but he entered quietly and told mother his decision. Father was there, too, and he said, "That's just fine, son; I'm proud of you." Bobby was very happy with this new treasure, and made a resolution to read a verse each day.

About a month and a half had passed since camp meeting, and Bobby was still praying for his roller skates. He did not expect them to fall from the sky, but he did expect them to come somehow from somewhere.

It was nearly time for school to begin in September when Aunt Jane came to visit them. She had just finished house cleaning. All of her children were grown up, and she had brought a package of their childhood things for Bobby. What do you suppose was on top? A pair of roller skates! Mother and son exchanged looks of supreme joy. Aunt Jane did not know what it was all about, but was glad to give her nephew such a happy surprise as this seemed to be.

The times did not get any better. Finally Bobby's sister, Joan, was big enough to go to school with him. How they longed to go to a Christian school, but this was impossible. Social affairs on Friday evening did not trouble them much, as they found their pleasure in more profitable ways. Finally, however, they faced a real difficulty. The final examinations were to be given on Sabbath. They carried this trouble each worship hour to their heavenly Father, asking Him to work out a way, and to help them to know what to do so they could finish their grades and still honor His holy day.

Mother decided to write a letter to the superintendent of schools. This she did, and told him about the seventh-day Sabbath, and why she and the children's father felt they could not allow Bobby and Joan to take their examinations on Saturday. They awaited the reply anxiously. When it came, it was an occasion for thanksgiving. The superintendent of schools praised them for maintaining their high ideals, and said he would gladly arrange for this Seventh-day Adventist boy and girl to take their examinations on either the Friday before or the following Monday.

Another school custom—that of having the graduation exercises on Friday evening—became a matter of prayer. How glad they were when the announcement was made that the exercises would be held on Tuesday evening the year Bobby graduated from high school. There was no known reason for this change, except—it was another answer to prayer. They thanked God for His daily protection and care in everything.

The depression, as it was called, did not lessen in the least. It was doubtful whether the family could attend camp meeting the next year. It is said that the prayers from a group of God's children are like sweet incense ascending to heaven, and many were the offerings of rich incense ascending from this humble home. Again and again they met around the family altar to bring in faith to the heavenly Father the petition that He would somehow open the way.

Two days before camp meeting began they received a special delivery letter from a friend to whom they had lent money years before, and whom they had not seen for a long time. It enclosed a check for the amount of the loan and

accrued interest. Needless to say, with this they went to camp meeting, and received a double blessing, and praised God for His goodness to them.

The time came when Joan finished high school, and wanted to attend a Christian college. She prayed that she might be able to go if it was the Lord's will. But unless she could work part of her way, it just could not be managed. She was anxious and willing to do this, if work could be had.

The family all rejoiced with her when the letter of acceptance came from her chosen college. After a hurried packing, she left immediately to begin her new life in a dormitory. She is still there, working, studying, praying that God will ever direct her life in the paths He wishes it to go.

It would seem that there was a never-ending succession of answered prayers for this family. Many times in the lapse of years they had barely enough to live on, but they knew that God never fails, and kept their faith stayed on Him. Because these answers were so direct, I have mentioned them. There are still some prayers unanswered, but that does not cause their faith to waver. It probably is not the Lord's time for answering and bringing to them the best results.

Quebec Has Her 400th Birthday

(Continued from page 6)

Of all the cities in the Dominion of Canada there is not another one with anything like the historic interest of Quebec. It stands alone, unique. But in other respects it is equally as interesting. These, however, we shall mention next week.

(To be concluded)



A Confidential Talk

(Continued from page 3)

suffice for our day. This freedom is to be spent in loving service for needy humanity. Not even the slight weight of some human encumbrance must handicap the task of God's youth. Youth must be left as free as the Spirit's dove. But note, young man and young woman, that this freedom is yours only in Christ. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Seek for it only in Christ; it is not to be found in the enemy's land of sham liberty. Once you are set free, the loving impulses of your noble, youthful heart will pour their affections into spontaneous service. Yes, even more than this, you will be actuated by the currents of a new love which binds you inseparably to your Master.

But I must conclude with an appeal of urgency to bring this forceful freedom into the ranks of the church in an hour when men must rise to her rescue. She is tied to the world, she is bound down by sin, and you, my youth, must liberate her from the fetters that threaten her defeat. You owe the world the message of freedom in Christ. Soar forth in the Spirit's power to preach liberty to her captives. This is the "everlasting gospel" to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. It frees men from the shams and deceptions of religion. Its good tidings point out a triumphant church with members in every land. They have the "faith of Jesus," and they are law abiding in spite of a lawless age. Rev. 14:6-12. There is has been a workable faith. Dear youth, to such a cause, come, yield your hearts today.

