

The Youth's INSTRUCTOR



James and Ellen G. White With Two of Their Sons, William C. and J. Edson (right).
James White Was the Founder and First Editor of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

A Birthday Letter

BY

MRS. E. G. WHITE

*To One of Her Sons on His
Nineteenth Birthday*

ANOTHER year of your life closes today. How can you look back upon it? Have you made advancement in the divine life? Have you increased in spirituality? Have you crucified self, with the affections and lusts? Have you an increased interest in the study of God's word? Have you gained decided victories over your own feelings and waywardness? Oh, what has been the record of your life for the year which has now passed into eternity, never to be recalled?

As you enter upon a new year, let it be with an earnest resolve to have your course onward and upward. Let your life be more elevated and exalted than it has hitherto been. Make it your aim not to seek your own interest and pleasure, but to ad-

vance the cause of your Redeemer. Remain not in a position where you ever need help yourself, and where others have to guard you to keep you in the narrow way. You may be strong to exert a sanctifying influence upon others. You may be where your soul's interest will be awakened to do good to others, to comfort the sorrowful, strengthen the weak, and to bear your testimony for Christ whenever opportunity offers. Aim to

honor God in everything, always and everywhere. Carry your religion into everything. Be thorough in whatever you undertake.

You have not experienced the saving power of God, as it is your privilege, because you have not made it the great aim of your life to glorify Christ. Let every purpose you form, every work in which you engage, and every pleasure you enjoy, be to the glory of God. Let this be the language of your heart: I am Thine, O God, to live for Thee, to work for Thee, and to suffer for Thee.

Many profess to be on the Lord's side, but they are not; the weight of all their actions is on Satan's side. By what means shall we determine whose side we are on? Who has the heart? With whom (*Turn to page 3*)

Let's Talk It Over

I FOUND a new text the other day—or rather an *old* text that took on a *new* meaning. It is hidden in the Book of books among the proverbs of that wisest man who ever lived, and it reads like this: "The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and He pondereth all his goings."

It was the last phrase—"pondereth all his goings"—that gave me pause.

God not only knows what you and I have done of right or wrong, what experiences of joy or disappointment or discipline have come to me, and to you; but He also knows exactly what is in store for me and for you in the days and months and years to come. For to Him the future is an open book, just as open and plain as is the past.

Do we not have the privilege of choice? Oh, yes, indeed. Every human being is a free moral agent in his own right. Our heavenly Father uses no measure of force or coercion to compel us to walk in His way. But looking over our lives from the beginning to the end and from the end to the beginning, He knows what our choices will be, just how we will meet every experience.

Our decision may follow His plan for us, and then again, it may not. These sin-warped minds of ours cannot think clearly unless our stubborn wills are yielded to Him without reserve. And we are so selfish and so anxious for our way to be His way that many times we honestly *think* we have made this surrender, when in reality we pray as did the old Scotchman: "O Lord, guide us aright, for we are verra, verra determined."

It has helped me to better understand just what this surrender means, to review the experience of Jesus as He agonized in prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. His petition was: "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Complete giving up of His own way! Complete submission to His Father's will!

And where did this surrender lead Him? Straight to Calvary. And it is only because He made this surrender that we have hope of redemption from sin through His blood—if we make the same complete surrender.

But so often we don't! We decide to go *this* way when the All-Father would have us go *that* way. Then,

grieved by our waywardness, but loving us still, He studies the open page of our lives, takes into account each past and future act, and does His very best for us, with the imperfect—yes, often broken—pieces with which He has to work.

I WAS pondering thoughts like these on my way to church—and especially the point that God is never in a hurry—apparently. And a realization of my own impatience swept over me as I took my seat. Things get all tangled up in my experience, and I pray about it—and I *mean* to pray with a fully surrendered will—but I get up from my knees and expect God to get busy and unsnarl things *right now!* That's one great trouble with us humans—

BUT at this point my cogitations were broken into when the preacher—to whom I should have been listening and wasn't—said something that stabbed my attention and brought me to an abrupt consciousness of my surroundings.

"Why *nothing* can happen to you,"—and he spoke in real earnest—"that God doesn't know about!" And then he went on to prove it, bringing out the point that our Father knows what is going to happen to us just as surely as He knows what has happened. There were texts and illustrations from the experience of Bible characters that nailed the lesson in the mind of every listener, I am sure. And then in closing, he told this story, which rather—clinched the nail!

HE was visiting a school in the Southland which is widely known for the help it gives worthy young people in securing an education. The matron indicated a girl who was at work, and said: "There was a knock at my door one afternoon about a year ago, and I opened it to find her standing before me. She simply announced that she had come to school and that she had walked from a point in the mountains about a hundred and fifty miles distant. I told her that I feared we could not accept her as a student, since there was no more money available for helping any one, but said I would arrange for her to stay the night and

make inquiries to see whether or not we could possibly do anything for her.

"Morning came, and although we had done our best to make a way to take her in, there seemed to be none. So I called her to me and told her that I was sorry, but she would have to go back home and wait a while. 'Oh, but I *can't* go home!' she answered. I asked why, and she said: 'The Lord sent me here. I *can't* go home!'

"Questioning brought out the story. I learned that she was the oldest of a large family of children; that she had longed with a great longing for an education; that she had prayed that God would open the way for her to study; that He had impressed her to come to us—and here she was!

"And I said to her: 'If you have that much faith, suppose you go upstairs and find a room that is not occupied just now, go in there and pray that God will send the money for you to go to school.' Her response was: 'All right.' And she turned toward the stairs.

"Several hours passed. I really forgot about her. Finally the morning mail came, and I opened a letter from a church in Illinois that had furnished one of our dormitory rooms, and that letter said they were so well pleased with the report we had sent of the student who had occupied that room the year before that they wanted to give her more help this year. There was a substantial check enclosed. I handed it over to one of the teachers with the words: "Go upstairs and find out who is in that room, please."

"She went up and walked along the hall, reading the name plates on the doors, for each room door bears the name of the church that furnished it, and finally she came to the right one, opened it, and there in the middle of the floor was that girl from the mountains on her knees.

"She has been with us ever since," the matron added, "and is one of the finest girls we have."

HOW wonderful it is that *nothing* can befall us that God does not know about in advance! I'm so glad that "He pondereth all" our "goings." Aren't you?

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

are our thoughts? Upon whom do we love to converse? Who has our warmest affections, and our best energies? If we are on the Lord's side, our thoughts are with Him, and our sweetest thoughts are of Him. We have no friendship with the world; we have consecrated all that we have and are to Him. We long to bear His image, breathe His Spirit, do His will, and please Him in all things.

You should pursue so decided a course that none need to be mistaken in you. You cannot exert an influence upon the world without decision. Your resolutions may be good and sincere, but they will prove a failure unless you make God your strength, and move forward with a firm determination of purpose. You should throw your whole heart into the cause and work of God. You should be in earnest to obtain an experience in the Christian life. You should exemplify Christ in your life.

You cannot serve God and mammon. You are either wholly on the Lord's side or on the side of the enemy. "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not

with Me scattereth abroad." Some persons make their religious life a failure because they are always wavering, and do not have determination. They are frequently convicted, and come almost up to the point of surrendering all for God; but, failing to meet the point, they fall back again. While in this state, the conscience is hardening, and becoming less and less susceptible to the impressions of the Spirit of God. His Spirit has warned, has convicted, and has been disregarded, until it is nearly grieved away. God will not be trifled with. He shows duty clearly, and if there is a neglect to follow the light, it becomes darkness.

God bids you become a worker with Him in His vineyard. Commence just where you are. Come to the cross and there renounce self, the world, and every idol. Take Jesus into your heart fully. You are in a hard place to preserve consecration and to exert an influence which shall lead others from sin and pleasure and folly to the narrow way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in.

Make an entire surrender to God; yield up everything unreservedly, and

thus seek for that peace which passes understanding. You cannot draw nourishment from Christ unless you are in Him. If not in Him, you are a branch that is withered. You do not feel your want of purity and true holiness. You should feel an earnest desire for the Holy Spirit, and should pray earnestly to obtain it. . . .

It is not natural for you to love spiritual things, but you can acquire that love, by exercising your mind, the strength of your being, in that direction. The power of doing is what you need. True education is the power of using our faculties so as to achieve beneficial results. Why is it that religion occupies so little of our attention, while the world has the strength of brain, bone, and muscle? It is because the whole force of our being is bent in that direction. We have trained ourselves to engage with earnestness and power in worldly business, until it is easy for the mind to take that turn. This is why Christians find a religious life so hard and a worldly life so easy. The faculties have been trained to exert their force in that direction. In religious life (Turn to page 12)

A Pair of Torn Trousers

BY

ERNEST LLOYD



I WAS brought up in a church-going family," one of a little group of institutional men declared reflectively when the conversation had drifted round to attendance at church. "That doesn't always count, to be sure, for as Friend Brown, here, just said, a man feels sometimes that he's had church enough in his boyhood to last him all the rest of his life. It wasn't so in my case, though, and that it wasn't was due largely to one of the saddest and most impressive incidents of my early years.

"Mother's health was always delicate, though she was an uncomplaining worker. People nowadays can hardly understand what scanty means a farmer had fifty years ago, and how much toil and planning and scrimping were required to keep a family of four clothed and fed. Mother often sat up quite late at night patching and mending our clothes, giving special attention to our best things, so that all would be in good shape for the Sabbath. Father used to remonstrate with her, but she always had much the same answer: 'The children can't go to church, William, without clothes, and they mustn't get into the habit of staying at home. They must learn to go while they are young, you know.'

"My thirteenth birthday I spent at Uncle Sidney Fletcher's. A day at

Uncle Sidney's was a rare treat, and I returned happy and excited, except for one disquieting accident. I had torn a hole in the knee of my new Sabbath trousers. I can remember how mother said, 'Why, Joey, dear!' as she drew the frayed edges together between her slim, white fingers, thinking no doubt as to how best to mend the rent.

"How little I suspected what the next few hours would bring! My mother died suddenly in the gray dawn of the following morning. For hours I couldn't believe it. It seemed like an ugly, terrifying dream, and I kept thinking I should wake up presently and find everything as it had

been before. The first thing that brought me out of my daze was that pair of new gray trousers hanging on a hook behind the stove. I turned them around and looked at the neatly mended knee—my mother's last work. My eyes blurred with tears. One so near dying must feel ill and weak, I thought in my boyish way, but she had stitched and stitched, so that I could wear those trousers to church on Sabbath! That was her dearest wish, and I resolved that it should not be disappointed.

