

# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR



eminent purpose of his life—soul winning.

This year—1937—marks the centennial of the birth of Dwight Lyman Moody, considered by many to be the greatest spiritual figure America has yet produced. Of the four most significant crises in his life, the first was his conversion. He was working in the shoeshop of two uncles in Boston, having left his country home in Northfield, Massachusetts, like many

of the store wrapping up shoes, he told him of Christ's love for him and the love He wanted in return. Moody seemed ready for the light that broke upon him, and right there he gave himself to Jesus. In later years he always referred tenderly to this unforgettable time.

Mr. Moody's decision to give up flattering business prospects in Chicago, whence he had gone for greater opportunity, and devote his entire energy to soul winning, followed a thrill-

## Moody

*When Moody Preached, "He Gave Himself Out With an Abandonment of Power and Sympathy"*

AMBASSADOR  
of the MOST HIGH

By Liv B.  
Joergenson



HARPER'S WEEKLY

ARE you a Christian?" The young man looked up in surprise to hear this question put to him so abruptly.

"It's none of your business," was his curt reply.

"Yes, it is," came the reassurance.

"Then," answered the stranger, "you must be D. L. Moody."

And he was right. And the world-famous evangelist was about the pre-

another lad, with the avowed purpose of "amounting to something." Before hiring the boy, the faithful uncles exacted a promise from him to attend church and Sunday school—perhaps they hoped in this to counteract some of the lad's high spirit and irrepressible temperament. After some time, his teacher determined to speak to young Dwight about Christ and his soul. Finding the clerk in the back

ing experience which he shared with a Sunday school teacher. The instructor became very ill, and when he told Moody that it was necessary for him to leave the city in search of health, he expressed great concern over the girls in his class, none of whom had been led to Christ. At the young man's suggestion, the two of them went to visit each of the young women. Simply and sincerely the teacher talked to them about salvation. They prayed together. In ten days every one had yielded to the love of God. Once before the instructor left, the group met and prayed together. As Mr. Moody left that gathering, he exclaimed to himself, "O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received here tonight."

Little did he know what that petition would mean to him. The foretaste of another world had disqualified him for ordi- (Turn to page 3)



# Let's Talk It Over

WHAT are you reading?

By way of emphasis we repeat the question asked on this page last week. Really, what are you reading as the days slip away into eternity?

For as a man readeth, so he thinketh in his heart, and as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.



THE mind, like the body, must have good, wholesome food arranged in a balanced diet, if it is to grow and develop properly.

Some people think it is a sin to read anything that is cast in the form of a story. And some people have such a perverted mental appetite that they read stories, stories, stories—and not much else. Those who belong to either of these classes would do well to give some earnest, careful, prayerful study to food values, and balance up the nourishment they are giving their minds.

Is it wrong to read a story?

That depends entirely upon the story. Good stories are the heritage of every child, and they are indispensable tools in the character-building work carried on by parents and teachers of youth. The greatest Teacher that ever lived on this earth spent much of His time presenting mighty truths to His disciples and to the multitudes which thronged His steps. And how did He present these truths? Through parables. The Good Book says that "without a parable [story] spake He not unto them." And what was and is the effect of His stories and illustrations? They have transformed and are transforming a good part of the human race.

It is a safe test—if you make it fairly and on your knees, with a prayer in your heart—that anything which will fix your eyes on higher ideals, fire your ambition to nobler aspirations, draw you closer to God, fill your heart with greater love for Him and for His cause, and increase your love for Bible study and solid reading of the informative or inspirational type, is safe to read. When you open such a book, or a magazine to such an article, you can without the shadow of a doubt or the slightest twinge of conscience ask God to bless you in its reading, and help it to strengthen your mind and enable you to render Him more efficient service.

On the other hand, it is a safe test

—if you make it fairly and on your knees, with a prayer in your heart—that anything which will fix your eyes on lower ideals, bank or extinguish the fires of your high ambitions and nobler aspirations, draw you away from God, fill your heart with a love for the world, make your love for His Word less, and decrease your interest in solid reading, is unsafe—yes, dangerous!



OUR heavenly Father, in His great goodness, has given us some definite instruction on this very point. We quote the following paragraphs from pages 92 and 93 of "Fundamentals of Christian Education," by Ellen G. White, and pages 445 and 446 of "Ministry of Healing," by the same author:

"If you have been in the habit of reading storybooks, will you consider whether it is right to spend your time with these books, which merely occupy your time and amuse you, but give you no mental or moral strength? If you are reading them, and find that they create a morbid craving for exciting novels, if they lead you to dislike the Bible, and cast it aside, if they involve you in darkness and backsliding from God,—if this is the influence they have over you, stop right where you are. Do not pursue this course of reading until your imagination is fired, and you become unfitted for the study of the Bible, and the practical duties of real life.

"Cheap works of fiction do not profit. They impart no real knowledge; they inspire no great and good purpose; they kindle in the heart no earnest desires for purity; they excite no soul hunger for righteousness. . . . Suffer not yourselves to open the lids of a book that is questionable."

"Even fiction which contains no suggestion of impurity, and which may be intended to teach excellent principles, is harmful. It encourages the habit of hasty and superficial reading, merely for the story. Thus it tends to destroy the power of connected and vigorous thought; it unfits the soul to contemplate the great problems of duty and destiny."



BUT do not allow the devil to trick you into thinking that anything and everything that is true, or that has actually happened,—even

though it be so labeled in print,—is fit to read. He will if he can!

A party of men were surveying in the mountains of British Columbia. One of them picked some very pretty flowers and brought them into camp. "Smell of your hands," his mates shouted. He did, and then threw his bouquet away as quickly as possible. He had never smelled *anything* worse than the sap which was oozing out of the flowers, though they looked all right, and were real enough, and of themselves did not smell so bad. You will recall that poison ivy is a beautiful crimson in the fall, and that the deadly nightshade has very lovely berries.

So the world is full of sin and strife and woe and violence. Lurid tales of actual happenings are printed in newspapers, in magazines, and in books. But for such reading the person who wishes to keep his mind clean and pure and wholesome and alert and muscle-strong, has no time. Shun it as you would the plague. Don't justify yourself for indulging a perverted appetite on the flimsy excuse that "it is the truth."



BECAUSE we print stories which are true to life, and which have a bearing on the everyday problems of youth, we are sometimes accused of printing "fiction" in the INSTRUCTOR.

We wish to say to our readers that the stories appearing on these pages are most emphatically *not* fiction, so far as we are aware. Neither are they sensational or exciting, nor do they play up that which is fanciful and unreal or unwholesome.

Usually the names and places and incidents are disguised, so that no one will be annoyed or embarrassed, and frequently, because of the very personal nature of a story, it is printed anonymously. But we never allow a story to appear in print which will not, in the judgment of the editor and the Advisory Committee, inspire the reader with higher ideals, and lead him a step nearer God.



BEWARE what you read!

For as a man readeth, so he thinketh in his heart, and as he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Lora E. Clement



(Continued from page 1)

nary pursuits. After a few days' struggle and consideration, he made his decision—the world will always be indebted to him for it—and afterward lived "in the luxury of leading some one out of the darkness of this world into the glorious light and life of the gospel." The step required courage, for he was not backed by any church or society. His faith was in a higher Power.

Realization of the unfathomable depth of the Bible constituted the third crisis in the career of D. L. Moody. In 1867 he took his family to the British Isles, so that he might hear and meet the spiritual leaders there, including Charles Spurgeon. Also it was thought that the sea voyage would improve Mrs. Moody's health. While in Dublin the evangelist met Henry Moorehouse, "the boy preacher," who offered to come to Chicago and speak at his missions. Mr. Moody was not much impressed by the young man's appearance, and attempted, by his unresponsiveness, to discourage Moorehouse from coming to the Western metropolis. But his purpose remained firm. He arrived in Chicago at a time when Moody was absent from the city for a few days, and Mrs. Moody reported to her husband on his return that Moorehouse preached "a little different from you."

"How's that?" queried he.

"Well, he tells sinners God loves them."

"He is wrong," responded Mr. Moody.

"I think you will agree with him when you hear him," countered his wife, "because he backs up everything he says with the word of God."

That night the new minister chose John 3:16 for his text, as he had on the two previous evenings. Moody, quick as always to acknowledge his error, characterized it as a most extraordinary sermon. "I never knew up to that time that God loves us so much. This heart of mine began to thaw out and I could not keep back the tears. It was like news from a far country. I just drank it in."

For six evenings the crowds continued to gather to hear this remarkable young man talk on the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John. Every eye was on him as he went to the pulpit on the seventh night.

"My friends," he began, "I have been hunting all day for a new text, but I cannot find one as good as the old one; so we will go back to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse." There followed a seventh wonderful sermon from that same wonderful text, concluded with these wonderful words: "My friends, for a whole week I have been trying to tell you how much God loves you, but I cannot do it with this poor stammering tongue. If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up into

heaven and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, if he could tell me how much love the Father has for the world, all he could say would be, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

To the uneducated Moody, whose only training for evangelism was exhaustless zeal and profound conviction, this was a revelation of Bible truth of which he had never dreamed. Under Moorehouse's guidance he began the diligent study of the Scriptures which characterized his later ministry.

The fourth crucial event in Moody's life undoubtedly accounts for his phenomenal power in soul winning. It began in Chicago in the late sixties, after a church had been organized as a result of his Sunday school work. He discerned from the faces of the two devout women who regularly sat on the front row that they were praying; so at the close of the services he asked them why. Much to his surprise, they explained that they were praying for him—they felt a lack in the meeting. He could not understand it. Why did they not plead for the people? Was he not ardent and energetic in his activity for God? "We are praying for you that you may receive the power," they assured him. It was news to Moody, who had been, in a sense, satisfied in the knowledge that he attracted the largest congregations in Chicago. But, ever ready for new light, he requested the women to talk and pray with him, and into his heart poured a great hunger for the power of which they spoke.



## A GARDEN

By

Marian Sanderson

A GARDEN is a lovely thing!  
A place for people's hearts to sing;  
For those who work its willing sod  
To learn more secrets of their God;  
For those who rest within its shade  
To linger there till they have prayed;  
For those who seek its quiet peace,  
Life's worries and temptations cease.  
Think of the joy that it can bring—  
A garden is a lovely thing!

Following the great Chicago fire of 1871, in which the entire north section of the city, where Moody lived and worked, was devastated, he went east to raise money for relief and for a new church. All this time his spiritual thirst was accentuated, and then one day in New York his prayer was answered. Of that solemn experience he rarely spoke, but we do have this record of his own:

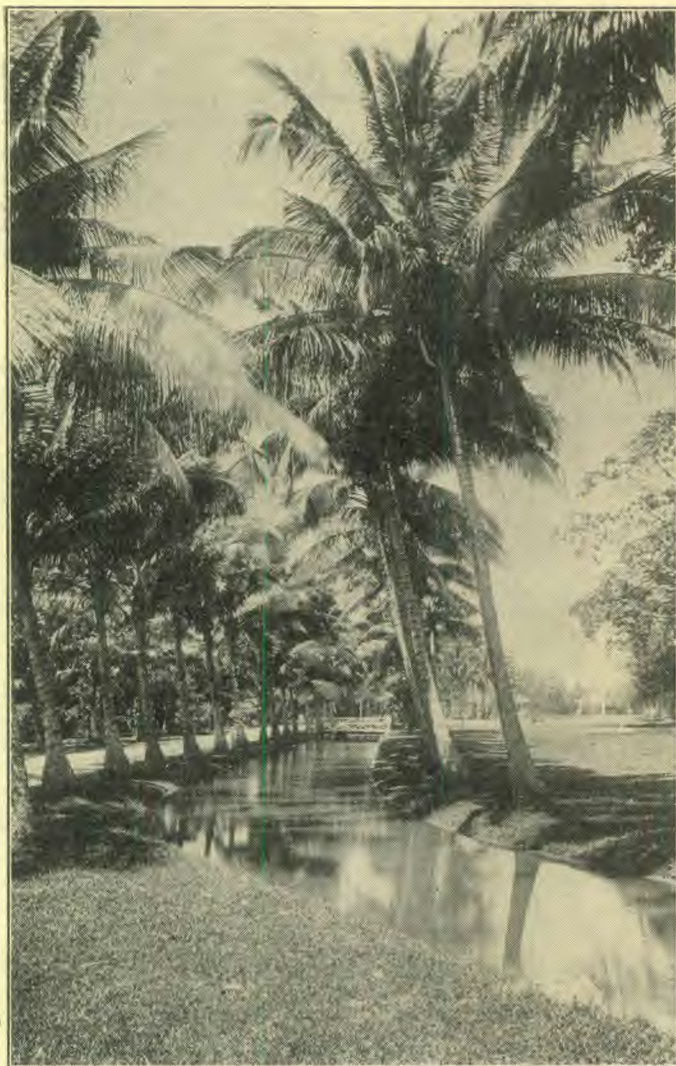
"My heart was not in the work of begging. I could not appeal. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day in the city of New York—ah, what a day—I cannot describe it, I seldom refer to it, it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say that God revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different, I did not preach any new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world. It would be as the small dust in the balance."