On the King's Business

(Continued from page 10)

tells us that the spirit of God is in man's nostrils. So breath and spirit are one and the same thing.

"This spirit is the breath of life that God breathed into man after making his body out of the dust of the ground. God gave him breath out of our great atmosphere, and when man dies, he does not take that breath down into the tomb with him, but releases it to return to God into the sphere where He keeps breath, the atmosphere, and man goes back to dust."

"That is plain enough for anybody, my dear. I am convinced," Mr. Howard declared, and seemed greatly pleased when his wife replied:

"Yes, it is plain, but it is *strange* that people have been confused about this subject for so long a time. I am glad, though, that now I do understand it."

"Well, dear, our good friend here has been working hard all day in the interest of charity, that is, in the interest of missions, and I know he is tired. We must not keep him up longer. It is almost ten o'clock."

"We serve breakfast at eight in the morning," smiled Mrs. Howard. "I do hope you sleep well, and be assured I shall have some questions for you to answer when I can get this array of texts somewhat straightened out in my mind. Good night."

Soliciting funds is necessarily more interesting and more remunerative when two people can work together. It is especially pleasant when one of the two is a man well known and respected in the community. However, the town had been so thoroughly canvassed on the preceding day that though the pastor and his host spent the entire morning ingathering, only a small amount was received. At a little past noon, Pastor Grayson enjoyed once more an excellent meal prepared under the skilled direction of Mrs. Howard, and after a short while spent in visiting with his friends, went on his way, arriving home just at sunset.

(To be continued)



The Most-Coveted Possession

(Continued from page 4)

hydraulic process. This form of mining was the second big step in mining achievement. Between the plunging of the gold pan and the modernly equipped mine came this sort of water-pressure mining. Ditches, miles in length, were thrown up to transport water from the snow-fed streams above to these parched localities. With the water thus employed, whole mountains were washed out and many thousands of dollars' worth of gold secured, leaving miles of territory so devastated it now resembles miniature white stony deserts. Here the modern prospector searches in the heat, and does find enough to buy his "eats" if he knows how and has a real case of miner's fever. This fever, by the way, is contracted by a bite from a goldbug, if you believe all you hear. At least, other men may hunt for hours and cannot seem to detect a pinch of gold, even though it may be there and in plain sight.

Nevertheless, there is gold in "them thar hills" and other unexpected places as well. Sometimes in these days, a man comes riding in on his horse, with a goodly amount of pure clean gold, but do not ask him where he found it. That is his business. He more than likely carries a gun in his belt, wears a ten-gallon sombrero on his head and a red

bandanna around his neck. Just remember he is a gentleman as long as you keep your place.

These Western mountain people live an easy, carefree life, and are rather resentful of the world coming in to modernize affairs. They still cook upon wood ranges, burn coal-oil lamps, and few have even a battery radio, or subscribe for a newspaper. However, they seem to get a lot of real enjoyment out of life. Their stay-at-home conditions create more intimate friendships and a more helpful spirit between one another than exists in most places in these dizzy times. They are very hospitable. No matter the time of day or night you arrive, you *must* stay for lunch. You will be entertained with experiences of the olden days, or of the most exciting combat they ever had with a three-hundred-and-sixty-pound bear, or with a snake with fourteen rattles.

What risky sacrifices have been made in the search for this hidden treasure! But, after all, the best it can do is to secure creature comforts and pleasures for only a few short years.

There is another treasure of far more value than gold, this most-coveted possession. It is the pearl of great price. It is the hidden truth of God which, if applied, rewards us with salvation that is not temporal, but everlasting. We may all be prospectors for this most precious treasure right where we are today. We may dig for it and find it without fail. Surely the treasure which affords everlasting happiness is of more value than all the gold ever discovered near the borders of our Western shore.

Dr. T. Ricards sings of "Rough and Ready California," where many of the bygone gold prospectors now sleep:

"I wandered through the graveyard
Of this once lively town.
I read the tombstone names
Of pioneers who gained renown.
They came for gold. They got it!
Some kept the gold they found;
But in their wake none did take
An ounce beyond each grassy mound."

No, we can never take an ounce of worldly possession with us when we die; but if we seek the metal of greatest worth, eternal life, we may keep our treasure throughout all eternity.

Which, then, to you, dear reader, is the most-coveted possession—the temporary glitter of this life or an everlasting inheritance?

I Too Was a Slave

(Continued from page 8)

rescue him from the slave raiders. This Abion became my father.

Shortly after the birth of Daniel, my dear grandfather was drowned at sea, together with a few other men with whom he had gone out to fish. Poor Abraham did not live long to enjoy his liberty. I was not fortunate enough to know him, but from my grandmother and others I learned the history of his life.