"Sabbath morning, arrayed in my best, I set off across the fields on foot. It was three miles to the little country church, and the day was hot, but I kept plodding on, blinded half the time with my tears, but buoyed up by the thought that I was doing what my mother wanted me to do.

"I don't remember much about the service or what people said to me, but that dogged determination to carry out mother's dying wish has clung to me for fifty years. She was a wise, good woman, and she must have known what was best for a boy in his teens, for a young man, for any man or woman. As my own judgment has matured, I have come more and more to agree with her conclusions. Whenever I have been tempted to stay away from church, the neatly mended knee of that pair of gray trousers has come up before my mind's eye as a gentle reminder."



Seventh-day Adventist Nurses Serve



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST young people in Old Cathay have caught the spirit of service and willingness to work. They have proved themselves faithful to duty even though that duty may call them from their beds at midnight or at two o'clock in the morning. No matter what the time of day or night when a few hundred or a few tens of wounded men might arrive at the base hospital, the Adventist nurses can be counted on to do their part to relieve pain and suffering. They do not consult their feelings or their watches; when duty calls, they are on hand to serve.

This, in a word, is the reputation which our young people have earned for themselves, not only in one base hospital, but wherever they have been located during these troubled days in troubled China.

What a joy comes to our hearts when medical superintendents of military hospitals say, "Those are fine young people of yours. We can rely on them in any emergency, and depend upon them to do their duty." One man not long ago protested when our nurses who had been on his staff were called away to serve in another hospital, "Don't take them. You can have any other group I have here, but I cannot get along without Seventh-day Adventists. They are not afraid of work!"

It was to the Twenty-fourth Base Hospital that a small group of our student nurses and Red Cross workers went soon after the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan. When the Rubicon Road Sanitarium near Shanghai had to close its doors because of its location in a danger area, five of the student nurses—one boy and four girls—made the hazardous trip to Nanking by way of Sungkiang, Kashing, and Soochow. A trip which ordinarily takes but five hours on the train required five days filled with all the dangers and horrors of war.

They were not looking for a safe place of refuge where they could wait for the war clouds to clear away. Instead, they went immediately to the Central Government Bureau of Health and volunteered for noncombatant service in some base hospital. Their willingness to serve in this

BY

D. E. REBOK



The Seventh-day Adventist Sanitarium in Shanghai, China

branch of the service was no doubt a joy and relief to the men in Nanking, who day after day had appealed by radio for nurses and more nurses to help care for the thousands of wounded and bleeding soldiers from the front.

At the same time a brother and his sister from the north who had been attending the summer school for teachers at our Chiaotoutseng training school, and whose return to their field was cut off by war in that area, also went to the bureau of health to offer their services in the cause of saving life. They were not nurses, but they had completed the short course in Red Cross training given at the summer school, and having passed their examinations, held certificates of efficiency. With this meager training, but with hearts filled with the desire to serve and a background of hard work in our school industries, they were soon on their way to join the student nurses from the Shanghai Sanitarium Nurses' Training School.

Here was a group of young people, some of whom had formerly attended school at the North China Training Institute, while others had studied in the China Training Institute. It matters not from which institute they come, they are all possessed of the same spirit of unselfish service and sacrifice for the good of others. The half-work-half-study plan has done one thing at least for our young people in China. It has taught them the dignity of labor and instilled in them the willingness to perform any task that has to be done,

no matter how menial or disagreeable it may be.

This was during the first few days of the trouble, when hospitals were not fully organized to care for the hundreds and thousands of cases which flowed into them. The Twenty-fourth was no exception. As a matter of fact, when the first six hundred wounded arrived, the hospital had no beds, no medicines, no commissary, no instruments. Many of the poor soldiers had been three or more days on the way without having had proper care for their wounds. Already some of the worst cases were in a hopeless condition, their wounds alive with crawling maggots.

Men in such a state of body and mind were hard to deal with.

The county magistrate wanted to quarter them temporarily in an old temple outside the city, for there was no other place ready. But those accommodations were so small and so poor that these wounded men staged a riot, and, in fact, made it so uncomfortable for the magistrate that he was forced to resign.

Into that situation, at once dangerous and threatening, our young people threw themselves and all their energies, passing in and out among that motley crowd of angry soldiers who were bent on doing what they had been doing so recently in the front-line trenches. Their calm Christian manner, their earnest and comforting words, and their willingness to do all that could be done under the circumstances to relieve the suffering and hunger, had its telling effect on the men, and they were gradually brought to a semblance of order and quiet. Then for hours on hours those untiring nurses treated the wounds and gave every attention possible.

The medical superintendent later told us, "All during those days of confusion and trouble, the Seventh-day Adventist young people were the only ones who could be relied upon for actual service and hard work. They were ready and willing to work all hours of the day—any time, in any place, doing anything and everything that had to be done. They not only changed dressings and did other strictly medical work, but they carried and served (Turn to page 14)

LIMA, famed city of the kings, for three centuries the seat of Spanish-American government and culture, is actually about one and a half days' journey from the outpost of one of the largest untamed portions to be found on earth.

The vast Peruvian hinterland is peopled by scores of tribes of Indians in a semi-savage state. During four centuries they have successfully resisted the encroachments of Christianity and civilization. Today these children of the forest follow unrestrained their immemorial customs handed down from father to son. Their sons grow to manhood knowing only the restraints imposed by tribal law. Although their pale-faced neighbors are obliged to submit to compulsory military training, no effort is made to enroll them. Likewise taxes, both civil and ecclesiastical, are unknown. Even the marriage ceremony, about which so much ado is made among civilized peoples, is not practiced. Infidelity, however, seems to be the exception rather than the rule.

Although school, in the civilized sense of the word, is unknown, the secrets of the forest are learned at an early age. For every emergency, the savage seems to be prepared. The painful, and sometimes dangerous, sting of tropical insects, as well as the bite of the poisonous snake, are treated each with specific herbs. While his pale-faced neighbor will spend a day in securing a string of fish, he secures more than he can take away in less than half an hour, with nothing more than the application of his knowledge of the properties of these same herbs. The only diseases from which he suffers are those brought in from civilization. Measles decimates him as the bubonic plague does his white brother. Among them there is no dentist, since their teeth never decay. And to think that these denizens of the forest, whom in our sophistication and superiority we pity, live untouched by our customs, within



The Mission School at Zutsiki Mission Station, Peru

Forest Children of Peru

By

H. B. Lundquist

such a short distance, appears unbelievable; but, nevertheless, it is a fact.

But these children of the forest need something which their culture does not provide them, and stubborn and self-sufficient though they are, they recognize this lack. They know no remedy for sin or death. The great beyond terrifies them as it does every son and daughter of Adam, and like Ethiopia, they stretch out their hands for this knowledge. He may have conquered the fear of the mysterious forest, and wrung from nature the knowledge necessary to cure his minor ailments, and to live an almost effortless existence, but he can find nothing in his pharmacopoeia against death and its terrors.

In answer to this plaintive call, Seventh-day Adventists sent their veteran missionary, F. A. Stahl, in 1921. He who had carried health, hope, and happiness to thousands of semicivilized Indians of the south Peruvian highlands, now directed his attention to the savages of the hinter-

land. And, romantically enough, our first mission station was established on the site of a former Franciscan Friar establishment. It had been abandoned a hundred years before when the Indians rose up and massacred their would-be benefactors.

In 1928, our endeavors on behalf of the Indians of this region were pushed farther into the forest, and at a site called Cascades a wonderful work was done by a disciple of Pastor Stahl, an Aymara Indian lad by the name of Samuel Condori. One hundred eighty-four were baptized on one occasion. Later, because of persecution from authorities inspired by the established church, our work was moved to a site on the Perene River nearer the original station

of Metrarro, mentioned above. This place is called Zutsiki (pronounced soot-see-kee), and we have carried on work there since about 1929.

In order to reach this mission station, it is necessary to cross the main Andean range, the highest, outside of the Himalayas, on the face of the globe. Hitherto the range has been crossed by train, but it may now be crossed via a hard-surfaced modern highway, in a motorcar. The descent on the Atlantic side of the range is picturesque and dangerous. If any one is thirsting for dangerous living, the road from Oroya, the point at which the railroad is abandoned, to the coffee plantation on the bank of the Perene River operated by the Peruvian Corporation, holds possibilities. And, in case the appetite for adventure is still unsated when the latter point is reached, the river trip from the civilized outpost mentioned, to Zutsiki, ought to finish the job.

The trip is usually negotiated in a dugout canoe. The motive power has hitherto been strong-muscled, intelligent Indians armed with bamboo poles. On the trip downstream to the mission station, about twenty rapids must be "shot" or walked around; after the party has walked around one, the pilot may decide to

The Sixty-Mile Trip Down the Perene River to the Mission Station Is Taken in a Dugout Canoe Which Must Be Towed Over the Rapids



shoot the next two or three. The "walk around," especially in high water, is strenuous exercise, to state the matter mildly, for the bed of the river is literally paved with smooth, round stones anywhere from three to fifteen inches in diameter, usually covered with a slick, green slime.

To walk a city block or two on such a surface, sometimes submerged in eighteen to thirty-six inches of swiftly flowing water, predisposes one to reenter the waiting canoe, which has been staggered down the rapids by the Indian boys, in water above their waists. Sometimes the "walk around" has to be negotiated on the bank of the swollen river, around trees and through dense, tropical growth, and sometimes, the party must swing from limb to limb like monkeys.

And, if one still hungers for more hardship, the upstream journey should be taken. Going against the rapids upstream in a loaded canoe, is out of the question; and so the "walk around" is practiced always. To walk against a twelve to fifteen mile-an-hour current on the kind of surface which has been described provides the maximum of hardship for those tired of the monotony of the beaten highway.

Through the kindness of Professor Welty, a friend from Oakland, California, and a frequent visitor to Zutsiki, we now have a worthy sixteen horsepower outboard motor.

This has been mounted on a canoe on which balsa-wood outriggers have been located, and the upstream trip which previously took three days may now be done in one. But still the rapids must be walked around and the canoe pulled through them.