This "Day of Pentecost" explains Moody's singular power in preaching. His most memorable British campaign followed, the next year. There were no halls large enough to accommodate those who came to hear the evangelist. It was conservatively estimated that thirty thousand attended the closing open-air meetings and joined the afterservice inquiry groups. Newspapers gave him unlimited publicity. The influence of the revival reached every class of people—aristocrats, industrialists, young men and women, orphans, and on one occasion a special meeting was held for drunkards only! Drummond maintains that Moody's work in Scotland was epochal in the religious life of that country. A newspaper reporter declared that Moody "set a torch to Scotland"—he kindled it with the fire of his own glowing ardor.

In 1870 the evangelist became associated with Ira D. Sankey, who was his "right hand" thereafter until the close of his ministry. Sankey had charge of the music at Moody's revival meetings, and many of his compositions were finally gathered with those of others into a compilation of gospel songs known as the Moody-Sankey hymnal.

It would require a small book to outline even in briefest detail the various Moody campaigns. Reference can be made here only to the most outstanding of his numerous large revivals. His first effort of national importance was in the British Isles, and it certainly is a tribute to this man's ability that his initial triumph was in a country of conservative intelligentsia. His son and chief biographer quotes a (*Turn to page 10*)





INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

**W**HAT is happiness? Few agree. We are all possessed of an innate longing for it, but not many find it. What one person thinks will bring happiness holds no appeal for another. And what the majority of people feel sure will bring happiness usually turns out as a burst bubble. Happiness is as difficult to find as the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

The burning quest for personal happiness has led to the doing of many strange things. Some have left home, friends, and civilization and gone to a lonely, uninhabited island to live a Robinson Crusoe existence. But usually this imaginary paradise has turned out to be a place of trouble, strife, and death.

Some years ago, James Eads Howe, a St. Louis hobo millionaire, met and married a charming woman who persuaded him to give up boxcars for Pullmans; dinners of stale cheese, doughnuts, and bread crusts in a tramps' jungle, for dinners prepared by a French chef. He laid off his worn-out shoes and threadbare clothes, shaved, and took a bath. But this clean life did not suit him, and he shortly deserted home and wife and returned to his wanderings.

Recently A. E. O. Munsell, a thirty-nine-year-old millionaire, divided his fortune with his wife and gave away

every penny of his own share in an effort to find happiness. With empty pockets he joined a bread line and slept in a "flophouse." But has he found happiness? His own testimony is, "No."

Three thousand years ago, Israel's wisest monarch, King Solomon, sought for happiness. He gave himself first to searching after knowledge. He pursued every branch of knowledge successfully until his wisdom became proverbial. But near the close of his long life, he declared: "For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." He then gave himself to pleasure, but said: "This also is vanity." He accumulated vast treasure, and began an extensive building program. He built temples, palaces, summerhouses, pools, and all that his heart desired; but yet he said of all this that it was "madness" and "folly."

Even the humorous Lincoln was like the boy who, when passing a graveyard, whistled to keep up his spirits. Dr. L. Pierce Clark has pointed out that the great Emancipator was fundamentally melancholy and unhappy at heart. He had a supply of funny stories with which he endeavored to hide his sorrow.

Mark Twain, who brought enjoyment to tens of thousands, was him-

# Are You Happy?

BY DALLAS YOUNGS

self inwardly unhappy. His boyhood was strangely so. Many have thought that in his characters, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, he described his own boyhood; but far from it. He was setting forth what he wished his boyhood had been.

Others have thought that the road to happiness lies along the way of self-sacrifice, self-inflicted punishment, fasts, or the cloister; but many of these have been disillusioned.

It would appear from the findings of Dr. Ruth S. Cavan among children, that the human race is as far away in the happiness quest as when Adam and Eve lost their Garden of Eden home. Doctor Cavan found that twenty-three per cent of nine thousand city boys wished that they had never been born. Thirty per cent of the girls interviewed wished they had never been born and admitted that they were profoundly unhappy.

With adults, the results are approximately the same. Prof. Harry W. Hepner found that among five hundred apparently normal men who did not have to worry about food and rent money, twenty-two per cent were troubled with melancholy moods. And among the women who evidently had no cause to complain, thirty per cent were discouraged.

The happiness for which millions have sought, and for which other millions are now seeking, is strangely illusive. That it cannot be forced is evident. It is related that Seal, the famous clown who made thousands of his generation laugh, became a victim of melancholia. He consulted a physician, who, not knowing his identity, said: "Go and see Seal. He'll cheer you up and give you a good laugh." The patient looked at him in utter astonishment and sadly said: "But, Doctor, I am Seal. Can nothing be done for me?"

But surely it cannot be that God, who loves His people and desires their best good, does not wish them to be happy. We believe that if the divine plan for (Turn to page 12)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



MISS JONES, we feel that you would be safer on your trips in the hills if you would carry some means of protection. Just a little automatic—"

"But, Mr. Davey, I never shot a pistol in my life! I'm afraid it wouldn't be a very good means of protection. I don't think any one in these hills would be afraid of my bullets," laughed Miss Jones.

"I'll have one of the men take you down to the river, and you can practice there. We'd feel better if you would go armed hereafter. You know, without my telling you, that ever since the time when you found out about old Ma Kirk selling moonshine whisky for the Wilkins crowd, they have eyed you suspiciously. We greatly appreciate your work, and we don't intend to have anything happen to you if we can help it. All we ask is that you do a little cooperating."

"I am never afraid, Mr. Davey. I realize that since they know where I stand on the subject of temperance, there are some who wish I were out of the way, but I have never purposely provoked them. I don't deliberately try to find out what they are doing. That is not my work. My work is to teach my little school and help these folks the best I can."

"I know, Miss Jones. You're doing that well. There are some folks here who would give their lives for you, too; but there are others who would just as soon kill you as look at you, and you know it."

"Well, you're the mayor of this town, Mr. Davey, and I am willing to do anything you ask."

"Good. I'll have Monty take you down for a practice after school today. About four o'clock?"

At the appointed hour, Miss Jones was ready. She stood alone in the door of the little schoolhouse. Her eyes were very thoughtful as she looked toward the hills recently referred to in her talk with the mayor.

She had lived among the mountain people until she had learned to love them. Although her official capacity was teacher of the Echo Hollow School, she had become acquainted with these people through sickness and health, happiness and sorrow. No call for help had ever been unanswered. Those in need, be it physical or spiritual, had never been turned from her door. It was true that some of the practices which she observed were repulsive to her. And she did not hesitate, when the opportunity was ripe, to speak her convictions in no uncertain terms. Especially was this true when she felt that the lives and characters of her pupils were affected. In fact, her concern

for the welfare of her pupils led to the incident from which the trouble started.

Young Jude, eight years old, came to school one morning acting strangely, to say the least. His walk was more than a swagger; it was a decidedly uncertain wobble. Miss Jones had

# Protected

BY  
MARY MARKHAM



him sit down outside, and later she questioned him. As she listened, only her eyes, usually quiet but now burning with a certain intentness which might be akin to righteous indignation, betrayed her real feelings. After school that day, she went to Ma Kirk's. She entered by the back way, and as was the custom of the community, walked in without knocking, even forgetting to call out as she usually did when entering a house. As she walked through the middle hall she heard voices, and slackened her pace a little. Before she reached the door, she had heard enough to convince her that she had found the selling agent for the Wilkins bootleg crowd. She did not turn back, but reaching the inner door, went into the room where Ma Kirk and Bliney Wilkins were talking. They rose from their seats and stared at Miss Jones when she entered.

"Wal, what ye doin' here?" asked Bliney.

"I want to see you both. I'm glad I

happened to find you together." And she proceeded to tell them the story of little Jude and what she thought of a practice that ruined the lives of boys as well as of men and women. Before she had finished, they had listened to a whole sermon on the subject of temperance. Then Miss Jones continued on her way, saying nothing to any one about what she had heard.

A few days later, the revenue officers cleaned out the Wilkins still and arrested its operators. Where they got their clues, Miss Jones did not know. It was a surprise to her, but no one on earth could convince the mountain people that the teacher had not told. The story spread like wildfire. From that day on, former friends were strangers to her. Some folks crossed the road to avoid meeting her; and one morning, a note in scribbled hand, containing the following

threat, was lying on her desk when she came to school: "Miz Jones: You all better to mind yer own bizness if you no wats good fer ya and we mean wat we says."

And now the mayor had asked her to carry an automatic! Well, maybe she should, but she had no desire to do so. Going back into the schoolhouse, she knelt by the desk and asked the Lord to guide her. As she arose, she opened her Bible, and her eyes fell on the opening words of Psalms 121, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. . . . Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper. . . . The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. . . . The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."

Then Monty stood in the doorway, waiting for her to go. Down by the river, he tried to show Miss Jones the art of pistol shooting. Several times she tried to hit the floating piece which Monty had thrown into the river. Then she tried other more stationary targets. Once she took aim and fired, and a sycamore ball on a tree across the stream flew to pieces.

"Great," shouted Monty. "That's great, Miss Jones."

"What's great?"

"The way you hit that sycamore ball yonder."

"I wasn't aiming at the sycamore ball. I was aiming at the stick in the river."

"Wal, now-er-Miss Jones!"

"You see, Monty, there's no use. Let's go back to see the mayor."

"Mr. Davey," Miss Jones said to the mayor, "I can't do it!"

"Do what?"



"Carry that pistol around with me. Even if I could hit a target, I wouldn't have any confidence in it. I don't believe it is the thing for me to do. I believe that God will protect me from those who would do me harm."

"Well, you have more faith than I have. I tell you, I don't like to see you go out like that, alone and everything."

"I appreciate your concern, Mr. Davey, and, believe me, I will not unnecessarily place myself in a dangerous position. But I have confidence that if I am placed in such a position, the Lord will care for me."

"All right then, Miss Jones. You go ahead. And remember, when you need help that we can give, let us know."

Several days later, about the middle of the afternoon, Lindy Lee rushed into the schoolroom.

"Miz Jones, Ole Mander Kellan am right nigh to the point of death. She ain't pert nohow. She done told me to get you to come as soon as you could make it. She shore need yore hep. Could you make it this ev'nin'?"

"I'll go after school. Be back here at four o'clock. We'll leave then, and we may be able to get back before dark," replied the teacher.

Four o'clock found Lindy Lee and Miss Jones starting on the ten-mile hike through the woods to Kellan's place. In some places there was a fairly good road to follow, in other places there was a mere footpath about twenty inches wide, girded on both sides by thick shrubs.

It was early fall, and the hike was not without its pleasures. Miss Jones called Lindy Lee's attention to the coloring of the different trees, and, from the beauties of nature about them, tried to draw the girl's thoughts toward God.