I too was a slave—a born slave. I was not of the type of slaves that the British nation emancipated. No, I am very proud of the fact that I was born under the great Union Jack, which gives protection and liberty to all. Nevertheless, I was a wretched slave of the devil, bound with the cruel chains of ignorance and superstition. Now I will tell the story of my emancipation.

Shortly after my grandfather's death, my grandmother left York and went to live with her brother Daniel in a little village called Sussex. She took her three children with her, and Daniel did all he could to make his sister and her family comfortable and happy until she married again. In this village my father

grew up, married, and made his home, and there, too, I was born.

I am the only surviving son of my father, and he did his best to give me a good training. It was from him I received my first lessons in the art of reading and writing. When I was about thirteen years old, we had cause to leave our village home and locate in Freetown.

About three years before this, D. C. Babcock, the pioneer missionary of the advent message in this country, arrived in Freetown and started a tent effort, giving lectures on Sunday evenings. Shortly after we had settled in our new home, my father was induced by some friends to attend these lectures. At first he was indifferent, then curious, and finally interested. After a careful study of the principles taught, he accepted the third angel's message and was baptized. Thus my father received his spiritual emancipation.

But I was still a slave, and the devil was determined to keep me in bondage. To please my father I often attended Sabbath school and other meetings. I always admired the wisdom of Missionary Babcock and those associated with him in explaining the symbols of Daniel and the Revelation. I considered them very wonderful historians; however, the precious truths they were laboring to drive home to my stubborn heart, failed to make any impression upon me. But the dear Lord loved me just the same. He wanted to free me from the bondage of sin and Satan, and if I would not listen to His messengers, He would speak to me Himself.

A few years after my father's conversion, and while I was still indifferent to God's message of love and mercy, I had cause to visit our native village. On my way back to the city I had to cross a long sandy beach. It was in the early afternoon, and the sun was shining through a cloudless sky upon the deep-blue sea. I was traveling alone, and as I gazed upon the blue hills on my right and the ocean on my left, dashing its restless billows on the yellow sand, I began to think. I had seen similar scenes scores of times before; but, somehow, this arrested my attention in an unusual and forceful manner.

I began to consider the power and wisdom of the great God who created all things. I thought of His wonderful goodness in supplying me and every one of His creatures with the necessities of life. I thought also of the story of the cross, of how God in His great love for mankind gave His only Son to suffer and die so that through Him all may receive pardon and grace, of how I had heard in the Adventist meetings that Jesus will soon come again to take His faithful servants home. Overwhelmed with these thoughts, I sat on the yellow sand, gazing into space.

Suddenly some strange voice seemed to say to me, "If you know that God is so great and good, what are you doing to show your love and gratitude to Him? What are you doing for Jesus, who suffered so much for you? You have heard that He will soon come with reward for the righteous and vengeance upon the ungodly; are you prepared to meet Him? Why not give your heart to Him now before it is too late?" It was the merciful heavenly Father Himself appealing to His stubborn child through the Holy Spirit. Should the wretched slave of the devil accept his emancipation now, or should he put it off for some other time?

For a few brief moments there was a desperate struggle. Satan was determined not to surrender his young captive, but the Lord rebuked him, and he fled from me. And so under the canopy of heaven in the solitude of a sandy waste, I poured out my heart to the

Lord, and with tears of contrition pleaded for pardon and acceptance. God in His mercy heard me; the chains fell off and I rose a free man, a child of God.

About a year after this glorious experience, I was buried with Christ in baptism, and rose to walk in newness of life to the glory of God.

Thus the bitter experiences through which my dear grandfather passed were made, through the mercy of God and the efforts of kindhearted English philanthropists and the missionaries, the means of his own conversion from Mohammedanism, and of bringing his son and grandson into the glorious light and liberty of the third angel's message. If he had not been captured, or if he had returned home to Nigeria after his emancipation, as he wished, I would probably have been today a fanatical Hausa Muslim, an enemy of the cross. And so I bear no hatred in my heart toward those who ill-treated my grandfather and shot his uncle.

For nearly twenty-two years now the dear Lord has been using me to bring the message of hope and liberty to the captives of sin and Satan, such as I was. What a glorious privilege this is! And although because of the circumstances of birth over which no one has any control, I, together with other descendants of freed slaves, belong to a hated and despised class, having no native language, no country, no land, and no tribal rights and privileges, yet I rejoice in the supreme fact that I belong to the great family of God's dear children. By faith I look forward to a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwell eth righteousness, and where the cruel marks of bondage will forever be erased from mind, body, and soul.