Perhaps a typical day at the mission station would be of interest. At six-thirty in the morning the bell is rung, and from all over the encampment—which we shall presently describe—men, women, and children begin to pour into the meetinghouse. The short morning worship, based on a set of special memory verses used for this purpose, is soon under way. An interpreter must still be employed for all except the advanced students of the school. Many hymns, however, have been memorized, and one of these is sung. There are many who rise and recite the memory verse. After prayer, the missionary and his family stand at the door, and with right arm raised, salute the outgoing throng with the greeting "Taittideve" (pronounced tight-tiddy-vay).

After breakfast, and before school, a man comes running and asks for Wanda, the missionary's ten-year-old daughter, who, because she has learned the language, has been adopted into the tribe. When Wanda appears, she is informed that the wife of one of the most faithful members—Napolean, by the way, is his name—has just returned from her garden plot, about a mile away, and is suffer-



Treating a Woman for the Bite of a Poisonous Snake at Zutsiki Mission Station

ing from snake bite. As we have recently received a new apparatus for the treatment of snakebite, several are needed to assist. After half a day of work over her, she is left to rest. The treatment seems to be successful, for after twenty-four hours, the leg has not swollen and the poison seems still to be confined to the foot.

The school bell's cheerful sound brings Indian children dressed in *cushmas* (a *cushma* is a sort of poncho, only longer, and not unlike the Roman toga). Both sexes wear exactly the same garment. However, the opening at the top extends from shoulder to shoulder on the women, and from back to front on the men. The savage coiffure is the same for

both sexes, consisting of hair which falls to the shoulders in the back, and long bangs which cover the eyes in front. However, the Christian Indians of this region, perhaps out of respect for the missionary, are learning to use the scissors as well as a comb and brush.

There are eighty children in the school, and the work given is approximately grades one to four inclusive. Two teachers, consecrated young women, graduates of our Lima Training School, are giving the instruction. A good grade of work is being done, and there is no need of a truant officer to see that the pupils attend. The age of the pupils ranges from five or six years to twenty-five years.

Each family of Indians lives in a house which has been built under the direction of the missionary. The

(Turn to page 14)

His Matchless Love

By

Margaret E. Price

When I behold the matchless love
Of Christ who died for me,
And shed His blood on Calvary's cross
To save humanity;

When I behold Him suffering there,
The crown of thorns He wore,
The nail prints in His hands and feet,
The insults that He bore;

When I behold His cruel death,
His wounded, bleeding side,
From which the blood and water flowed,
A cleansing stream so wide;

When I behold the sepulcher,
How Joseph laid Him there,
The women weeping at the scene,
The angels' watchful care;

When I behold the risen Christ,
Who conquered death and sin,
And made it possible for man
Eternal life to win;

When I behold His sinless life,
His sacrifice for me—
My heart is filled with gratitude
And true humility.



LAST summer I witnessed a most distressing scene. Some time between one and two o'clock in the morning, while a truck driver was sleeping in his parked truck, there was a knock on the door of his cab. Thinking it was his partner, he, being only half awake, reached over without looking and unlatched the door. It opened, and a man put his drunken woman companion into the cab with the sleeping driver, got into his own car, and drove away.

The driver was wide awake in an instant. The drunk person was a young slip of a girl, beautifully dressed in evening clothes. She lay back against the truck seat, her senses entirely confused. At times she would awaken for a moment, and then swoon back seemingly into unconsciousness. Whenever she opened her eyes, she also opened her mouth, crimson with lipstick, and sang. Her tunes betrayed her accustomed environment—a nightclub dance floor.

I am vividly reminded of that incident whenever I hear any one give voice to cheap, jazzy music. Unconsciously I form an opinion of the character of the singer before I meet him. Our characters are judged by the tunes we hum or whistle or sing, for the seemingly innocent little ditties which many professed Christians sing, are frequently reminders to those who hear them, of some incident, some association unbecoming to a Christian.

"Have you met the new student yet?" queried Ancil, straightening his tie before the mirror, as Jack pushed through the door. The two boys had just come to their room after the morning class session to leave their books before going to lunch.

"No, but a new fellow played the piano for us in the gymnasium this morning for calisthenics," Jack replied, dumping his "tools of study" on the table as he pulled out a drawer to put away his pen and pencil.

Just then the bell rang. As they entered the college cafeteria, the orchestra started playing.

After a little, a clear tenor voice startled almost every one into raising his eyes. Jack looked up with the rest, and recognized the young man to be the "new student" he had mentioned to his roommate.

"What a lovely voice!" exclaimed Betty, the hostess at the table.

"He certainly works fast," observed Stanley. "I was in the dean's

office when he carried in his baggage last night and announced that he was here for the second semester. Here he is singing in the college dining room!"

"He's a friend of Professor Belz, my music teacher," suggested Jesse helpfully; "he was singing for him when I went to his studio for my



By Their TUNES Ye Shall Know Them

BY
WILMER BULLER

lesson this morning. I overheard the professor invite him to sing for this dinner entertainment."

"Who can he be?" wondered Betty. But no one at the table seemed to have been introduced.

"Well, at least he isn't some one who is wasting his talent on this cheap music that is polluting the air almost everywhere," remarked Ancil.

"That probably accounts for his early opportunity to sing. A singer with a repertoire of as good songs as he apparently has, is valuable," declared Stanley, appraising the youth who was now singing an encore to seemingly unending applause.

"That reminds me of the good judgment exhibited in selecting the few numbers he played for us in the gym this morning," remarked Jack, thoughtfully.

In a few more minutes the music program was over; the students started to leave the dining hall.

"I'm going to get acquainted with this new arrival," Ancil announced as the ones at his table arose to join the others already on the march. And it was soon evident that he voiced the sentiments of not a few of the other students who as yet knew little of the newcomer. Thus, the singer reveals his character by his choice of music.

"One of the most exquisite of all joys in this life is music," writes the well-known journalist, Dr. Frank Crane, "What under the sun is there that can equal it?" There is no excuse for any one to insist upon eating musical garbage like a stray hound dog at the back steps, when so much of the best and most nutritious is easily available.

Popular music is like a bubble that bursts before it can take real shape. It is like a flashy tie that is worn but once. It is like the toadstool, growing quickly in popularity and poisoning the intellect. In debasing the morals it goes hand in hand with drink and tobacco. Music stands, because of popular demand, are packed

with carrion upon which the majority of the youth of today feed, and their musical diet is not only ruining their capacity for musical appreciation, but is leading them into Satan's broad way—the way that leads to destruction.

In contrast, learning good music is like cultivating new friends; it proves an asset, a lasting blessing in one's life. Music is a mirror of one's soul, a hydrometer of one's Christian ex-

perience. Good music is a lovely flower full of beauty. Good music refreshes the heart as a stream in the desert. Good music is lofty as a pine, classical as a painting.

Good music places one in tune with things quite above himself. Heavenly ideals and lofty inspirations come as a vision to men as they listen to its strains.

"If you would know," declares Confucius, "whether a country is well governed and of good morals, listen to its music." May we not apply a modification of this to the youth of today? If you would know whether or not a young man or woman is of sound morals, whether or not his spirit is well governed, listen to his music. "Heaven's communion begins on earth. We learn here the keynote of its praise."

James, a young man in Uncle Sam's training camp during the World War, was known to the boys by his ability to play the piano. Because there is nothing like a good "sing" to make one recover from homesickness, whenever the evening was open—free from training duties—James was in demand.

Around the piano in the meeting tent provided for the soldiers in training, there were many hours spent singing familiar songs which were poignant reminders of home. These were occasions when James would let his light shine. Whenever he played, he was careful to select gospel hymns. Although these men were used to rough army life, they soon learned and appreciated James's preference for this type of songs. So whenever he played they honored him by requesting no other type of music.

The commander (*Turn to page 14*)

Witnessing

AS TOLD BY

DUANE HAMILTON

TO

AUDREY DU CHEMIN

I AM an orderly in the tuberculosis ward of one of the largest hospitals in the West. During the years that I have been employed in this capacity, I have had numerous opportunities to witness for Jesus. I am very thankful for this privilege, and happy that I have been instrumental in bringing comfort, cheer, and, above all, *hope* to many pitifully emaciated, continually coughing, hemorrhaging sufferers of the white plague.

Up until the time that I took this work at the hospital, I had seldom thought of the serious side of life. I had seen very little of physical suffering; I have never seen any one die; and as for seeking out the anguished, hopeless souls of sin-sick men—well, I had left that for preachers and Bible workers to do.

During my first week at the hospital I became acquainted with real suffering. The sight of those men who knew that their days were numbered, knew that they were brought there to lie in fearful expectation of the horrible death that inevitably comes to those doomed to die from this disease, brought tears of pity to my eyes. I longed to do something to alleviate their agony, but I knew that there was little that I, alone, could do.

When I went on duty, one night of that first week, the nurse in my ward said to me, "We are going to lose one of our patients."

A sudden cold, sick feeling swept over me. "Now," I thought, "some one is going to die. I shall have to watch him struggle with death, and finally, in his weakness, lose his battle."

I felt perspiration come out on my forehead; I tried to swallow the lump that rose in my throat; to still the thumping of my heart. My lips were so stiff that I could barely force the words through them as I queried, "Who is going to die?"

The nurse laughed at me. "No one," she answered, her blue eyes twinkling. "At least, I hope not. Cordova has improved sufficiently to be sent out to a sanitarium tomorrow."

I sighed with relief, and a warm wave of assurance circulated around my heart. Immediately I was impressed with the thought that I must



"Ice—Ice—Bring Me Some Ice"

talk with Cordova—tell him the story of Jesus' love. I knew that I would not have another chance to see him after he had left the hospital, and I dared not let the opportunity slip to lead one lost soul to Christ.

As I entered the ward to make my first inspection, I went straight to Cordova's bedside. The man's dark eyes looked up at me from their deep sockets, his pale lips twisted into a little smile of welcome.

"Hello, Cordova," I greeted him, "I hear that you are going to leave us tomorrow."

The little Mexican nodded his head and grinned.

I stood there staring down into his face. "Now," I said to myself, "now is the time to tell him about Jesus."