Suddenly Lindy Lee, who was in the lead, stopped.

"Miz Jones, thar be a man alyin' crost the path."

Sure enough, there was a man lying, face down, right in their way.

"He's probably drunk. You'll have to step over him, Lindy Lee. He won't hurt you," assured Miss Jones.

And Lindy Lee jumped over the man's body. As Miss Jones stepped toward him, preparing to do the same, the man opened his eyes, raised himself on one shoulder, and looked dazedly about.

"What's the trouble, man? Are you sick?" inquired Miss Jones.

"Yas'm, I'm about to be took with one o' them spells I git."

At that, Miss Jones stepped up more closely, felt his pulse, noted his respiration, and looked into his eyes.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Down yonder, turn to right about mile and half up the first holler, first house," the sick man answered.

"If you leaned on Lindy Lee and me, could you make it?" and Miss

Jones, with Lindy Lee helping, tried to assist the man to his feet. It was evident that he would not be able to stand at all.

They laid him down again, scraped leaves together for a pillow, and made him as comfortable as possible.

"Listen, man. We're going to your house as quickly as we can. We'll get you help. They'll come in a little while and carry you home. I'm sorry we can't carry you."

"Thank ye, Miz Jones," the man said weakly. "I know, now, who ye be."

So Lindy Lee and Miss Jones hurriedly followed the directions given, traveling up the mountain hollow, until at last they found the house.

"Yer man's ailin', down Rattlesnake Path," yelled Lindy Lee.

As they came to the door, Miss Jones explained to the wife the meaning of this abrupt proclamation, and finally guided several boys from about the place to the sick man. They made a hammock of several blankets and carried him to his home.

When the man had been made comfortable, and everything that could be done under the circumstances had been done, Miss Jones and Lindy Lee started again on their way.

All this had taken time, and even as they neared old Ma Kellan's, the sun was dropping behind the hills.

Coming to a turn in the path, they found a cabin in a small clearing.



### The Path in the Sky

THE woods were dark, and the night was black,  
And only an owl could see the track.  
Yet the cheery driver made his way  
Through the great pine wood as if 'twere day.  
I asked him, "How do you manage to see?"  
The road and the forest are one to me."  
"To me as well," he replied, "and I  
Can drive only by the path in the sky."  
I looked above, where the treetops tall  
Rose from the road, like an ebony wall;  
And lo! a beautiful starry lane  
Wound, as the road wound, and made it plain.  
And since, when the path of my life is drear,  
And all is darkness and doubt and fear,  
When the horrors of midnight are here below,  
And I see not a step of the way to go—  
Then, oh, then I can look on high,  
And walk on earth by the light in the sky.

—Author Unknown.

Lindy Lee whispered, "This be Tarky's place. I hear tell they make moonshine here."

The place looked deserted, however. There seemed to be no signs of life.

And Miss Jones said, "They must have moved; there seems to be no one here."

"Ye never kin tell," philosophized Lindy Lee, wiser than she knew. For a pair of eyes had seen Miss Jones and the girl coming into sight, and they watched every movement the two made until the woodland hid them from view, on the other side of the cabin.

Things were as Lindy Lee had said. Old Manda was very sick. She had fallen and broken her hip. Doctors from the village seldom bothered to visit the people away back in the hills; so the bones had not been set. She was in great pain, and it was evident that there was no chance for recovery.

When Miss Jones had made her as comfortable as possible, read to her some favorite passages from the Good Book, and prayed with her, it was quite late. Darkness had settled thickly in the valleys and hollows. There was not a ray of light even on the mountaintops.

Praying that the Lord would guide and protect in the homeward walk, she called Lindy Lee and started back.

She turned the switch on her flashlight and lighted the way through the trees. They walked for a mile or so. The moon had not yet risen. Everything was in inky blackness.

"It shore am dark," commented Lindy Lee. "I'm glad you all brought yer flashlight. It brightens things up right smart."

And then the flashlight went out! Readjusting of batteries and bulb failed to bring results. Miss Jones felt in her inner pockets for the extra bulb she usually carried, and then remembered that the one in the flashlight was the extra. She had failed to buy another when the first burned out.

"Lindy Lee, how far is it to the place you called Tarky's?"

"I'd say about two mile. But ye ain't thinkin' of askin' them for help? I'm thinkin' they wish you'd git lost forever out here."

"Lindy Lee, kneel down with me while I pray. It will be hard traveling this path in the darkness, but God can protect us from all the dangers that can possibly come." Even then she would not name the fear that pulled at her heart, but needless to say, it was not the fear of falling in the darkness.

They arose. Miss Jones tucked the useless flashlight away in a pocket. The dim night sky was lighter than the surrounding trees, and by marking the line of light made by the division of the trees above the path, it was possible (Turn to page 13)



# PROSPECTING WITH A PROSPECTUS

by JOSEPH PIERCE



FOLDED up on the floor in the rear of the car was my six-by-six waterproof umbrella tent. The steamer trunk fitted nicely on the seat cushion, and in various spaces I crowded my suitcase and boxes. Over the trunk was spread the small mattress for the steel folding cot which topped the load.

It was March!

After farewells, I was off—off for a complete change! A vacation? Quite otherwise!

About a hundred and fifty miles out over the desert from the high fruit valley where I had been canvassing, and a hundred and eighteen feet below sea level, is the heart of the great Imperial Valley—where the sun is king! He rules almost constantly, winter and summer, and his scorching rays are both a great financial asset and a physical detriment to the people. It is a land where man literally “eats his bread in the sweat of his face;” where, when a person leaves the table, the places where his arms rested are often marked by moist spots, or little puddles. Fortunately, the heat is not so intense in the winter.

By 3:30 P.M. I was pushing against a strong wind while descending from the pass at Banning and heading out toward the desert.

Soon the two long mountain ranges—the San Jacinto range on the right and the San Bernardino range on the left—yawned wider and wider as I entered the gulf of sagebrush and sand. In a short time, the gulf spread to a broad, desert sea; and there was nothing to do but to get into a comfortable position and “sail on and on.”

As the dusk hours came on while I cruised along, I was surprised that the air continued to be so warm. When the sun went off duty, the sand returned to the air the heat it had absorbed during the day. How different from the evenings at home!

The climate, however, was only one factor of the “complete change.” In that far-flung territory, only a few miles from the Mexican border, I was to work with a people who speak a different language, which would give me a good opportunity to use the Spanish I had studied in school. During this spring season, home would be where I pitched my tent, and I would perform my own culinary services. What independence!

At about seven o'clock in the evening, the lights of Brawley came into view, and in a short time I had lo-

## *In the Great* IMPERIAL VALLEY

cated the address given me by the field secretary. Beside the home of a Seventh-day Adventist family was a vacant lot, bordered on one side by a row of tamarack trees. On the north side of this tree row I soon had the tent pitched and was ready to occupy my new headquarters.

A hearty appetite soon took care of the evening meal; and after a visit with my neighbors, I retired to my cot in the tent under the tamaracks.

That season in Imperial Valley proved to be a good canvassing experience, besides affording me the free tutorship of the Mexican people in the application of what I had learned of their language in school.

Clear it was that my prospect was more interested in her ironing than in the canvass I was giving her for the “Home Physician.” Hardly would this Mexican laundress glance from her ironing at the illustrations to which I called her attention. She did not intend to lose any money on her piecework on account of my visit.

I was about to excuse myself and seek greener pastures in some neighboring house (or hut), when, turning, I noticed a visitor who was following my canvass with more interest than her hostess. I then turned my attention toward her and “pulled for the order.”

“When did you say I could have that book?” she asked.

“Soon after the first of June,” I replied. (It was then April).

A disappointed expression came over the woman's face. Was that date too soon for her?

“Can I not have the book before that?” she appealed.

“Yes,” I quickly replied. “I have a small delivery the middle of May. Would that suit you better?”

“Well, you see,” continued my patron as she glanced toward a bedroom-slipper-clad foot, “I have a very sore toe, and would like to have the book to help me cure it.”

Why had I been so slow? Had I forgotten all about cash sales?

“You need the book right away, don't you?” I suggested. “I have a brand-new copy at my stopping place. You may buy it as soon as you like. Would this evening be all right?”

The order was promptly signed; and after selling two small Spanish books to others in the house, I took my leave and continued my afternoon's work.

My customer's husband, who had the money with him, was not home that evening, but I was promised that the cash would be awaiting me if I would call again with the book in the morning. And I was not disappointed.

When I had finished writing the receipt for the payment in full, the Mexican woman asked: “Are you not a spiritual brother?”

Did she mean to ask if I was a Christian? If she preferred the term “spiritual brother,” I could use it too.

“Yes,” I answered, “I am a spiritual brother. In fact,” I added, “I am even more interested in the spiritual welfare of the people than in their physical health.”

“I thought so,” she said, with satisfaction. “You remember the little books you sold over at the house where I was visiting?”

“Yes.”

“Well, in one of them mention is made of something ‘spiritual,’ and when I saw that, I said, ‘He must be a spiritual brother, to be selling those books.’ Don't you have any other books than those you have already shown me?”

“Oh, yes,” I replied, drawing my “Great Controversy” prospectus, “here is the very book you need.”

The Spanish edition of “The Great Controversy” contains a number of colored illustrations depicting various scenes from the life of Christ. To my surprise she briefly told the story of each picture as I turned the pages.

“Run and get that certificate,” she said in an aside to the little girl standing near. “You know, that large, framed one,” she explained.

In the meantime I listened to the recital of the story of the last illustration in the prospectus; and, after adding a few selling comments, reached for the guaranty pad and prepared to take the order.

Just then I saw the little daughter enter the room, carrying something which was about all she could handle. Reading the large, much-prized certificate, I found that it authorized my



patron, as a minister of the Spiritualists of North America, to perform marriage ceremonies, to conduct funeral services, and to hold spirit communications.

Colporteurs have a little saying about the three "gets." They are "get in, get the order, and get out." Just then I had a strong desire to accomplish the second "get" so that I might obey the third!

"Now, Mrs. —, you will notice that I have signed my name on this guaranty, and this is the line for your signature—as in the other order we made out."

There was no hesitation. Her name was soon on the dotted line, and an advance payment was made. The delivery was to be made several days in the future.

After selling her a small cookbook, I again took leave of my Spiritualist patron, trusting that the angel of the Lord would prevent the "spirits" from "communicating" to her any lies about the book which is so well

calculated to expose their cunning deceptions!

"Mrs. — is holding a meeting just now," said her husband, speaking through the screen door, in response to my rap, on the appointed delivery day. And, sure enough, there inside was a circle of people holding hands.

After I had waited in the car at a little distance for some twenty minutes, the gathering broke up, and the excited participants drove away. Now was my opportunity!

"I heard you at the door," said the "minister" apologetically, as she handed me the price of the book, "but I was holding a service."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I understood the situation and did not wish to intrude—so I just waited."

I hope someday to know what was her response to the chapter on "Spiritualism." It seemed that she was sincere, though deluded, and that the Lord had a purpose in sending me to her.

to be doing fine, and I made no real effort to cage him. It was rather pleasant to see him caper around, trying, it seemed, to see how much he could pry into my work and yet be safe. He kept a screen or a hopper between us or took care to be near the hole in the wall in case I approached too quickly.

A warning that all was not well was sounded when the doctor at the head of the department which my charges served, remarked that Mickey had been observed attacking a guinea pig. I defended the pet in sincerity. I was *sure* he was either frolicking or just chasing the pig away from a choice morsel—perhaps even teaching him a little respect for his superiors! Nothing more, I was sure! So sure, that Mickey still retained his freedom.

About this time I began to see less and less of my pet, and wondered if he had dug his way out and left, or mated with some wild cousin.

