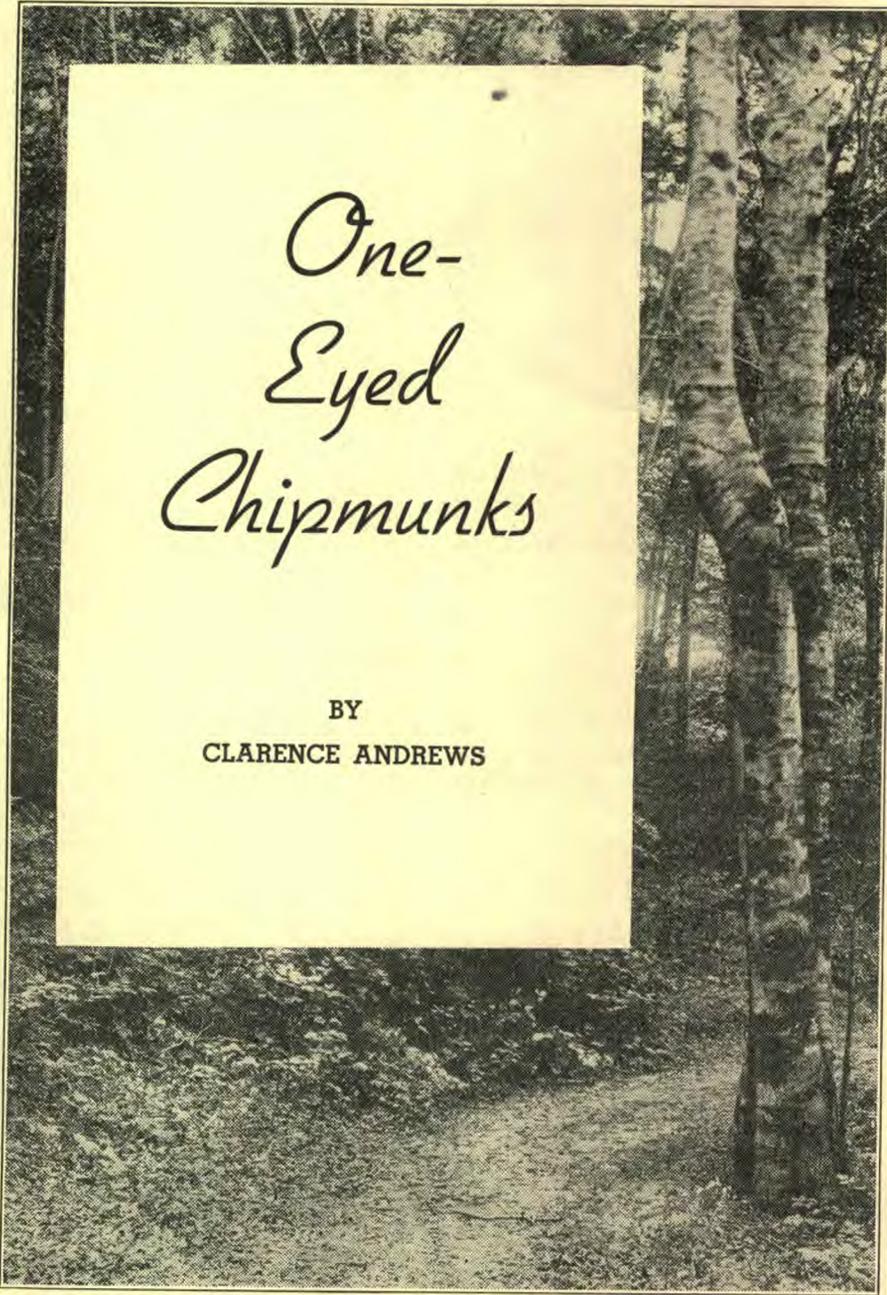


# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

## One- Eyed Chipmunks

BY  
CLARENCE ANDREWS



EUGENE J. HALL

IT is a road that isn't much traveled, and so I take that route to and from school and revel in the joy of just letting "the things of the all around" take all my attention. There is a dip in the road—a dry wash in summer, a brook when the gentle rains of fall come whispering down, a torrent of yellow, raging

water when the spring freshets melt mountain snows and sweep them on to the sea. But it is not a lonesome road, not ever. There are always birds in the brush that borders it or in the trees that overhang it. There are cows that low in the pastures lying beyond the bordering brush, and colts that snort and race away in mock

alarm at sudden sight or sound of a human being. Then from almost every tuft of grass the gophers race across the narrow way, and chipmunks scold and scamper as though I were an intruder with no right of passage. On very rare occasions I even have the company of another person, for there are a few neat little cottages nestled among the trees at the near-half-way place.

Somehow, as I walk the pretty road I never think of the morrow's lessons or the month-end bills or the mistakes I've made today, or even of what I hope to accomplish in some tomorrow. But rather, with eyes and ears and all my senses alert, I try to become better acquainted with the dwellers along my road—plants, birds, beasts, and people. They are all interesting, and they teach me much that I need to know. Sometimes the lesson isn't completed in one trip; sometimes it is.

One outstanding character is the one-eyed chipmunk. It took him six months to teach me his little lesson. I shall never forget it. It was a lovely, crisp, clear morning early last fall when I walked the pretty road. The sun was gleaming atop the mile-high peaks above me, and "the all around" was seething with life and vigor. There were twitter and chirp and glorious song, bark and squeak and squeal and neigh, flashing wings and darting forms. Tuning my step to the vigor around, I strode swiftly between the meadows and down the dip into the bed of the wash, and started up the other side. There I met him, the little gray rascal! He flashed from his cover to the middle of the road in a single motion, but—wonder of wonders—with me, a man, only ten feet away, he stopped! Stopped stone still in my path! An able-bodied chipmunk!

Head up, poised for a spring, ears alert as if sensing danger but unable to locate it, he stood there. Treading, as I must, on the gravel of the dry-wash bed, silence was impossible; yet he remained absolutely motionless as

I approached to within arm's length. Surely, I thought, you are some one's pet; but as my hand was extended to pick him up, I discovered the secret. His eye on the side nearest me was milky white. He was stone blind—but not quite. At the merest touch, as I would have picked him up to take him home, he was gone in true chipmunk fashion,—just a gray streak into the brush. As he appeared for a moment in the safety zone of his private estates, I saw that his other eye was as bright as ever a chipmunk could wish it to be. So I met him—Dippy-do-dad, the one-eyed chipmunk—Dippy for short.