My heart began to pound, my knees felt weak and sagged slightly. Through my mind raced the words that I wanted to say to him, but somehow, my lips would not speak them. I was afraid that he would not want to hear them, or that he would think I was a sort of religious fanatic. I stood there a moment trying to get enough courage to speak; then I decided to wait until I had finished my rounds of inspection. By that time I would have a nice talk thought up, and I would come back and tell it to him.

As I turned from the bed, something seemed to tell me to speak THEN—not to put it off one moment longer. I went back to his side and bowed my head in a moment of silent prayer. I asked God to put the words that He would have me speak, into my mouth.

"Cordova," I said, "do you believe in Jesus?"

"Si, I believe in Heem when I am a leetle *muchacho*." He lifted his thin shoulders in a little shrug. "But now," he continued, "I theenk He have forgotten me."

"No, He hasn't," I answered quickly, "how could He forget you? Don't you know that He died on the cross for you the same as for me?"

His eyes glowed, and he raised himself slightly from his bed. "You theenk He not forget me?" he asked incredulously.

I patted his shoulder, "Of course not, Cordova. You ask Jesus to forgive your sins and ask Him to help you to serve Him. I know that He will do it."

Cordova clung to my hand and whispered gratefully, "*Gracias, mi amigo, gracias*, I weel do that."

I had to leave him then to continue my inspection. However, a feeling of deep happiness filled me, and I was glad that I had obeyed the impulse to speak to the man.

Later in the night, I again came into the ward, and at once I looked at Cordova. I noticed that he had raised upon his elbow and had started to cough. I quickly went to his side and asked if he wanted some cough syrup.

"No—no," he gasped. "Ice—ice—bring me some ice." He coughed once more, and I saw a little flurry of bloody bubbles appear upon his lips.

I ran for ice, and when I returned, I found him sitting up in bed with blood gushing from his mouth. His clothes were saturated with its sticky wetness. He started bouncing around, crying pitifully for ice; and as I held the bowl of it to him, he grabbed a handful and thrust it into his mouth in a vain effort to stem the crimson flood.

I forced him to lie down again and held him there. I began to pray that help would come; I knew that I could not leave him, for he would bounce off the bed. As if in answer to my prayer, the nurse came into the room, and between us we held him until his frenzied struggles ceased and his bloody form lay still. His breath came through his stiff, drawn lips in a hoarse, choking gurgle; a misty film glazed the dark eyes that stared up at me.

I stood looking down at his motionless body, and when I realized that he was dead, I began to tremble violently. This was the first person that I had ever seen die. Death had struck so swiftly, it seemed impossible that it had really happened. Such a few minutes had elapsed from the time that I ran for ice until his breath had ended in that final, choking sound.

"Poor fellow," murmured the nurse at my side. "And he was to have left the hospital tomorrow. Well, he will all right—but not the way he expected." (Turn to page 14)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

The Beginnings of a Preacher

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Called to a Wider Service



Headquarters Buildings of the South American Division of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists at Buenos Aires, Argentina



IN this connection perhaps it would be well to give briefly the story of Lostodies, who was a very highly educated and very influential Finlander. He was a welcome guest at all the courts of Europe, and moved in the very highest royal society of the European kingdoms. He was himself a prince. While traveling in the southern part of Europe, he came in touch with the teachings of Luther and the Moravians, with the result that he was converted and became a very devout and earnest advocate of the gospel of justification by faith. When he returned to his native Finland, he immediately sold all his estates and possessions and gave his wealth to the poor of the villages and the country districts. He put off his royal court apparel, clothed himself in the coarse, common garments of the peasant, and without remuneration of any kind, with his Bible in his hand, traveled through Finland from village to village, from one country community to another, preaching the gospel of salvation. The people heard him gladly. They were deeply moved, for he was a fluent and mighty preacher. He did not try to establish a church or denomination or movement. His whole burden was to help the people in their daily walk to be true, believing children of God. The Lutheran Church was the State church. It was contrary to the laws of the state to organize or establish any other church body. So those who became followers of Lostodies, while they were still members of the state church, formed themselves in groups or companies and called themselves Lostodians, without any form of church organization.

For years Lostodies was a welcome visitor and a nationally known figure all through Finland for his village preaching. Before his death he told his followers that he did not understand certain portions of the Scriptures and therefore was unable to ex-

plain them. From the ninth chapter of Romans to the end of the book, Galatians, the book of Colossians, the book of Hebrews, and Revelation, he made no pretense of understanding. But he said, "Always remember that the time will come when a people or a movement will arise that will make clear these portions of the Holy Scriptures; and when such do come and are able to unfold the meaning of the book of Hebrews and the mysteries of the book of Revelation, you may know that they are the true people of God."

As the pastor was expounding the book of Hebrews and dwelling upon the ministry of Christ, these words of Lostodies came to the minds of his two listeners, and they were impressed with the thought that they were fulfilled to them that night. Here was a man representing a movement and a people in the earth who understood and could teach those portions of the Scriptures. Therefore, he must be a true ambassador of the Lord Jesus, and the message that he brought and the light that he was unfolding must be the truth. It was this thought that had so overcome them that they had given way to tears.

The morning meal was exactly the same as the two meals that had been served before, with this exception: some round, thin cakes with a hole in the center through which they were hung on a pole over the kitchen

stove, were taken down and served as an extra. When the pastor was told that this was blood bread, bread made with the blood of the beef that had been killed in the fall for the winter supply of meat, he politely but kindly declined his portion. Immediately this raised the question: Why would he not eat blood bread? The question opened the way for him to give a little talk while at the table on proper diet and on healthful living.

Following the breakfast and family prayer, the studying and answering of questions continued. The noonday meal was served with the same bill of fare as each of the other meals, with the exception that in addition to the jerked beef there was a plate of raw salt fish placed on the table as an extra. Of this the pastor did not partake. While their meals were frugal and their provisions were limited, the cordiality and the warm hospitality of this family was charming, and abundantly made up for any lack of conveniences or variation of menu.

It would be necessary, in order to reach the train many miles away and get home that night, for the visitors to leave this settler's log cabin not later than two o'clock in the afternoon, which they did. But right up to the very moment of taking their departure the Bible study and the answering of questions continued. When they were finally on their skis, ready to start, they bade farewell to the good wife and three children, but the father accompanied them for some distance into the forest to put them on a trail that he thought would be a shorter way to the railway station. At that point, with tears and much embracing, he bade them good-by, but not until he had secured a promise from the pastor that he would return at some future day and bless his home with another visit.

The way this good man came into possession of "The Great Controversy" is an interesting story. K. V. Bjork had sold this book to a family in the city of Calumet. When the father of the family learned that it was a religious book, he was not at all interested in it, and gave it to his children as a plaything. They were interested in the pictures, and had it as one of their play books, often kicking it around on the floor. One day the man from the homestead district came to the city on his annual trip to buy his year's provisions. He

visited this family, who were friends of his, and in the course of his visit the children brought out this book and were entertaining themselves looking at its pictures. The visitor was interested in the book and asked the children to let him look at it.

When he saw its character and read a little in it, he said to the father, "Where did you get this book?"

"Oh," he said, "a colporteur came and sold it to the wife, but we are not interested in it; we gave it to the children to play with."

"Well," said the visitor, "it is a wonderful book, and I am greatly interested in it. I would like to read it."

The man said, "If you are interested, you may have it. Take it home

with you. We will get something else for the children."

And with joy his visitor accepted the present and carried it home. It was through the reading of this book, "The Great Controversy," that his interest was aroused, so that he prepared the long scroll covered with questions. It is wonderful how the Lord waters the (Turn to page 13)

Baguio Gold Versus True Gold

BY
EDWARD J. URQUHART

THIS is Baguio, "The City of the Pines," the playground of the Philippines, one of the greatest mining centers of the earth. Baguio is situated in the mountain province of Northern Luzon, the home of the Igorots. These mountain people were among the former head-hunters of the islands, and are not to be confused with the lowland peoples of the Commonwealth.

Here on the highlands these sturdy farmers live and cultivate their rice terraces. They climb up and up the mountainsides to their fields. Here at Baguio you meet these men by the hundreds, wearing little more than the law-required shirt. Thousands of them work in the gold mines. They are good workers, strong, dependable, likable.

Today I was down at the Itogon Gold Mines. The mill superintendent was weighing and wrapping gold bricks to be mailed to the United States' mint at San Francisco. I held a twenty-five pound brick in my hands. It represented thousands of dollars, in addition to the toil and grind and sweat necessary to bring it from the bowels of the earth. For centuries, probably since the time of the flood, this gold has been buried beneath the mountains and hidden from the grasping hand of man. Now it is flowing into the United States Treasury, where again it will be buried in the bowels of the earth, secure from the insatiate desire of humanity.

And I, beholding all this, am reminded of the old adage, "What fools we mortals be." Think of the effort that is expended, the men that are worn out, the lives that are sacrificed, because of this urge for gold. Think of the edifice of culture and the monument of civilization that might be upreared, the distress that might be alleviated, the suffering that might be stayed, the poor who might be helped, if the same efforts were expended to promote physical betterment and the social and spiritual welfare of mankind.

Did not the wise man have such a scene as this in mind when he observed: "Happy is the man that

findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her."

Was he not tired of worldly appraisements and human philosophies; was he not ashamed of the reasonings of men; and was he not overburdened with the things that men hold dear when he said: "Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it"?

Was not the Saviour, who always despised the artificial, and clung ever-

lastingly to the worth-while, thinking of similar things when He advised, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Dear young people, there are better things than gold—more enduring things, more satisfying things. The treasures of earth perish. You cannot carry them across the boundary line of death. Why, gold would be only a burden to him who might be running a foot race. And more than is necessary for temporal needs is likewise a burden to him who runs the race of life. It is a menace to him who would uprear a praiseworthy temple of the Spirit. The real embellishments of life are not gold or jewels, but rather the graces of heaven.

Thus, if I had the power to bestow the choicest gift upon you, it would not be gold or silver or precious gems, but rather the "Pearl of great price." It would not be endowments of transitory value, but embellishments that endure. It would not be prestige or power or reputation, but character, the one thing that is negotiable in the bank of heaven, the one thing that will endure when earthly things are swept away.

Sitting here on the mountain-top at Baguio, where the scent of pine forests—like the breath of the Infinite—creeps in through the windows, I see a bit clearer than ever before the futility and the foolishness of man's ways and the beauty and worth and wisdom of the ways of God.

