The Youth's Instructor

Vol. 84 August 18, 1936 No. 33

EYES

by

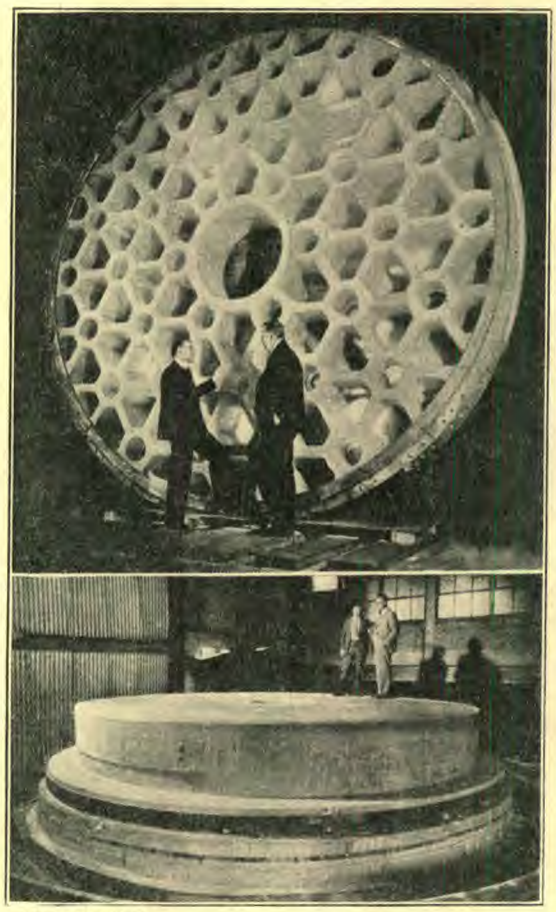
Roy Franklin Cottrell

TODAY we looked upon the "Big Eye," the flawless 200-inch telescopic mirror that is being prepared for the world's greatest observatory, on Palomar Mountain in Southern California. The viscid, molten fluid composing this lens was poured at the glassworks in Corning, New York, and forms a single block of glass weighing more than twenty tons. It was so ponderous and hot that it required a year to cool before starting on its journey by special train to the Pacific Coast.

Its transportation over narrow bridges and through devious tunnels was a real feat, and had it been a few inches wider, all passing trains would have had to be cleared from adjacent railway tracks along the route. It is now housed at Pasadena in a specially constructed grinding laboratory of the California Institute of Technology.

Here in this air-conditioned room, the greatest optical task of the centuries is in progress. A special grinding machine is used that will work steadily day and night for three years to hollow out two tons of glass, and give to the great lens the proper concave surface. Only soft waxed materials are used in the grinding, with sufficient water and emery dust to accomplish the work. This slow process indicates something akin to infinite patience; yet when completed, the mirror surface will be accurate to the ten thousandth of an inch, and will cost more than a million dollars. Including the delicate machinery, the vast dome, the concrete base, and other essentials to the new observatory, the total expenditure will be more than $5,000,000.

The era of the large telescope opened with the establishment of the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, near San Jose, California. With its 36-inch refracting telescope, the vastness of the starry heavens began to dawn upon an awakening world. A little later the Yerkes Observatory, at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, with its 40-inch reflector, was constructed. But astronomers were disappointed with the results obtained, for in that climate, haze, fog, and clouds too frequently obstruct the view.



ILLUS LOND. NEWS

Above Is Shown the "Geometrical Pattern of Hollows in the Back" of the Disk to Lessen Its Weight and Facilitate Mounting

Below Is the Largest Solid Piece of Glass Ever Cast—the 200-Inch Telescope Mirror Disk

For the next great project to study the heavens, Mt. Wilson, near Pasadena, California, was selected; and in 1918 the 100-inch Hooker telescope pushed back the bounds of the universe to reveal myriads of suns and systems of which mankind had no previous knowledge. Yet today the astronomers on Mt. Wilson face a discouraging situation. The electric illumination and neon signs of near-by cities cloud the vision and darken the photographic plates so seriously that picturemaking of the more distant stars from that observatory has been practically abandoned.

In seeking an ideal location for the new astronomical giant, Dr. John A. Anderson is said to have motored and hiked 88,000 miles; and Palomar Mountain, 6,126 feet in altitude, and seventy-five miles southeast of Los Angeles, was at length selected because of its equable climate, its clear atmosphere, its good living conditions, and its isolation from cities whose lights would dazzle and impede the work of the stargazers.

The Big Eye will have four times the strength of the 100-inch reflector on Mt. Wilson, or in other words, 640,000 times the power of the unaided (*Turn to page 10*)

Let's Talk It Over

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth," says the Wise Man,—you can read it for yourself in the ninth verse of the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes,—"and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but—"*

Translated into modern English: "Go ahead and have what you call 'a good time.' Live your own life. Do as you please, disregarding all admonition and restraint. Eat, drink, and be merry. Think only of today and the thrills of doing this or that which is daring and a bit off-color. Don't let conservative Christian ideals cramp your style. Go right ahead, and have what 'in the sight of thine' inexperienced, immature judgment looks to you like a lot of fun: *'but—'* "

And don't miss that little three-letter word, for it is the key to your future. *"—but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."*

A reckoning day is coming. We must each face the official statement of the thoughts we have thought, the words we have spoken, the deeds we have done. We may succeed in hiding these from our fellow travelers here along the earthway,—and then again we may not,—but our heavenly Father knows, and our guardian angel sees, and writes them all down with a pen dipped in ink that will never fade so long as time shall last. How about meeting *your* record?

In view of this solemn judgment hour, and what it will mean to each one of us, the Wise Man drops this personal word of advice. Listen, as he speaks *to you!*

"Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Then he adds by way of emphasis:

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

And there is no possible escape!

A FEW weeks ago the "Manhattan" sailed from New York with 334 of the 382 members of the Olympic team aboard. Before the ship reached Germany the star backstroke swimmer, Eleanor Holm Jarrett, was expelled from the group for violating training rules during the trip.

This step was not taken without careful consideration by the officials of the American Olympic Committee, for it apparently cost the United States a sure winner in the women's swimming event. Mrs. Jarrett holds the world record of 1:52 for the 150-yard backstroke at the present time, and has twice before this—in 1928 and in 1932—been a member of the United States Olympic team.

But for some time she has disregarded the rigid training rules which made her success possible, and flippantly boasted, "If I can't swim and have fun, then somebody else can do the swimming." Friends cautioned her to "be careful," but she laughed and went her thoughtless, devastating way.

Only a few days out she indulged in an all-night champagne party, and as a result was warned and given "one more chance."

Heeding this warning, Mrs. Jarrett resumed training, and did not break over the rules again until the last night, as they were steaming up the river Elbe toward Hamburg. To those who urged her not to accept the invitation which proved her undoing, she laughingly replied with a careless shrug of her shapely shoulders: "They *don't dare* put a champion off the team!" And added that her irregularity would never be known, for she was taking every precaution.

But after she had taken just about so much strong drink, she grew careless and joined a group for a walk on the upper deck in the wee sma' hours. There she met the chaperon of the women's swimming team face to face! The next day she was dropped and her Olympic entry withdrawn.

In consternation she listened to the verdict, then refused to accept the arrangements made for her immediate return passage to the United States, accompanied the team on to Berlin, and there demanded reinstatement. They would lose the backstroke swimming title if she did not compete! It just *couldn't* be that she was out! But the committee was adamant.

And as these words are written the word comes across Associated Press wires that Mrs. Jarrett is tearfully pleading for "one more chance."

"We gave you every chance," responds the committee. "You have only yourself to blame."

"I know I've been drinking and partying too much, and I'm all wrong," she acknowledges humbly. "I can't put into words how badly I feel *now!"*

Gone is her happy-go-lucky, "here we are, let's have fun," attitude—"now."

When one faces the reckoning, it's different—oh, so *entirely* different!

A YOUNG man came to college—a young man with plenty of brains and a heritage of good common sense. But real study was "too much like work," and since the devil is a past master at finding occupation for idle minds and hands, he was out of one scrape and into another almost before the discipline committee could get turned around.

"They don't *dare* to expel me," he boasted as he swaggered about both on and off the campus. *"My dad* is on the board."

But they did! And well do those of us who were his fellow students recall the deflated, crestfallen youth who left the college.

Sometimes judgment for "evil works" is executed so speedily it is fairly breath-taking!

I WAS sitting in the audience during one of the sessions of a Youth's Congress, when the topic under discussion was the danger of Seventh-day Adventist young people's marrying those who do not share their religious faith. I noticed a woman with two children of junior age beside her, weeping bitterly.

"Oh," she said, after the meeting, "I wanted so much to tell my experience—but I couldn't! I wanted to warn the young people, and assure them that no truer words were ever written than 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' I married a man who does not believe this third angel's message. He was good to me in every way but one—he insisted, as soon as we were in our own home, that I give up my religion. Because I would not do so, he finally left me with these two little children. I am working in a factory to support them and to try to give them a Christian education. Oh, tell all the young people that God surely does bring 'every work into judgment,' and they can't afford to forget it!"

"—and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but—"*

And it means *you!*

Lora E. Clement

VOL. 84, NO. 33 THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, AUGUST 18, 1936 ONE YEAR, $1.75

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

NEW ENGLAND

The Mecca of Students

by

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EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

The Battle Green at Lexington, Massachusetts

THE Pilgrims anchored their boats on these rock-bound, ribbed shores by a chance turn of the wheel of fate, since a storm had blown the Virginia-bound home-seekers to a less inviting shore; but it was not an accident in nature's lottery that these unheralded harbingers who piloted their caravels through well-nigh uncharted seas, were richly endowed by an unvanquished ancestry who bequeathed a cultured heritage of enduring tenaciousness. Fame and fortune did not entice them to come, adventure and discovery did not lure them away from the homeland, the martial throb of drum and footbeat did not impel them to risk their lives for prince or priest; but the unconquerable desire to plant a new home where they might worship God as conscience bade, wrenched them from the land of their nativity and thrust them into the forbidding soil of liberty of conscience from which sprang, after much travail, the principles of liberty.

The path trodden by the death-decimated descendants of those first forerunners, whose thin ranks were swelled by a surging tide of like-minded pioneers, is marked from the beginning, where the foot of dainty maid and sturdy man first found a resting place on the greenish rock at Plymouth, to the cruel struggles when the English purchased Breed's Hill at a bloody price or when Col. John Stark routed the foraging Britishers at Bennington; and the broad surface of that path is traced on the well-worn highway of national experiences at this hour.

The indomitable spirit of freedom quickened the faltering steps of the signers of the Mayflower Compact, encouraged the designers of the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, America's first written constitution, stimulated the founders of the nation's system of free public schools, fortified the defenders of freedom of conscience, Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, inspired the intriguing of the patriotic Hancock and Adamses, strengthened the subjugators of the wilderness and the conquerors of the aborigines; and finally, this same indomitable spirit has found its lodgment in the breasts of millions of Americans who pay homage to this bequest of their ancestors. True, the struggle was terrific before religious zealot agreed to permit his equally conscientious neighbor to worship God as he chose, or not to worship at all; but religious freedom and the separation of church and state were nurtured in the womb of freedom of conscience and have proved to be the nearest of kin to political liberty.

The enthusiasm of religious zeal burned brightly and constructively as it stimulated the freemen of Massachusetts Bay Colony to found Harvard College only six years after the colony was permanently established in 1930, and provoked the residents of Saybrook, Connecticut, to establish Yale College in 1701. But the later beclouding of this enthusiastic zeal led to religious bigotry as the preachers of Boston and vicinity, abetted by the governor of the colony, and the judges in Salem, opened a crusade against witchcraft, whence the candle flame of learning sputtered and was almost extinguished. The Old Witch House still stands in old Salem; and, near by, runs the street of the beautiful porches built by the money gathered from all parts of the world as the New England skippers plied the sea from Occident to Orient—so close together did persecution and breadth of vision dwell in time and space.