While all this was going on, I was becoming increasingly concerned over the fact that my mother guinea pigs were destroying their young. This occurs once in a while, and we think nothing of it. But our losses were becoming too large to be ignored. Only one thing puzzled me—I could not catch the mother pigs in the act, nor were there ever any remnants.

I had not seen Mickey for some time, and had no suspicion of him at all. Then it happened! A bitter cold night was coming, the weather report said. There was no heat in the guinea-pig room, and I decided that to prevent their suffering or overcrowding to keep warm, I would place them in large cardboard boxes for the night. Piled in one corner were several nice boxes reserved against the day of need. While getting the first one out, I heard a faint cry as of a baby guinea pig, and a shuffling as of a death struggle for the little fellow. Quickly I dug into the box on the bottom of the pile from which the sound seemed to come. There was the culprit and a gruesome record of his crimes! Mickey—a pig still warm but now dead, in his mouth—and nearly a dozen little frames of former victims. Mickey, the harmless, playful, little—pet!

But what has this to do with the games and leisure time? Just this: Mickey started out harmless, like the games I used to play; so clever, such fun—but growing, taking more time, and then too much time. In his cage and under control, he would be a contributor to science. But as a plaything he became a destructive pest, stealing our pigs as soon as they were born, just as those foolish games steal our hours as soon as *they* are born, and consume them completely, leaving us no residue of time or accomplishment. Still we are prone to accuse Father Time, (*Turn to page 14*)

MICKEY



## Rat -- TEACHER

By Clarence A. Bush

**M**ICKEY was not a mouse, but he was about the size of one when he fell out of the cage and got his name; and as for the "teacher" part of the title, that is because he taught me what games to play and how to spend my leisure time.

You see I care for a good many white rats, mice, and guinea pigs. Mickey was a rat, and he tumbled over the edge of the litter pan one day where I had his mother's cage open for feeding. He fell some four feet to the floor and lay as if dead. But he was not dead really; so I picked him up and placed him in a tiny cage by himself, to see how he would get along for a little while. It was amazing how fast we made friends with each other. Though I finally put him back with his mother, he did not forget, and every day when I put my hand in for the feed cup, he wanted to be caressed. His brothers and sisters looked on with awe from the nest rim to see their bold brother fearlessly climb a finger and fare forth into the great world on the giant's hand.

Mickey soon came to love this freedom, and scrambled out of reach to avoid being put back into the confines of his mother's cage. So, as soon as he was of weaning size, I put him into one of the common cages with several others his own size or larger.

But it was not just more room he wanted, it was freedom! And he scrambled up my arm at feeding time just as fast as he had before.

Mickey was a cunning size now, and wiggled his whiskers so pleadingly that I began to let him have the run of the rat room during the time I fed and watered the animals each day. How he rambled and explored, happy in this great freedom. But alas, one day I left the door open, and he discovered the world beyond the rat room! I captured him in a hurry, but when I came to put him back into the cage before leaving, he was gone. At last I found him—peeking at me from a hole cut in the baseboard by enterprising mice—visible but out of reach. Nor would he be coaxed forth. Mickey was "on the loose."

No more did he care for my petting or titbits. Now he ran wild over the house and chose his food from whatever menu suited him best. If the guinea pigs had oats and the rabbits lettuce, he ate with either or both, as he preferred. He still stuck rather close to me as I worked around the pens, but was usually just out of reach.

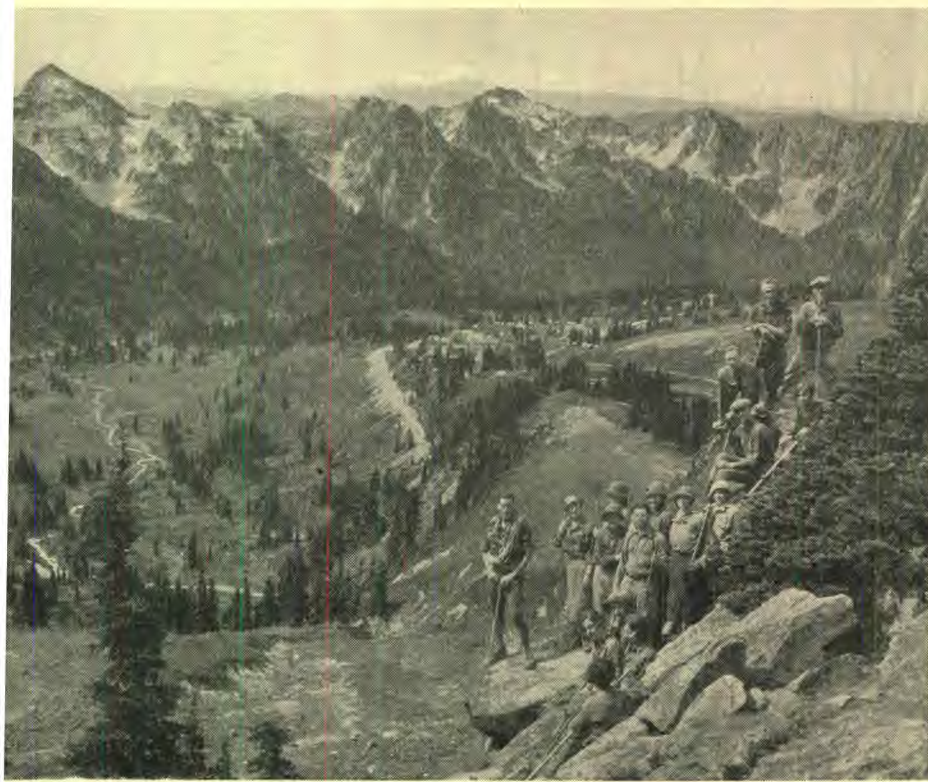
Although this situation continued for some time, it did not cause me any special concern. Mickey seemed



# NATURE

## Fact and Fable

BY  
HAROLD W. CLARK



LY. NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

snowing together, and the rocks were soon slippery with a mass of mushy snow. Clothes were soaked through, and every one had to keep walking to avoid freezing. Just before they crossed the last ridge a mile and a half from camp, one girl declared she simply *must* rest.

## Climbing Mt. Lyell

MT. LYELL lies at the center of a former glacier system that flowed down into Yosemite from the west and off toward the desert valleys to the east. Its north side is a cirque like those we have been passing on our way, but instead of being empty, it is filled with ice. The glacier lies shining white in the brilliant sunshine, a broad expanse about two miles square, filling a basin formed by high ridges on two sides and Mt. Lyell at the top. At the foot of the glacier lie three small lakes, partly frozen over in mid-summer. Piles of boulders fill the spaces between the lakes. These boulders are the moraine which the ice has brought down from the cliffs above.

For about an hour, our party picked its way over these huge boulders, some of which are ten or fifteen feet in diameter. It is a problem as to whether the moraine or the hummocky snow fields alongside and on top of the glacier are worse traveling. We try each alternately, but find both exhausting. It is a relief to discover a series of rocky ledges up which we can climb.

In this high altitude, with the strong ultraviolet rays reflecting from the snow, tender skins burn easily. Hiking parties often use grease paint of various colors, and make themselves look like bands of Indians on the warpath. Creams and ointments of various kinds are needed unless one wishes to get a bad case of sunburn.

About noon we reach the head of the glacier. Here is a low gap in the rocks between Lyell and McClure, a half mile to the north. One look over this rocky wall, and we gasp. Sheer below us, the cliffs drop off into the cirque of the ancient Merced glacier. An immense basin lies between us and Rogers Peak a mile to the south.

On the 1931 trip, Mrs. Clark reached this point, and would have gone on to the top had not a thunderstorm threatened. Again she wisely decided to go back with some of the girls who were not able to risk the climb in a storm. While she was going back down over the glacier, clouds were gathering in the east. I had five men with me this time, and we decided to risk it, hoping that the storm would not back up over us.

The head of the glacier juts up against the cliffs at an angle of about sixty degrees. We roped ourselves together, and as I cut steps into the ice with an ax, the one following me smoothed the steps with a shovel. We had to cut two hundred steps before we reached the cliffs. Scaling the rocks by the aid of a rope, we went on up to the summit, just in time to be overtaken by a pelting snowstorm, while off to the east, the thunder rolled incessantly. By the time we could get back down to the glacier, the steps we had cut were filled with hail and snow.

In the meantime Mrs. Clark and the girls were worse off than we. At their lower level it was raining and

"You mustn't stop," Mrs. Clark told her.

"But I *cannot* go any farther."

"You will *have* to keep moving."

"But what if I *cannot* move?"

"You simply have to *make* yourself go. You will freeze if you stop. You will get so stiff that you cannot go on again."

Thus she kept the party moving until camp was reached. The girl who wanted to rest had never experienced the hardships of rugged outdoor life before, and told us afterward that that one experience taught her the best lesson she had ever learned.

Storms come and go quickly on these high mountain peaks. On the first trip to Lyell in 1929, we were accompanied by a park ranger, who had guided a party of Sierra Club members to the peak ten days previously. We found our steps already cut in the ice. While we were climbing, we heard peals of thunder over behind the summit. As we ascended the cliffs, the clouds were growing darker, but as we neared the top, we could see that apparently the storm was going to pass to the northwest and so miss our party. The static electricity was so strong that when we reached the summit, we did not dare to touch the metal box in which the register is left, and there is no record in the Alpine Club book of our party for that year. Every time we touched a rock we would get a shock. The top of the (*Turn to page 12*)



# Moody—Ambassador of the Most High

(Continued from page 3)

contemporary observer who pointed out that the evangelism of his father "reached its peak in America during a period of material prosperity, and in Britain during a time of intellectual skepticism and religious depression—two conditions most hostile to faith."

After a short rest at his home in Northfield, Massachusetts, during which plans for the Northfield Seminary were laid, Moody, armed only with the word of God, invaded Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and Boston, with consistent success in spiritual revival and soul winning. His second extended mission in Great Britain, beginning in 1881, met with the hearty cooperation of ministers of all denominations. The closing London meetings were a fitting crown to this great effort. Two large halls were built. They were moved from one section of the metropolis to another, three weeks being spent in each location, until practically the entire population had had opportunity to attend the services. Cultured society was baffled by the power of this unlearned man who had never graduated from any university.

Back in America, many large centers were visited, and the Northfield Seminary for Young Women and the Mt. Hermon School for Young Men were started. The Bible was given preeminence in these schools, and Moody further insisted that the students share in the domestic work of the institutions. Their object was to train young men and women to work for the same cause to which Moody gave his life, though not necessarily in the same way.

The Chicago Bible Institute, formally opened in 1889, is another material evidence of the great evangelist's vision. Students from every race have matriculated here to complete the stipulated two full years of intensive Bible study, the purpose of which is to equip lay workers for service among the outcast, the poor, and the Christless. Today these three educational centers remain as permanent memorials to the versatile organizing energies and broad interests of their founder.

The number of persons converted in the Moody revivals cannot be estimated. Nor did the evangelist care to estimate them. When the question was put to him, he replied, "I don't know anything about that. Thank God I don't have to keep the Lamb's book of life."

Shall we not join a group of eight or ten thousand in a typical Moody meeting? The place may be the Hippodrome in New York or a corrugated-iron building in London—the spirit and procedure are similar. A large choir of young men and women occupies part of the platform. Although the program does not begin until eight, every seat is taken at 7:30. Latecomers who cannot be packed on the platform or in the standing room at the sides are turned away by policemen. A look at the faces of this serious, hushed, expectant throng reveals that almost every class and age is represented. In a tent at the rear, there is a prayer meeting for the blessing of God at the evening's services.

We gain a new conception of the power of sacred songs as the vast congregation sings from the Moody-Sankey hymnal. Promptly at eight the evangel-

ist steps out and places both hands on the rail. He is a large man, dressed in conventional black frock coat. Strange if heard from others, but characteristic of him, is the announcement that he sees too many familiar faces. It is time for the Christians to stop coming and crowding into the best seats. It is time for them to go out among the sailors and drunks and bring them in and give them the best seats!