As I hustled along I thought about Dippy and wondered just what were his chances for a long and useful life. There he had sat in the middle of the road with potential death hovering over him, and because there was no danger in the limited vision of his one good eye, he thought there was no danger. Had it been a dog, a cat, a marauding hawk, or even a boy who loved not chipmunks, Dippy would have become a has-been.

The days passed, and the whispering rains changed the wash to a brook, and winter's storms made a creek of the brook, and the creek became a raging river as the winds of March drove weeping clouds among the peaks to melt their store of snow. During all those months of varying rain, I walked no more that way; but at last I saw the flood waste away to a creek again and the creek die away to a chuckling brook, and I knew that even if I could not leap it outright, I could throw a stone into the middle and make it in two jumps. So again I sought the solitude and companionship of the nature folk on the pretty road.

As I turned into the narrow entrance of the way, I found myself in stride with a young woman, scarcely out of her teens, who lives in one of the cottages in the wood. She has been married two years to a bright, capable young man only a bit older than she. I first met them in one of the outlying churches. Both she and her husband were shining lights among the young people of the congregation. Both of them had employment at that time, but some difficulty had arisen, and the next thing I knew there they were in the cottage beside

my pretty road, and they were working in the big sanitarium on the hill. This all flashed quickly through my mind as I caught step with her and we exchanged greetings. As soon as the weather and family health had been disposed of, I inquired whether she and her husband were enjoying their work. The answer surprised me.

No, they were not working at the sanitarium any longer. She had not been there for some time, and her husband had stopped yesterday. No,

they do not have anything in sight, but they just couldn't get along with those in charge. Yes, the pay had been all right. No, the work was not bad. "Just those things that one simply can't stand from those you work for, you know! Well, not anything in particular—just lots of little things. I don't blame my husband a bit, and he says he would not have me put up with the things they asked me to do." She turned in at the cottage in the wood. I passed on till

I came to where Dippy-do-dad, the one-eyed chipmunk, lived, and as I passed the spot where he had sat in the road so serenely in the safety of his one blind eye, I thought how much like him we mortals be.

One eye we keep open ever so wide. That is the eye with which we see other's faults and our own side of the question. But the other eye, which would enable us to see the virtue of the other fellow and his side of the question, is tightly shut or blinded by the hardening cataracts of habitual selfishness. Just as Dippy could not see the giant who stood above him that morning, so, many of us fail to grasp the fact that when we work for a man or an institution we should be ready to submerge our own feelings and viewpoints and work with those in charge for the furtherance of the employer's interests. Getting along with the boss may be the big end of the job we are paid to do. Very rarely is there anything personal in the attitude of a seemingly cranky overseer. If we had half the worry and responsibility that rests on his shoulders, we should have real reason to quit.

And even if the foreman or supervisor is wrong, we are not working for him. There is the owner of the institution, or the church organization, or even beyond that, the Master, who, over all and above all, sees right and wrong and makes no mistakes. What if the soldier became offended at the things he was asked to do and went home? Well, that would make for peace in the world, I suppose, because there could be no war without soldiers. But what of his responsibility to his country? Could he say, "Well, it was just those little things I couldn't stand"? What about the peacetime worker's responsibility to his family? Shall children go hungry and a wife be ashamed just because we cannot see (*Turn to page 12*)



## *My Thought Stream*

BY ESTHER KALDAHL GUYOT

My thoughts are a flowing stream  
Which never stops to rest,  
Save when its rush  
Is made to hush  
In slumber sweet and blest.

Some thoughts are the fallen logs  
Which block the stream's pure  
flow;  
These I must fight  
With forceful might  
As down the tide I go.

When joyous and glad I feel,  
My thoughts are light and gay;  
They fairly ring  
And brightly sing  
A bubbling, mirthful lay.

When shadows and storm clouds  
come  
To darken skies above,  
I struggle on  
And turn to One  
Who brings back thoughts of love.

O Lord, make the channels pure  
Through which my thoughts must  
flow.  
All of them guide  
As down the tide  
To meet life's stream they go.



ALLEN

# What Shall It Profit?

BY DOROTHY FICK

**T**HEN there's Raymond. Where is he now, grandfather, and what is he doing?"

The questions had been fairly tumbling out of my mouth. The fourteen years that I had been away from my native State had wrought innumerable changes in everything and everybody; hence it was with mingled interest and curiosity that I asked questions in an almost ceaseless stream.

"Ray? Oh, he's working out on Winters' farm. You're anxious to see him, of course. Perhaps we can organize our plans for the day so that they will include a short visit with him."

But since the "best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," it was Sabbath afternoon before we found ourselves approaching the prosperous farm belonging to Mr. Winters. After the exclamations of surprise at my sudden appearance were over, I asked about Ray.

"I believe," said Mr. Winters, "that you'll find him down in the south field of corn which borders the pasture. The morning glories are making trellises out of the cornstalks, and he has been working almost day and night to

exterminate them. Yes, you'll find him down there energetically wielding a hoe."

Confused thoughts rushed through my brain as I followed the uncertain path beside the field of waving green. Sabbath—hoeing morning glories—Raymond! Incredible! I hoped there was some mistake, but my last hope was shattered as I glimpsed, on the far side of the field, the bent figure of a man industriously at work.

"No, I don't believe I know you."

After a few moments of explanation on my part, and after a few moments of close scrutiny on his, he became convinced that I was none other than the tousle-haired cousin of former years who had so much enjoyed running over to Aunt Rose's to help him pick the luscious strawberries which made his mother's garden famous in the neighborhood.

We talked for some time that evening, and as the Sabbath sun slowly sank in the west, leaving the sky a blaze of crimson glory, we walked leisurely back to the farmhouse. I could not refrain from exclaiming about the inspiration I received from such Sabbath benedictions. Ray was

unmoved. His evasive reply only deepened the conviction which was steadily growing upon me.

"Won't you stay and have coffee and hot rolls with us?" invited Mrs. Winters.

"Yes, do," urged Ray. "After supper we'll run over to Bloomfield to see a good movie. We'll celebrate this rare occasion royally."

To refuse seemed ungrateful, but I murmured some excuse and appreciation, and hastened back to grandfather's to think.

Around me the twilight deepened into the inky blackness of night, and I sat on the vine-covered porch engrossed in thought, reminiscing.