At Lexington where the minutemen fell and a war began, at Concord where the British regulars hotly contested the possession of Old North Bridge, and all along the way back to Boston the countryside is memorialized by markers and monuments that attest to the daring and to the dying of the sons of liberty. At Faneuil Hall, at the Old Statehouse, and at the Old North Church in Boston, where the sparks of independence smoldered, orators fanned the populace to a fighting fury, and the appellation, "The Cradle of American Liberty," given to Faneuil Hall, calls to the minds of men today the revolutionary fires of yesteryear. Certainly, on the anvil of time have been struck off the forms of a national destiny, that have foreordained New England as the Mecca for the student of history. In recognition of this fact the American Historical Association will hold its annual meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, on the Tercentenary of the founding of Providence by Roger Williams in 1636.

Had New England contributed only men of valor, and were her monuments dedicated only to the memories of battles by sword and orations, her fame would never have died; but the nation is also deeply indebted to her for her literary gifts. One needs only to repeat the names of the great immortals inscribed in the halls of fame to be persuaded that American literature would be incomplete without their labors. Fruitlands, near South Lancaster, Massachusetts, where Amos Bronson Alcott experimented with his model community, and the Alcott house near Concord, immortalize the memories of Amos Bronson Alcott and his more practical daughter, Louisa May. Craigie House in Cambridge, and the Old Wayside Inn now proudly owned and maintained by

Henry Ford, are full to overflowing with memorials of Henry W. Longfellow. The Emerson house and the Concord Antiquarian Society have preserved the remains of Ralph Waldo Emerson's possessions.

Henry David Thoreau has not passed unsung from the memories of man, for the spot where his cabin stood at Walden Pond is marked by a cairn with an appropriate inscription. At Haverhill and Amesbury, Massachusetts, are the homes of John Greenleaf Whittier, the abolitionist poet. The house that sheltered James Russell Lowell from infancy to old age still stands in Cambridge. Wayside, the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, stands on Lexington road in Concord. A walk on the Boston Common will bring back the remembrance of Oliver Wendell Holmes when the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table "strolled down the long path with the schoolmistress" to a romance. William Cullen Bryant can be unquestionably claimed as a New Englander because he breathed first the woods-scented air at Cummington, Massachusetts, later taking an unusual delight in the beautiful surroundings of his country home. The inspiration to write the ode "To a Waterfowl" was received at Plainfield, Massachusetts.

The literary lore of New England is as appealing as its landscape. The Old Wayside Inn bears the enviable reputation of being one of the most sought-out literary shrines in America, and its devotees pause with reverence as they pay homage to Henry W. Longfellow and his scenes in "Tales of a Wayside Inn;" and one may still hear the tick of the old clock that there told the day and the hour to Longfellow. To have wet a finger in the waters of Walden Pond or to have viewed from the summit of Prospect Hill beautiful Fruitlands, to have walked down the road where Mary's lamb followed her to school or to have stood in the hallowed Old Concord School of Philosophy where the Transcendentalists listened to Alcott's orphic sayings, to have climbed the hill with Hawthorne to his beaten path where he composed his stories, or to have counted all seven of the gables of the old House in Salem, are experiences to be treasured by those who have known them, and to be coveted by those who have not.

Prominent among American writers were these New England bards who contributed their bit in the creation of a typical American literature. One should be accounted unwise and unlearned who proclaims that he has a firsthand impression of the spirit of American literature if he has never frequented any of these haunts where the ghosts of these minstrels still linger.

In this land of beginnings the all-wise Creator has seen fit to rear upon its stubborn soil and to foster in its democratic atmosphere a religious movement that promises to proclaim the end of all things earthly. In 1827, at Gorham, Maine, a girl was born who became God's servant in revealing to a remnant church His hopes for mankind. From a feeble beginning, small clusters of Seventh-day Adventists, subsequent to the intense disappointments of 1844 in the anticipated hope of the second advent, slowly but surely pushed out and up into the vineyard of the earth. The church at Washington, New Hampshire, built in 1843 by the Millerites, and used since 1862 by Seventh-day Adventists, is one of our oldest churches. When built, it was in the center of a prosperous town; today it stands alone in a forest, a silent companion to those patriarchs of this message who have been laid to rest in a stone-flanked cemetery near by, awaiting the blast of the resurrection trumpet which shall rend the stillness of the wilderness. Its straight-backed pews and its plain interior testify to the simple faith of its builders. At Gorham, Maine, guarded by unseen watchers, stands another sanctuary which has witnessed the pageant of mankind's storing up treasures on earth, or in heaven. At South Lancaster, Massachusetts, one of the oldest of our churches has greeted old and young, small and great, since it was built in 1864 and is still dear to the hearts of the students of Atlantic Union College. It has bestowed a farewell upon thousands who have walked from its sacred aisles to the fields of labor beyond.

The invention of printing from movable type in the middle of the fifteenth century heralded the dawn of a new day, and the brilliant arrival of the Renaissance. Consequently, the Protestant Reformation was made possible by the less expensive methods of publishing truth-filled literature. Likewise, Seventh-day Adventists, admonished by God to print, have actually showered the earth with pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The beginning of this great exploit was in Middletown, Connecticut, where, in 1849, the first four numbers of *Present Truth* were published. As each of the numbers was printed, Elder James White carried the copies home to Rocky Hill, Connecticut, eight miles away, where they were spread out on the floor as prayers ascended to heaven for God to bless the "silent messengers;" then they were addressed to all who, it was thought, might read them and carried back to be mailed at the Middletown post office. From here "streams of light" have gone "clear round the world." In 1850 the center of publication was again shifted from Oswego, New York, to Paris, Maine, where the last four numbers of *Present Truth* and the first volume of the present *Review and Herald* were published.

If the Puritans believed it necessary to establish a college in order that learning might be advanced and an intelligent ministry maintained, much more did Seventh-day Adventists deem it wise to build an educational institution in New England that would perpetuate an educated ministry. Atlantic Union College has faithfully and unstintingly poured her product into the world's fields for fifty-four years. The faith of her founders has been vindicated, and their vision, often doubted, has been demonstrated now to all.

Whittier's Boyhood Home at Haverhill, Massachusetts

THE observance of temperance and regularity in all things has a wonderful power. It will do more than circumstances or natural endowments in promoting that sweetness and serenity of disposition which count so much in smoothing life's pathway. At the same time the power of self-control thus acquired will be found one of the most valuable of equipments for grappling successfully with the stern duties and realities that await every human being.—*Ellen Gould White.*

C. L. BOND. PHOTO

The Divine Hand of God

by Arnold Mueller

IT was winter. Old mother earth was covered with a beautiful white garment; snowflakes danced from the vaulted sky as the careful hands of a nurse laid a newborn baby in a little cradle. There was great joy in that German home over the arrival of this son, but this was not the only happy family. Every one in that ancient Germanic city was happy. The schoolboys were ringing the bell in the church to welcome the little boy, and wish him success and great achievement in life. The neighbors were gathering about the cradle, trying to choose a suitable name for their new citizen, for such was the custom in those small German towns where every one knew his neighbor and shared his joys and sorrows. Some enthusiastic ones even now spoke of the great success he would have in life, of his bright future.

There was indeed a promising future ahead of every boy in Europe at that time, for Europe was in its triumphant years. There were many attractive openings for young people; there was a never-fully-supplied demand for workers.

But one day, late in the summer of that year, there arose a great storm that shook the Continent to its very foundation. "War!" was the cry. As the wind comes and goes, no one knows from whence, so Europe was struck by that great terror, which swept away her happiness, perhaps forever. Days, months, and years passed, but conditions grew worse. Would there never be peace again? Hungry children were crying for food, and in winter, when the cold north wind swept across the barren fields, they suffered for want of clothing. Helpless mothers tried to find food for their little ones. Many times they even went without eating themselves, that they might give food to their children.

Those are the days I remember of Europe, for the better days are to me as a story of wonderland is to a small boy. Often when I sat with my dear mother around our little oven in the long winter evenings, she would tell me of those golden days which were gone like the wind, leaving only the memory of their glory with those who survived.

Yes, those were dreadful days. When a boy was born in Germany, there was weeping now, instead of rejoicing, for the trenches were his only future. Would the war never end? For three years it had gone on, and things had grown worse instead of better until the people had almost lost their hope.

On one of those cold winter evenings, when the wind was rattling the windows of our little room, I crept into my comfortable feather bed that my mother had warmed for me on the oven. The room in which we slept was very cold, and when she had tucked me in, she knelt down as usual to offer prayer for my father and me. That evening I was especially impressed by her prayer, and when she asked the Lord to protect our dear father and bring him safely home again, my eyes filled with tears, and I said: "Mother, why doesn't my father come home? I would like to see him. Won't you write him, mother, and tell him to come home?"

Suddenly my mother burst into tears, and I was frightened when she told me she could not write to him any more. There was a deep silence in the room, and it seemed as if we were suffocating. Then my mother lifted her face from the pillow and said: "Arnold, for several months I have been keeping something from you, for I thought it too much for you to bear. Your father was captured by the Russian army in a gas attack, was exiled to Siberia, and I have not heard from him since."

"Mother!" I cried, "will he never return?"

"My son," she answered, "in Siberia it is so cold that most of the prisoners freeze to death before they can be freed or exchanged. We must trust the Almighty God. He only knows."

With these thoughts in my mind, I fell asleep, and it was late morning when I awoke. I heard my mother's sewing machine running in the other room; so I arose, dressed quickly, and went to help her with the work. Somehow everything seemed so different. My bread covered with sugar seemed drier than ever before, and I thought it would choke me. Then I went about my duty, pulling the threads out of the suits my mother was sewing for the soldiers. There was little spoken between us all day.

The winter of that year was unusually severe. Snow lay three feet deep in the streets. One afternoon mother said: "I used the last of our wood to make a fire this morning, Arnold. Tomorrow we will have to go into the forest to cut some wood. Do you think you can go along and help mother pull the wagon?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I wouldn't let you go alone."

At five o'clock the next morning, we were on our way to the forest which was about ten miles from our home. It was still dark, and a heavy north wind was blowing. The snow was deep, and it was difficult to pull the little wagon. Finally, we reached our destination. My mother took the

large saw, and we cut off the lower limbs from fir trees which were heavy laden with snow. I went about and picked up the wood and piled it on the wagon. In about three hours we had a load and returned home. It was very hard to pull the heavy wagon through the deep snow. My hand was hurt from picking up the wood, and I was cold and crying. My mother tried to warm my hands between her own, but with little result. It was late afternoon when we reached home, and she immediately put me to bed, for I was shivering, and she feared I would be ill.

The next day I got up, and taking my hatchet, I cut the wood to fit the stove, so that we might have a warm room. It was difficult to build a fire with the wood, for it was not very dry.

Days passed, and one evening my mother said, "Arnold, you can sleep as long as you wish tomorrow, for it is Christmas Day, and we will not do any work. Mrs. Knoz has given us a little flour, and I will bake a cake."

"O mother, may I have a piece of cake when I wake up in the morning?" I asked.

"Yes, sonny," she said, and kissed me good night, and then went to prepare the cake.

The next morning I awoke at the usual time—six o'clock. My mother was still asleep. Since I didn't want to waken her, I turned over and tried to go to sleep again; but I kept thinking of the cake and so could not rest. I got up quietly and went into the kitchen. There was that beautiful cake. I took a knife, cut off a piece to try it, but thought how much better it would be if I waited and shared it with my mother. Then it did not taste so good. I returned to the bedroom, and found that she had just awakened, and so I asked her if she would like a piece of the cake.