Sankey sings, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." Plainly, much of the success of the revivals belongs to him. He has a voice of beauty and power which sounds through the hall like a trumpet. But it is more than that; there is soul in his singing.

Moody prays fervently, and Sankey sings, "There Were Ninety and Nine." The evangelist announces his subject, "The Crucified Christ." His sermon is a simple story told in the photographic way of one who has studied so intently that the whole scene stands out in vivid detail before him. "Headlong talking"



TIME—April 16-22

READING—1 Kings 13 to 2 Kings 5

1. When and why did a king's hand become withered and powerless so that he could not draw it to him?
2. When did failure to follow God's order specifically cost a prophet his life?
3. What queen's disguise was penetrated by a blind man?
4. Where are "cracknels" mentioned?
5. What king reigned seven days and then cremated himself?
6. When did fire consume stones?
7. When did a wall fall on 27,000 men?
8. What queen forged her husband's name to an important letter?
9. What man smote a prophet of the Lord on the cheek? Why?
10. What king had a house made of ivory?
11. Did you know that the story of the healing of the waters is highly symbolic? Read "Prophets and Kings," page 231.
12. How did the early morning sun's rays turn the tide of a battle?
13. Who told a woman to borrow dishes from her neighbors? What lesson of faith is presented in this borrowing?
14. Who used meal to counteract poison?
15. Where are described the furnishings of a preacher's room in Bible times?
16. What Syrian general was cured of leprosy through the kindly offices of a foreign Hebrew girl in his home?

probably best describes his style. His gestures are few but emphatic. So closely he clings to the Bible narrative that his lecture is "little more than a dramatic rendering of a Bible story, with constant applications to his congregation." There are some errors in grammar, an occasional "the Spirit done it," or "taint no use," but these are lost in the intense earnestness of the man. The rapt attention of the vast audience is palpable. There are hundreds in tears.

Right here a word might be interpolated regarding the eloquence of this preacher who held thousands "in the palm of his hand. They laughed or cried as he wanted." Reporters claimed he was not an orator, and certainly he was not when judged by ordinary standards. But consider this: When he described to a London congregation the ascension of Elijah, several parliamentary orators "rose to their feet and actually looked in the air after the ascending prophet."

But to return to the meeting we were attending: At the close of the talk, several hundred arise in response to the invitation to become Christians. The group is dismissed after an urgent request to stay for the aftermeeting for conversation and prayer with inquirers. Twelve or fifteen hundred remain.

The spiritual energy of this ambassador of God was matched by his physical prowess. His usual daily routine included three or four meetings—the noon prayer assemblies and late inquiry services in addition to the regular preaching. When small towns were on his itinerary, he frequently traveled considerable distances daily. He also carried the responsibility of raising funds, securing the cooperation of other ministers, preparing his multitudinous sermons, etc. During their last campaign in England, Mr. Moody and his music-leader associate, Mr. Sankey, visited ninety-nine towns in ninety days, usually holding three or four meetings a day. It must have been on some such occasion as this that Mr. Sankey prayed, as is reported of him, before going on the platform: "O God, do tire Moody, or give the rest of us superhuman strength!"

Moody was a staunch Fundamentalist. When a liberal preacher asserted that the story of Jonah and the whale was a myth, reporters asked him his opinion. His succinct four-word reply was telegraphed far and wide: "I stand by Jonah." He held tenaciously to the Inspired Word and promulgated its doctrines with Calvinistic fervor, but he had the grace to be tolerant of those whose views differed from his.

The last meetings he conducted were held in Kansas City. Early in their course he became ill, and, contrary to usual form, a sermon exhausted him. At the urgent advice of his choirmaster, he called a physician, at whose imperative command he reluctantly abandoned the effort and went home.

On December 22, 1899, Dwight L. Moody fell asleep, and four days later was laid to rest on "Round Top," a knoll back of his farmhouse made sacred by the memory of many prayers and spiritual convocations with minister friends who visited him in Northfield. Memorial services were held in leading cities of America, Great Britain, and Japan.

He who loves best his fellow man  
Is loving God the holiest way he can.

—Alice Cary.

It is a very unwise thing to act before thinking, but it is always a wise thing to think before acting.—M. A. Monday.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





J. C. ALLEN

## Bert's Lesson

BY  
NORMAN McCHESNEY



*Obe! Obe! 'tis the very best way—  
The happiest, safest, wisest way  
For all of us—young and old.*

A HAPPY family of five lived on a large ranch in North Dakota. Since their farm was a mile from the nearest neighbors, the Johnsons lived somewhat to themselves. The oldest boy, Bert, was his father's right-hand man. He loved the farm and the work that goes with it so much that he even stopped school after eight grades to give all his time to it.

The school that Teddy and Louise, the two younger children, attended was three miles away. Therefore, it was necessary for some one to take them to school.

Mr. Johnson had twenty horses with which he did all of his farm work. His favorite among them was a colt of a trotting-horse breed. He had another team of driving horses, but he was sure that his colt would surpass them all. He named him Diamond because he prized him so highly. His sire was one of the most famous horses in the country at that time, and that made him all the more valuable. Diamond's sorrel coat and his silken mane, which were always given the best of care, made him fairly shine with beauty.

He had been broken when a little past two years old, and was now nearly three; so he could be driven quite safely. Mr. Johnson was very careful of him, and very seldom did he let any one besides Bert and himself drive him. Bert greatly loved the horses, and was nearly as good a horseman as his father.

One day in January, Mr. Johnson received a letter calling him to a distant city to transact some business. One of the driving horses had slipped on the ice and fallen; so it was necessary that they drive Diamond in his place when they took Mr. Johnson to the train. It was four miles to the station, and as they did not go to town very often, Mrs. Johnson went along for the ride.

They planned that Mr. Johnson should make a visit to some of his relatives while he was on the trip, and this would keep him away for several days. Upon Bert's shoulders rested the responsibility of taking care of the farm during his absence. At the station, his father gave him his parting instructions.

"Be very careful of Diamond when you drive to school with the children. Don't drive too hard, and if the roads get too bad, don't go at all," he advised.

The train was even then pulling into the station; so they hurriedly said good-by, and the traveler was off.

That evening the house seemed very lonely without father, but they all thought of the well-deserved rest he would get after having worked so hard for so long.

Monday morning dawned bright and fair. The hired man and Bert thought that it would be a very fine day to haul hay, and so while Bert hurried to get the children to school, the hired man did

all the chores to make it possible to start immediately after dinner.

Bert had just started on his return trip from school, when from a crossroad drove another team and sleigh. It was Jack Olsen with his father's team.

"Hi, Bert!" shouted Jack. "I'm going your way, so let's drive along together." "That will be fine!" returned Bert.

Inasmuch as there were very few farms in the country, Jack was a near neighbor, even though he did live several miles from Bert's home. As they sometimes did not see any neighbors for a long time, they were glad for the chance to visit.

They conversed about all the latest news of the country round about. At last, when it seemed as if the conversation would soon cease, Jack, seemingly inspired with a thought, suggested, "I'll bet a dollar my team can beat yours in a race."

"I wouldn't say they can't; and since I do not believe it is right to bet, I will not bet with you," answered Bert.

"Well, let's race anyway," said Jack. "The road is good, and we'll save time, too."

"I don't think father would want me to race with Diamond," Bert replied, "He's only a colt, and something might happen to him."

"Aw, come on; your 'old man' will never know the difference," urged Jack, in his usual rough manner, for he was a very rowdy lad.

Bert didn't like this boy's rude way of talking about his father, but he did not

want Jack to call him a *sissy*. So he gave in a little, and agreed hesitatingly: "Well, maybe since father is gone, he won't find it out. I'll risk it."

Bert thought he heard a voice say, "Don't you remember what your father said just as he was leaving?"

He almost heeded the voice and refused, but when Jack called, "Oh, come on, Bert! Be a sport!" he replied, "All right; how far shall we go?"

"To that large oak tree not far from your house," was Jack's reply.

They started to trot, and when both teams were side by side, Jack shouted, "Go!" They cracked their whips, and the horses were off on the gallop.

They raced side by side for about half a mile, and then Jack took the lead and Bert felt that he had lost out. But he did not stay behind; with a sudden spurt of speed he dashed by Jack and was leading. A few rods before they came to the large oak, Jack again came up beside Bert, but not to get past. They dashed past the tree side by side.

"A tie!" shouted Jack.

The horses turned into Bert's yard, still going at a fair rate of speed. This almost threw the sleigh into the ditch, and Bert fell headlong into the snow. Jack stopped and called, "Are you hurt, Bert?"

"No, just got a good ducking in the snow; that's all!" he called back.

"Well, we had our race and no one won, but it was fun, anyway," laughed Bert.

"Yes, it was fun, even if I didn't win," agreed Jack. "Well, so long, Bert, I must be going," and Jack was off down the road.

Bert put the horses in the barn and went about getting ready to haul hay. He didn't realize that they were sweating and ought to be blanketed.

The next morning when he went to get them out to drive the younger children to school, he noticed that Diamond had not eaten all of his feed. He did not think so much of this, but when he took the horse to the watering trough and he refused to drink, he became alarmed. He put him back in the barn and tried to stimulate his appetite with good things, but to no avail.

At noon he consulted his mother, and then drove three miles to the nearest telephone and called the veterinarian. He was not in his office, but his office boy said that he would send him as soon as he could.

On the road home Bert thought to himself, "How much better it would be if I had not raced with Jack."

It happened that the veterinarian was on a case in a town out toward Johnson's farm, and when his office boy called him, he started at once. When he came to the railroad station, he had to wait for a train to pass. As he was waiting,



he noticed Mr. Johnson walking toward the depot, and called to him, "How does it happen you are here when I am supposed to be at your place?"

"I have just returned from a trip, and no one knows that I am here; but I cannot see why they have called for you."

"Well, get in, and we will soon be there," said the doctor, and then he started his team off at a brisk trot.

Bert was watching for the veterinarian, and as soon as he saw the team coming, he was out waiting. When his father got out of the sleigh, he was a very much surprised boy.

"Hello, son. What is the trouble?"

"Diamond is sick," was Bert's only answer.

They went to the barn, and the doctor gave the colt a careful examination. At last, after several minutes, he announced, "He has a touch of pneumonia, but with very good care I think he will be well again in a few days."

"Do anything you can to save him, Doctor. You can't make it too much to suit me," answered Mr. Johnson.

The veterinarian stayed all night and helped care for him. He gave him some medicine, and was ready to give him further treatment in case he should need it. But in the morning Diamond had improved greatly, and it was evident that with proper care he would be all right in a day or two.

When his father came into the house, Bert told him what had caused Diamond's illness, and finishing the story, added:

"I know now that it pays always to obey, father."

Mr. Johnson handed his son a slip of paper; it was a receipt from the veterinarian for \$20. And then he said: "I am going to let you keep that, as a reminder of this lesson."

"All right, dad. I think that I have learned it well," answered Bert very solemnly.

## Are You Happy?

(Continued from page 4)

every individual life is found and truly followed, there will be resulting happiness. Jesus said, "I will give you rest." "Peace I leave with you."

In the opening of His incomparable sermon on the mount, Jesus gave to the world His happiness recipe. Upon examining it, we find that there are nine ingredients in it. In the sermon on the mount He says, "Blessed [happy] are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Happy or blessed in spirit is the man who does not think of himself better than he ought, who is not self-sufficient, but who recognizes his spiritual poverty and wretchedness, and who is tremblingly alive to the necessities of his soul.

Again He says, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." That is, blessed or happy is the man who longs after God, the man who mourns for the sins that separate him from his Maker. It is a true saying that happiness is the fruit of sorrow.