As the years pass by I realize more and more the goodness of God toward me, and from my heart flows increasing gratitude toward my dear Redeemer who has done so much for me. It is my desire to continue loyal to Him and faithful in His service until I see Him face to face in all His glory and beauty.



A Column in the Interests of Philately

Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

British Empire to the Fore

THE biggest piece of news in stampdom just now—as it is perhaps in many other fields of world thought—is the passing of King George V of Great Britain. Following as it did so closely the Silver Jubilee celebration of the empire, with its series of interesting and valuable stamps, the death of the king focuses the eyes of stamp collectors in an unusual measure upon the British Empire. And as a result, stamp collecting will feel the effects. No great event of history is without its influence on philately, for stamps reflect in an unusual degree the currents of history in the making.

What has all this to do with the common-everyday collector? Just this—when the attention of the world is turned to a country, collectors immediately want its stamps. For example, note the heavy demand right now for the stamps of Abyssinia and the Italian colonies on her borders. But to add to this natural upturn in demand, is the already tremendous interest in the Silver Jubilees, and the certainty that practically every part of the British

Empire will have a new set of stamps. Such a combination of circumstances has never before existed in the field of philately.

Everybody wants British Empire stamps. The issues now current will soon be obsolete, and there is a great rush to fill in the empty album spaces while unused stamps may still be bought at face value. One man here in Washington has been buying British stamps heavily for months on the supposition that the king would die *someday*. The most recently brought out issues will of course be the scarcest, for they have been used for the shortest time. The latest colonial pictorials are in our opinion the best stamps to secure at present—Sierra Leone, Ceylon, Trinidad and Tobago, Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, Western Samoa, Bechuanaland, Southern Rhodesia, British Guiana, Cayman Islands, and several more. We predict for them a strong demand and a continuous rise in value.

Get your British colony stamps *now*. We said the same thing about Jubilees several months ago, and today we just received a letter from one of our readers, saying that he had followed our suggestion at the time we made it, and he is rejoicing in the fact that the stamps he bought are increasing in value. Don't collect stamps from an investment angle, for unless you are an expert, you will probably lose money. But don't close your eyes to the very obvious opportunities which are presented right now.

No announcement has been made at this writing about the time when the new stamps may be expected. However, it is customary to wait a year before crowning the new king, and we can expect that the new issues will all be ready by that time. There is a possibility that a special stamp may be printed in honor of the coronation, and that would constitute a grand addition to the already full roster of British stamps. This is all imagination, for we have seen no statement about any such stamp in the philatelic press, but the possibility is there nevertheless.

Anyway, the world goes British in stamp collecting during 1936.

Exchange

MANCHUKUO.—Warren Hilliard, 7 Wu Ging Road, Mukden, Manchukuo, has stamps from Manchukuo and China which he will be glad to trade for those from Africa, especially Ethiopia. South American stamps would also be appreciated.

ENGLAND.—Andrew Farthing and Miss Valery Knight, both of 896 Forest Road, Walthamstow, E. 17, London, England, both beginners, wish the aid of others in building a collection. They will be glad to send you what they can from their own country.

Earl Revere, 670 Fulton Road, Mobile, Alabama, offers stamps from the United States and Mexico and various other countries for those from Belgian, East Africa, Congo, Fiume, Haiti, Iceland, Labuan, Liberia, North Borneo, Nyassa, Saar, and other countries.

Lois Thrall, Route 2, Box 174-a, Rogersville, Missouri, wants stamps from Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Nyassa, and Mexico, and has to offer those from Germany, Belgium, Netherlands, England, and Italy.

AFRICA.—Mrs. W. L. Davy, Luwazi Mission, Nkata Bay, Nyasaland, has quite a large general collection, and of course stamps from Africa. She is going to specialize in British Africa and Canada, and would like to correspond with advanced collectors in other parts of the world. She understands catalogue values, and can trade on an equitable basis.

YOUR PAGE

Ingathering in the Back-blocks

INGATHERING week at New Zealand Missionary College would be incomplete without the well-known "East Coast Trip." This is a journey of some three hundred miles around a block of country between Longburn and the East Coast, including Pahiatua, Pongaroa, Herbertville, and Porongahau. It requires a stout heart and a stout car, too, for one could scarcely credit the number and extent of the turns and twists of the road. There are places where it seems impossible to coax the car round the corner, and yet somehow it is done. Some one has remarked, with some justice, that having driven over New Zealand country roads, one need not be afraid to take a car anywhere in the world! Yet the roads possess good surface as a rule.

However, "roads" is not my story. A. G. Gilbert, Miss N. Martin, and I set out in good courage for a three-day journey over this wonderful sheep country in the interests of the Harvest Ingathering. Our first and only town of size was Pahiatua, the center of 1934's earthquake. A good reception awaited us here, and before dinnertime more than six pounds was gathered.