It had been just sixteen years before that Ray and I had sat on this selfsame porch on just such a June evening as this. Our uncle from Michigan was visiting us. He was an indifferent, listless man who regarded religion lightly. Often we wondered what had brought him into this frame of mind. As the evening wore on, there came a lull in the conversation. Every one seemed lost in his own thoughts. Suddenly from our visitor burst this admonition, "Ray, never sacrifice eternity for money, ambition, or so-called education. The price is too great!"

Then without further introduction or explanation he unfolded to us the sad story of his misspent life, a life which might have made more gripping the annals of Seventh-day Adventist missionary history, if he had chosen the path of unclaimed service for God rather than the path of higher education. True, it had brought him wealth, success, and fame; but it had left him bereft of any semblance of his former faith in God as a Creator, Friend, or Saviour.

The story came to an abrupt end with a repetition of the admonition which had introduced it: "Ray, never sacrifice eternity for *anything!* The price is too great!" Young as I was, I realized that this adored cousin, who was two years my senior, was deeply impressed.

But the years sped quickly on; the impression of that story grew faint. In the recklessness of late boyhood Ray became indifferent to things spiritual. Then the cataclysm of the World War broke upon us with all of its horror and bloodshed. To Ray and his younger brother, Ben, war seemed a glorious adventure, and time and again heroic battles were waged by the two boys as they drove the herds home at the close of day.

One evening during a fierce conflict, Ben pointed his gun, which he supposed was unloaded, at Ray. A shot rang out upon the stillness of dusk! Ray moaned and fell to the ground. Ben closed his eyes. Fear gripped his heart! Oh, what had he done! What should he do? Mustering all his courage, he rushed to his brother's side and found him breathing heavily,

blood streaming from an ugly wound near his ear. Realizing that he must get help at once, he sped home to tell of the accident.

The wounded boy was rushed to the hospital. After consultation among the leading surgeons of the city, it was decided that the bullet had lodged in too precarious a place to permit an operation for its removal. They could only wait for the outcome. For weeks Ray lay upon a bed of agony, but finally he was released from the hospital. To this day his recovery is considered nothing less than miraculous.

He realized fully that Providence had intervened and had spared his life, and he firmly believed that God had some purpose in permitting his recovery. Consequently, at the opening of the next school year he enrolled as a student in a Christian academy. What the outcome would be we all wondered. We feared that the

new and strange atmosphere might not be to his liking, for Christian principles of conduct and the essentials of social ethics were very vague in the mind of the country youth.

We did not learn until years later of the agony of his first year at the academy. Frequently he was made the object of thoughtless pranks, and his ignorance of the requirements of social usage sometimes placed him in unpleasant situations. How embarrassed he would become when he discovered that he had again failed to remember that he must never travel the full length of his knife with his tongue to eliminate any possible waste of peanut butter.

The refining process was slow and painful, but after two years of Christian influence Ray emerged from school greatly improved in culture. Not only had he acquired a few of the social graces, but he had

also found in Christ a never-failing Friend.

The colporteur work attracted him; therefore he spent the next summer months in the canvassing field. Success attended his efforts from the first, and every one marveled when in the fall he was able to enter college with two scholarships to his credit.

Being naturally reserved, Ray found the ice in college indeed hard to break. Again he discovered that he must be a trifle peculiar, for occasionally he would hear snickers of amusement as he passed groups of fellow students. Every act of life leaves its imprint, and those unkind demonstrations filled Ray with the determination to show them that he could become somebody. Diligent application plus consecration plus grim determination eventually won for him the admiration and respect of both students and teachers. If there were complicated prob- (Turn to page 13)

## Don't Despise the Commonplace

BY ERNEST LLOYD

HOWARD CRANDELL was one of those clean, strong young men that it warms a minister's heart to receive into the church. The pastor had given him the right hand of fellowship a year before, and had felt at the time that here was a youth who, as he expressed it, would "go far." But of late something seemed to be troubling Howard, and he had asked the pastor if he might come and talk with him.

"Pastor Marston," said Howard, "when I joined the church a year ago it was a moment of high exaltation in my life. I had fully consecrated myself to the Master's service, and I asked God to use me as He would. I was willing to go anywhere or to do anything. I thought much of going to a foreign field if God saw fit to call me. But no call has come to any special work, and the light that touched my life in such a strong way a year ago seems to be fading. I am troubled. What do you think is the matter?"

"I don't think anything vital is the matter, Howard, if you still have your spirit of consecration, and I believe you do," answered the pastor. "You are passing through an experience quite common to all of us in our religious experience. It is just a question of difference between God's method and ours. We often look for the dramatic element. God seems to be content mostly with the commonplace. Moses had a vision of the deliverance of Israel from bondage. He wished to set about the task at once, but God sent him to do the humdrum work of a shepherd in the



mountains of Midian for forty years. That has generally been God's method since the dawn of time: first the vision, then the humdrum work to season the man. You'll find it frequently in the Old Testament, and you'll find it in the New Testament, and you'll find it in the lives of God's men and women today.

"Remember those disciples on the mountain of glory with the Master. They longed to remain there alone with Him, but down in the valley below, people were in great need of His help, and He knew it. So down to the valley they went, and back to the work of ministering to the sick and feeding the hungry. And there was the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, and then the command to begin preaching right at home in Jerusalem. God wanted to try out those new apostles on ground that was familiar to them.

"I often think, Howard, of the experience that came to Peter when the angel led him out of prison. You remember he told Peter to bind on his

sandals, and then, after walking with him a little way from the prison, left him to find his way alone. In other words, the angel did not do for Peter that which he could do for himself, and he left him as soon as Peter could go on alone. The doing of the humdrum thing is always more of a test than the performance of the dramatic.

"Isaiah puts it all into a sentence: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' That sounds like an anticlimax. It seems certainly to be a greater thing to mount up on wings as eagles than to walk and not faint. As a matter of fact, any of us can soar upon eagle's wings in some moment of vision, but it takes heroic stuff to plod along the dusty road day after day at a walking gait and not faint.

"There is where you are now, Howard, and there is no better proof that a vision is real than the translation of that vision into common deeds. First the vision, then a departing angel, as in Peter's case, then the common road alone. If you can stand that, the call to more distant and spectacular service may come. But meanwhile do not despise the commonplace.