Thus, dear young reader, I point you again to the strait gate and the narrow way. I am aware that in going that way your limbs may tire and your feet may bleed. Sometimes you may feel lonely and forsaken. The progress may seem slow, and the end a great way off. But (Turn to page 14)



G. W. JOY, ARTIST

"The Real Embellishments of Life Are Not Gold or Jewels, but Rather the Graces of Heaven"



Faithful Unto Death

by

Grant E. Guth

WHEN the May sun rose warm and inviting over the little manufacturing community of Marne, it might have foreshadowed the happiness that was to come gushing into the lives of Bill Taylor and his little brother, who lived in a neat vine-covered frame house near the edge of town.

This particular morning an early-rising pedestrian would have encountered a trim, coal-black Boston bulldog with a snow-white collar and chest and four white paws trotting catercorner down the street in the morning sun. When the dog reached a position opposite Taylor's house, he turned and went directly up the sidewalk to the quaint little Ionic porch. Here he paused for a moment, as if he were reaching an important decision. Having made up his mind, he bounded up the steps, and after a brief inspection of his surroundings lay down on a mat apparently supplied for his comfort.

An hour later, when after a hearty breakfast, Bill Taylor stepped out on the porch, his eye caught sight of the dog lying on the mat in front of him. The Boston bull raised his head from between his paws, and with a playful look in his eye, wagged his bobbed tail. Bill greeted him:

"Hello, doggie."

That instant, as Bill stooped to pat the dog's head, he knew that he had found a pal. But a fear that dad would not allow him to keep this latest canine guest dampened his delight as he recalled previous experiences of this nature. However, since dad would soon be gone to the office, Bill determined to do his best "right now" to secure

permission to adopt the dog permanently.

Mr. Taylor said, after considering the situation for a few moments, "Well, son, you've certainly picked up a nice-looking dog, but if he's as valuable as he appears, some one will claim him. In the meantime he can stay around if he wishes."

Father's predictions were fulfilled that very evening. When the newsboy brought the paper, Bill and Tad were anxiously waiting for a glance at the "Lost and Found" column. Their hearts were pounding wildly, and in spite of everything they did to remain firm, the paper fairly danced in their hands. They had become so attached to Tige, as they called their playmate, in one short day, that separation seemed unbearable. There in plain sight a little way down the list was the advertisement: "Lost: Small, black Boston bulldog. White collar, chest, and paws. Strayed from home. Reward. John Smith, 422 South Madison St."

Tears were welling up in their eyes, even though they attempted not to reveal their disappointment, as they returned the paper to the porch. Daddy would find out at supper, and of course he would take their pet back home.

At the supper table Bill and Tad had not even the slightest desire to eat, but in order not to attract attention, they took small helpings of the food as it

was passed to them, and nibbled on it during the course of the meal.

When supper was finished, they helped mother with the dishes, and father went out on the porch to rest in the hammock, and read the day's news. Scanning the front page first, he read bits here and there; then in preview he paged through the paper quickly. Nothing of importance caught his eye until he reached the classified section; then suddenly he remembered the conversation of that morning. To satisfy his curiosity, and from a feeling of duty as well, he glanced over the "Lost and Found" advertisements, and there it was!—the notice which had disheartened the lads.

"Why, the dog belongs to Mr. Smith," he muttered aloud.

Since it was early in the evening, why not tell Bill and Tad that the owner of the dog which they had adopted was a friend, and that the best thing to do would be to take him home right away and enjoy an evening ride?

Laying the paper on the swing, he went in to break the news to the family, as he thought, and to offer his suggestions. He arrived in the kitchen just as the last of the pans were being cleansed. When he had made known his discovery and given his suggestion, Mrs. Taylor said,

"Why, yes, let's do. I'd enjoy a visit with Mrs. Smith."

So the entire family, with the dog in their midst, got into the automobile and were soon on their way.

Mr. Smith was a kindly man, quite the senior of the boys' father. He realized after he heard the story, what a struggle Bill and Tad were having; so he gave them each two bright new silver dollars as a reward for returning the dog. The new coins made the boys forget for the present their heartaches, and since the incident caused the Taylors to make a long overdue call, the evening passed pleasantly enough.

The dawn of a new day found a scene at the Taylor home much like the one of the preceding morning. Tige had retraced his steps, and early in the morning was waiting eagerly at the front door to play with Bill and Tad. And two overjoyed boys jumped in excited glee at sight of their little pal. At the breakfast table father decided that he would stop at Mr. Smith's on his way to town and have the latter come and get his dog and tie him up, so that he would not get into this straying habit.

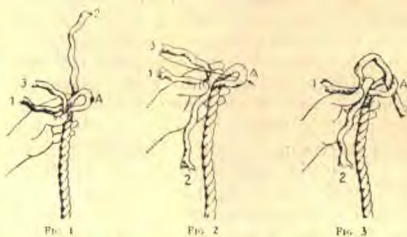
About ten o'clock Mr. Smith arrived. Bill and Tad were putting Tige through his paces on the lawn in front of the house.

"Well, that settles it," he said, as Mrs. Taylor stepped up to welcome him. Together they watched the trio on the front lawn. The boys had not noticed his arrival from the opposite direction, so absorbed were they in their frolic. It was a lively and pretty scene. And thereupon Mr. Smith presented his well-trained and valuable dog to Bill and Tad. "After all," he said, "it is plain



Your Master Comrade Says-

That when finishing the end of a rope with the crown knot you should unlay the rope three or four turns. Hold the rope in the left hand with the loose strands up. Select as number one the strand on the right. Lay this strand to the left across the end of the rope and between the other two strands, leaving an open bight projecting to the right. Hold this bight vertical. Bring the rear strand from the opposite side forward and down over number one. Strand three is now carried toward you, bent, and carried to the right and away from you, passing over strand two, and through the open bight formed by strand one. Form the crown by pulling all of the strands tightly, one after the other. If the knot has been properly tied and formed, you will have at the end of the rope a solid, three-cornered knot with all of the strand ends pointing back down the rope.



Making the Crown Knot

to be seen that he prefers their jolly companionship to his lonely existence as a watchdog."

And so, after the agreement was made, mother called the boys to the house, and Mr. Smith said, "Boys, last night your father told me that you felt that you had found the key to a treasure island when my dog came along. This morning, while watching you play together, I've decided that the dog loves his new friends almost more than his old, and I will give him to you. I'm going to ask but one thing of you in return: Whenever mother or dad requests you to do something, do not hesitate to stop playing with the dog, no matter how much fun you're having, and do it right away. The dog will be waiting and ready to play when you come back. Dad will help you to take good care of him, I'm sure."

The days of merriment that followed stretched into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years, and each setting sun left the cords of friendship between the boys and the dog more firmly woven. Then, without warning, tragedy threatened to sever the cords. About two o'clock one night Tige woke Mr. Taylor by barking furiously from the front porch, where he always slept on guard. Mr. Taylor thought this was peculiar, because Tige's training had been such that he had never joined even the neighborhood dogs in their barking sprees. However, the barking annoyed him and kept him from sleep; so he went to the second-story window where he could see a little way into the dim light. After he had waited a moment without seeing or hearing anything other than Tige's barking, he called to the dog to be quiet and go and lie down. Tige obeyed instantly.

The next morning when Mr. Taylor went to the porch to see if anything was

amiss, he found the dog slashed terribly and near death from the loss of blood. Inquiry at the neighbors, next door, revealed the fact that a burglar had broken into the house and stolen some treasured silverware. Apparently annoyed by Tige's work as a night watchman, he had cruelly attacked the submissive dog who chose loyalty above life.

With the benefits of efficient first aid and competent medical assistance, Tige was nursed to health in due time by his two pals, who were more thankful than ever that the loyal dog had chosen to make his home with them.



BY MRS. RUTH WHEELER

A Sign of Spring

THE air is filled with the sound of ten thousand whirring wings. Hordes of geese wing over the bay and come down the wind to land on the tide flats! This is spring!

Or it may be the faint, bugling call floating through the still air of a frosty night on the prairies, that tells us the birds are pushing winter north again. As surely a sign of spring as the breaking up of the ice on the ponds, and the budding of the pussy willows, is the spring migration of the geese.

Although geese are not as numerous now as they were half a century ago when Audubon reported finding them in every part of the United States, they are still common throughout the winter on the ponds and lakes of the warmer parts of the country. They are well known farther north during the fall and spring migrations and the nesting season. Especially common is the Canada goose, *Branta Canadensis*, a large brownish-gray bird with a black head and a long, black neck. Under its chin is a broad band of white which serves as an identifying mark almost as far as the bird can be seen.

These birds nest from the valley of the Yukon and eastward, south to Oregon and Indiana. In a marsh they draw together a nest of grass and reeds. When the nest is nearly completed, the mother goose plucks from her own breast soft, downy feathers to make a warm bed for the eggs. When she leaves her nest for a few minutes to go in search of food, she draws the feathers over the eggs. This not only keeps them warm, but hides them also.

As soon as the goslings are hatched, they follow their parents about the marsh hunting for food. Their food is almost entirely vegetable. In the shallow water they reach their long necks down to the mud and eat the seeds and roots of aquatic plants. While on the land they eat sprouting grain and grass, and later, the grain which they find in the stubble fields.

When the young birds are full grown, they make practice flights over the marsh, flying and circling with the old birds until their wings are strong.

As the nights become colder, the autumn frosts warn them that winter is almost here. Then they form a long V-shaped column and with steady wing beats start south again. They fly a great deal by night and stop in grainfields to feed by the early light of the dawn. As truly a sign of autumn as of spring is the honking of the geese along the skyways.

A Birthday Letter

(Continued from page 3)

there has been an assent to the truths of God's word, but not a practical illustration of them in the life. . . .

There is no need of being spiritual dwarfs, if the mind is continually exercised in spiritual things. But merely praying for this, and about this, will not meet the necessities of the case. You must habituate the mind to concentration upon spiritual things. Exercise will bring strength. Many professed Christians are in a fair way to lose both worlds. To be half a Christian and half a worldly man, makes you about one-hundredth part a Christian, and all the rest worldly.