Thence our route lay through country dotted with sheep farms—beautiful, green country; with fat sheep and sleek cattle innumerable. Here and there were the spacious homes of the farmers, some of them truly magnificent in their setting of hills and trees—a rich country and a friendly and hospitable people. Station owners, small farmers, and shearers were uniformly friendly and anxious to do their best to help us on our way with what they could give. Frequently we were given all the cash in the house. In the very few cases where we did not receive a donation it was evident that the depression had humbled the pride and emptied the purse of the unfortunate farmer.

The Lord greatly blessed, preserving us from dangers and giving us rich harvest of funds for mission work. Many times, too, the privilege was afforded of speaking a word of cheer or leaving a spiritual seed thought to bud and blossom as we journeyed on.

After a pleasant and profitable journey we arrived home just before the Sabbath at the end of the Appeal week, to hear the joyful tidings that the college goal had been reached—and passed by over thirty pounds!

To the Giver of all we ascribe our

grateful thanks and praise, and we rejoice in the opportunities of His service. We look forward, too, with joy to the next campaign and a further opportunity of meeting those whose acquaintance we made through the good Appeal—or Harvest Ingathering—magazine.

G. H. GREENAWAY,
New Zealand Missionary College.

Counsel Corner

What is the proper thing to do with articles that are found if the owner cannot be located?

It depends upon where the article is found. If found in a store, for instance, it should be turned in to the "lost and found" department, where the owner will likely be calling for it. On campgrounds, in convention halls, and such public gathering places, there is usually a booth where "lost and found" articles can be identified, and one finding an article should turn it in there. But if you have found something on the street, then it should be properly advertised through the local newspaper (if of sufficient value to warrant), thus giving the owner opportunity to claim his property. If the owner really cannot be located, then the article belongs to the one who found it.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

XII—The Fruitless Fig Tree; Jesus and the Pharisees

(March 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 21:17-32; Mark 11:12-14, 20-23; Luke 20:1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 13:3.

STUDY HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 581-588, 593-595; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 272-283 (new edition, pp. 273-285).

Questions

1. Where did Jesus stay overnight after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Matt. 21:17.
2. When He returned to the city in the morning, what was His natural feeling? Verse 18.
3. What did He see which caused Him to think He might find food? How was He disappointed? What did He say to the fig tree? Verse 19. Note 1.
4. The next morning as they passed by, what excited the wonder of the disciples? Which one of them called the attention of Jesus to the tree? Mark 11:20, 21.

5. If they exercised faith, what did Jesus say they could do? Matt. 21:21.
6. What promise is made to those who pray in faith? Verse 22.
7. Who came to Jesus as He was teaching in the temple? What did they ask Him? How did He reply? Verses 23, 24.
8. What question did He ask concerning the baptism of John? How did they reason about the question? Verses 25, 26. Note 2.
9. What did they fear from the people if their reply offended them? Luke 20:6.
10. How did they evade a direct answer? What did Jesus then say? Matt. 21:27.
11. In the parable which Jesus spoke, what response did the two sons make to their father's request? Verses 28-30. Note 3.
12. What question did Jesus ask? How did the chief priests reply? Because of their unbelief, who would enter the kingdom before them? Verse 31.
13. What reasons did Jesus give why this was true? Verse 32.

Notes

1. "Along the road from Bethany to Jerusalem was a fig tree, whose leaves were a promise of fruit, since the fruit comes with the leaves or even before; but when Christ approached it, being hungry, He found no fruit on it. He passed sentence upon it, that it should henceforth bear no fruit, and soon the barren tree withered away. Thus Christ not only showed His authority over nature, but He pointed the moral of the Jewish nation, whose rulers, like the fig tree, made hypocritical pretense of fruit bearing, but were really barren and dead spiritually."—*Peloubet*.

2. The Jewish leaders "did not accept the teachings of John. If they had done so they could not have rejected Jesus, of whom John prophesied. But they had deceived the people by assuming to believe in the ministry of John; and now they dared not, in answer to the Saviour's question, declare that John's mission was divine lest Jesus should demand their reason for not receiving the prophet's testimony concerning Him. He might have said, 'If John was from heaven, so am I; My ministry and work is so closely connected with his that they cannot be separated.'