"Arnold," she said, "I don't feel well, and I think I had better not eat any cake today. But you can eat my piece. And will you make a fire in the bedroom? I am cold."

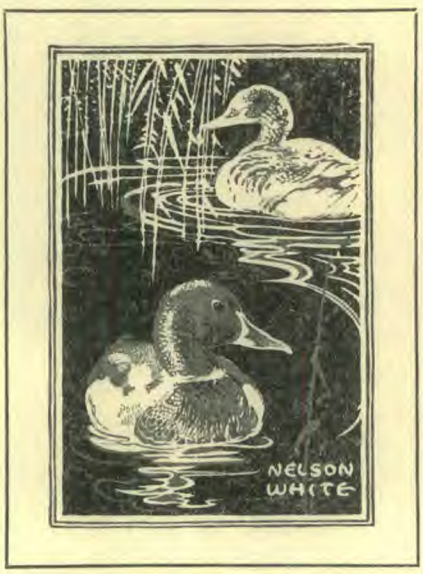
I went and got the wood, made a fire, and ate my two pieces of cake. The cake was delicious this time, but it would have tasted much better had my mother shared it with me. Her sickness grew worse. She had a high fever, for her cheeks were very red. I became frightened finally, and went into the next room and cried. In the evening I called a neighbor, and when she saw my mother, she called the doctor. He decided to take her to the county hospital, for she had influenza, and there was no one at home to take care of her except me, and I could not do much.

I cried and was afraid when they took my mother. The neighbor woman asked me to stay with her for the night, but I told her I would stay at home. The darkness came; it was bedtime; I offered a prayer for my mother in the hospital, and for my lost father in Siberia, and then went to bed. Half the night passed before I, exhausted from too much crying, fell into a deep sleep. In the morning I awoke early. How empty the room seemed. How my footsteps echoed when I walked. For my breakfast I ate the rest of the cake, and at dinnertime I ate with the neighbor woman. Eight days passed before they brought my dear mother back, but those eight days seemed like years of agony. She was very weak when she came home, and could not do much; so I did the best I could to help.

Months passed, and again the old sewing machine was rattling, making the stitches through the heavy cloth. I was now six years old, and was ready to go to school. One autumn day, the eleventh of November, the church bells rang throughout the country, bringing the glad tidings of peace to every heart. But it was a fake peace, for it was only after a terrible revolution which cost many more lives that peace finally came to war-torn Germany. And even then we did not know real peace, for the monarchy was overthrown and the government was unstable. There was a steady, bloody struggle between the different classes which made it unsafe out of doors because of the many street fights.

One evening, when my mother was preparing supper, some one knocked at the door. I went to open it, and there stood an old man in soldier's uniform. He had a long beard and was entirely bald. He uttered one word—"Arnold," and put his arm around me.

My mother heard what was going on and came to the door. "Otto!" she cried, and ran to him, throwing her arms about him. I was frightened and looked at her in astonishment. "Arnold," she cried, "it is father! He has come back!" When he told us the whole story of his experiences, we learned how the continual wearing of the steel helmet had made him bald.



There was life again now in our little family. The store which my mother was obliged to close during the war, was reopened. Soon the story spread through the town that my father had come back, and the story of how he and his *Kamerad* had escaped from the Russian army way out in the great snow fields in Siberia, was told and retold to all our neighbors and friends.

Father, hating war and having great sympathy for the poor and for the children who had lost their fathers in the World War, turned to be a Socialist. He became a leader of that party, and went about giving public speeches. I followed him every step of the way. I believed his theory, and was ready to give my life for it. The first thing I did in this direction was to discontinue religious instruction in school. I became a freethinker. My father was much pleased, but my mother was much disappointed. Indeed, it almost broke her heart, though she never told me how bad she felt that I had become so godless. There was no use for her to talk to me, for I was convinced that there was no God, and that the Bible belonged to an age that had passed a century ago.

I finished school and left home, traveling and working about the different parts of Germany. But ever since I was a little boy, there had been the desire in my heart to see the world, and one day in October, I left my fatherland to undertake that long-desired adventure. I came to America, landing in New York, and from there I made my way to Los Angeles, California, where I found a job in a large greenhouse. In that city I lived with some very dear old people, and one evening I was asked to go with them to a Seventh-day Adventist meeting. I hated to hear anything about religion, but I loved these friends, and so I consented and went to the meeting. The sermon was on the New Jerusalem, and as I listened, I remembered the stories my mother used to tell me in those days of strife and distress, during the World War. Could it be true that there is a mighty Being ruling the universe? Could my dear father be wrong? Questions like that went through my mind. When I returned home I opened the old Bible which had lain untouched on my dresser ever since I had come to live in this home, and read again those beautiful verses in Revelation, the twenty-first chapter. That night I offered my first prayer since childhood days.

I continued to attend the meetings, and became a child of God. Jesus is looking for every lost sheep. How true are those words of Bryant:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the (*Turn to page 12*)

TIME MARCHES ON

by

Ferne Bowlby-Groves

IT is the sixteenth century. A young man makes a unique bridge across a mud puddle with his cloak, and this act chisels a niche in history for Sir Walter Raleigh.

Time marches on, and he is attempting to colonize the region of the present Carolinas. On a certain afternoon we observe him in his library, dressed in black velvet, with an immaculate white shirt ruff, in transports of delight over the gift of an amazing weed. One smokes the stuff, it seems, in an invention which Indians call a pipe. He thinks the taste extremely pleasant, the effect delightfully soothing to frazzled nerves, and altogether refreshing.

Sir Walter puffs vigorously, and smoke rings pile high in a cloud floating toward a nation yet unfounded. But he is a mere mortal, and no disturbing visions cross his mind as time marches on—

It is the nineteenth century, and the United States of America is growing rapidly. "Way out west" lies the Louisiana Territory, claimed by France—wonderful land for growing that baleful weed, tobacco. Slaves provide cheap labor, and there are fortunes to be amassed in its cultivation. The new nation covets this territory. France needs money, so a deal is consummated in 1803—the famous Louisiana Purchase, involving the exchange of $15,000,000 —that becomes famous as time marches on—

It is 1916. A gigantic European war is raging, and it threatens to involve the United States. Excitement reigns. Such an emotional upset in the tempo of any nation has never been recorded in the history of man's progress. Traditions of centuries are ignored or laid aside. Despite the horror-stricken comments of parents and grandparents, young women cut their hair, remove appalling lengths from ladylike skirts, and the more bizarre even attempt a cigarette in the privacy of feminine circles. They justify their conduct in the assertion that they are at last attaining their equality with man. Things are happening in a mad rush as time marches on—

It is 1926. Feminine skirts have reached a truly shocking brevity. Mothers and fathers are beginning to look resigned while the younger feminine world smokes like a nation-wide forest fire. No public place is free from the smothering atmosphere of blue smoke. Even high-school girls and boys are coming within the clutch of this habit as time marches on—

It is 1936. Feminine fancy has conceded fashion the right to moderately decent clothes, but the smoke fad sweeps the nation like a devastating scourge. Everywhere women and men alike puff vigorously, quite oblivious to the fact that each cigarette looses nineteen different poisons to destroy their bodies. People will take no end of precautions to eliminate possibilities of carbon-monoxide poisoning, yet every smoker regularly and consistently exposes his lungs to its ravages, while he enjoys a cigarette. He is blissfully unaware that it is torpedoing his hemoglobin, degenerating vitally essential gland tissues, playing havoc with his blood pressure, and eventually affecting his respiratory tract and his vision.

Women in the United States have demonstrated their equality with men in all things except to universally don man's garb and occupy the Presidential chair. They probably will achieve both of these, if time lasts long enough and posterity is not erased by the ever-growing use of tobacco by mothers.

Woman's nervous system is acutely sensitive, infinitely (*Turn to page 12*)

A Thought for You

The Lily of the Valley

BY ALVIN THORSON

A FLOWER of winning fragrance, of tenacious adherence, gracing the brooks, however unobstrusive, if transplanted will wonderfully flourish.

But the half has never yet been told. It possesses exquisite beauty. Yet the casual passer-by discerns nothing unusual. His search has been too superficial.

To get, to have, to enjoy its sharing lovableness, you must hasten not, but tarry and rest awhile. Pluck it from the level of your feet, gaze up and into its beauty.

Its flowers droop in dignified condescension; and more—its roots, once having taken hold, can be removed only through constant pulling, digging, and more pulling, so persistent are its efforts to cling where once it has been planted.

So Inspiration, with fragrant breath, has breathed out in majestic simplicity, yet with profound meaning, into the very heart of the Bible that He is "the Lily of the Valley."

Its roots run through the lands of promise into the Edenic scenes of Genesis. They run to the shores of "sweet Galilee," and on into the fertile soils of the "Revelation."

As in the book of nature, so in the oracles of God, behold its blossom on many pages. Beautiful, fragrant blossoms these, which the casual observer fails to see. But when on bended knee,—O, lofty attitude!—then one beholds its incomparable beauty and enjoys the inexpressible resultant blessings.

Ah, how sweet to contemplate! It affords pleasure serenely divine, budding aspiration, holy determination; bloometh into new birth, groweth fruit immaculate. From experience this "Lily of the Valley" clings to my heart by cords, though invisible, yet how invincible! It has so attached itself to my heartstrings that the strange, incessant efforts threatening withdrawal are painful. No, it must abide ever, so sweet are its wonders!

Is the "Lily of the Valley" cherished in the garden spot of your heart? Does it flourish there, sparkling with the dews of Eden, with fragrance sweet, uplifting. If so, your soul, your life, your all, is crowned with a wreath of holy joy, of perfect peace, of the sweet peace, the gift in God's Son.

If not, come you, early, alone, walk you into the garden. You'll hear His voice, "Beloved, where art thou?" Answer you, "Here am I, Lord," for "the soul of man is restless until it rest in God."

Consider the End

BY P. E. BERTHELSEN

YOU have never heard, nor will you ever hear a true Christian express regret that he accepted the Saviour of the world as His Saviour, or that since he made the acquaintance of Jesus, he has found Him disappointing. Earthly friendship at best is fickle, our thought-to-be best friends may fail us, but our divine Friend never fails. There are, however, many people who bitterly regret their choice of sin and its follies, and the consequent loss of the Christian's hope and assurance of a life to come.

Sin is very subtle and delusive. It appears attractive and desirable in the beginning. It is well camouflaged. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." To the natural man it seems easy and fascinating to walk in the broad way. It is a pleasant way, and there is music and the thrill of enticement and excitement on every hand.

Sometimes young people unadvisedly form associations and attachments contrary to the will of God as revealed in the Bible and opposed to the wishes of Christian parents. To them, the whole affair appears very fascinating and desirable in the beginning; but if continued, it will surely ruin their prospects, not only for this life, but for the life to come. Why not look to the end of the road before taking a leap in the dark? Why not consider the wrecked and ruined lives of others strewn along the shores of time? The way of sin is a hard way, and the farther one proceeds, the harder it becomes. The end is misery, despair, and death. Happy is he who, having contemplated this way, learns how bitter are the fruits of sin, and turns from it betimes.

The Christian life is as a bright and "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." To begin with, it seems hard. There is a cross—sacrifice, privation, suffering for Jesus' sake—to be borne before the crown can be worn. But it is withal a restful life, full of sweet peace, contentment and joy increasing with each passing hour. The Christian's cross, which may seem a loss, is all gain viewed in the light of the end of the way. The Christian life is not fickle and fitful, but constant. It is not governed by feelings, circumstances, and environment. The weather vane is governed by the wind, and the thermometer is affected by heat and cold—they change. The Christian life is well likened to the normal temperature in the human body,—it is constant in prayer, in faith, in love of God, and in service for Him. It is not a lonely way. It is a way of sweet companionship, unexpected delights and happy surprises, the end of which is the life more abundant, even eternal life. Consider the end—then make your choice.