Spiritual living is what God requires, yet thousands are crying out, "I don't know what is the matter, I have no spiritual strength, I do not enjoy the Spirit of God." Yet the same ones will become active and talkative, and even eloquent when talking upon worldly matters. Listen to such ones in meeting. About a dozen words are spoken in hardly an audible voice. They are men and women of the world. They have cultivated worldly propensities until their faculties have become strong in that direction. Yet they are as weak as babes in regard to spiritual things, when they should be strong and intelligent. They do not love to dwell upon the mystery of godliness. They know not the language of heaven, and are not educating their minds so as to be prepared to sing the songs of heaven, or to delight in the spiritual exercises which will there engage the attention of all.

Professed Christians, worldly Christians, are unacquainted with heavenly things. They will never be brought to the gates of the New Jerusalem to engage in exercises which have not hitherto specially interested them. They have not trained their minds to delight in devotion, and in meditation upon things of God and heaven. How, then, can they engage in the services of heaven? how delight in the spiritual, the pure, the holy in heaven, when it was not a special delight to them upon earth? . . .

The mind must be educated and disciplined to love purity. A love for spiritual things should be encouraged; yea, must be encouraged, if you would grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. Desires for goodness and true holiness are right so far as they go, but if you stop here, they will avail nothing. Good purposes are right, but will prove of no avail unless resolutely carried out. Many will be lost while hoping and desiring to be Christians; but they made no earnest effort, therefore they will be weighed in the balances and found wanting. The will must be exercised in the right direction. I will be a whole-hearted Christian. I will know the length and breadth, the height and depth, of perfect love. Listen to the words of Jesus: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Ample provisions are made by Christ to satisfy the soul that hungers and thirsts for righteousness.

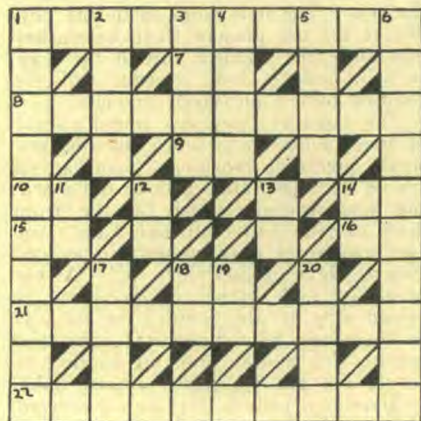
The pure element of love will expand the soul for higher attainments, for increased knowledge of divine things, so that it will not be satisfied short of the fullness. Most professed Christians have no sense of the spiritual strength they might obtain were they as ambitious, zealous, and persevering to gain a knowledge of divine things as they are to obtain the paltry, perishable things of this life. The masses professing to be Christians have been satisfied to be spiritual dwarfs. They have no disposition

Crossword Puzzle

BY FLOYD HILLIARD

Across

1. The Bible. 7. First two letters of a Western State. 8. Prophetic book. 9. Printers measure. 10. One of Mrs. E. G. White's books (abbr.). 14. Rear Admiral (abbr.). 15. Compass point. 16. Letter of alphabet. 18. Prefix. 21. One who manages a public musical performance. 22. Concealed.



Down

1. Pertaining to a serpent. 2. To wander. 3. Color of one of the horses in the seals of Revelation 6. 4. One type of vehicle. 5. Destroy. 6. White-colored, odoriferous wood. 11. Plural pronoun. 12. Place where Israel was smitten in Joshua 7. 13. Son of Judah (Gen. 38:3). 14. Prefix meaning "again." 17. Imitates. 18. To exist. 19. A form of "to be." 20. Parched.

to make it their object to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; hence godliness is a hidden mystery to them, they cannot understand it. They know not Christ by experimental knowledge.

Let those men and women who are satisfied with their dwarfed, crippled condition in divine things, be suddenly transported to heaven, and for an instant witness the high, the holy state of perfection that ever abides there,—every soul filled with love; every countenance beaming with joy; enchanting music in melodious strains rising in honor of God and the Lamb; and ceaseless streams of light flowing upon the saints from the face of Him who sitteth upon the throne, and from the Lamb; and let them realize that there is higher and greater joy yet to experience, for the more they receive of the enjoyment of God, the more is their capacity increased to rise higher in eternal enjoyment, and thus continue to receive new and greater supplies from the ceaseless sources of glory and bliss inexpressible,—could such persons, I ask, mingle with the heavenly throng, participate in their songs, and endure the pure, exalted, transporting glory that emanates from God and the Lamb? Oh, no! their probation was lengthened for years that they might learn the language of heaven, that they might become “partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.” But they had a selfish business of their own to engage the powers of their minds and the energies of their beings. They could not afford to serve God unreservedly, and make this a business. Worldly enterprises must come first, and take the best of their powers, and a transient thought is devoted to God. Are such to be transformed after the final decision, “He that is holy, let him be holy still,” “he which is filthy, let him be filthy still”? Such a time is coming. . . .

Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Nothing but holiness will prepare you for heaven. It is sincere, experimental piety alone that can give you a pure, elevated character, and enable you to enter into the presence of God, who dwelleth in light unapproachable. The heavenly character must be acquired on earth, or it can never be acquired at all. Then begin at once. Flatter not yourself that a time will come when you can make an earnest effort easier than now. Every day increases your distance from God. Prepare for eternity with such zeal as you have not yet manifested. Educate your mind to love the Bible, to love the prayer meeting, to love the hour of meditation, and above all, the hour when the soul communes with God. Become heavenly-minded if you would unite with the heavenly choir in the mansions above.

A new year of your life now commences. A new page is turned in the book of the recording angel. What will be the record upon its pages? Shall it be blotted with neglect of God, with unfulfilled duties? God forbid. Let a record be stamped there which you will not be ashamed to have revealed to the gaze of men and angels.

The Beginnings of a Preacher

(Continued from page 10)

seed of truth and causes it to spring forth and bring an abundant harvest. Oh, how many, many lives will yet be blessed with literature that is perhaps up to the present time unnoticed and unread, scattered in the homes of thousands of people.

The next trip to the homestead district was made with Mr. Evenon as interpreter, but this time it was in the

Know Your Bible Better!

TIME—March 5-11

READING—Deuteronomy 26 to Joshua 17

YES OR NO:

YES NO

1. Was the purpose of the impressive “blessings and curses” ceremony to teach Israel that serving God is better than serving false gods? () ()
2. If Israel followed God’s way, would they become the “tail”? () ()
3. On the solemn occasion when the covenant was confirmed, were only men present? () ()
4. Is Deuteronomy 30:19 the key text of the book? () ()
5. Was the entire “book of the law” to be read publicly every year? () ()
6. Desiring to leave three million people a memorial they would never forget, did Moses compose and teach them a song, all in the same day? () ()
7. Did Joshua help Moses reduce the voluminous “book of the law” to writing? () ()
8. On the day of his death, did Moses bless every tribe separately? () ()
9. Do the great leader’s last public words remind you of the ninetyeth and ninety-first psalms? () ()
10. Is the writer of Moses’ obituary known? () ()
11. Was Moses granted a view of the Promised Land before he died? () ()
12. Is the place of Moses’ burial known today? () ()
13. Did Moses ever set foot in the Promised Land? () ()
14. Did Deuteronomy later create a sensation? () ()
15. Did Joshua have the complete confidence of his constituency? () ()

MATCH CORRECTLY:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Red thread in a window | Gilgal |
| 2. Miraculous retarding of waters | Lake Meron |
| 3. First camp in Caanan | Achen |
| 4. A great shout | Gibeonites |
| 5. Love of fashion and money | Hazor |
| 6. Spear and outstretched hand | Eleazar |
| 7. Altar of twelve uncut stones | Jordan |
| 8. A deceptive embassy mission | Canaanites |
| 9. World’s longest day | Jericho |
| 10. League of nations | Rahab |
| 11. A capital city burned | Hebron |
| 12. Conqueror of thirty-one kings | Beth-Horon |
| 13. High priest of the conquest | Joshua |
| 14. Caleb’s birthday gift | Mr. Ebal |
| 15. Iron chariots. | Ai |

STELLA PARKER PETERSON.

(Answers on page 14)

summer season. The family was found rejoicing greatly in the light and truth that had come to them; and through the tracts and the Finnish papers that the pastor had sent since his first visit, they were becoming well established in most of the truths of the third angel’s message. The second visit confirmed them still further, and unfolded to their minds more fully the blessed light of truth.

It was a year later that the third visit was made, this time in company with K. V. Bjork, who acted as interpreter. And on the occasion of this visit it was the privilege of the pastor to baptize the father and mother in a little mountain stream flowing not far from where they lived. The only ones present besides the father and mother were Mr. Bjork, the three little children, and the pastor. But angels of God were there. It seemed to the pastor, as he led these dear people into the water and buried them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that all the forest was filled with heavenly angels. It was a blessed and happy occasion. When they came up out of the water, the father kneeled, and lifting his hands toward heaven, poured out his heart in a most touching and fervent prayer.

It is believed that these dear friends were the first among the Finnish people in this country to be baptized into this message, except K. V. Bjork.

While the young minister was engaged in labors in the Copper Country, a call came, asking him to take the presidency

of the Vermont Conference. This he was very loath to do. His ambitions were not in the direction of administrative responsibilities, for his whole burden was for evangelism. His greatest ambition was to be a soul winner, to be free to devote his entire time to preaching the blessed gospel of salvation, and winning men and women to Christ Jesus. He believed that the call to the gospel ministry was the highest which could come to any man. However, this call to Vermont was an urgent one, and a great deal of pressure was brought to bear upon our brother to persuade him to accept this new responsibility. With much hesitation and not a little reluctance at leaving the work in the Copper Country, he finally accepted the call and with his family moved to Burlington, Vermont, where he took up the duties of his new office.

His experience and training before accepting the third angel’s message had been such as to develop his talents of leadership and administration. This move to Vermont was the initial step into a line of administrative responsibility and activity that has continued over a long period of years. For from that day until his recent enforced retirement because of ill-health he has been actively engaged in this kind of service.

After serving as president of three local conferences and one union, he was called in the fall of 1915 to the presidency of the South American Division, at the time that division was created and organized. This responsibility he carried for seven years.

During the years of travel and ministry around the world in connection with his administrative responsibilities, there have been untold opportunities of lifting up the Saviour in many places. In churches, in camp meetings, in large general gatherings, in the jungle mission stations, among the native peoples in the mission fields, who have been gathered in large numbers to hear his message, he has preached Christ Jesus and Him crucified. Many thousands have been blessed by his ministry, and many hundreds have been influenced to make their decision for God and His truth.