"The people were listening with bated breath to hear what answer the priests and rulers would make to the direct question of Jesus, as to the baptism of John, whether it was from heaven or of men. They expected them to acknowledge that John was sent of God; but, after conferring secretly among themselves, the priests decided to be as wary as possible; and they answered, that they could not tell whence it was. And Jesus said unto them, 'Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.' Scribes, priests, and rulers stood confused and disappointed before the people, whose respect they had lost in a great degree by their cowardice and indecision."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pp. 29, 30.*

3. "The first son in the parable represented the publicans and harlots who at first refused obedience to the teachings of John, but afterward repented and were converted. The second son represented the Jews who professed obedience and superior virtue, but insulted God by rejecting the gift of His Son. By their wicked works they forfeited the favor of heaven. They despised the mercies of God. The most thoughtless and abandoned are represented by Jesus as occupying a more favorable position before God than the haughty and self-righteous priests and rulers."—*Id., p. 32.*

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

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

JUNIOR

XII—The Fruitless Fig Tree; Jesus and the Pharisees

(March 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 21:17-32.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 11:12-14, 20-23; Luke 20:1-8.

MARCH 10, 1936

MEMORY VERSE: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13:3.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 581-588; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 272-283 (new edition, pp. 273-285).

PLACES: On the way from Bethany to Jerusalem; in the temple.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; chief priests and rulers of the Jews.

Setting of the Lesson

After the triumphal ride of Jesus into the city of Jerusalem, He, with His disciples, returned to Bethany for the night. Jesus spent the entire night in prayer, and in the morning came again to the temple.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go in the evening after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Matt. 21:17.
2. To what place did He return next morning? What physical weakness, such as we sometimes have, did Jesus experience? Verse 18. Note 1.
3. How did He think to find food? How was He disappointed? Verse 19, first part. Note 2.
4. What curse did Jesus pronounce upon the barren fig tree? Verse 19, last part. Note 3.
5. What astonished the disciples? What did they exclaim? Verse 20.
6. What did Jesus say to them? What, however, was absolutely necessary? Verse 21.
7. What assurance is given to those who pray in faith? Verse 22. Note 4.
8. What was the purpose of Jesus in cursing the fig tree? Note 5.
9. When Jesus came into the temple, what did the chief priests and elders ask Him? Verse 23.
10. On what condition did He say He would answer their questions? Verse 24.
11. What question did He ask them? Before they dared to answer, how did they reason among themselves? Verses 25, 26.
12. What did they finally answer? What did Jesus say in reply? Verse 27.
13. In the parable which Jesus then spoke, what did the father ask of his older son? Verse 28.
14. How did the son answer? What did he afterward do? Verse 29.
15. How did the second son answer his father? What did he afterward do? Verse 30.
16. What question did Jesus then ask the chief priests? What answer did they give? Verse 31, first part.
17. How did Jesus point out that in answering rightly, they had condemned themselves? What reference did He make to John the Baptist? Verses 31, 32.
18. What was the lesson to the Pharisees? What is the lesson to us? Note 6.
19. What is said of people in all time who will not repent and receive Jesus? Memory verse.

For Thoughtful Pupils

What connection is there between the cursing of the fig tree and the parable recorded in Luke 13:6-9?

Although Jesus expects fruit in the lives of His people, are we saved by our works?

What reasons can you give why prayers are not answered?

Notes

1. Like men, Jesus felt hunger. Like men, He at times did not have food to satisfy His hunger, and was obliged to search for it.

2. "In the orchard to which Jesus came, one tree appeared to be in advance of all the others. It was already covered with leaves. It is the nature of the fig tree that before the leaves open, the growing fruit appears. Therefore this tree in full leaf gave promise of well-developed fruit. But its appearance was deceptive. Upon searching its branches, from the lowest bough to the topmost twig, Jesus found 'nothing but leaves.' It was a mass of pretentious foliage, nothing more."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 581.*

3. Of this incident of finding no figs, Tarbell says: "Jesus might have passed on, disappointed and hungry. But He had a deeper disappointment in His heart already, and a deeper hunger. He was on His way going up to Jerusalem. He had longed exceedingly to gather fruit of that tree, but He had been utterly disappointed. The fig tree suddenly stood for the city. And as He pronounced the curse of per-

petual sterility, He pronounced it on the tree as a visible sign of that religious barrenness to which Jerusalem had resigned herself."

4. One thing is absolutely necessary—faith. But a youth who does not know his father's will, cannot feel sure that his father will give him a certain thing, even if he does ask for it. If, however, the father says, "James, if you are a good boy, I will give you a dollar tomorrow, when you come and ask me for it," he can have faith in his father's promise. He can then go to his father with perfect confidence, expecting that he will receive that which he knows his father is willing to give, because he has already promised it. In like manner, the child of God cannot have absolute faith that his heavenly Father will do some definite thing for him until he has found his heavenly Father's promise to do that certain thing for him. When he has the promise, then he can go to Him without a doubt, and observing the conditions, obtain that for which he asks. 1 John 5:14, 15; Ps. 66:18.