At the Eleventh Hour

BY ERNEST LLOYD

SOME time ago, there was in Edinburgh University a medical student, a fine, manly fellow, a very Hercules in strength, but as gentle and lovable as he was strong. He was very popular, the captain of the athletic club, and not a game was considered complete without him. He contracted typhoid fever while attending a case, and though everything known was done to restore him, he grew worse, and soon he lay dying in a private ward. One of the physicians in attendance, an earnest Christian gentleman, spoke to him about God and eternity. The medical student listened eagerly to the story of redeeming love.

"Will you give yourself to Jesus now?" asked the doctor at its close.

He did not answer for a moment, and then, earnestly regarding the godly man of medicine, he said, "But don't you think it would be awfully mean just to make up now, at my last gasp, with One I have rejected all my life?"

"Well, my dear boy," replied the doctor, *"it would be far meaner not to do it.* He wants you to do it now, for He has made you willing; and it would be doubly mean to reject a love that is pursuing you even to death." The dying youth saw the point, and apprehending the greatness of that exceeding love, he cast himself upon the eternal heart of mercy, and passed away in the blessedness of peace.

And may the pursuing love of our Lord be an argument with all of us who read these lines. Let us not allow any past folly to stand in the way of salvation still offered—"still," but life is quickly fleeting, and the "still" may be very short.

From HONEYMOON to MASSACRE

The Story of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman

by Stella Parker Peterson

BIRDS still fly over the spot that was Waiilatpui. Today the "Place of Rye Grass" is a modern farm, with acres of machined crops rising from the soil whose sod was first turned by Marcus Whitman with his tedious hand plow. But there, too, is the Whitman memorial plot, purchased in 1897 and set apart to perpetuate the memory of these courageous pioneers. Thitherward the eyes of all America are turning in this Centennial year.

To the "Place of Rye Grass" come other "Great Trains" now—not covered wagons, but caravans of automobiles, bringing hundreds of students and others on "pilgrimages" to memorial services. They come, these sober-thinking groups (for the place always solemnizes), sometimes at sunrise, sometimes at sunset, sometimes in midday. They come—and they go away, inspired. This place is a tribute to the dead, yes. But what is of far greater importance—an inspiration to the living!

The Whitman Centennial plan—which contemplates completion by August of this year—comprehends the use of fifty acres of the original mission farm; the restoration of the grounds; the reconstruction of the original mission buildings; and the rechanneling of the creek (whose course has gradually changed in the intervening years) so that it will again run, as it did in the time of the Whitmans, close to the mission, furnishing power for the gristmill, and water for the buildings and farm.

It is hoped that this Centennial restoration of the Whitman Mission will be maintained in the future as a National Monument. And so, to Waiilatpui, location of first white home west of the Rockies, presided over by the first white bride to cross the Rockies; to Waiilatpui, first medical mission west of the Rockies; to Waiilatpui, birthplace of the first white child born west of the Rockies—will come hundreds, thousands, eager to see just where Marcus and Narcissa Whitman spent the eleven tireless years of their married life in missionary service for the American Indian, and where they laid down their lives in martyrdom. Perhaps you will be among those thousands who come.

They will show you—those Northwesterners who are so proud of their Whitman heritage—this great historical shrine. While patriotic organizations have done much to beautify it by modern landscaping, the area immediately surrounding the burial plot, and most of the memorial site, still remains primitive in aspect. Rye grass, tenacious weeds, prolific wild flowers, and scattered scrub trees grow unmolested over much of that sanctuary of the past. Random trails web the hillside, from whose barren summit you view the surrounding verdure that stretches far to the horizon in every direction. And as you look, you sense that this island of frontier wilderness, set in the midst of a modern agricultural area, is the finest sort of memorial to the Whitmans, for it preserves that bit of land, at least, as the missionary couple knew it. In so far as may be possible in this day of luxury, of speed, of intensive soil development, we stand there and pause to ponder the raw pioneer conditions under which those two heroic spirits to whom the Northwest, yes, the United States, owes so much, lived and toiled. And—the natural barrenness of the memorial plot turns the years back.

Waiilatpui Today

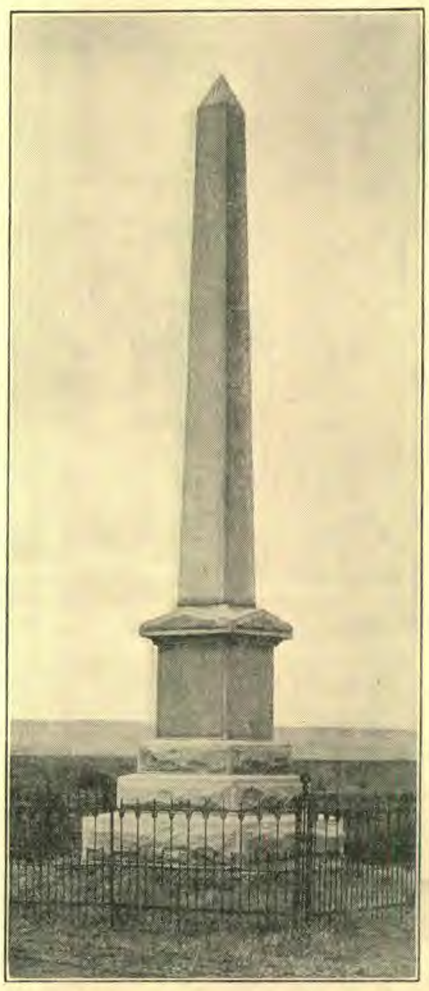
They will show you the reconstructed mission, with its meager furnishings, the immigrant station, the crude blacksmith shop, and the gristmill—silent witnesses of the frontier conditions through which the Whitmans struggled.

They will show you a wide-spreading willow whose branches, like the wings of a hen covering her chickens, reach out over the iron-grilled enclosure, the "Great Grave," where lie among the fourteen victims of the Whitman Massacre, Marcus and Narcissa, whose work, though finished, is still going on, and on, and on. The fourteen bodies lie in a single grave, and the immense granite sarcophagus bears the inscription,

"Sacred to the Memory of

Marcus Whitman
Narcissa Prentiss Whitman
Andrew Rogers, Jr.
James Young, Jr.
Lucien Saunders
Nathan Kimball
Crockett A. Bewley
Isaac Gillon
John Sager (17)
Francis Sager (15)
Jacob Hoffman
Mr. Marsh
Amos Sales
Jacob D. Hall

Massacred near this spot by
Cayuse Indians,
November 29-30, 1847."



The Whitman Monument Atop "Narcissa's Hill," Where One May Today Have a Commanding View of the Valley Where the Whitmans Lived and Worked —and Died

They will take you up the hill—Narcissa's hill—and show you the valley upon whose prairied miles her eyes and her husband's so often looked. The hill is now topped with a slim, graceful, dial-like granite shaft that dominates the sky and can be seen for miles. It was erected by popular contributions, and dedicated on the fiftieth anniversary of the massacre, November 29, 1897. Fitting memorial! Like the Whitmans, it points heavenward; like them, too, it is *granite;*—and—it rises above its surroundings!

If you go at sunset, and from atop the hill watch the western sky change from rose to orange, from gold to purple, somehow in the tranquil evening solitude that wraps the place, the valley below will seem peopled with those two sturdy pioneers, with Indians swarming about a cluster of tepees on the Walla Walla, with teams of covered wagons serpentining their distant way through a cloud of dust. And you will want to sing from that hill, as did Narcissa, "My faith looks up to Thee."

They will show you the winding, meandering river, whose waters ran the Whitman gristmill—and took the life of their only child.

They will show you the modern macadam highways ribboning in a network through the fertile, fruitful valley of today. And the shining streaks of railroad which have played so great a part in the development of this Whitman area. No wilderness is this valley now, but a vast garden spot covering miles and miles of rich and highly productive land. And it is only a small part of that great Northwest whose horn of plenty each year pours untold wealth into Uncle Sam's coffers. And but for Marcus Whitman, many believe, by a stroke of a pen it would have been lost to the United States.

They will show you speeding cars, even airplanes, which carry men with

medicine cases in luxurious ease to the sick whom they are to serve, over the same miles which Marcus Whitman, pioneer doctor, wearily covered afoot or upon his faithful horse.

They will show you telephone poles carrying wires which can summon quick aid in any emergency. And radio aerials. With today's facilities, aid could have been rushed to the mission from Fort Walla Walla (now Wallula, Washington) in less than an hour.

They will show you the sky line of the distant city, Walla Walla, dominated by the eleven-story tower of the hostelry which bears the name "Marcus Whitman."

In Walla Walla they will show you streets, shops, babies, bearing the name of Whitman. That name is revered.

They will show you Whitman College, where the Whitman tradition lives on, in museum, in relics, in treasured yellowing records, and documents, and the prized Narcissa diary, but most of all in the hearts of young men and women who cherish the heritage of inspiration left them by the two valiant gospel pioneers for whom their college is named.

They will show you Walla Walla College, three miles distant, where "Whitman" and "inspiration" are synonymous terms.

All this they will show you.

But—they cannot show you the greatest thing of all—the "Whitman spirit." The spirit of indomitable perseverance, and patience, and self-sacrifice, and *love*.

That you must—and will—*feel*.

THE END

Eyes

(*Continued from page 1*)

human eye. To grasp the meaning of this: suppose that you could read a sign half a block away. By the use of this telescope, if there were no interference, you could read the same sign on a distant continent halfway around the world.

The 100-inch telescope is said to have revealed some 25,000,000 universes, or solar systems, like our own; but with the new giant reflector, astronomers expect to discover 100,000,000 universes, which would be almost one apiece for each man, woman, and child in the United States.

The "farsightedness" of the Big Eye baffles the imagination. Our sun, around which its family of nine planets revolve, is about 92,900,000 miles from the earth. An airplane flying at the rate of 200 miles an hour, would require more than fifty years to fly that distance. Light from the sun, with a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, reaches us in about eight minutes. At the same rate, light travels some six trillion miles a year, which distance serves as a yardstick of the skies, and is called a light-year.

Sirius, the brightest star in the northern heavens, is but 53,000,000,000,000 miles away, or more than eight light-years, and is really one of our near neighbors. The light of the constellation Andromeda travels 900,000 light-years before reaching us; but so mighty will be the penetrating, star-catching power of the Big Eye that scientists declare it will look out into space to a distance of 400,000,000 light-years, and gather for an astonished world the beams of light that have been en route to the vicinity of this planet for all those millions of centuries. Truly, as the psalmist says, "such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

Although the new telescope will weigh more than two hundred tons, it will function with the nicety and precision of electric clockwork. It will be constructed to turn in any conceivable direction, and by the electric controls of its delicate mechanism, will follow the stars in their courses. The technician who photographs the skies, will hang "in an oversized canary cage, dangling from a monorail, inside the huge telescopic tube. He spends his nights on what might be called a slow-motion Ferris wheel."

It is hoped that by 1939 the telescope will be ready for service. Mr. Frank J. Taylor, writing in the *American Magazine* for last November, compares the thrill and possibilities of the new telescope to the adventure of Christopher Columbus as he sailed across uncharted seas to a new world, and declares: "It's the most momentous scientific event of our times, and for all of us on earth it may bring startling and significant changes."

He visions the Big Eye discovering new metals, "new light on the weather in making," of "spying on sunspots for the meteorologists, revealing new chemicals and gases for the chemists, delving into new worlds for the physicists. It may unearth new sources of energy for the engineer, provide new theories of relativity for the philosopher. And for some of us common, garden-variety citizens, it may provide a new clue to 'What's it all about?'"

How marvelous the achievement of science! and how amazing the possibilities of the future! Yet if we would truly know the sequel to the query of "What's it all about?" we should turn to the infinitely greater disclosures made by the *EYE* of the Infinite. The sweep of His vision embraces the universe, is "in every place" (Prov. 15:3), and is more penetrating than the X ray, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, . . . a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. 4:12.