"Remember that 'if the opportunities for *great* deeds should never come to you, the opportunities for *good* deeds are renewed for you day by day.

"The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory."



H. A. ROBERTS

ABOVE the rasping and rippling of the huge canvas tent, the speaker's voice rose clearly and distinctly. "The course is long, difficult, and expensive," his conclusion began, "but once completed, it furnishes the scrupulous possessor with countless opportunities for well-doing. The conscientious Christian doctor can bring Jesus into the hearts and minds of those who because of their own helplessness are more easily persuaded to rest their destinies in divine hands. Hearts long hardened in sin may be softened and opened to Jesus by the expert physician who humbly witnesses that not by his skill, but by God's love and His healing, creative power, are health and strength restored to the sufferer."

Well to the rear and suggestively near to a gap in the tent wall, sat eleven-year-old George Murphy, who seemed, for once, to have forgotten all excuses for escape. He perched for an hour on the edge of a bench in that particular service of that particular camp meeting, and listened eagerly to the appeal for more medical missionaries. There was born within him an impelling desire to be able someday to heal, to teach, and to preach as Jesus did.

As soon as the meeting was over, George asked: "Say, dad, do you think I'd make a good doctor?" and added, "I'd like to be one."

His father was pleased to hear his young son definitely express a life ambition, and he assured him that the aspiration was truly noble and well worthy of the time and the tireless effort necessary for its accomplishment. "'Be strong and of a good courage,' son," he smiled, "and God will be with you."

Frequently, inspiration received so early in life is soon buried beneath

## "Be Strong and of a Good Courage"

BY DONALD HOLM

the showers of difficulties which so readily present themselves. Had it not been for his farsighted Christian father, who early taught him the value of work, George also would have lost the vision. But Mr. Murphy knew that before his son could become a doctor he must learn the value of money, of time, of strength, and of opportunity. He must learn those lessons of economy, industry, self-denial, self-help, and steadfastness of purpose which are not found in schoolbooks, but are obtained by meeting with rolled sleeves and set jaw the actualities of the outside world.

Many go to school or allow themselves to be sent to school because they believe that a good memory knowledge of books will relieve them of the necessity of working with their hands, and to work with their hands, they think, is disgraceful. Thousands of young people are graduated from

school yearly, only half-educated! True, they know how the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans lived. They have a smattering knowledge of several languages, perhaps, and are reasonably adept in mathematics and science; but when it becomes necessary to face the world and to make a real contribution to progress, they are utterly helpless. They have not learned the value of real work.

George's first lessons in this branch of knowledge were learned at home. A flock of chickens and a garden of his own were his textbooks. Dad was the teacher. He taught his son how to plant and cultivate a garden and how to care for chickens in the manner that would result in the production of the greatest possible number of eggs. Of course records must be kept of all expenses, and whenever the income fell below the outgo, George received some very practical and helpful lessons in business management. To meet the crises he must economize and become more industrious. Soon substantial profits began coming in, and George began paying his own tuition in church school. While books had taught him the rudiments of readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, simple industry and work had taught him the infinitely greater lesson of self-help.

Only two weeks after George's graduation from the eighth grade, circumstances forced the Murphy family to leave Ontario and move back to their farm on the great plains of western Minnesota. Because of the financial stress during the next two years, Mr. Murphy became schoolmaster in winter and salesman in summer, leaving the responsibilities of the farm on George's shoulders. Planting, cultivating, harvesting, breaking new ground, sawing wood, making maple sirup, milking cows, and caring for chickens, horses, and calves, kept the thirteen-year-old boy busy from morn till night. The land was so hilly that it seemed to compensate for all the great plains around them, but the very magnitude of the task filled George with greater determination. He became unusually strong and well-developed for his age, took great pride in his work, and felt a thrill of accomplishment as he saw the results of the labor of his own hands.

Meanwhile, had George lost the vision? After all, physicians are not born, but trained. The same steadfastness of purpose, the same determination that developed as he bore upon his youthful shoulders the work of a grown man, also served to keep his eyes on the mark.

"O God," he prayed, "I thank Thee for this privilege of learning directly from Thy created works the greatest lessons of life; but Father, I want to follow closely the example of Jesus Thy Son. I thank Thee that even as Jesus learned the practical

lessons of life in His father's workshop and in His quiet walks with Thee among the hills and valleys of Galilee, even so hast Thou guided me. But in order to be Thy physician and a fit teacher of the wonders of salvation, I must also develop my mental powers. Oh, wilt Thou lead and open the way that I may literally follow the Great Example from earth even to heaven, and take others with me?"

The prayer was a prayer of faith, and even as true faith naturally results in works, George Murphy did not idly wait for some miraculous answer. Instead he immediately did all in his power to help himself. First, he must continue his education. The only present possibility was to attend high school. He could ride the twenty miles each day on horseback. He could cut enough wood on Sundays to last all week, and could do the chores each day before and after school hours.

On the day before school was to start he was diligently hoeing melons, happily anticipating the morrow, and so engrossed in thought that he failed to notice a masculine figure approach and stand hesitantly behind him. It was dad who spoke, startling his son from his pleasant reverie.

"George," he said, "I'm afraid circumstances have arisen which make

it impossible for you to attend high school this year. I'm sorry, for I realize how much you wish to go." After a few moments of explanation he left for the school of which he was to be teacher. In spite of his fourteen years, his rapid swallowings, and the staccato workings of his eyelashes, hot tears blotted the departing figure from George's vision long before it disappeared over the hill. Then the promise made in the Book of books, and his dad's early admonition flashed into his mind: "Be strong and of a good courage, . . . for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee." Wiping his tears on his shirt sleeve, and grabbing his hoe, he worked desperately, while another lesson, the lesson of self-denial, was learned victoriously.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." When he learned how inspirational and helpful are the correspondence courses conducted by the Home Study Institute, George was thankful that God had kept him from attending a worldly school and had pointed the way to a true Christian education.

The next year he made plans to attend Maplewood Academy in Hutchinson, Minnesota. Again his plans failed, but, oh, what a failure! His father unexpectedly received a call

to a position in southern Michigan, and rented a house on the campus of Emmanuel Missionary College. George's experience in farming found him an immediate position on the school farm, where he could earn all his expenses for the following year. His ability to work had opened the opportunity to him.