5. "Christ's act in cursing the fig tree had astonished the disciples. It seemed to them unlike His ways and works. . . . The cursing of the fig tree was an acted parable. That barren tree, flaunting its pretentious foliage in the very face of Christ, was a symbol of the Jewish nation. The Saviour desired to make plain to His disciples the cause and the certainty of Israel's doom."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 582.*

"In the sentence pronounced on the fig tree Christ demonstrates how hateful in His eyes is this vain pretense. He declares that the open sinner is less guilty than is he who professes to serve God, but who bears no fruit to His glory."—*Id., p. 584.*

6. "The priests and elders of Israel spent their lives in religious ceremonies, which they regarded as too sacred to be connected with secular business. Therefore their lives were supposed to be wholly religious. But they performed their ceremonies to be seen by men, that they might be thought by the world to be pious and devoted. While professing to obey, they refused to render obedience to God. They were not doers of the truth which they professed to teach. . . . God called them to be coworkers with Him in blessing the world; but while in profession they accepted the call, in action they refused obedience. They trusted to self, and prided themselves on their goodness, but they set the commands of God at defiance. . . .

"Many today claim to obey the commandments of God, but they have not the love of God in their hearts to flow forth to others. Christ calls them to unite with Him in His work for the saving of the world, but they content themselves with saying, 'I go, sir.' They do not go. They do not cooperate with those who are doing God's service. They are idlers. Like the unfaithful son, they make false promises to God."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 278, 279.*

"Good works do not purchase the love of God, but they reveal that we possess that love."—*Id., p. 283.*



Issued by

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

LORA E. CLEMENT - EDITOR
MERWIN R. THURBER - ASSISTANT EDITOR

ADVISORY COUNCIL

T. M. FRENCH F. D. NICHOL C. A. RUSSELL
D. A. OCHS S. A. WELLMAN W. P. ELLIOTT

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, \$2.35; six months, \$1.30; in clubs of five or more, one year, each \$2.10; six months, \$1.10.

This paper does not pay for unsolicited material. Contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcomed, and receive every consideration; but we do not return manuscript for which return postage is not supplied.



The Listening Post



► A HOUSE and lot in Seattle, Washington, were traded for an 1868 Canadian postage stamp.

► THE National Safety Council reports that motor vehicle fatalities reached a new high record of approximately 36,400 in 1935. This is an increase of one per cent over the previous year.

► If you are using a telephone in Paris, and will dial "SVP" (*S'il Vous Plait*) service, you can, for a small sum added to your telephone bill, find out how to spell the name of the president of Switzerland, where to find a confectioner near your address at midnight, what the duty on shoes going into Germany amounts to, when your boat leaves—or the right answer to a thousand and one other questions.

► It is said that Paul D. Cravath, a New York lawyer, built a house on the north shore of Long Island at a tremendous cost. When it was all finished, he expressed the wish for a brook. The landscape architect said the brook could be arranged, and asked, "Do you want a brook that gives forth a swish, a murmur, or a gurgle?" "All three," was the answer. Today, by pressing a button, one may start the brook going. Other buttons control the sound, making it either swish, murmur, or gurgle.

► TWENTY-NINE Episcopal bishops and leaders known as the American Committee of Church Union Octave recently issued a lengthy statement, making a plea to their church to reunite with the Church of Rome. The statement lashed Protestantism as "bankrupt ethically, culturally, morally, and religiously," and stated that "Catholicism is not hated as fiercely as once it was, but a factor in this diminished hatred is the indifference to all religion which is manifested increasingly in most Americans."

► THE Nizam of Hyderabad is by far the richest man in the world. His income is estimated at from two and one-half to fifty million dollars a year—but nobody, not even he himself, is sure about it. Vaults under the most favored of his fifty marble palaces are estimated to contain a quarter billion dollars' worth of bar gold and two billions in gems, mostly diamonds and rubies. On the recent silver jubilee of his accession to the throne, he ordered 1,000 oxen and 10,000 sheep to be roasted for the feast he gave his 14,000,000 people, in celebration of that event.

► ALTHOUGH the smuggling of aliens into the United States across the Mexican border has decreased from what it was several years ago, when Chinese were brought in literally by carload lots, the traffic has by no means ceased. The length of the frontier and the sparsely settled nature of the country make complete patrolling impossible. Also at some points the Rio Grande can be forded, and at others it is possible to swim across, although the current is so treacherous that it often brings death to those who attempt this. The alien's troubles are not over even after he has crossed the river which forms our international boundary on the South. Border police and Texas Rangers are alert in spotting strangers, and a foreign accent in that vicinity invariably results in a demand for proof of legal entry. Chinese and Mexicans once made up the bulk of smuggled aliens, but now this illegal traffic concerns itself with undesirables from many lands.