His prophetic eye surveys the future, "declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done." Isa. 46:10. Ages ago, He looked down the centuries to this day designated as "the time of the end" when multitudes would "run to and fro" and knowledge would be wondrously increased. Dan. 12:4.

Most accurately is the prophecy fulfilled. A hundred years ago there was not a public library in America; two stagecoaches bore all the travel between Boston and New York; there were no bathrooms and sanitary plumbing, no telegraph or telephone, no electric light or kerosene lamp. Our grandparents of a century ago walked in the ways of their venerable ancestors; but today millions of inventions and discoveries have transformed life and thought and travel upon this planet.

The giant telescopic eye is but one of the many uses that the modern physicist and chemist have found for glass. They assert that one pound of liquid, molten glass may be spun into a thread stronger and finer than silk that is long enough to reach around the world. Glass "wool" and cloth which is fire, vermin, rot, and moisture proof, may now be used for insulation of steampipes and electric wires, for draperies, upholstery, carpets, awnings, bedspreads and comforters, women's hats and clothing in various colors, for radio sets, shingles, razor blades, and numerous other articles. Similarly scores and even hundreds of commercial uses are now found for such common products as coal, corn, and cotton.

Electric robots, seemingly possessed of uncanny intelligence, now perform many kinds of labor, and in numerous ways do they work more swiftly and accurately than the human hand. Travel becomes the daily routine of increasing millions, and erelong the tourist or businessman will be enabled to make a comfortable trip around the world in about a week. Yes, in every department of modern thought and endeavor, the predictions of Daniel as revealed by the propnetic eye of Jehovah, are enacted in the life drama of this twentieth century.

In His divine farsightedness, God also foretold this age of millionaires and monopolies, of class hatreds and labor troubles. James 5:1-8. He envisioned the peoples of the world perfecting elaborate plans for universal peace, while simultaneously the nations were feverishly, madly preparing for armed conflict. Isa. 2:2-5; Joel 3:9-14. He portrayed the awakening of the great pagan world to the "sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war." Jer. 4:19; Joel 3:9-12; Rev. 16:12, 14. He foresaw the social chaos of our times, the shattered ideals of wedlock, the orgy of crime, the increase of juvenile delinquency, and the mania for wild pleasures. 2 Tim. 3:1-5, 13. He depicted the inroads of popular atheistic philosophy, and the decay of genuine religion. Luke 18:8; 2 Tim. 3:5; 2 Peter 3:3-7. He also beheld a "little flock" with stalwart faith in God, who, just prior to Christ's second advent, would speedily carry the gospel tidings to all the earth. Matt. 24:14; Rev. 14:6, 7.

These, and many other things outlined in our Lord's preview of "the last days," "the time of the end," are now accurately fulfilled and fulfilling in the march of modern events. Darkness may blind the eyes of multitudes, but in the words of the Master, we say: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear." Matt. 13:16.

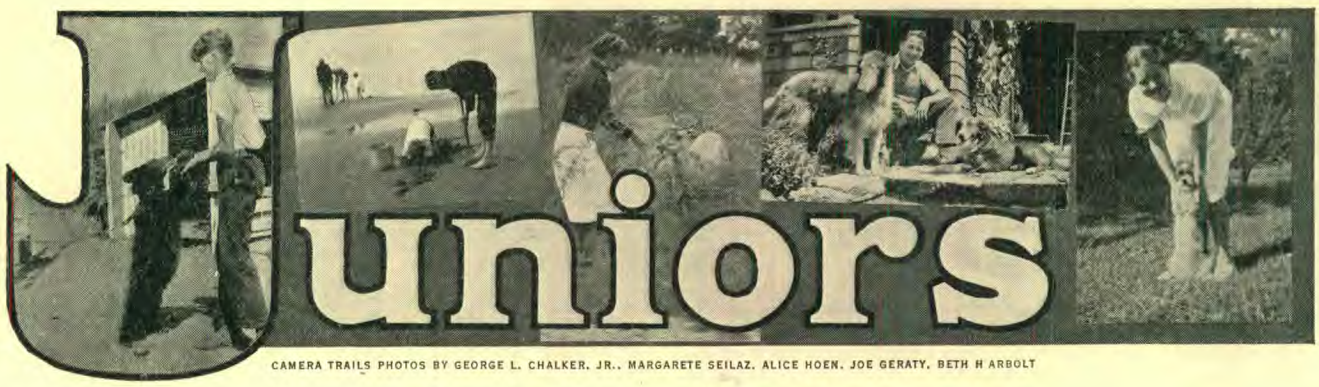
A young woman, we are told, was attending a class in sociology. In a discussion concerning the Christian faith, the teacher maintained that the principal value of religion was a sense of peace and comfort. Quick as a flash, came the girl's reply, "My religion is a challenge!" (*Turn to page 12*)

Do You Know

BY NELLIE M. BUTLER

1. How long Noah was in the ark?
2. What day will not be clear nor dark?
3. Who was removed from being queen by her own son?
4. Where last is seen Elisha's name? And can you tell—
5. What men were hid down in a well?
6. What king a house of ivory made?
7. "If thou do that which is evil, be afraid," was written by what minister?
8. Who played on instruments of fir?
9. Who was the mother of John Mark?
10. Who are dumb dogs that cannot bark?
11. What priest of God was Buzi's son?
12. When were a thousand slain by one?
13. Who does the Bible say is wise?
14. What's said of him who loveth lies?

(*Answers on page 14*)



CAMERA TRAILS PHOTOS BY GEORGE L. CHALKER, JR., MARGARETE SEILAZ, ALICE HOEN, JOE GERATY, BETH H ARBOLT

On the Trail

by

Elwyn P. Smith

DON'T drink any of that water," said Bob, with a spitting and sputtering that would have done credit to a young whale. "It has some kind of medicine in it." Nevertheless, I tried it.

After a deep drink, I took another, and yet another, then suggested: "That's probably the first real mountain water that you have ever tasted! You're so used to city water that pure water tastes medicated to you."

Again Bob tried a drink—but made a face! Then the rest of the boys in our hiking group tried it. Some liked the sparkling water; others disliked it.

We were on the western slope of Mt. San Jacinto, one of the three peaks in Southern California more than ten thousand feet high. After a run of one hundred twenty-five miles from Los Angeles by car, a night spent on the hot sands of the desert near Palm Springs, a hurried breakfast, and then more torrid miles through desert and foothills, it was a relief to stop for a drink of water such as I had not tasted since a climb on the ice-covered slopes of Mt. Hood two years before.

It was seven o'clock on the morning of July Fourth, and the mountain was yet to be climbed. We did not know just what lay before us. The distance to the top, according to information gained from our inquiries, was from eight to fifteen miles, but the next day we agreed it was about twenty miles for the round trip. The forestry signs were out of date, as the trails had recently been changed, and this added to our perplexity as we started onward and upward.

The car safely parked, and our lunches securely tied to our belts, we took the trail. In our party were three boys and my wife, besides Caesar, our Boston bull, and myself. Soon we carefully crossed a stream of water that ended the rough mountain road. The boys were eager to make speed, and Caesar, a great pet, ran here and there, checking up on nature in general and in particular. It was easy to keep the boys on the trail and at a reasonable gait, but not the dog. I would call him back to the trail frequently, and admonish him to save himself for the return trip. But it was all to no avail—he had too much to see and too much to do.

We left the car at about seven thousand feet elevation. In less than a mile of trail we had seen eight different kinds of birds; robins, chickadees, a creeper working up a pine tree, a family of ruby-crowned kinglets, some mountain quail, a fly catcher—probably a Hammond—a Clark's crow, and a pair of goldfinches.

Around a bend, the boys stopped abruptly and began to watch another bird. "What is it?" they wanted to know. And as I looked, I saw a Western tanager, one of the most beautiful birds of our North American forests. We waited to hear him sing, but he did not seem musically inclined—just then.

The trail switched back and forth across the face of a mountain, and after some time we reached a saddle through which we could see the Mojave Desert stretching away to the east until it was lost in a purple haze.

Then we turned to the left and continued up another mountain. In fact, these mountains seemed to be stacked one on top of the other here, as if a builder had run out of territory.

The sun was far up in the sky by this time, yet because of the wooded slopes, we had not suffered from the heat. Dinnertime overtook us about a quarter of a mile from the top of our second mountain. We stopped in the shade of some mighty boulders and took a rest—all of us except one hungry boy who could not wait. He gulped down his sandwiches and then tried to coax some oranges from the rest of us, having eaten his during the morning in spite of all I told him about overworking his stomach on a hard climb. Soon after the hurried meal in a high altitude to which he was unaccustomed, he became a sick and discouraged lad. At last he jumped up, and turning deaf ears to all our calls, started running *down* the mountainside. In a few minutes, his trail of dust was lost in the scattered forest. The rest of us ate, and then continued our climb. Soon we came to the top of our mountain, and to our dismay were confronted with more peaks and ridges in seeming endless procession.

We were now well above nine thousand feet, and the air was very light. On and on we went, across two more ridges. From this vantage point we looked back at our first mountains—mere foothills now, and we could see the trail sweeping in a huge semicircle to the right along the curving ridge of what we decided must be the peak we sought.

Here trees were left behind, and the sun poured down its scorching heat on us unchecked. We had not found water for the last three hours. A green patch ahead held promise of dampness, and the two remaining boys began gradually to leave my wife and me behind, so eager were they for a drink. In an hour we too were at the green patch; it was damp, but there was no water. The boys were out of sight and the peak was as elusive as ever.

"Hear that?" my wife asked. I listened. Ah! Water—running water. Sure enough! Around a bend in the seemingly straight trail was a spring! We declared a rest and enjoyed a good drink.

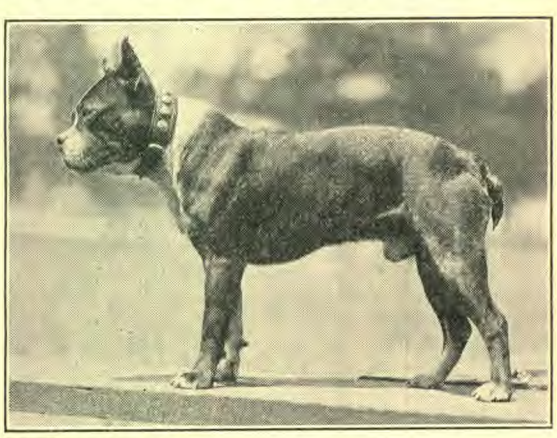
A pack train of mules came by, carrying lumber for some lonely mountaineer's cabin in the next valley. The animals, shying and not wanting to pass us, refused to proceed till we left the trail. Here at the spring, Caesar was glad to lie down for a rest. In fact, we had noticed his fondness for the trail for the last mile or so. All of us took a last sip of water and our rest was over.

In two more miles we crossed as many more ridges, with the boys still in the lead. It was better going here, as the trees had come back, and indeed their shade was welcome. We rounded a huge boulder, and there were the lads, sprawled out like some one's discarded coat.

"We're going back," they declared. "It's too far, and besides, we're tired."

I used all my most persuasive arguments, but to no avail. Finally, I offered to buy them each a milk shake when we got home if they would stick. That settled it—they were going to the top, and no one could stop them!

Another mile and we encountered a snowdrift across the trail. Two hundred yards more and we mounted the



In Our Party Were Three Boys and My Wife, Myself —and Caesar!

E. J. HALL, PHOTO

last ridge with the real peak a half mile away. Here we rested again, eating snow and looking across the desert. We could see the northern end of the Salton Sea, a lake formed some years ago in the Imperial Valley.