Several years later there was an opening in the college press. George had learned that the more practical knowledge a man possesses, the more in demand are his services; so he applied for the position. To his delight he was accepted, and he has since had the privilege of working in almost every department of that most fascinating industry.

It is a real privilege and a real asset to be able to work and to study at the same time. When mental effort is put forth exclusive of the manual, the student is apt to conclude that success may be attained through mental effort only. Conversely, manual effort without mental exercise may leave the individual in a singular rut from which he will never climb. A combination of the two activities brings them into their true relationship. The practical associated with the intellectual and alternated for balance and rest are the chief benefits of a work-study program. (Turn to page 12)



## A Bit of Gossip

BY MARTHA E. WARNER

**T**HERE are two kinds of gossip, the bad and the good. The first is dangerous, damaging. It separates friends, besmirches the innocent, is a breaker of hearts, and never, never, NEVER should be indulged in.

The second, the good kind, is just the opposite of all this. It cheers, it makes a day brighter and a heavy heart lighter. It builds up instead of tearing down; therefore, we should never let slip an opportunity to indulge in it.

This is a beautiful morning—a "before-breakfast morning," when all is quiet except the cheep cheeping of the birds as they get ready for their sunrise concert.

I am writing by the west windows,

where I can look out on my beloved New England hills, with Mt. Carmel and The Sleeping Giant in the distance. Now and then I pause to feast my eyes on the play of light making patches of shadow here and patches of sunlight there, speaking so silently but eloquently of the patches of joy and sorrow, gladness and sadness, scattered over and through our lives.

There are hundreds of little homes dotting the landscape, and farms, and orchards, and waving grass. I wish you might see the exact spot where the sun went down last night in a blaze of glory, leaving a sky of molten gold. I wish you might enjoy with me the clouds tinted with the reflection of the rising sun. Cumulus clouds, billowy clouds, mountainous clouds, ships that sail in a sky of blue.

Wouldn't you like to ride on one of them? The one with the rosy mast? I would!

Once, many years ago, I expressed some such wish to mother, and what do you suppose she said? She told me I had better keep my feet on the earth and put my hands in the dishpan! Mothers do have a way of bringing one back to the realities of life with a thud!

But I am digressing. I need mother to remind me that what I started out to tell you about was a bit of gossip that came to me yesterday. And it's about Seventh-day Adventist girls. Now listen closely.

"Seventh-day Adventist girls don't use rouge or lipstick. This was brought to my mind the other day while visiting San Diego's fine vegetarian cafeteria. Splendid girls, health-minded, reflect the teachings of this religion."

This compliment was tucked down in the corner of *Nature's Health News* for June, 1938, which has a circulation of 160,000. And it so happened it was Clarke Irvine, the editor of the magazine, who did the tucking, because, you see, he was the one who did the visiting and made the discovery which he thought was of enough importance to broadcast to the world.

It gave me *such* a thrill of pride when I read it! and I was glad, glad that those Seventh-day Adventist girls were *our* girls, and included you, and *you*, and *YOU!* Glad, too, that because you are true to the high ideals and standards of our church, you are being admired and held up as an example of splendid girlhood to thousands and thousands of people.

I thought this bit of gossip would make you happy and encourage you to stand firm always; so I got up a bit earlier this morning to tell you about it, in the hope that it would help you to realize more fully that your life is a silent witness either for or against Christ.

And now I must go about the getting of breakfast.



# The Roman Historia Barbarorum

BY GWYNNE DALRYMPLE



## When Christians Can't Cry

**M**ARCH 10. Today we began our Spring Week of Prayer. We have Mr. Danfield with us for special help, and I rather like his sermons. They are very clear; you always know just what he means.

MARCH 15. I haven't written a great deal about the Week of Prayer, because while it's helpful and interesting and all that, I'm not getting a great deal out of it. Here I am, planning to go forward in baptism pretty soon, and yet I wonder if I am really a Christian at all, or whether the Lord ever could save me, or ever would save me. It's rather hard to take a firm stand in spiritual matters when you're all mixed up, as I am just now.

MARCH 16. I hadn't really seen Mr. Danfield to have a good long talk with him. But this afternoon I laid off work, and happened to meet him in the hallway of the boys' dorm. He invited me to go for a walk with him around the five-mile square.

As soon as we'd gotten under way, he asked me, "And how is the 'Historia Barbarorum' getting along?"

"Not very fast," I confessed. "Frankly, I don't think I've written two lines of Latin in the 'Historia,' or anywhere else, since Christmas vacation. For one thing, I'm too busy. For another, as you probably know, I've had a change of heart, and things look rather different to me from what they did when I came. So you see the central motive of the 'Historia Barbarorum'—the exposure, analysis, and classification of everything that's wrong or possibly could be wrong with Lawton Academy—is kind of gone."

"I understand," he said thoughtfully. "A change of viewpoint does make a great deal of difference, doesn't it?" Then we got into a discussion on the classics and the comparison of them with modern literature and so forth.

But finally he changed the subject abruptly. "Are you getting much help from the Week of Prayer?"

"Some—not all that I'd expected,"

I told him. "It's not your fault or the school's or the faculty's or anybody else's—just my own fault, I guess."

"What's the trouble?"

"I don't know. I wish I did, for then I think I could get things straightened out, by God's grace. But I don't know just what the matter is; and yet I feel that I'm not a Christian and not really the Lord's, and that somehow or other He hasn't reached me, and can't do much for me."

"Why?"

"Oh—just because."

"There's a reason for everything, George. What's your reason for believing that God hasn't reached you, and that He can't do much for you?"

"Well, it isn't because I've been doing anything dreadful lately—really, Mr. Danfield. As a matter of fact, I've improved a lot since I came here, though of course there's plenty of room for betterment. But a couple of weeks ago I read a book entitled 'Marvelous Experiences of Remarkable Christians;' and after I got through that, I felt pretty sure that I wasn't a Christian at all."

"Why?"

"Well, because—haven't you read it, Mr. Danfield?"

"Oh, yes, and parts of it at least twice. So I know what you're talking about when you mention it. But I'm just asking why, after you'd read it, you felt that you weren't a Christian and that the Lord hadn't done much for you anyway."

"Well, the folk in that book, Mr. Danfield, always had the most wonderful experiences; and nothing like that ever happens to me. The Holy Spirit just—well, just shook them out of themselves. They were all broken up about it. Several of them had visions, and things like that, though I'm not asking for visions, of course. But the whole experience was tremendous, really. They just wept and wept over their sins, and then the Lord heard them and gave them peace!"