► It is an American tradition that George Washington was the first President of the United States, but this is not strictly true—in one sense. The Articles of the Confederation became effective on March 1, 1781, thus making the thirteen colonies a nation. On the first of November of the same year, a lawyer from Maryland, John Hanson, was elected the first President of the United States, and served for one year. Seven other men followed Hanson in the following order: Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, a wealthy lawyer and land-owner of social prominence, was elected on November 4, 1782, and also served for one year. On November 3, 1783, Thomas Mifflin, a Philadelphia Quaker, became the third President, followed a year later by Richard Henry Lee, of the famous old Virginia family of that name. John Hancock, one of the ten most-talked-of men in American history, was the next to assume the office of Chief Executive. Then followed, at one-year intervals, Nathaniel Gorman, of Massachusetts, who took oath of office June 6, 1786, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, a Pennsylvanian, who was elected on February 2, 1787, and Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, who became President the following year. In 1789 a new Constitution was drawn up, and George Washington was elected to the Presidency. Although the first under the new Constitution, he was really the ninth President of the United States.

► IN honor of the 89th birthday of its chief, Ambrose Swasey, the firm Warner & Swasey unveiled for him recently at its Cleveland (Ohio) plant an 82-inch reflector telescope, which it has built for Mt. Locke Observatory, Texas. It is exceeded in size only by the 100-inch telescope in the Mt. Wilson (California) Observatory, and will be operated jointly by the University of Texas and the University of Chicago.

► THE new Mark-Time electric switch solves the inconvenience often caused by turning out lights in a room and then having to walk to the door in the dark. By this new device the actual turning off of the lights is delayed for a predetermined number of seconds after the householder has snapped the switch.

► PROF. MANLEY O. HUDSON, of the Harvard Law School, has been nominated to the seat on the World Court bench left vacant several months ago by the resignation of Frank B. Kellogg.

► THE Army National Geographic Society stratosphere fliers brought back evidence that microscopic life exists in the thin air and intense cold 14 miles above the earth.

► IN the ballroom of Gadsby's Tavern at Alexandria, Virginia, George Washington attended many "birthnight balls" in his honor. This room has now been installed in the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum in its original color scheme. The woodwork is done in light-grayish green, and the walls are cream color.

► THE emblem of Canada is the maple leaf—and very appropriately, too. The output of maple sugar for Quebec and Ontario averages 5,000,000 pounds, and that of maple sirup, 2,000,000 gallons. About 25,000,000 trees are tapped each spring by 50,000 farmers, and the value of these maple products to them annually is close to \$3,000,000.

► PHOTOGRAPHIC wallpaper now so rapidly gaining in popularity was originated by Margaret Bourke White, famous New York photographer, whose photographic murals in Radio City are the largest in the world. Snapshots taken by any amateur can be enlarged many hundreds of times, mounted on paper or canvas, and used as murals in the home. Men with a feeling for maps and ships have had their libraries done in huge photographic reproductions of old clippers and charts.

► CHRISTMAS ISLAND, which Capt. James Cook discovered Christmas Day 158 years ago, lies 1,200 miles south of Honolulu and near the equator. Rear Admiral Frederick Horne, commandant of the United States Navy's aircraft base force, has designated it as "the best possible seaplane landing point between Hawaii and American Samoa. Great Britain holds sovereignty over the island, and has leased its right to a commercial company for 99 years, but it is hoped that some agreement can be reached for the use of this bit of land in the development of overseas airways.

► WATER has been used as currency during the recent drought in the gold fields at Tennants Creek, Central Australia. Seven miles from the settlement is the only well within a radius of 50 miles that can be relied upon to supply the thirsty miners and their families. Each day, with the drawing of thousands of gallons, the well runs dry; so the precious life-giving fluid is at a high premium and has become a form of exchange. A carpentering job was recently paid for with eighty gallons of water, and if the miners have a spare gallon or two, they can get merchandise for it at any shop.

► DURING the hectic days of the World War, Rumania sent her state treasure, her crown jewels, and her state archives to Moscow for safekeeping in the Kremlin. Russia was at that time Rumania's only ally. Then followed the Bolshevik Revolution, peace, and sixteen years of effort on the part of Rumania to recover her possessions. The Soviet government restored the crown jewels in 1925, and recently the archives, in 1,000 cases, reached Bucharest. But Soviet officials steadfastly assert that the treasure \$60,000,000 in gold ingots and coin, had been disposed of by the czarist authorities before the revolution.



What a new face
courage puts on
everything!
—Emerson.