A transcontinental mail plane whizzed by, nearly a mile below us. Cars on the desert floor, looking smaller than ants, crawled on their dusty ways. The plane lost itself in the haze, its droning song gone. There was quiet—not a sound. Even the birds had been left behind. It was a place to dream, to rest the mind—a pew in God's mighty cathedral. A breeze stirred the trees, a loosened rock went noisily down the shaly slope, and the dream ended.

I looked around. The others had gone on and up. I started on the trail now washed by melting snows, now blocked by fallen trees, now blocked by unmelted drifts. Soon I overtook the boys, who were having a real snow fight, and this on the Fourth of July! My wife called to us, and answering, we found she was already on top. Again we made our way upward. The trail was gone. We passed the last tree—long since dead, but still hugging the rocky slope.

The peak was piles of boulders, house size and smaller, over which we scrambled to perch on the highest and pose for pictures. Then we all signed the Sierra Club register, my wife signing for Caesar, and with a final look we started back.

The sun was now hidden by the high ridges, and we were becoming chilly. Poor Caesar's feet were getting sore, and he wanted to sit down all the time. We would not carry him, so one of the boys got behind him with a stick. Then he moved.

We went down much faster than we had come up, stopping now and then for a short rest. The dust got worse; so we took turns being leader, except Casear, who trotted with hurt dignity just out of reach of the boy with the stick. He was even too tired to drink when opportunity offered. His normal brown coat of hair was now chalky gray, through which his eyes looked like holes burned in a blanket.

Down, down, down! Would it never end? Our feet were becoming blistered and our legs were sore. Our bodies ached with the constant jarring on the downhill jog. The sun was racing with us, lower and lower. We passed the place where we had eaten lunch, and now only the last ridge—about three more miles—remained. We were on the west side of it, and welcomed the warmth of the setting sun. Soon we were on the valley floor only one mile from the car. It took two of us now to keep Casear moving. At last the stream over which we had so merrily crossed but a few hours before was reached, and we were down! We had climbed Mt. San Jacinto!

Quickly we bathed our aching feet and changed into clean clothes. Later, around the campfire, after we had eaten, we talked of the day's adventures. We were all happy except the little boy who had turned back. He alone was quiet.

Time Marches On

(*Continued from page 7*)

more so than man's; therefore just a little encouragement causes a fiendish desire for more and still more tobacco until her slavery to it is akin to the addict's slavery to opium.

The most disastrous feature of the problem is the effect upon children. For the harm of nicotine does not stop with the mothers, but reaches out to brand the children. There is great possibility that a baby born of a cigarette-smoking mother will die within a few weeks after birth. Statistics show that 60 per cent of the children born of tobacco-addicted mothers never reach two years of age. Small wonder this, when we pause to realize that even a dog shows stunted growth if specks of nicotine are introduced daily into his food.

Due to the tenacious hold of the nicotine habit upon its victims, even the birth rate is falling alarmingly, and the prospective product of cigarette-smoking mothers and fathers is bound to be a physically and morally degenerate race of men and women.

When boys are at the age of finishing grade school and entering academy, the offer of a cigarette has an alluring appeal, and makes a fellow feel very grown up and mature. Usually a few puffs either make him so sick that he forever leaves it alone or cause an ecstatic elation that successfullv camouflages the danger. One indulgence leads to another, each one easier and more desired, until a habit is firmly established. He has surrendered his freedom and has become a slave to the vile weed, tobacco.

Small wonder people are lured innocently into the tobacco habit when one considers the millions and millions of dollars spent annually in advertising its false attractions. But there never was an honest, reputable doctor who advised cigarette smoking for the decrease of avoirdupois, or who recommended any brand of tobacco as a sedative for unstrung nerves.

In fact, in the history of mankind there has been discovered just one beneficial use of tobacco. That is the manufacture of a most satisfying bed-bug poison!

The Constitution of the United States was drawn up nearly two hundred years ago to make the nation "safe for posterity" as time marched on— Today, an average of three cigarettes per capita is being smoked daily, and that average is threatening to increase. The birth rate correspondingly decreases, and the descendants produced are physically inferior.

We, as Seventh-day Adventist youth, have a definite responsibility to humanity. Until the work of God in the earth shall be finished, it is our duty to sound the warning against the evils of tobacco to the world. Therefore, let us unite our efforts, our hopes, and our prayers for the triumph of right and truth and purity, as time marches on!

The Golden Rule of Little Things

by MILDRED E. SLINGERLAND

THE little things you do for me,
They make my life worth while,—
The friendly clasp of loving hands,
The beauty of your smile.

The little nod of recognition
Whenever we may meet—
'Tis always heavenly to be near you,
At home or on the street.

I love the music of your laughter,
The rhythm of your voice,
And add unto my store of treasure
The wisdom of your choice.

All these, though small, mean much to me,
Aye, life indeed, 'tis true,
And lift me to a higher plane,
The plane that reaches you.

So little things can fill our lives
And make us glad and gay;
The little things we cherish most
Are those we give away.

Eyes

(*Continued from page 10*)

Christ is a challenger. His entire life upon earth was a challenge to greed, hypocrisy, and the dying religious forms of His day. A Christianity that has lost its challenge, has lost its vitality; hence the compromising attitude of the modern Christian world is a mighty challenge to young men and women of today who really love Jesus.

Some three years will elapse before the Big Eye of the new telescope will begin to scan the heavens for hidden secrets; and even then onlv a few favored persons will be privileged to view the stars through this giant of far distances. But today the invitation is extended to all to look through the *prophetic eye* of inspiration as it reveals the panorama of creation, Calvary, the rise and fall of nations, the world's present crisis, the imminent return of Christ, and the celestial homeland, where, with the Creator of the universe as teacher and guide, the redeemed will study the handiwork of God, and travel through the vast stretches of His far-flung estate.

Young friends, would you know the greatest of thrills? Look through the field glass of the Master Astronomer to view the landscape of time and eternity. Face the challenge of Christ and a needy world, and as intrepid pioneers with clear vision, single purpose, and a heart of love and sacrifice, go forth as loyal, Spirit-filled crusaders for Christ.

The Divine Hand of God

(*Continued from page 6*)

boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Again Europe is ready for great conflict. Men's hearts are failing them for fear, but in my heart is peace and joy.

As I look back to the terror of war from which I have been saved, and forward to the ordeal for which I must be fortified with the coming of another war, and finally to that glad day when Jesus will take His redeemed to a place not blasted and ruined by strife, I can truly realize without the shadow of a doubt, that a divine hand rules and guides in the affairs of men.

A Small Inexpensive Telescope

BY LINDSAY R. WINKLER

PERHAPS the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR would be interested in a description of a small inexpensive telescope, with which they may view many of the wonders of the heavens, including the mountains on the moon, the four larger moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and the Nebula of

Orion ("Early Writings," page 41, tells us that the Holy City will come down through the open space in Orion), and many other interesting things.

I recently made such a telescope, and it did not cost me anything, as I already had the necessary lenses. Some of you will undoubtedly have to buy them.

The objective lens was cut out of an ordinary pair of glasses which can be obtained at a variety store for fifty cents. It should have a focal length of approximately fifty inches, and this will probably be marked on a small piece of paper stuck on the glass. The larger the diameter of the objective, the better and brighter will be the image. The eyepiece, for an objective of one and one-half-inch diameter and a fifty-inch focal length, should have a focal length of about one inch. An ordinary glass used to examine nature specimens will be satisfactory.

As to the mounting of the lenses, a good deal will have to be left to the ingenuity of the constructor. In my telescope, I used for the long tube a piece of cardboard tubing fifty-two inches long, obtained from a linoleum dealer, and an iodized salt box for the eyepiece tube, as it just slid in and out nicely.

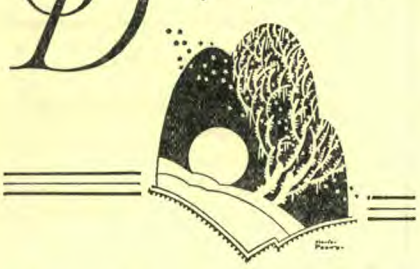
Then I fastened a wooden strip securely to my telescope and attached a movable wooden pin to it so that I could move it up and down when desired. This wooden pin fits, so as to swing from side to side, into a hole bored into a post set in the ground. The hole points directly at the North Star.

Much of the construction must be adapted to suit the material available, and if these essential details are followed, no difficulty should be experienced.

When the telescope is in focus, the distance between the center of the objective lens and the center of the eyepiece will be equal to the sum of their focal lengths. For instance, my telescope objective has a focal length of fifty-two inches and my eyepiece one inch. The distance between the eyepiece and the objective, when in focus, is fifty-three inches. The power of a telescope with a fifty-inch focal length objective and a one-inch focal length eyepiece will be fifty-power.

I will be glad to send a blueprint of the telescope's construction to any one who will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address, Colville, Washington.

Driftwood



THE manly part is to do with might and main what you can.—*Emerson.*

RELIGION is caught, not taught.—*W. R. Inge.*

"A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine." Prov. 17:22.

HE walks by me, that angel kind,
And gently whispers—"Be resigned."
—*Milton.*

IT is not who is right, but what is right, that is of importance.—*Thomas Huxley.*

THE world is rushing on
In mad frivolity,
With room and time for all besides,
But none, O Lord, for Thee.
And bolder grown, we dare
To call the world our own;
Humanity is God, and Christ the Lord,
Is banished from His throne!
—*A. S. Simpson.*

COURAGE isn't the last resort
In the work of life or the game of sport:
It isn't a thing that a man can call
At some future time when he's apt to fall.
If he hasn't it now, he will have it not
When the strain is great and the pace is hot;
For who would strive for a distant goal,
Must always have courage within his soul.
—*Edgar A. Guest.*

"IT matters not what credentials you carry, the ability to do the thing, with or without credentials, is what counts."

NOTHING is so strong as gentleness,
Nothing so gentle as real strength.
—*St. Francis de Sales.*

"HAVE you noticed that quitters never win and winners never quit?"

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
—*Washington Gladden.*

THE mind properly used will gather many valuable things through life, and the mind improperly used will gather many worthless things.—*M. A. Monday.*

ASSOCIATE reverently, and as much as you can, with your loftiest thoughts.—*Thoreau.*

ACT well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—*Lavater.*

"THERE are two ways in which people pass through life; they pass through remembering God, or they pass through forgetting Him."

DROP Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.
—*Whittier.*

THE mind that has laid up treasures of knowledge is many times working while others are sleeping or playing.—*M. A. Monday.*

THE day was long, the burden I had borne
Seemed heavier than I could longer bear,
And then it lifted—but I did not know
Some one had knelt in prayer,
Had taken me to God that very hour,
And asked the easing of the load; and He,
Infinite compassion, had stooped down
And taken it from me.
—*Grace Noll Crowell.*

A Column in the Interests of Philately

Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

The Windmill of Alphonse Daudet

JUST seventy years ago the French author Alphonse Daudet published his "Letters From My Windmill," a collection of delightful stories that aroused the admiration of all France and gained for their writer the name of "The French Dickens." In response to a request from a society called "The Friends of Alphonse Daudet," the French government has recently issued an attractive stamp showing a picture of this famous windmill, which is at Fontveille in Southern France. The denomination of the stamp is 2fr, the

H. E. HARRIS

color is light blue, and the inscription reads, "The Windmill of Alphonse Daudet."

Alphonse Daudet was born on May 13, 1840, at Nimes, in the south of France. His family seems to have had many ups and downs, and if Daudet could be called the French Dickens, his good-humored but improvident father could probably claim the title of the French Micawber, for the worthy man was seldom more than one step ahead of the sheriff.

Daudet's school days were spent mainly at Lyons, but at the early age of sixteen he left home and began teaching school himself. The frail, sensitive boy was a complete failure as a teacher; the rough students made his life one unending torment, and he was glad to give up teaching at the end of a year and go to Paris.