"Go on."

"I've been thinking about these things quite earnestly, Mr. Danfield, and honestly, the Lord has never given me any experience like that at all."

"And therefore?"

"And therefore I wonder if the Lord really is going to save me at all. I've thought over the sins I've committed, and I've tried hard to repent of them thoroughly,—and they're enough to repent of, too,—but no tears seem to come, even though I've asked God to touch my heart. What's a Christian to do when he can't cry over his sins, and feel wonderfully stirred? After I've confessed and tried to repent and all that, I'm just as cool and collected as when I started."

"Ah, yes. Now these sins that you confess and try to repent of, have you forsaken them? or are you going on committing them every day, or as often as occasion requires?"

"No, sir, really, I don't know of anything I'm doing that's displeasing to God. I really feel that the Lord has blessed me in changing from what I used to be. But honestly, I don't have any of the remarkable experiences that some Christians have evidently had; and so I'm wondering—and confused."

"You have my sympathy, George," he answered. It's not pleasant to be all upset about these matters. But one good thing about it is this: the Lord has an answer for our doubts and problems, and He will reveal that answer if we'll just go to His word. He isn't trying to puzzle us; He's trying to bless us.

"Let's notice some foundation truths of the gospel. I don't like your remark about your heavenly Father's not being able to reach you or do much for you. Do you know what we call that frame of mind?"

"Doubt, I suppose."

"Yes, in the case of a person with all the light that you have, it comes perilously close to actual unbelief. For the Lord says, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.' That's in Jeremiah. And I think it is very well illustrated in your case. You've told me how you happened to get here much against your own will. But the Lord brought you to this place. And after you came here, your attitude wasn't anything to brag about as far as co-operation and loyalty were concerned, was it? But in spite of all that, the Spirit of God worked on your heart, worked even when you didn't want Him to work. Bit by bit God has helped you and changed you. You've given up things and attitudes that you had no intention of giving up when you first came here. In their place you've taken hold of a new life and a new attitude; and you want to become a child (*Turn to page 13*)



Main Entrance to the Administration Building

## Nihon San-Iku Gakuin

BY RETHA H. ELDRIDGE

COMMANDING an impressive view of the surrounding country stands the Seventh-day Adventist training school for the young men of Japan. Winter in this Land of the Rising Sun was an unusual season to those of us used to the snows of the Adirondacks. Azure skies, sunshine, birds nesting in the protected spots,—all these made life very pleasant. Oh, yes, there were biting winds, for the school is situated on the western shore of Tokyo Bay, just across from Yokohama and Tokyo, and nature's breath was often far from balmy. Yet the mild, windless days predominated.

Then came spring! Trees budded early, a succession of flowers started blooming; and when the baby birds one fine day were shoved from their nests in the eaves of our home, we knew that summer would shortly arrive.

The country is picturesque. As I write I see rice fields spread out in irregular sections, miracles of irrigation and ingenuity in using all available land; winter wheat and barley, grown to maturity, is now cut and laid in orderly rows; goats belonging to neighboring Japanese families are feeding here and there. The horizon is hemmed in by distant mountains, grandeur immortal, to the east and south. On the north is the bay, its

waters often blending with the sky, its surface broken by the sampans and numerous other small boats that flee from the path of the ocean steamers.

Standing to the west, presiding in ever-changing moods over the Japanese, is Fujiyama. When we caught our first glimpse of this mountain, our feet had not yet touched Japan's shores. For three hours before our ship arrived at quarantine, we watched it. Eternal snows streaked the peak here and there. Yes, we decided, the fame of Mt. Fuji is justified. Its beauty is all that we had anticipated—and more.

From the porch of the school building westward, a path has been cut through the evergreens to make possible a view of this mountain. So every season, if it is visible at all from its distance of eighty miles, Fuji may be seen. In the morning, clouds crown the summit; in the late afternoon the sun paints the sky in vivid colors; in the charm of the moonlight it is exquisitely beautiful.

Nihon San-Iku Gakuin had been built for three years when Kensaku Yasui came here to study. He had finished commercial school in Nagoya, and wanted to prepare himself for the work of God. Study and work made the days pass swiftly, and soon

he was a proofreader at the publishing house in the compound.

Fourteen months later he became a Bible worker, thus making use in a more direct way of his religious training. He continued in this work for a period of two and a half years under Pastor H. Kuniya, our pioneer Japanese evangelist. His days were crammed with interesting experiences. Every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday night he gathered the people together in two rooms in a house in Tokyo for a meeting. For seven months he held street meetings once a week. An organ supported the singing of such favorite songs as "Awake My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood." The hearers crowded around the small group conducting the meeting. Foreign-style dress was mixed with native costume. There were kimono-clad men, women with babies strapped to their backs, and small children in flowered kimonos, topped with aprons. Baptism followed these meetings, and the Tokyo Osaki church was organized.

Now Yasui San has returned to his alma mater as a teacher, and this time he is called *sensei*, which means "teacher." As we sat one day, taking a brief recess from studying *hira gana* (a form of Japanese writing) and the *tokuhon* (reader), I suggested, "Tell me something about your experiences as tentmaster in Tokyo."

His eyes twinkled at the memory of one disastrous storm, and he replied, "We had a small tent erected, and all was in readiness for the evening meeting. Then suddenly a strong wind came up, and before anything could be done to prevent it, the canvas was ripped beyond repair."

He went on to describe his consternation at the thought of having no place to hold the evening service. But he telephoned Pastor V. T. Armstrong, who was then superintendent of the Japan Union Mission, and Pastor Kuniya, for another tent. Soon a truck drove onto the lot with another canvas. This was quickly spread, and when the appointed hour for the meeting came, the organ was in place, the flowers were attractively arranged, and there was no evidence that a tempest had wrought destruction that very morning.

Reminiscing a bit, of his student days, Yasui Sensei remarked, "I remember one winter when fires in near-by forests were frequent, and we all, students and teachers alike, worked to put them out. Then one summer some yellow butterflies came in great numbers."

It seems that they flew into the *kishukusha* (dormitory), and the powder from their wings, getting on the *futons* (Japanese beds), rubbed into the boys' skins. Irritation and violent itching followed. In an effort to relieve the swelling, they took baths, only to find that the butterflies

had preceded them, and the water in the tub only caused more trouble.