Kneeling beside the old hemlock log in the woods of northern Michigan many years ago with his written covenant spread out before the Lord, he had consecrated himself to preach the gospel as long as he should live, if God would give him as his hire for service but one soul saved eternally in His kingdom. How wonderfully and how abundantly has God fulfilled His part in that covenant! Not one soul only in the first fruitage in Northern Michigan and the first Finlanders in the Copper Country, but actually hundreds around the world have responded to the invitation that he has given in the name of Jesus, and have taken their stand on the side of Prince Immanuel.

To the God of that covenant be all the glory and praise and honor. How marvelous are His ways, how wondrous are His works, and how great is His condescension in using weak, human instruments in the salvation of men and women and in the building up of His kingdom.

(Concluded next week)

Witnessing

(Continued from page 8)

"No," I thought, "things don't always go as we think they will or should go. For some of us there is no tomorrow."

I bowed my head and thanked God that I had spoken to Cordova earlier in the evening. I knew that those few words, telling of Jesus' love, had helped him in his last hour of life. I was glad that I had not put off saying them, and I realized then that those golden opportunities of witnessing for Jesus do not always come twice.

Forest Children of Peru

(Continued from page 6)

houses are built along streets. The entire encampment is scraped clean at least once a month. This is a hygienic measure as well as a protection against roving wild animals, since they will not come into a clearing. The houses are made of bamboo and straw, and thatched with palmetto.

Each family has a little garden or farm plot of about an acre, or half an acre, on which they raise the food they need. With a minimum of effort, they are able to raise a great sufficiency of food.

When unchristianized natives come through the village, they are fed and given lodging, and sometimes they remain for a week, visiting. Some return home, to bring their families to live here. In this way, the little village grows from day to day. At present there are perhaps fifty or sixty families living in it.

The missionary is at the same time judge, priest, and ruler. Difficulties are brought to him for settlement. All are made to feel that the mission is theirs,

even the canoe and outboard motor! They respond to this confidence, and very seldom, indeed, is there any trouble because of theft.

At the close of the day, a quarter of an hour before sunset, the vesper service is held, and after studying the Sabbath school lesson, all are dismissed with a pleasant *steneneveg* (good night), and the missionary retires to his two-storied thatch-roofed house to plan for another day's work.

Will you not agree with me, as you look at this picture, that in the mission field there are adventure and satisfaction enough for the most ambitious?

Baguio Gold Versus True Gold

(Continued from page 10)

who is he who claims the name of "man" who would not glory in such things, if the end but justifies the means. And it does. The realization of achievement, the sense of accomplishment, the knowledge of victory—these things will be with you every step of the way. And above and beyond all this, true honor, unfading glory, and a crown of life await you at the end of the trail. Could you choose a greater heritage? Would you ask a better reward?

Seventh-day Adventist Nurses Serve

(Continued from page 4)

food, and did many other menial tasks which graduate nurses insist on having a coolie do for them."

Others with much better training refused to step out and do the unpleasant tasks. They were looking for positions of authority where they could tell some one else what to do. How sad it is, but how true, that in an emergency which calls for real work and long hours, few people are willing to step in and fill the need.

This group of Adventist youth not only had their own Morning Watch and daily devotions, but they were very active among the patients in giving spiritual as well as physical help. They were true to our denominational standards in diet and health, and in their daily lives were exemplary Christians.

A foreigner connected with the Methodist hospital in that place bore a very high testimony concerning our nurses when he said, "They are a group of real Christian young people, of which your mission can well be proud."

Today there are to our knowledge about thirty of our Chinese young men and young women at work in base hospitals throughout the war area. It is our sincere hope and our one desire that they might all prove themselves as loyal, as faithful, as diligent, and as worthy of merit, as that group of seven in the Twenty-fourth Base Hospital.

Answers to Know Your Bible Better!

Yes or No: 1. Yes. 2. Deut. 28:12, 13. 3. 29:10, 11. 4. Yes. 5. 31:10. 6. 31:21, 22. 7. 31:24. 8. Yes. 9. 33:27-29. 10. No. 11. 34:1-4. 12. No. 13. Matt. 17:3. 14. 2 Kings 22:8-11. 15. Joshua 1:16. Matching: 1. Rahab. 2. Jordan. 3. Gilgal. 4. Jericho. 5. Achan. 6. Ai. 7. Mt. Ebal. 8. Gibeonites. 9. Beth-Horon. 10. Lake Merom. 11. Hazor. 12. Joshua. 13. Eleazar. 14. Hebron. 15. Canaanites.

Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column under the supervision of the Young People's Department. The answers are not to be taken as a denominational pronouncement, but rather as good, sound advice in harmony with the principles and practices of the church. While each answer appears over the signature of an individual, it has been carefully considered and approved by the Counsel Corner Committee. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your problems. When writing, please sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of the Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.

Please advise me whether it is right to collect and change money for books and other literature in the church on the Sabbath day?

God wants us to resort to every right way that can be devised to get our good missionary books and periodicals before the public. Our people must know about them, and, in turn, they must take them out to sell or give to their neighbors.

Relative to supplying literature on the Sabbath, the policy as expressed in the "Church Manual," page 158, is as follows: "It is generally recognized that the Sabbath affords the most opportune time for the church missionary secretary to place literature in the hands of the members. However, in many places there has been serious objection to methods that have been followed, because of their effect upon the solemnity of the Sabbath services. In all his work on the Sabbath, the missionary secretary should avoid any methods that are objectionable and that would tend to divert the attention of the congregation from true worship and reverence. This phase of our church missionary secretary's work can be wonderfully helped by the use of the 'Order Envelope' plan. Envelopes are provided on which the members can designate the literature they wish to secure, the quantity, the language, bindings, etc. The amount covering the cost of literature they are ordering can be put into the envelope during the week, and placed in the basket at the time the regular offering is received on Sabbath. At the close of the service, the envelopes are placed in the hands of the missionary secretary, who in turn gives the orders prompt attention after the Sabbath is past."

WILLIAM A. BUTLER.

By Their Tunes Ye Shall Know Them

(Continued from page 7)

in charge of the training camp heard of this young man's ability and influence for good. This he reported to the government inspector when he paid his next visit. Since the inspector was interested, the commander asked James to play for them.

True to his reputation, he played a well-known, well-loved hymn. As the inspector wished to try the young musician, he asked him to play a popular song of the cheap variety. James asked to be excused, stating courteously that it was against his religious principles to play or sing that type of music. He was then asked to explain why, and thus there came to him opportunity to witness for his Master before these men who had given God and their personal relationship to Him but little thought.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

They expressed their appreciation for the influence of good music on the morale of their men.

Since God has blessed us with this heavenly gift, we are mocking Him by indulging in songs which are saturated with thoughts that not only fail to uplift, but are actually degrading. The apostle Paul gives this instruction: "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above" "admonishing one another in hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Satan's most powerful method of deception is a clever mingling of the evil with the good. In all ages he has worked in this way. For every good thing with which God has blessed mankind, he has produced a counterfeit—and one of his counterfeits is jazz. Thus music, under the direction of the evil one, becomes a curse.

Good music is God's voice reflected into man's consciousness. It is the expression of the heart's most lofty and disciplined emotions. "Singing is as much an act of worship as is prayer." Music, in the opinion of many, ranks in human experience second only to religion. To learn to appreciate the best in music is to learn to appreciate the best in life. Music gives birth to aspiration; it makes a true man truer, and a bad man better.

What kind of music carries with it the picture of your character? Do the songs you sing, the selections you play, witness for Christ? By a choice of good music you may not only cheer yourself through life's struggles, but you may also help some faltering fellow traveler to stand up more cheerfully under his load.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

XI—Christian Dress and Conduct

(March 12)

MEMORY VERSE: James 1:27.
LESSON HELPS: "Ministry of Healing," pp. 287-294; "Gospel Workers," pp. 172, 173.

QUESTIONS

1. What exhortation is given to the Christian concerning the world? 1 John 2:15-17; Col. 3:2.

2. What is said of the one who is a friend of the world? James 4:4.

NOTE.—"Many of the amusements popular in the world today, even with those who claim to be Christians, tend to the same end as did those of the heathen. There are indeed few among them that Satan does not turn to account in destroying souls. Through the drama he has worked for ages to excite passion and glorify vice. The opera, with its fascinating display and bewildering music, the masquerade, the dance, the card table, Satan employs to break down the barriers of principle, and open the door to sensual indulgence. In every gathering for pleasure where pride is fostered or appetite indulged, where one is led to forget God and lose sight of eternal interest, there Satan is binding his chains about the soul."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 459, 460.

3. On what point did the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness culminate? Matt. 4:8.

NOTE.—"By the one who had revolted in heaven, the kingdoms of this world were offered Christ, to buy His homage to the principles of evil; but He would not be bought; He had come to establish a kingdom of righteousness, and He would not abandon His purpose. With the same temptation Satan approaches men, and here he has better success than with Christ. To men he offers the kingdom of this

world on condition that they will acknowledge his supremacy. He requires that they sacrifice integrity, disregard conscience, indulge selfishness. Christ bids them seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 130.

4. What did Israel desire which led eventually to their downfall as a kingdom? 1 Sam. 8:5, last part, 19, 20, 7.

5. In what ways does the love of the world frequently reveal itself? Eze. 16:49; Isa. 3:16.

NOTE.—"There is nothing more desired among men than riches and leisure, and yet these gave birth to the sins that brought destruction upon the cities of the plain. Their useless, idle life made them a prey to Satan's temptations, and they defaced the image of God, and became satanic rather than divine. Idleness is the greatest curse that can fall upon man; for vice and crime follow in its train. It enfeebles the mind, perverts the understanding, and debases the soul. Satan lies in ambush, ready to destroy those who are unguarded, whose leisure gives him opportunity to insinuate himself under some attractive disguise. He is never more successful than when he comes to men in their idle hours."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 156, 157.

6. Why was it necessary for man in the beginning to be provided with artificial garments? Gen. 3:7, 8, 10, 21.

NOTE.—"The robe of light which had enshrouded them, [Adam and Eve] now disappeared, and to supply its place they endeavored to fashion for themselves a covering; for they could not, while unclothed, meet the eye of God and holy angels."—Id., p. 57.