The Paris which Daudet first came to know in 1858 was the Paris of starving poets and down-at-the-heel Bohemians. For several years he barely managed to make a precarious living by writing for the newspapers, and then miraculously his luck changed. His first book of poems happened to attract the attention of the Empress Eugénie. She inquired about the author, and learning that he was in straitened circumstances, gave him a position in the French civil service. Daudet's duties seem to have been purely nominal. He was always the last to arrive in the morning and the first to leave at night!

In the year 1860 a desire for solitude led the young writer to spend a season in an old, abandoned windmill in the south of France. The experiences of his life there formed the background of the celebrated "Letters From My Windmill," which were not, however, written until 1866. Daudet's subsequent literary career was one brilliant success after another, and when he died in 1897 his reputation was world wide.

One of the most charming of the "Letters From My Windmill" is a little story called "The Secret of Master Cornille," which will be interesting to collectors since it is written about the very windmill pictured on this stamp.

It seems that about twenty years before Daudet came to live at Fontveille, the countryside for miles around was filled with jolly millers, who kept the great sails of their windmills turning from morning to night and had more work than they could do. Then mills operated by steam power came into use and gradually drove them out of business. One by one the old windmills were abandoned and torn down, and the land they had formerly occupied was planted with vineyards and olive orchards. Finally the only windmill that remained was one owned by an obstinate old miller called Master Cornille.

Master Cornille was a firm believer in the good old-fashioned way of doing things, and he sneered at the new-fangled steam mills. "Have nothing to do with those contraptions," he warned the farmers. "This steam is an invention of the devil, while the wind that turns my mill is the breath of the good God Himself." But nobody paid any attention, and soon all his customers had deserted him for the new millers from the city.

But in spite of the fact that people no longer brought their grain to Master Cornille, the sails of his windmill continued to turn as merrily as ever; and every evening the neighbors saw the old miller driving his donkey laden with bags of flour through the streets of the village. If any one asked him where all his work was coming from, he would put his finger on his lips in a mysterious way and say: "Oh! I am working for the export trade!" And that was all that they could get out of him.

No one ever went near the windmill; the door was always locked and Master Cornille lived all alone except for a large, scrawny cat that never seemed to have enough to eat. The old miller himself seemed none too prosperous, and when he visited his granddaughter, who worked at a neighboring farm, she noticed that he looked like a gypsy, with his tattered cap and old ragged shirt.

Now it happened that Master Cornille's granddaughter, whose name was Vivette, fell in love with one of the boys in the village, and they decided to get married. Of course it was necessary to get Master Cornille's permission, and so one afternoon they went up to see him. The miller was not at home and the door was locked, but they found a ladder leaning against the wall, and out of curiosity made their way inside through the window. Imagine their surprise when they discovered only a bare chamber hung with cobwebs and over in a corner a few old bags filled with plaster! This was the secret of Master Cornille. Too proud to admit that he was penniless, he still kept the great sails of his windmill turning the empty millstones, and every night drove his donkey loaded with rubbish through the village, so that no one would know that he was a ruined man.

When the villagers heard of Master Cornille's secret, they were touched with compassion. All of them loaded their donkeys with grain, toiled up the hill to the windmill in a long procession, and shouted for Master Cornille to grind their wheat. Tears streamed down the old miller's face as he saw the great bags bursting with good brown grain and the friendly, smiling faces of his old neighbors, and from that time until the day of his death he had all the work that he could do.

Answer to Crossword Puzzle of Last Week

1 V	2 I	3 R	4 G	5 I	6 N	S	■	7 W	8 E
9 E	M	E	U	T	E	■	10 T	E	N
11 S	P	I	L	L	■	12 W	I	N	D
13 S	A	G	A	■	14 M	E	E	T	■
15 E	R	N	■	16 H	A	R	D	■	17 H
18 L	T	■	19 L	A	D	E	■	20 B	E
S	■	21 S	A	V	E	■	22 S	L	A
■	23 F	A	M	E	■	24 S	L	A	V
25 D	R	I	P	■	26 F	L	A	M	E
27 O	I	L	■	28 R	E	O	P	E	N

Do You Know?

Answers

1. A year and seventeen days. Compare Gen. 7:4, 11, and Gen. 8:13, 14.
2. Zech. 14:6.
3. 1 Kings 15:13.
4. Luke 4:27.
5. 2 Sam. 17:17-19.
6. 1 Kings 22:39.
7. Rom. 13:4.
8. 2 Sam. 6:5.
9. Acts 12:12.
10. Isa. 56:10.
11. Eze. 1:3.
12. Judges 15:15.
13. Prov. 11:30.
14. Rev. 22:15.

Counsel Corner

I should like to know what sort of reading is all right for the Sabbath, aside from the Bible, Mrs. E. G. White's books, and the Reading Course books. One usually doesn't read very much of the Bible or something like "Patriarchs and Prophets" at one time, because such reading takes careful thought. We have read all the Reading Course books we possess over and over again. Will you please answer definitely?

It is well that you have an appreciation for good reading, and make a difference between Sabbath and secular reading. You have asked a difficult question, for one cannot be conscience for another. Just as we could not tell you definitely and exactly what things you could do on the Sabbath day in your circumstances and conditions, no more could we lay down an ironclad rule for your reading on the Sabbath day. There are so many borderline things in reading, as in all other matters of Sabbath observance, and in Christian living for that matter, that we can discuss only principles here.

The Sabbath day is a time when we should become better acquainted with God—by reading, by studying nature, by doing missionary work, and by every other means possible. To be sure, we cannot read deep things all the time. We can train ourselves, however, to enjoy more religious reading as we continue week after week.

Have you tried different methods of "reading"? Have you tried reading around—each one in the family reading a paragraph, then waiting his turn? Reading aloud in this way is an excellent training, and it helps one to think—to read aloud awhile, and then listen to another read. It also trains good readers. Your young people will be glad in later life that they learned to read together, and also that they learned to read aloud. There are few good readers, those who can read with understanding and expression, and it is a distinct advantage to know *how* to read.

Then, have you tried reading either individually or in groups with notebooks and pencils? This is an excellent habit to form.

Have you tried reading by subjects? If you have an Index to the Testimonies and several volumes of the Spirit of prophecy, you can help to fix in your minds every phase of Christian living by looking up different topics—both in the Bible and in the Spirit of prophecy, comparing scripture and comments with others to be found on the subject.

Another way of studying the Bible that may be an interesting "game" for children is to study characters or cities or countries mentioned in the Bible. It can be wholly a homemade game. In Our Counsel Corner of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR dated June 23, 1936, there appeared a suggestive list of Bible games and where they might be obtained, and also an outline of one of these "homemade" games which I have mentioned here.

You list the Reading Course books among the literature that is, *of course,* suitable for Sabbath reading. These are not *necessarily* Sabbath books. The fact that the General Conference Young People's Department approves a book does not mean that that book is meant to be read on Sabbath. We have to live in this world, and we need to be balanced. Every day is not Sabbath. Our youth need to read on other days as well as on Sabbath. We endeavor to recommend a *balanced course* in reading. We cannot recommend all types of even the good books the same year, because our people could not afford to purchase such a large course. So we have settled upon three or four books in the Senior Course, two or three in the Junior, and one or two in the Primary each year. We try to vary the courses from year to year, so our young people will not be reading all missionary books, nor all biographies, nor all science, nor all devotional, etc. We do try always to include at least one devotional or inspirational type of book, and frequently there is a missionary book or a biography that would be suitable reading for Sabbath. Occasionally, an entire course may be suitable for Sabbath reading, but not always, by any means.

May God guide you in studying your problem, and help you to make wise decisions based on Christian principles.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

IX—Burial and Resurrection of Jesus

(*August 29*)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 27:57 to 28:4; Mark 15:42 to 16:4; Luke 23:50 to 24:2; John 19:38 to 20:1.

MEMORY VERSE: John 17:4.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 769-780.

Questions

1. After the death of Jesus, who came to the cross? Matt. 27:57.
2. What request did Joseph make of Pilate? How did Pilate respond to this request? Verse 58. Note 1.
3. What did Joseph do with the body of Jesus? Where did he place it? How did he make it secure? Verses 59, 60.
4. Who are mentioned as looking on at the burial of Jesus? Verse 61.
5. Who assisted in preparing Jesus' body for burial? John 19:39, 40.
6. Why was the body of Jesus laid in Joseph's new tomb? Verses 41, 42.

7. Who came to Pilate on the Sabbath day? To what words of Jesus did they call attention? Matt. 27:62, 63.

8. What did these Pharisees intimate that the disciples might do? What did they ask Pilate to do? Verse 64.

9. What did Pilate say to them? Verse 65.

10. How did they undertake to make the tomb secure? Verse 66.

11. What did the women who watched the burial then do? Luke 23:55, 56.

12. When did they return to the sepulcher for the purpose of embalming the body of Jesus? Luke 24:1.

13. What had taken place before they reached the tomb in the early morning? Matt. 28:1, 2.

14. What was the appearance of the angel? Verse 3.

15. How were the men affected who were placed to guard the tomb? Verse 4. Note 2.

Notes

1. "In this emergency, Joseph of Arimathaea and Nicodemus came to the help of the disciples. Both these men were members of the Sanhedrin, and were acquainted with Pilate. Both were men of wealth and influence. They were determined that the body of Jesus should have an honorable burial.

"Joseph went boldly to Pilate, and begged from him the body of Jesus. For the first time, Pilate learned that Jesus was really dead. Conflicting reports had reached him in regard to the events attending the crucifixion, but the knowledge of Christ's death had been purposely kept from him. Pilate had been warned by the priests and rulers against deception by Christ's disciples in regard to His body. Upon hearing Joseph's request, he therefore sent for the centurion who had charge at the cross, and learned for a certainty of the death of Jesus. He also drew from him an account of the scenes of Calvary, confirming the testimony of Joseph."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 773.*

2. "Christ came forth from the tomb glorified, and the Roman guard beheld Him. Their eyes were riveted upon the face of Him whom they had so recently mocked and derided. In this glorified being they beheld the prisoner whom they had seen in the judgment hall, the one for whom they had plaited a crown of thorns. This was the one who had stood unresisting before Pilate and Herod, His form lacerated by the cruel scourge. This was He who had been nailed to the cross, at whom the priests and rulers, full of self-satisfaction, had wagged their heads, saying, 'He saved others; Himself He cannot save.' This was He who had been laid in Joseph's new tomb. The decree of heaven had loosed the captive. Mountains piled upon mountains over His sepulcher could not have prevented Him from coming forth. At sight of the angels and the glorified Saviour the Roman guard had fainted and become as dead men."—*Id., pp. 780, 781.*

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

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

JUNIOR

IX—Burial and Resurrection of Jesus

(August 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 27:57 to 28:4.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 15:42 to 16:4; Luke 23:50 to 24:2; John 19:38 to 20:1.

MEMORY VERSE: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." John 17:4.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 769-778.

PLACES: Calvary; a sepulcher near Calvary.

PERSONS: Jesus; disciples; Joseph of Arimathaea; Nicodemus; Pilate; soldiers; Jews; the women; angels.

Setting of the Lesson

Jesus was crucified in the morning on Friday of the Passover week. He died in the middle of the afternoon. As it was against the Jewish law for criminals to remain on the cross on the Sabbath, preparations were hastened for the removal of the bodies. It was customary to bury in a plot of ground set apart for that purpose those who were executed. The disciples were greatly troubled, for they did not want Jesus buried in a place of dishonor. They lingered at the cross after the death of Jesus, not knowing what to do.

Questions

1. What effect did the death of Jesus have upon the twelve disciples? Note 1.

2. What relation had Joseph of Arimathaea sustained toward Jesus? What request did he now boldly make of Pilate? What permission did Pilate give? John 19:38.