He also told me of the permanent and far-reaching benefits of the prayer band, which was composed of boys with a special burden for the salvation of their friends. "We gathered every Tuesday night for prayer meeting. Sometimes we prayed in a classroom, sometimes outdoors under the trees. We prayed for the school, for some of the students, for the work of God in all parts of the world. A number of my friends, following graduation, entered our organized denominational work. In this way the years spent at Nihon San-Iku Gakuin bear fruit."

Ai Fukazawa is a woman of slight stature, but she wields a powerful influence over the lives of the boys here at the school. Her optimism is catching, and after a class with her one feels he *must* reach out for better things.

"What was your one great desire as a girl?" I asked her during a visit.

Using the address for a married woman, she replied, "Okusan, I wanted to be a nun."

It was a surprising story that she told me. Her parents, who lived in Kobe, a beautiful city facing the Inland Sea, placed her in a Christian school, where she remained for seven years. They felt that if she were a Christian, she would be a good girl, although they themselves were Buddhists. Even at the age of seventeen she felt an urge to teach, and since she already had a good command of English, she was given charge of a group studying translation.

The simple, self-forgetful lives of the teachers impressed her greatly, and strong was her desire to emulate them. She did not plan to tell her parents of her life ambition. At first she kept the secret well, but somehow they found out. Not approving of her wish, they took her from that



*Hanji Okada and His Wife on the School Campus*

school, and put her in a private school, where she remained for four years.

"The rigors of self-privation soon told the story," she went on in perfect English, although she has never traveled beyond her own country. "After three years in another school, because of ill-health I was forced to go home."

The Lord was directing her steps, however, for when the doctors failed to help her, she went to the little Seventh-day Adventist sanitarium located in Kobe. She had read her Bible thoughtfully and had pondered much over its command to observe the seventh-day Sabbath, and upon her arrival was startled to see a sign in the waiting room which said that no business would ever be transacted on the seventh day of the week.

"Instead of calling for a doctor to diagnose my troubles," Fukazawa Sensei declared, "I asked at the desk the meaning of that sign. It was so strange."

Two and a half years passed before she took her stand for the truths of the third angel's message; but once

her decision was made, she never faltered or turned aside.

When I asked what she remembered about the very beginnings of Nihon San-Iku Gakuin, she said that her husband and Dr. P. A. Webber, the present principal of the school, made many trips and visited many places in search of a suitable location. But the present property of thirty-five acres (quite extensive in view of the average Japanese farm of one acre) seemed most advantageous, and so the purchase was made.

Yes, she is a woman of slight stature, but her vision is great, and she is absolutely loyal to the third angel's message.

A wee child of five sat beside her mother in the office of a select Tokyo school, her dark eyes and eager face the picture of expectancy. It was the first day, and she watched the other children come in. She saw many meet old friends among students and teachers, but, too, there seemed to be others who, like herself, were just getting acquainted. The more she watched, the stronger grew her anticipation. She remembered how she had coaxed for this very chance. She did *so much* want to go to school!

Finally the principal entered, and her eagerness was hidden behind her shyness, but her faint smile won his heart. Then when she had answered all the questions, she joined the other children and quickly found her place in the schoolroom.

Happy days followed, days in which her eagerness to run errands, her inclination to do more than her part, endeared her to her friends. The teachers were not slow to discover that here was a girl with an interest that went beyond her own



*Left: Joji Kuroda  
Right: Jun Nakamura With a  
Younger Brother on the Front  
Steps of His Home*

# Know Your Bible Better!

TIME—September 24-30

READING—Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk,  
and Zephaniah

IDENTIFY the "Minor" prophet—

1. a. Who was sent to warn both Samaria (Israel) and Jerusalem (Judah).  
b. Who prophesied the very birthplace of Jesus 700 years before His birth.  
c. Who gives in a single verse a summary of practical religion.  
d. Whose book (like Amos) abounds in illustrations drawn from nature.  
e. Who opens his three messages with "Hear ye."  
f. Whose last recorded words are reproduced in the song of Zacharias in Luke 1:67-72.
2. a. Who was the second prophet (Jonah being the first) raised by God to warn Nineveh, the idolatrous Assyrian capital.  
b. Who, when Nineveh was at the height of its glory, prophesied that that great city would become "empty, and void, and waste," as the site of it is today.
3. a. From whom Paul received his great watchword, "The just shall live by faith."  
b. Whose words have become a familiar church motto—  
"The Lord is in His holy temple:  
Let all the earth keep silence before Him."  
c. Who determined, even though drouth and poverty should overtake him, to maintain a good religious experience.  
d. Who concluded his message with a sublime prayer-song, dedicated to the orchestra leader and intended for public worship to console the Jews through their approaching trouble.
4. a. Of whom nothing personal is known save that he traced his ancestry through four generations to prove his noble birth.  
b. Who describes "the great day of the Lord" and the terrible judgments which will fall upon the wicked at Christ's coming.  
c. Whose advice as to the only way in which we may escape the Lord's wrath in the approaching day of judgment is:

"Seek ye the Lord. . . .  
Seek righteousness,  
Seek meekness."

STELLA PARKER PETERSON.

(Answers on page 14)

welfare to include the needs of her fellows. They loved her so dearly that when visitors came to the school, she was always introduced as "our daughter."

The years slipped by. She was in middle school, and she kept thinking of her ambition to be a teacher. Yet there was one other constant thought. Her own heart hungered for salvation; she wanted to be saved. But doubts were in her mind concerning some things. What was she to believe? Then one day a cousin came to visit, and surprised her with strange ideas about keeping the seventh day as the Sabbath. It all seemed reasonable, but if she observed this day, what would there be for her to do? Her father, a man of influence and ability, had died just a few months before, and she knew she must earn her living after the close of the school year. Should she forsake her only visible means of livelihood?

This mental struggle went on until graduation. She was sorely perplexed, but undecided. She found that fourteen years as a student in the same school with her well-beloved teachers meant a great deal. Who besides her family did she know in the outside world? And so she stayed on for a year and a half as a teacher. But all the while she was studying her French Bible, the gift of a friend, and weighing in her mind the truths that it taught. She wanted to work for a diploma in French, but what about those Sabbath classes? Many were the battles she fought alone, but finally, keeping in mind the promise of the Saviour, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," she made her decision.