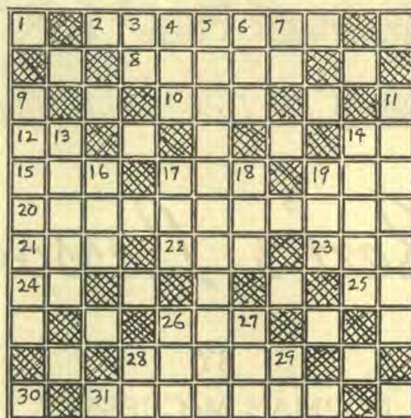
Reading on: "Blessed [happy] are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Happy are those who are of a quiet and gentle spirit. Happy the man who fears God and loves his fellows, conscious that all of temporal and spiritual good that he has comes from God. Jesus says of this man that he is happy.

"Blessed [happy] are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." The body has its natural hunger, which is satisfied with the things of the earth. But the soul cannot be satisfied with the things of the earth. It has need of satisfying

## Crossword Puzzle

BY ALEX. FRANZ

Here is a new idea—words reading diagonally, besides those reading horizontally and vertically. Two words are formed from corner to corner, interlocking with the others at the center.



### Diagonal

(Upper left corner to lower right corner)  
1. Inconveniences.

(Lower left corner to upper right corner)  
30. Intelligence or news.

### Horizontal

2. Brings to remembrance. 8. Respect. Ex. 20:12. 10. Frequently. Mark 7:3. 12. Type measure. 14. Toward. 15. To beat severely. 17. Bones. 19. By the way of. 20. Member of an academy. 21. A half score. Ps. 33:2. 22. Edge. 23. Before. Jer. 47:6. 24. Conjunction. 25. The are, metric land measure. 26. Feel sick. 28. Belonging to them. 31. Cooked before a fire. Isa. 44:19.

### Vertical

3. Expression of inquiry. 4. Speech of the cow. 5. Debilities. 6. Adverbial participle expressing negation. 7. Doctor (abbreviation). 9. Narrator. 11. Lenders. 13. Mace bearers. 14. Diadem. 16. Male adult. Gen. 1:26. 17. Over (contraction). 18. A purpose. 19. Compete. 26. Exclamation. Ps. 40:15. 27. Brightened. 28. Toward. 29. Musical note.

food which pertains to heavenly things. Happy the man who hungers and thirsts for the heavenly manna—righteousness and holiness.

"Blessed [happy] are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." Happy the man whose heart is touched at the sight of another's need, when his emotion is accompanied by suitable works. A merciful man enters into troubles of his neighbor, feels for him, grieves with him and helps him. The man who shows mercy to his fellow man, Jesus says, shall obtain mercy of God.

"Blessed [happy] are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," continues the Saviour. Happy the man who is free from moral and spiritual corruption, the man whose heart has been cleansed from all sin through the blood of Jesus. A defiled heart can never be a happy heart.

"Blessed [happy] are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." The man who does not fan and add fuel to the fires of strife, but who by his influence and wisdom seeks to reconcile the contending parties, the Lord calls happy. All men are said to be in a state of hostility to God, and it is the duty of peacemakers to bring the sinner into a state of reconciliation with his Maker, and thus spread joy through the world.

"Blessed [happy] are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The

enmity of the human heart to God is such that all those who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. The law of God countenances no vice; so the vicious will not countenance this law or its adherents. Happy are they who suffer for the sake of right.

The final ingredient in Jesus' recipe for happiness is, "Blessed [happy] are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake." This verse comprehends calumny and slander. The Saviour declares that one who endures false accusation for His sake, is happy.

The happiness which seems always to be just around the next corner, the happiness which cannot be forced or put on as a cloak, will seek with outstretched arms the person who chooses to walk in the path of duty. As Phillips Brooks has said: "Happiness is the natural flower of duty."

"While I sought Happiness she fled  
Before me constantly.

Weary, I turned to Duty's path,  
And Happiness sought me,  
Saying, 'I walk the road today:  
I'll bear thee company.'"

Happiness is successfully wooed by a cheerful performance of life's duties; by a swift obedience to God's commandments; and by an unselfish ministry to others.

## Nature Fact and Fable

(Continued from page 9)

peak was actually sizzling, sounding like a thousand frying pans going at once. If a person would hold up his finger, the sparks would fly off into the air.

"I say," the ranger was speaking as I came up with the head of the line, "we had better get away from here in a hurry."

"Where shall we go?" I queried. I had heard of parties being killed on these high peaks in thunderstorms, and was as anxious as any one to get to safety. Just then a bolt of lightning struck the rocks only a few hundred feet away, and that helped to speed our departure from the snapping mountaintop. Down about two hundred feet below the summit, the peak flattened out a bit, and the lightning-rod effect was not so pronounced. There we found large boulders under which we could crawl for shelter from the rain which was now beginning to fall. The tail end of the storm had decided to swing over our way. Off to the north, the sky was black, and sheets of rain were falling. Overhead it was black also, and the thunder shook the cliffs. We could hear avalanches falling from the mountainsides in several places.

For an hour we lay underneath the boulders, munching crackers and raisins, cheese, and dried fruits, while the storm cracked and rolled overhead. Every few minutes the ranger appeared.

"Well, how is every one?" were his cheery words, as he went from one forlorn group to another.

About two o'clock he said to me, "Don't you think we shall have to start for camp even though it is storming? It will take four hours to get back. We cannot afford to be overtaken by night among these rocks."

I agreed, and amid the rain and snow, the flash of lightning, and the booming of the thunder, we began to pick our way down over the cliffs and the glacier and around the moraines. We had to observe extreme caution, as the rocks were slippery. On the moraines we had to keep out from under steep piles of boulders, for some of them were being loosened by the rain and the thunder. Rocks as large as automobiles would go crashing down over the sides of the



morainic debris. Streams of water were running everywhere down the rocks and over the surface of the glacier.

The sunshine was breaking through the clouds when we reached our camp about six o'clock. A campfire was quickly built to dry out our drenched clothing. Some of the boys had forgotten to roll up their beds in the morning, and the storm had soaked their blankets through and through. Some of the crowd had to sit up most of the night before everything was dried out.

In closing this account, I would not do justice to the tale without telling of the 1932 climb, in which Mrs. Clark reached the top after the third attempt. This trip was the most successful of all. Every one in the party reached the summit, including our Field School members and another group who had come up from the college to join us in the climb. It was a perfect day, and we were on the trail from five-thirty in the morning until nine-thirty at night. When we reached the glacier, we had to cut our steps again, which took over an hour.

When the steps were cut, I sent word back to the rocks below, where the girls of the party were resting. In the meantime I tied a hundred-foot rope to my waist and began to climb up the cliffs. For fifty feet it was like going up giant stairs three or four feet high. Above that it was not so steep, but ascended by a series of broad ledges for another hundred feet to the south edge of the peak, which is undercut by the cirque of the ancient Merced glacier. The highest point of Lyell lies about a quarter of a mile east of where we ascended, and perhaps 300 feet higher up.

When I reached the top of the steepest cliffs, I partly lay down and wedged myself behind a rock, with the rope around my waist. Thus I served as an anchor at the upper end of the line. George Jeys stood at the head of the steps in the ice, with the middle of the rope fastened to an ice ax stuck in the snow. The lower fifty feet of the rope dangled down the steep stairway we had cut in the snow. As the members of the party came up, we distributed them alternately, man and woman, one after the other. George helped them get started up the cliffs, and one by one they climbed, using the rope as support, guide, and safety measure. As they came up to me, each one stepped over me and went on up until he could find a safe place to wait for all to come up.

The last of the party safely up the cliffs, George following, I tied my end of the rope to a boulder and again took charge of the line. We now made our way to the edge of the south cliff, following the perpendicular wall closely. Suddenly we came to a crevice about two feet wide. Giving attention to our footing, we were startled to see a yawning gap with a thousand feet of open space below. The mountain seemed actually to overhang the basin below. It was a queer sensation to look down so far into blue glacial lakes. But each one nervily made the step across, although some were near tears from the nerve strain.

Finally, four hours after we had left the foot of the glacier two miles below, we stood on the summit of Mt. Lyell, 13,090 feet above the sea. It was a glorious sight to look out over the expanse of rugged Sierran peaks, with a cloudless sky above. The eighteen members of the party were all elated with the success of the adventure, even though some were suffering from mountain sickness. In spite of every discomfort, and the strenuous exertion, nervousness, and fear, all were glad to reach the top. Many times since, various members of that party have remarked, "That was the most interesting day in all my life."



Address all correspondence to The  
Stamp Corner, Youth's Instructor,  
Takoma Park, D.C.

## Exchange

### Use Commemoratives on Your Exchange Letters

(In sending requests to this column, please give your age, junior, senior, or mature, the length of time you have been collecting, and the size of your collection.)

CANADA.—Raymond West, Military Hospital, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, (mature, 1,000 stamps), wishes to notify his stamp friends that after May 1, 1937, his address will be Box 16, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, Canada. He has duplicates from Australia, Canada, England, and the United States. He wishes stamps from any islands of the British Empire, especially Mauritius, and Africa, and the Straits Settlements. He also wishes stamps from Abyssinia, Belgian Congo, Brunei, Honduras, Iceland, Italian Somaliland, Liberia, North Borneo, Palestine, Somali Coast, Siam, and Fiume.

Thelma Paul, 21 Hoyt Street, Spring Valley, New York, (junior, 1 year, 3,000 stamps), would like to get stamps from all over the world. She has several hundred pairs from various countries, and hundreds of U.S. to exchange.

Mrs. A. D. Hamilton, Unadilla, New York, (mature, 3,000 stamps), will exchange South and Central American stamps on a catalogue basis for any other stamps except common varieties of Europe, Canada, and the U.S. She will also give 50 different stamps to any beginner who will send her a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Mrs. Harold Starkey, Maple Plain, Minnesota, (mature, 2,000 stamps, 1 year), would like stamps from all countries except France, Germany, and Hungary. She will try to send stamps in exchange from the countries asked for.

Bernal Thurlow, Jr., Mountain Dale, Route 2, Bryant Pond, Maine, (junior, 2 years, 1,500 stamps), offers stamps from Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Dutch Indies, Italy, Spain, Austria; and wants stamps from South Africa, Central America, Newfoundland, Mexico, and Iceland.

Mrs. C. E. Harlow, Loma Linda, California, (mature, 2 years, 2,000 stamps), is especially interested in airmails, Jubilees, and British colonials, as well as general foreign. She has a good supply of foreign commemoratives to exchange.

Marion Abegg, 4224 Northeast Failing Street, Portland, Oregon, (junior, 2,274 stamps), wants Luxembourg stamps, Belgian Congo Queen Astrid issue, Jubilees, Edward VIII stamps, and any new jubilees and centennials, for which he offers stamps from Italy, India, Sweden, United States, Holland, and Hungary.

Olive Mourvan, 1232 West Spring Street, Lima, Ohio, (mature, advanced), will exchange U.S. commemoratives and precancels for foreign covers with the stamps intact.

Virginia Kelly, Box 5, Evansport, Ohio, (junior, beginner), would appreciate help in getting started.

William Hamberger, Grafton, Ohio, (junior, beginner), needs help in his stamp collecting.

## Protected

(Continued from page 6)

to discern the general direction and keep in the right way.

To keep cheerful, they talked and sometimes sang. Finally, conversation and song lapsed into silence. Guided by the thin line of light, Miss Jones meditated on the lesson portrayed. When she took her eyes from that light, she became confused and fell to one side or the other of the path. By looking again, she could regain the right path, and only by constant upward gaze could she keep it. "How like the Christian way," she thought as she remembered a poem she had once read. She was starting to tell Lindy Lee about it, when suddenly a powerful flashlight shone out before them, and a voice gruffly called out of the darkness, "What's the idear, Miz Jones? Think ya could git away with this spyin', didn't cha? Wal, ya got another think comin'. Ya'll git no chance to go back and tell the revenuer 'bout this one." And he emphasized his remarks with profanity. Other voices joined his. There was a barking of dogs, and several ran menacingly forward, surrounding Miss Jones. Lindy Lee had dropped to the ground in an attitude of dejection and misery and was crying woefully.