3. When Joseph asked for the body of Jesus, what caused Pilate to express wonder? Mark 15:43-45.

4. What other noted man came to assist in the burial? What did he bring? John 19:39.

5. How did they prepare the body of Jesus for burial? Verse 40. Note 2.

6. In whose new tomb was Jesus laid? How was the door closed? Matt. 27:59, 60.

7. Who remained longest at the sepulcher? Verse 61.

8. Who came to Pilate on the Sabbath? What did these priests remember, that the disciples had forgotten? Verses 62, 63.

9. What did the priests ask Pilate to do? What permission did Pilate give? What care did they take in securely closing the tomb? Verses 64-66. Note 3.

10. What did the women who came with Jesus from Galilee do just before the Sabbath? What did they do on the Sabbath? Luke 23:55, 56.

11. Describe the Sabbath services that were held while Jesus lay in the tomb. Note 4.

12. Who were watching about the tomb? Note 5.

13. What took place very early on the morning of the third day? What was the appearance of the angel? How did the angel's presence affect the Roman guard? Matt. 28:2-4.

14. What question might well be asked of the priests and rulers? Note 6.

Notes

1. "With the death of Christ the hopes of His disciples perished. They looked upon His closed eyelids and drooping head, His hair matted with blood, His pierced hands and feet, and their anguish was indescribable. Until the last they had not believed that He would die; they could hardly believe that He was really dead. Overwhelmed with sorrow, they did not recall His words foretelling this very scene. Nothing that He had said, now gave them comfort. They saw only the cross and its bleeding victim. The future seemed dark with despair. Their faith in Jesus had perished; but never had they loved their Lord as now."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 772.*

2. "Gently and reverently they removed with their own hands the body of Jesus from the cross. Their tears of sympathy fell fast as they looked upon His bruised and lacerated form. Joseph owned a new tomb, hewn in a rock. This he was reserving for himself, but it was near Calvary, and he now prepared it for Jesus." —*Id., pp. 773, 774.*

3. "The priests gave directions for securing the sepulcher. A great stone had been placed before the opening. Across this stone they placed cords, securing the ends to the solid rock, and sealing them with the Roman seal. The stone could not be moved without breaking the seal. A guard of one hundred soldiers was then stationed around the sepulcher to prevent it from being tampered with. The priests did all they could to keep Christ's body where it had been laid. He was sealed as securely in His tomb as if He were to remain there through all time."—*Id., p. 778.*

4. "That was a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath to the sorrowing disciples, and also to the priests, rulers, scribes, and people. At the setting of the sun on the evening of the preparation day the trumpets sounded, signifying that the Sabbath had begun. The Passover was observed as it had been for centuries, while He to whom it pointed had been slain by wicked hands, and lay in Joseph's tomb. On the Sabbath the courts of the temple were filled with worshipers. The high priest from Golgotha was there, splendidly robed in his sacerdotal garments. White-turbaned priests, full of activity, performed their duties. . . . The trumpets and musical instruments and the voices of the singers were as loud and clear as usual. But a sense of strangeness pervaded everything. One after another inquired about a strange event that had taken place. Hitherto the most holy place had been sacredly guarded from intrusion. But now it was open to all eyes. The heavy veil of tapestry, made of pure linen, and beautifully wrought with gold, scarlet, and purple, was rent from top to bottom. The place where Jehovah had met with the high priest, to communicate His glory, the place that had been God's sacred audience chamber, lay open to every eye,—a place no longer recognized by the Lord. . . . According to their practice, the people brought their sick and suffering ones to the temple courts, inquiring, Who can tell us of Jesus of Nazareth? Many had come from far to find Him who had healed the sick and raised the dead. On every side was heard the cry, We want Christ the Healer. . . . The sufferers who had come to be healed by the Saviour, sank under their disappointment. The streets were filled with mourning. The sick were dying for want of the healing touch of Jesus. Physicians were consulted in vain; there was no skill like that of Him who lay in Joseph's tomb. . . . The revenge which the priests had thought would be so sweet, was already bitterness to them."—*Id., pp. 774-777.*

5. "The night of the first day of the week had worn slowly away. The darkest hour, just before daybreak, had come. Christ was still a prisoner in His narrow tomb. The great stone was in its place; the Roman seal was unbroken; the Roman guards were keeping their watch. And there were unseen watchers. Hosts of evil angels were gathered about the place. Had it been possible, the prince of darkness with his apostate army would have kept forever sealed the tomb that held the Son of God. But a heavenly host surrounded the sepulcher. Angels that excel in strength were guarding the tomb, and waiting to welcome the Prince of Life."—*Id., p. 779.*

6. "Now, priests and rulers, where is the power of your guard? Brave soldiers that have never been afraid of human power, are now as captives taken without sword or spear. The face they look upon is not the face of mortal warrior; it is the face of the mightiest of the Lord's host. This messenger is he who fills the position from which Satan fell. It is he who on the hills of Bethlehem proclaimed Christ's birth. The earth trembles at his approach, the hosts of darkness flee, and as he rolls away the stone, heaven seems to come down to the earth. The soldiers see him removing the stone as he would a pebble, and hear him cry, Son of God, come forth; Thy Father calls Thee. They see Jesus come forth from the grave, and hear Him proclaim over the rent sepulcher, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" —*Id., pp. 779-780.*

The Young Instructor

Issued by

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

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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.

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The Listening Post

▶ FIREPROOF wood has been developed by a New Jersey manufacturer, who has developed a solution for treating red oak and maple in pressure tanks which makes them fire resistant. This treated wood is almost as easily tooled as ordinary wood and takes varnish well.

▶ REFUGEE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE is credited as being a printer of no mean ability. In his Ethiopian palace at Addis Ababa he had his own private press, and has set up and printed a number of books he has written. Some of these he bound himself, thus not only qualifying as an author and printer, but as a bookbinder.

▶ A MEMORIAL to Joyce Kilmer, the author of "Trees," was recently dedicated in the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, which is a section in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains on the western tip of North Carolina. The memorial, in the form of a plaque on a huge boulder, was set apart on the eighteenth anniversary of the poet's death in the World War battle of the Ourcq.

▶ THE Accident Prevention Conference, financed by a $35,000 appropriation granted by the recent session of Congress, is launching a program in the United States designed to check the rising toll of accidents. The conference proposes to attack the problem of traffic safety along three main lines—first, an educational campaign; second, a movement to bring about uniformity of traffic laws throughout the States; third, a drive for law enforcement, particularly with regard to training and fitness of drivers.

▶ THERE has been an upward trend in American philanthropy during the first six months of 1936, as measured by publicly announced gifts in New York and five other large cities of the United States, according to the John Price Jones Corporation, fund-raising consultants. The largest increase in giving came under the classification "for organized relief." For this purpose funds to the amount of $15,909,878 have been donated thus far in 1936, while only $7,936.260 was given in 1935—an increase accounted for in part by flood-relief activities.

▶ THE problem of storing reading matter has been troubling librarians since time immemorial. The ancient Assyrians wrote their books on clay tablets, and whole rooms were sometimes required to store a single large volume. The Egyptians also had trouble with their bulky papyrus documents, some of which were 100 feet long and fifteen inches wide. With the advent of modern printing, of course, the size of books was greatly reduced, but the number was also greatly multiplied, and the shelves of most libraries are now taxed to the limit. To solve this storage problem, several reading machines have been invented, and one of the latest models was recently demonstrated to librarians at Richmond, Virginia. This records books, magazines, and newspapers on motion picture film and projects them full size on to a screen, where they may be read in full daylight. A large book can thus be reduced to a few feet of film. The inventor predicts that the time will come when whole libraries will be stored in a single room.

▶ ONE hundred years ago, two courageous American couples pioneered the way into Oregon territory, and became its first settlers. Recently Postmaster General James A. Farley announced that the United States would produce a memorial stamp in honor of the Reverend Henry H. Spalding and Dr. Marcus Whitman and their wives. This has already appeared in the shape of a special-delivery stamp, and is to be printed in purple ink. The central design is an outline map of the old Oregon Territory, which today comprises the States of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

▶ BOLIVIA has decided to solve the unemployment problem by a decree of "obligatory work" recently put into effect. By it the government directs that all men between the ages of eighteen and sixty must be employed. Census takers will prepare a complete list of the unemployed for the use of the minister of labor. This will be carefully checked, and jobs will be provided in mines, factories, commerical houses, and other establishments. Bolivia has been under a severe economic strain, with widespread unemployment recently, as a result of the war with Paraguay over the Chaco.

▶ THE Martin Johnsons, famous for their explorations in Africa, are now in Borneo, making an elaborate sound and color film to record their discoveries. To their plane, "The Spirit of Africa," they have added the supplementary name—"And Borneo." The Johnsons have a house built on a bamboo raft, with a bedroom, a kitchen, a storeroom, and a darkroom. In canoes they have been exploring the streams, photographing the native villages and the animals along the riverbanks.

▶ A THREE-LINE aqueduct just completed, tunnels directly beneath a thickly populated part of Pasadena, California. It is part of the gigantic water system which will supply Southern California from Boulder Dam 390 miles distant.

▶ GEORGE LYNN, of Mount Vernon, New York, has worn out 363 pairs of shoes in the thirty years he has been carrying mail for Uncle Sam.

Love your enemies and you will have none. —*Tolstoi.*

▶ SCIENTISTS have recently stated that it is the green grass eaten by cows that makes summer milk more nutritious than winter milk.

▶ FALSE teeth he made from the tusk of an African elephant slain a hundred years ago, are the pride of T. Coughlin of New South Wales. They are described as light, very strong, and dazzlingly white.

▶ THE capital of Japan is to become a seaport. Nearly forty years ago it was proposed that Tokyo should be linked with its port of Yokohama by a ship canal. The distance between the two cities is only nineteen miles, but the actual task has never been undertaken. Work is to begin soon. It is expected to take eight years to complete, at a cost of $5,000,000.

▶ A GOVERNMENT decree has abolished tipping in Hungary, on account of the lack of a suitable valuation among Hungarian coins. The unit coin is the pengo, worth 29 cents at par, and the next smaller value is the filler, worth one hundredth of a pengo. One amount is too large, and the other too small—so tourists are aided by the government in the decision that there shall be no tips.

▶ SIXTY years ago, a group of American scientists met together and organized the American Chemical Society. Today only one of those 183 charter members survives. He is Dr. Charles Edward Monroe, the man who "toyed with death and made a comrade of T.N.T." Doctor Monroe is now eighty-seven years old. He is the inventor of indurite; and discoverer of the principle of detonation, known as "the Monroe effect;" and the author of many important scientific papers.

▶ HIGHWAYS of salt are now being built as the result of experiments by the International Salt Company of Ithaca, New York. The salt is either mixed with or inserted between layers of the road material and rolled to a firm surface. It draws moisture from the air and at the same time reduces the film of moisture around each particle of clay so that it packs down harder. Once the salt has crystallized on the surface, the road sheds water during a rain and does not become slippery or muddy. It resists traffic wear and tear to a surprising degree. Salt roads can be built for approximately $450 a mile, whereas $1,500 is the minimum cost for a mile of asphalt road.

▶ THE Florida "keys" are to have hurricane-proof homes. The 120-mile-an-hour wind which left this section of the United States in ruins last autumn, has brought about a complete change in the habitations of many families. "Keyland's" new buildings are to be of reinforced concrete, instead of wood, and since the coral keys lie only a foot below the sand and soil and are as hard as granite, the new homes are to have firm base rods which will anchor the concrete walls and floors to this strong foundation. Cisterns to catch rain water are also planned, so that they will add to the weight of the building and help to anchor it more firmly. Termites have always been a plague on the Florida reefs, but the concrete walls and steel windows and door frames which guard these new homes are proof against this unseen and destructive enemy.