7. What counsel is given believing women relative to modest attire? 1 Tim. 2:9.

NOTE.—"The Bible teaches modesty in dress. 'In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel.' This forbids display in dress, gaudy colors, profuse ornamentation. Any device designed to attract attention to the wearer or to excite admiration, is excluded from the modest apparel which God's word enjoins. Our dress is to be inexpensive,—not with gold, or pearls, or costly array."—"Ministry of Healing," p. 287.

8. What kind of adornment befits one professing godliness? 1 Peter 3:4.

9. What adornment is prohibited by the Bible? Verse 3.

10. What attitude will the world take toward the one who separates himself from it? John 15:18, 19.

11. What two classes of servants will be on the earth at Jesus' coming? How will each class be employed? Matt. 24:45-51.

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

XI—Abraham's Visitors

(March 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 17:1-8; 18.
MEMORY VERSE: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Ps. 85:8.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 138-140.

QUESTIONS

1. Who appeared to Abram when he was ninety-nine years old? What promise was again renewed? Gen. 17:1-4.

2. What change was made in Abram's name? Verse 5.

3. How were the promises of the covenant with Abraham then emphasized? Verses 6-8.

4. Who appeared to Abraham while he dwelt at Mamre? How did he greet his visitors? Gen. 18:1, 2.

5. What hospitality did he offer? Verses 3-5.

6. What preparations were quickly made? Verses 6-8.

7. After eating their meal, toward what place did the men go? Who went with them? Verse 16.

8. Why did the Lord not hide His purpose from Abraham? Verses 17-19.

NOTE.—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Abraham had honored God, and the Lord honored him, taking him into His counsels, and revealing to him His purposes. . . . God knew well the measure of Sodom's guilt; but He ex-

pressed Himself after the manner of men, that the justice of His dealings might be understood. Before bringing judgment upon the transgressors, He would go Himself, to institute an examination of their course; if they had not passed the limits of divine mercy, He would still grant them space for repentance."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 139.

9. As two of the angel strangers went on to Sodom, what did the Lord Himself do? Verses 20-22.

10. How did Abraham venture to plead with the Lord? Verses 23-25.

NOTE.—"One of our great privileges is that of praying for others. We can reach by prayer those whom we can reach in no other way.

"Love for perishing souls inspired Abraham's prayer. While he loathed the sins of that corrupt city, he desired that the sinners might be saved. His deep interest for Sodom shows the anxiety that we should feel for the impenitent. We should cherish hatred of sin, but pity and love for the sinner. All around us are souls going down to ruin as hopeless, as terrible, as that which befell Sodom. Every day the probation of some is closing. Every hour some are passing beyond the reach of mercy. And where are the voices of warning and entreaty to bid the sinner flee from this fearful doom? Where are the hands stretched out to draw him back from death? Where are those who with humility and persevering faith are pleading with God for him?"—Id., p. 140.

11. What reply did the Lord make? Verse 26.

12. How did Abraham show his humility while continuing to plead for the city? Yet what did he ask? Verses 27, 28.

NOTE.—"With deep reverence and humility he [Abraham] urged his plea: 'I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes.' There was no self-confidence, no boasting of his own righteousness. He did not claim favor on the ground of his obedience, or of the sacrifices he had made in doing God's will. Himself a sinner, he pleaded in the sinner's behalf. Such a spirit all who approach God should possess. Yet Abraham manifested the confidence of a child pleading with a loved father. He came close to the heavenly messenger, and fervently urged his petition."—Id., p. 139.

13. What further requests did Abraham make? How was each of these received? Verses 29-31.

14. What was the lowest number Abraham dared name in asking that Sodom be spared? How was this request received? How did the Lord and Abraham then separate? Verses 32, 33.

NOTE.—"Though Lot had become a dweller in Sodom, he did not partake in the iniquity of its inhabitants. Abraham thought that in that populous city there must be other worshippers of the true God. . . . Abraham asked not once merely, but many times. Waxing bolder as his requests were granted, he continued until he gained the assurance that if even ten righteous persons could be found in it, the city would be spared."—Id., pp. 139, 140.

The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

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The Listening Post

► AN eight-year-old boy was recently suspended from school in Glasgow, Scotland, because his father refused to allow him to study knitting.

► FOR twenty-five years the Christ of the Andes—a colossal statue made from melted bullets at the suggestion of a group of peace-loving women—has stood with an extended arm on the line between Argentina and Chile, a symbol of the everlasting peace which it is hoped will prevail between the two countries which before this had been long-time enemies.

► THE famous "Drake's drum," which legend says rolls whenever danger threatens England, was recently saved when fire consumed timbered Buckland Abbey, once the residence of Sir Frances Drake. The famous drum was used to sound warnings of the Spanish Armada's approach to England's shores in 1588 and has been heard several times since, according to legend.

► SEVENTY miles north of São Paulo, Brazil, is the Villa Americana, which was settled in 1865 by emigrants from the Confederate States of the United States who refused to come back into the Union at the close of the Civil War. Of these 500 families the majority have remained American in manner, although the third and fourth generations show a Brazilian influence and speak English with a decided foreign accent. The majority are farmers. They have introduced the watermelon into Brazil.

► IN a working career of sixty years, Antonio Stradivari made an estimated 1,100 instruments—violins, violas, 'celli, and contrabasses—which are said to represent a total value today of between sixteen and seventeen million dollars. Of the 540 of these instruments in existence, 143 in all—five violas, thirteen 'celli, and 125 violins—are owned in the United States. Of the total number the great majority are in use by professionals or amateurs. Only 10 per cent are in the hands of dealers or interred in museums.

► RECENTLY the 120,000 laborers who provide Paris with its public services refused to work. Without buses or subway transportation, citizens walked anywhere from blocks to miles to reach their places of employment. Skeleton staffs of workmen kept gas, water, and electric-power distribution nearly at normal, but the gay French capital seethed with excitement. Without regard for the fact that the Popular Government which he headed was ostensibly a labor government, Premier Camille Chautemps, who has since resigned, declared he would move against the strike "with greatest vigor." This he proceeded to do in a very unusual way. Every able-bodied Frenchman above twenty-two years of age is a military reserve. The premier warned the strikers that if they did not return to work they would be called out as army reserves and assigned to carry on the jobs they had deserted under military technicians. Within twenty-four hours they capitulated. Suburban workers won an increase of \$1.15 in living-cost allowances; city workers won nothing at all.

► MRS. L. W. NIEMAN, widow of the founder of the *Milwaukee Journal*, bequeathed a million dollars to Harvard University "to promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States." After giving the matter earnest study, Harvard authorities have now agreed to the following plan by which it is hoped this aim can be realized: From twelve to fifteen paid fellowships will be established for editors, newspaper reporters, and editorial and special writers who have been in active work at least three years. Six of them will be drawn from six geographical divisions of the United States. With permission of their employers they will give at least six, and if possible eight, months to the study of such subjects taught in any of the Harvard schools as will give them knowledge they may wish to use in their profession. The plan is modestly announced as being "frankly experimental."

► ALLUDING to stamp collecting as "that perennially fascinating hobby," President Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States recently emphasized the opportunity such a collection gives for obtaining geographical knowledge and also for increasing interest in historical events. "I know," he said, "of no single avocation that takes one away from the problems of the day—that offers an opportunity for the development of one's interest in any direction which imagination dictates—equal to that of collecting postage stamps."

► OF the fifty million persons in the United States who take a trip somewhere each year, the majority still travel in summer, but increasingly large numbers—an estimated ten million this winter—are taking to the tourist trail in cold weather. The mecca of winter sunshine seekers is Florida, while surprising as it may seem, California draws the largest number of winter-sports enthusiasts.

► IN Japan, where both rich and poor regard a daily bath as a sanitary necessity, workers were recently distressed when the Tokyo Bathhouse Guild announced that in order to save fuel during the war the capital's 559 baths will hereafter open at ten o'clock instead of five in the morning.

► THE businessmen of Huntington Park, California, find Baby Chex, or a community nursery, in which mothers may leave their children, well worth the two dollars monthly which every merchant pays for its support. There is no charge to the mother. She need only make a ten-cent purchase at one of thirty listed stores.

► GIBRALTAR's famous pack of fox hounds has resumed hunting, for the first time since the Spanish Civil War began. They range over the hills and through the cork forests around the head of Gibraltar Bay. Spanish territory here is in rebel hands, and General Franco's permission had to be secured before the hunting could be resumed.

► IN a recent lecture, assistant secretary Alexander Whetmore of the Smithsonian Institute said, "The regularity and organization of bird migrations have long excited the wonder of human beings, but the idea that they are often terrible ordeals to the wild fowl is unfamiliar." Observations have led him to the conclusion that even in good flying weather many birds must so exert themselves to make the flight over the broad stretches of water between their winter and summer homes that they finally reach shore in an almost-exhausted condition.

► IT was recently announced in Shanghai that China has entirely defaulted upon the final payment for the Tsingtao-Tsinan Railway, the fifteen-year mortgage which the Japanese government holds having expired at the close of 1937. Japan received this German-built railway at the Versailles Peace Conference. In 1922 at the Washington Conference, Japan deeded the railway to China, accepting the mortgage which is now overdue. Since war has not been declared, she is therefore privileged to foreclose and formally claim ownership of this important transportation unit.

► AT the request of the sultan, President James K. Polk in 1849 sent James B. Davis, of South Carolina, to Turkey to experiment with the production of cotton in that country. The sultan so appreciated Mr. Davis's services that he gave him nine choice angora goats to bring back to the United States, and from these nine angoras plus additional importations made during the following twenty-five years, the angora and mohair industry has grown until today there are in the United States over 3,200,000 angoras, which produce more than 14,000,000 pounds of mohair each year.

► IN October the New York Metropolitan Opera Association announced that it had engaged ninety-nine artists for the musical season and listed ninety-eight of them. The identity of one was not made public until January 1, when it was learned that her name was Zinka Milanov. She has been singing at the Metropolitan since the middle of December. Her contract was one of the most unusual in operatic history, and stipulated that she must lose twenty-five pounds and learn three Italian roles in three months. She did both. Also she changed her name from Zinka Kunc. A year ago she had never sung a note outside her native Yugoslavia.



Where does Time go?

It makes no difference. It's what you do with it that counts.