"You stop yer yelpin', Lindy Lee; we ain't wantin' ya. If ya keep quiet, ya'll be all right, ya understand?"

"Yas, sah," meekly whimpered Lindy Lee.

"Whatcha got to say, Miz Jones?"

By this time several lights were shining. She recognized several of the men, the worst characters in the valley. She saw also that there were guns.

"I am not spying. I have been to visit Old Manda. She is very sick. Believe me, I have not come to spy you out."

"How come you didn't have no light, then?" put in one.

"Pretty good story, I sez," added another.

"My flashlight burned out," explained Miss Jones. "See, here it is," and she handed it over.

They tried it. Sure enough it was burned out.

She opened her short jacket and held it out on both sides.

"If I were spying on you, I would not come unarmed. But see, I have no pistol."

"What's that abumpin' on the side of your hip?" asked one.

"This is my first-aid kit," and she extended it toward them. "I fastened it on the belt of my skirt."

They came up closer. She felt and smelled their hot liquor-laden breaths and drew back.

"Afraid, be ye? Wal, now, what do ye think of that? Men, this little gal's afraid. Ye better be, sez I." And he moved closer.

"I am not afraid. All my stay in this valley I have tried to do what is right. Today I came, not to spy you out, but to help Old Manda, who, as you know, is sick. I would not have been so late on the way, but a man was sick, and we would not leave him."

"That's right, men," a voice broke in. "John Ikes was about to be seized with his fits, and she did come and take him up to his house. Telfie, his wife, told me about it."

"Well, that's not sayin' nuthin'. She still coulda been spyin'."

"Well, what ya goin' to do?" impatiently inquired another.

"Here ya been waitin' fer a chance like this all year, and now you act like scairt women. I sez, let's go ahead with the plan."

"Me, too," agreed others.

There was a movement as though they



would rush toward her. A few guns were raised.

Instead of retreating, Miss Jones took a step toward them, raised her arm in a gesture calling for silence, and said:

"My friends, you think I am afraid, and I am, but not for myself. I am afraid for you. The God whose will I am trying to carry out, has not only promised that 'whosoever shall gather against' me 'shall fall,' and that 'no weapon that is formed against' me 'shall prosper,' but also that my enemies shall fall before me.

"I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid for those who dare harm me. For you would die the second death. The plagues would fall upon you, and in the end, fire would come down from heaven and destroy you. Why don't you stop your evil ways; give them up and do right? Jesus will forgive you for your wrongs. Then when He comes, you will be safely ready for Him."

She stopped. There was silent expectancy.

Finally the leader spoke. "Maybe yer right, Miz Jones, maybe yer right. Let her go this time, men. I git to thinkin', and it sorta bothers me. Maybe she's right."

Turning to the teacher, he continued, "Miz Jones, you take yerself off here and go straight down yonder path. Don't look to any way. Thar'll be a man followin' ye. It's a shorter way than the way ye come. But ye don't need to note whar it comes out, to take it agin. Jis forgit it."

Some men opened the shrubbery on one side of the road, and as a light shone, a small path was revealed.

Miss Jones stepped to the path. Lindy Lee followed closely, and the two walked on. The light from the flashlight of a man behind them lighted the way.

Nothing was said. After what seemed hours, the path opened onto a familiar road.

"Guess you all kin find yer way, now"—and the man turned and left them. When the sound of his footsteps could no longer be heard, Lindy Lee grabbed the teacher's arm and said, "Oh, my soul, Miz Jones, I thought you would be kilt sure by now." And then she thoughtfully added, "If you'da had a pistol, you would hev been, sure enough."

"I guess you're right, Lindy Lee. I guess I would have been killed sure enough." And the teacher lifted her heart in grateful thanks to the greatest Protector.

## Mickey Rat—Teacher

(Continued from page 8)

as I did the mother pigs, of destroying his own progeny.

The discovery gave me an answer to two questions: First, What had been happening to our baby pigs? Second, Why are so many seemingly harmless games and amusements condemned? The answer to the second question is that these seemingly harmless games are just like Mickey. They grow beyond control. They serve no good purpose either in control or out of it.

Mickey is back in his cage now, but it took a real shock to put him there. His spree had amused me and cost my employers. The only difference between the two factors in the analogy is Mickey really has a proper place. The games against which our Seventh-day Adventist young people are warned do not. They simply should not be. But some one says they sharpen our wits so that we can use them to better advantage. We can sharpen our wits on the proper things to far better advantage, because wits sharpened on foolish and harmful games are fitted only to

play more games, and not to do serious thinking. Native intelligence is not enhanced by these pastimes. It is more apt to be dulled by habits of thinking which do not provide for future contingencies. And it is not wits that most people need sharpened, it is their appetites—their appetite for work.

The rat that was Mickey is no better than any of his brothers, who were raised on milk and grain and cost a quarter each. Mickey's cost is eight or ten dollars at least. Why? Because he fed on wrong things. Some one says, "We must have some amusement." Better say, "Keep your rats in their cage." Make every hour contribute something toward the future. An hour that at its end finds us no better spiritually, no better equipped for life's tasks ahead, is figuratively a guinea pig that Mickey got. Recreation is to be found

in doing things we love to do. Let us choose to be upright, hard-driving, forward-looking young men and women.

Amusement is such a weak word. If that is all we can get from a game, let us put Mickey back in his cage, and stop letting him steal our hours and our powers of mind.

Achievement is a strong word. Let us work toward it, play toward it, live toward it. The sensible thing is to put our leisure time to work toward reaching a goal. Actually, a great many people waste more time than they use. They work only half their working hours, and even while they work they accomplish only one half to three fourths as much as they are capable of accomplishing. Work is force through space. Achievement is work through time—perseverance through life. I thank Rat Number 1001 for the illustration.



WHAT gives photography such enthusiastic followers is its challenge to the imagination, and its accuracy. To take a good photograph, you don't just close your eyes and haphazardly click the shutter; no, you use your imagination to take the picture in such a way that something personal is expressed. But unless you are accurate and remember to take your thumb off the lens and set the camera, even the best imagination won't produce much. When a good picture turns out, you get such a thrill out of seeing your own brain child that you're off to better it.

But how does one go about taking a good photograph? First comes the idea. The difference between a snapshot and a photograph is an idea. You see a house on a hill; you like it. Why? Maybe because it looks so friendly in the desolate landscape.

Now try to take your picture to express that feeling. Make the house the predominant object in the picture; don't include a number of barns, an automobile, and a telephone pole; they will detract from the contrast between the house and the hill. Compose the picture carefully so that the sky balances the hill. Get the right distance away to make the house small enough not to hog the whole picture.

So far, imagination has been necessary; now for accuracy. Your exposure must be correct. Try to expose for the house if you want it to stand out. Then the hill will be darker and the house will seem warmer and friendlier. If you wish to bring out the clouds, use a filter and lengthen exposure accordingly. Set your distance, and everything is ready. Snap! (with your eyes open) and there you have the first step of your picture, provided you don't make another exposure on top of it.

Probably you will want to go further and develop and enlarge your picture yourself. Only in this way can you fully express your idea. A professional finisher cannot give the same sympathetic attention you can. The negative development is not particularly important, and it is not essential that you do this yourself unless you demand special accuracy.

It is in the enlargement that you can carry your idea to its completion. By

selecting different kinds of enlarging paper, various effects can be produced. As a general rule, rough papers should be used only sparingly, as they give less contrast between the lightest and darkest parts of a picture. A fairly smooth paper will give your picture more life and brilliance.

Correct exposure under the enlarger is very important. This should be long enough to allow the print to remain in the developer one and a half minutes. If it gets too dark before then, the exposure has been too long; if too light, it has not been long enough. By keeping the print in one and a half minutes, you allow the picture to get a life and tone to it. With careful washing and fixing, you will have a fine photograph, a product of imagination and care.—W. D. Compton.

LIVE pure, speak truth, right wrong,  
... Else wherefore born?

—Tennyson.

## Sabbath School Lessons

### SENIOR YOUTH

#### IV—The New Jerusalem

(April 24)

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 21:10.

LESSON HELPS: "The Great Controversy," pp. 674-678; "Early Writings," pp. 288, 289; "Daniel and the Revelation," pp. 837-854.

#### Questions

1. What did Jesus tell His disciples about His Father's house? What promise did He make? John 14:2, 3.

NOTE.—"Jesus is today in heaven preparing mansions for those who love Him; yes, more than mansions, a kingdom which is to be ours. But all who shall inherit these blessings must be partakers of the self-denial and self-sacrifice of Christ for the good of others."—"Testimonies," Vol. V, p. 732.

2. Where is the New Jerusalem located at the present time? Gal. 4:26; Rev. 21:2.

3. How long will the saints reign in heaven with Christ? Rev. 20:4, 6.

4. What did John see come down out of heaven at the end of the thousand years? How did the city appear? Rev. 21:2, 10, 11.

5. By what is the city surrounded? How many foundations does it have? What is written in these foundations? Verse 12, 14.

6. How many gates does the city have? What is written on them? Of what are



the gates composed? Verses 12, 13, 21.  
7. What is the measurement of the city? What is the height of the wall? Verses 15-17.

NOTE.—The measure around the city, "as the words 'length' and 'breadth' imply, and as was the early custom of measuring cities, is 12,000 furlongs. This is equal to 1,500 miles, 375 miles on each side, making a perfect square. The area of this city is therefore 140,625 square miles, or 90,000,000 acres, or 3,920,400,000,000 square feet. Allowing 100 square feet to each person, or a space ten feet square, the city would hold 39,204,000,000 persons."—*"Bible Readings,"* p. 780.

8. Of what is the wall constructed? With what are the foundations adorned? Verses 18-20.

9. Of what are the city and its streets composed? Verses 18, 21, last part of each.

NOTE.—"The thought evidently is that the gold is like a mirror, so highly polished as to reflect the gorgeous palaces, the beautiful gardens, and the dome of heaven."—*"Bible Lessons,"* Peck, p. 498.

10. What is located in the New Jerusalem? What will be the privilege of those who enter? Rev. 22:3, 4.

11. What will flow through the city? What stands on either side of the river? How many kinds of fruit will it bear? Verses 1, 2.

NOTE.—"Beneath the throne of God is an inexhaustible fountain of the water of life, the source of all the waters of the earth. This river is in the Garden of Eden, which was transplanted to heaven just before the flood."—*Ibid.*

NOTE.—"The tree of life which Adam lost through transgression is to be restored by Christ. Access to this is one of the promises to the overcomer. Rev. 2:7. Its bearing twelve kinds of fruit, a new kind each month, suggests a reason why in the new earth 'from one new moon to another,' as well as 'from one Sabbath to another,' all flesh is to come before God to worship, as stated in Isaiah 66:22, 23."—*"Bible Readings,"* p. 781.

12. Why will the city have no need of the sun or the moon? Verse 5; 21:23.

13. Who will walk in the light of the city? Whose glory and honor will be brought into it? Verse 24.

14. What will be excluded from the New Jerusalem? Verse 27; 22:15.

15. Who may be permitted to enter the city? Verse 14.

16. What invitation is now extended to all? Verse 17.

NOTE.—"The great closing thought of this wonderful book of Revelation is the Spirit's appeal to our hearts: 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' Do not our hearts respond to this invitation? The new earth, the Holy City, with all their beauty, their advantages and opportunities, speak to our hearts with that still small voice, saying, 'Come! Come! For the time is at hand.'"—*"Bible Lessons,"* Peck, p. 502.

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

## JUNIOR

### IV—Paul's Third Missionary Journey Ended at Jerusalem

(April 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21:1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6:14.

LESSON HELP: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 396-398.

PLACES: The islands of Coos and Rhodes; Patara; Phoenicia; Tyre; Ptolemais; Caesarea; Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Paul and his company, including Luke; Philip and his four daughters; the prophet Agabus; disciples of Caesarea; Mnason of Cyprus.

## Setting of the Lesson

Paul was hastening on his way to Jerusalem. His companions were Luke, Timothy, and six brethren from different churches in Asia. Paul's arrival at Jerusalem marks the end of his third missionary tour.

## Questions

1. After Paul had bidden farewell to the brethren that had come from Ephesus, and sailed from Miletus, along what cities did his course lay? At what city did he land? Acts 21:1.

NOTE.—Coos and Rhodes were small islands. The city of Rhodes was famous for its Colossus, a great lighthouse made in the figure of a man. The structure was of brass, one hundred feet high. Vessels at one time could sail between the legs of the statue. The Colossus of Rhodes was reckoned as one of the Seven Wonders of the world.

2. What transfer was made at Patara? What large island could be seen on the left? Where was the next landing place? Verses 2, 3.

NOTE.—Patara was the seaport of the province of Lycia. Here Paul and his companions changed to a ship going southward to Palestine.

Sailing within sight of Cyprus, the apostle Paul could hardly fail to recall his experience with Elymas, the sorcerer, when visiting that island in company with Barnabas.

Tyre was one of the most famous cities of the ancient world. A church is said to have been established there when the believers scattered from Jerusalem on account of the persecution that followed the death of Stephen. The time the ship remained there was spent in unloading the old cargo and receiving a new one. Paul improved the opportunity by strengthening and encouraging the believers.

3. How long were Paul and his company permitted to remain in Tyre? What did the disciples there say to Paul? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"The Holy Spirit had revealed to these brethren something of the dangers which awaited Paul at Jerusalem, and they endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. But the same Spirit which had warned him of afflictions, bonds, and imprisonment, still urged him forward, a willing captive."—*"Sketches From the Life of Paul,"* p. 203.

4. Who went with the missionaries to the ship? What was done before they parted? After the farewells were spoken, what did each company do? Verses 5, 6.

NOTE.—For what would they pray at a time like that? We are told that before Paul stepped on board the ship, "they knelt upon the shore and prayed, he for them, and they for him."—*"Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 396.

5. What was the next place at which Paul and his company stopped? How long did they remain? Verse 7.

6. What place did they reach the following day? With whom did they find a home? Who was this Philip? What is said of his family? Verses 8, 9.

NOTE.—"Philip the evangelist was bound to Paul by ties of the deepest sympathy. A man of clear discernment and sterling integrity, Philip had been the first to break away from the bondage of Jewish prejudice, and thus had helped prepare the way for the apostle's work. It was Philip who preached the gospel to the Samaritans; it was Philip who had the courage to baptize the Ethiopian eunuch."—*"Sketches From the Life of Paul,"* p. 204.

7. What is said of the time that Paul and his company remained at Caesarea? Who visited them from Judea? Verse 10.

8. How did Agabus illustrate his prophecy concerning Paul? Verse 11.

NOTE.—It was the custom of the Hebrew prophets to deepen the impression of their words by appropriate actions. Isaiah loosed his sackcloth and took off his shoes to emphasize his prophecy that the Egyptian captives should be led away into Assyria naked and barefoot. See Isaiah 20. Jeremiah used his girdle in its strength and in its decay as a type of the

experience of Israel. Jeremiah 13. He wore bands and yokes around his neck, as a sign to Edom and Moab. Jer. 27:2, 3.

9. On hearing the words of Agabus, what did the companions and friends of Paul unite in doing? Verse 12.

10. By what question did Paul kindly rebuke his friends? For what did he say he was ready? Verse 13.

11. Why did the brethren stop entreating him? What did they say? Verse 14.

NOTE.—"Paul and his company set out for Jerusalem, their hearts deeply shadowed by the presentiment of coming evil. Never before had the apostle approached Jerusalem with so sad a heart. He knew that he would find few friends and many enemies. . . . And he could not count upon the sympathy and support of even his own brethren in the faith. The unconverted Jews who had followed so closely upon his track, had not been slow to circulate the most unfavorable reports at Jerusalem, both personally and by letter, concerning him and his work. . . . Yet in the midst of discouragements, the apostle was not in despair. He trusted that the Voice which had spoken to his own heart would yet speak to the hearts of his countrymen, and that the Master whom his fellow disciples loved and served would yet unite their hearts with his in the work of the gospel."—*"Acts of the Apostles,"* pp. 397, 398.

12. From Caesarea, where did Paul and his company go? Verse 15.

NOTE.—The word "carriage" is used in the old sense of things carried—baggage.

13. Who accompanied them to Jerusalem? How were they received when they arrived? Verses 16, 17.

NOTE.—"Some of the Christians of Caesarea went along with them, not merely, as it would seem, to show their respect and sympathy for the apostolic company, but to secure their comfort on arriving, by taking him to the house of Mnason, a native of Cyprus, who had been long ago converted to Christianity, possibly during the life of our Lord Himself, and who may have been one of those Cyprian Jews who first made the gospel known to the Greeks at Antioch."—*"Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul,"* Conybeare and Howson, pp. 537, 538.

14. What memorable words did Paul write which showed the Spirit in which he worked? Memory verse.

## Work for Diligent Students

Trace on the map Paul's journey from Miletus to Jerusalem.

Recall a former experience that took place at Caesarea. Acts 10.

Recall a former prophecy made by Agabus. Acts 11:27, 28.

What characteristics of Paul do you find revealed in this lesson?

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# The Listening Post

► BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is credited with the invention of the rocking chair.

► THE average life of motorcars is eight and one quarter years, according to Automobile Manufacturing Association compilations.

► SOVIET RUSSIA claims that her army is the healthiest in the world. Ninety per cent of those called to the colors each year satisfy all the health requirements for service.

► BEGUN as a hobby a score of years ago, the McKee Jungle Garden at Vero Beach, Florida, has cost far more than \$100,000, and is now considered the most nearly complete assemblage of woods and flora to be found in one spot.

► A NEW statue of Thomas Paine, the American freethinker, will be unveiled at Paris late in April. It will be eight feet high, cast in bronze, and covered with a layer of gold leaf "toned down to shades of Roman gold." Gutzon Borglum is the sculptor.

► RAYON is to find new use in the manufacture of tires. As a result of research carried on over a period of ten years, it has been found that for high-speed runs with heavy loads, tires made of rayon cords may be expected to give, in some instances, four to five times as much milage as other tires.

► EIGHTY-SIX coffins mounted on trucks were recently paraded through the streets of Atlanta, Georgia, to the accompaniment of dirges from slow-stepping bands. The coffins, representing Atlanta traffic fatalities of 1936, were placarded driver, passenger, pedestrian, cyclist. Also in the parade were one hundred wrecked motorcars, as well as ambulances and floats describing safety methods.

► AMERICAN youths will be given a chance to develop their creative instincts through a nation-wide competition for original motorcar designs being conducted by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild. Models entered in the contest may be of the solid variety, fashioned from a single block of wood or other suitable material, but must be constructed to a scale of one inch to one foot and conform to the designated length, height, and width, so that an actual car built to the same specifications would have sufficient head room, leg room, and breadth to accommodate five or six persons.

► Few persons realize that, with the exception of one 700-mile gap, scheduled air service now spans the Western Hemisphere almost from pole to pole. Beginning at Nome, Alaska, one can take Pacific-Alaska Airway planes to Juneau, thence a steamer to Seattle and from Seattle again take to wings, flying to Chicago and Miami, across the Caribbean to Panama, down to Santiago, Chile, and then, on a newly opened link of Chilean National Airlines, to Magallanes, at the tip of South America. With the exception of the steamer gap, this route of 11,337 miles runs by air from within 1,500 miles of the North Pole to within 2,500 miles of the South Pole. The running time is eight days, including the two-day steamer trip.

► A GIANT natural hole on the side of Monte Sano, overlooking Huntsville, first settled town of north Alabama, may soon become one of the chief spots of interest to visitors in this part of the South. Because of the sheer drop of its circular walls, the phenomenon has excited curiosity as far back as residents can remember. The many features of this natural well—chambers beyond description, stairways of rock, corridors shaped like cathedrals—have convinced government officials that it will be a great attraction to the public.

► A GIGANTIC sleeping glacier of the Black Rapids in Alaska has suddenly begun to move into the valley alongside the Big Delta River, 125 miles south of Fairbanks, and has already advanced five miles. If the glacier continues on its present path, over which it is advancing at the rate of 220 feet a day, it will block the highway connection of Fairbanks with the outside world.

► A MARBLE arch, bearing the inscription, "O beneficent sun, thou seest nothing greater than the City of Rome," was dedicated on March 15 on the highway built across Libya, from the borders of Tunis to Egypt. It marks the completion of the Italian link in an international highway paralleling the coast, from Spanish Morocco to the Nile.

► THE falls at Niagara, which generally put on a spectacular show for winter visitors, supplied thrills for spectators recently when the largest ice movement since 1908 was recorded, huge cakes going over the cataract and jamming into high "mountains."

► THE Italian people love children: about 500,000 couples in Italy have seven living children; 200,000 couples have ten; 7,000 have fifteen; 2,000 have twenty; and seven have as many as twenty-five.

► NINE States in the United States have highway checking stations at their borders. They are California, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma.

► THERE are ninety-three skyscrapers thirty stories or more in height in New York City.

► IN Germany only one person in every fifty owns an automobile.

► A HUNT for first editions of the Harry Castlemon boys' books has been undertaken by V. Valta Parma, curator of the rare-book room of the Library of Congress.

► SIXTY-SIX of the Detroit school-safety-patrol boys, adjudged the most attentive on duty during the school year, will be given a five-day trip to Washington, D.C., in June. The boys will visit points of historic and scenic interest in and near the capital.

► PSYCHOLOGISTS say that practically all truly happy persons have hobbies. There is the little California foothill town of Sierra Madre whose hobby is the encouragement of hobbies. The person without a hobby is considered perhaps a little queer in Sierra Madre.

► FREIGHTERS outbound from New York for the Netherlands Indies, carry large shipments of overissue newspapers which are sold in Batavia and smaller market centers to the Chinese who monopolize the retail trade in that part of the world. They use the old newspapers to wrap their merchandise sales. A sign of reviving business in the Far East is the increase in shipments of old American newspapers. Last year nearly 16,000 tons went out.

► MANY stories have been told about the attitude of lions in Africa when an air liner passes overhead. Just recently, Imperial Airways reports, some lions were tracking a zebra. They were just about to overtake their prey, when one of the big mail planes came sweeping overhead. The zebra escaped. So angry were the lions that they not only threw back their heads and roared at the aircraft, but some of them could even be seen making furious upward swings, as though endeavoring to pull down out of the sky this noisy "bird" which had just robbed them of their quarry.

► IN 1916, Clarence Saunders applied the self-service idea to grocery shopping by founding the Piggly Wiggly stores. In 1923 he lost the fortune he had made. In the years since then, this energetic one-time grocery clerk of Clarksville, Tennessee, has made repeated efforts to regain his prestige. The latest and most unusual of these is announced from Memphis, Tennessee, where Saunders has introduced a new merchandising unit called the Keedoodle store. It works this way: As the customer enters, she receives a key about seven inches long—a thin fiber rod with a red light bulb at one end. With this in hand she walks past glass-enclosed shelves which hold the usual grocery-store supplies, including meats. To buy any article, she inserts the key in a shelf hole corresponding with the product, thus setting up an electrical contact. As soon as the key bulb flashes red, her purchase has been registered. When she concludes her tour of the store, she returns to the cashier, the only employee visible. He inserts her key in another hole, and all her purchases are thereby released on a conveyor belt, and an electric adding machine totals the bill—which of course she pays to the cashier before actually receiving her purchases.

## "The World

loves a scrapper. A good many of the discouragements it throws at you are merely challenges to fight. If you get discouraged, the world concludes you're no fighter. If you fight, the world quickly withdraws the discouragement."