"Surely," she thought, "my faith has been weak to doubt that I could make a

living elsewhere." It was hard to break away from her friends, but she stepped out on faith.

The first two months she took a child of wealthy parents to a beach on the Chiba peninsula. Then one day it seemed that a direct answer to prayer came, for a letter arrived asking her to teach church school at our Seventh-day Adventist compound in Tokyo. Once more God made good His word.

Her name, Chie, means "knowing the grace of God," and surely she has faithfully lived up to her name.

"My philosophy?" she responded to a query. "I believe we can see in everybody something to commend, if only we will look."

Now she is at Nihon San-Iku Gakuin, where she teaches church school and does special tutoring in Japanese, even though she has five children—four girls and a boy. Her husband is the treasurer and also a teacher at the school. When asking what her fondest hope for the future was, this questioner expected to hear of something she wanted for herself. But no, in characteristic self-forgetfulness came the reply, "I want to be the means of converting my girlhood friends and my relatives."

An alert boy of thirteen is Jun Nakamura. When he sits before the piano, one would think him too young to play the pieces he plays. But there is something about the earnestness in his face that convinces you that he means to do his best.

He is the youngest of a large family. He has four brothers and four sisters. Tokyo, he told me, is the city of his birth. When he was three years old, his father died, and now his mother, a very diligent colporteur, is selling our ex-

cellent Japanese health magazine. Nakamura San was reared a Seventh-day Adventist, although his mother had been a Buddhist.

When I asked what he wanted to do in the future, he replied, with a smile that brought a dimple with it, "I don't know yet." But he does want to learn to play the piano well, and at school he studies Bible, the Japanese language, English conversation, and history. Sundays and afternoons find him in the print shop learning a valuable trade. He is a printer's devil now.

"Spare time? Oh, I like to make things grow in the garden," he said.

Nihon San-Iku Gakuin is ideally located, in the country, and this student confided to me that he likes to go for walks through the rice fields, along the bay, or through the woods, and watch for strange snakes or birds or bugs. The ruddiness of his cheeks and the sparkle of his eyes attest to his love for the great out-of-doors.

It was a cool spring day when we sat around the *hibachi* in a small Japanese room that was home to Otosan and his wife. "Otosan" means "father," and for a long time I knew him by no other name, although his real name is Hanji Okada. That day as we sat talking, his eyes shone with love as he reminisced of his son, his only son, the joy and pride of his early married life.

He was a Buddhist in those days, and he grew very angry when the boy became interested in Christianity. Every mention of the "foreign religion" served only to make him a more devout Buddhist and also more earnest in his daily worship of the rising sun. Surely he and his family would not be influenced by this Western creed.

The boy, however, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and took his stand alone. Out of respect for his son and because he was curious, Otosan went to the baptism. He wanted to witness such a strange ceremony. While there he fell into conversation with Pastor T. H. Okohira, who was, by the way, our first Oriental convert.

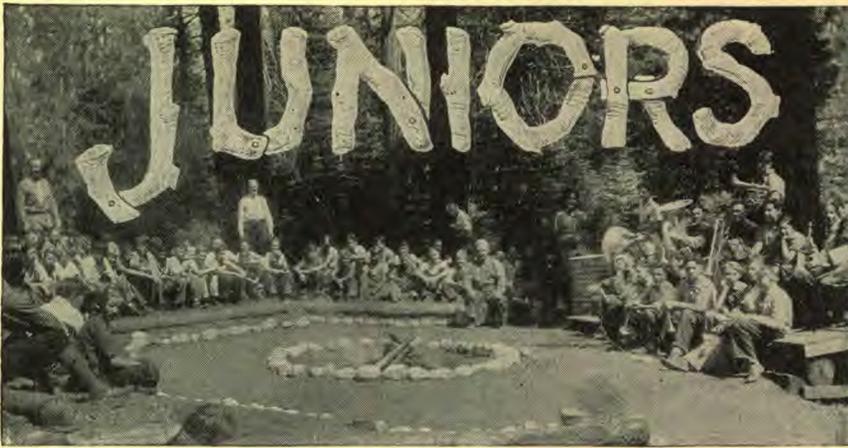
"What is a Christian?" He asked. "What is this Western religion?"

To his complete surprise, he was told that Christianity had its origin in the East. He heard many other things that by their reasonableness appealed to him a great deal. But the battle was not over yet. He had a struggle with tobacco. Gradually, however, he learned the truths of the third angel's message, and when his son became a minister in Kobe, he and his wife left their island home to live with him. A few months later the son received another call, this time to teach in our school at Tokyo. He accepted the call, and remained at our Tokyo school for four years. During this time Otosan did the cooking for the students.

Subsequently changes came. The hardest experience was his boy's death. Finally in 1923, six weeks after the great earthquake, the school property at Naraha was bought, with the plan in mind of moving from the compound in Tokyo. The next year Otosan came out, and for fourteen years he has been watching the growth of the school. In those days trees and bamboo grass grew in great profusion, and foxes could be heard in the vicinity; in fact, some of the villagers caught one on the site where the foreign houses are now standing.

"There were just a few students then," he recalled, "but now there are more than seventy. It makes me very happy."

"A man of one book" was the description some one gave me of Otosan. His reading is necessarily slow, for now he is past seventy-five; but everyday he reads what he can. His favorite verse he declared to be (Turn to page 12)



CAMERA TRAILS PHOTO

R. E. BRAUER

## A Letter to Denny

BY AUDREY DU CHEMIN

**D**EAR Denny: Enclosed is your Friend pin. You have waited a long time for it; however, I am sure that it will mean as much to you today as it would have meant two months ago when we had our investiture service.

One of the first requirements of the Friend Class of our Missionary Volunteer Progressive Class work is that a Junior must be ten years of age, or in the fifth grade. But sometimes a Junior works very hard and completes his Friend work before he is ten, just as you did. Although we appreciate his sincerity of purpose, we have to withhold his insignia until his tenth birthday.

Today you are ten, and here is your pin. Shall we call it a birthday present? I think that it is a very good present, because it stands for so much. The pin itself isn't worth a great deal in actual money. However, that for which it stands is invaluable.

I like to think of our Missionary Volunteer Progressive Class work as the steps in the building of an important structure—the House of Character. The Busy-Bee class clears the building site; the Helping Hand class excavates and lays the forms for the foundation. Then the Companion class erects the walls; the Comrade class puts on the roof, and last of all, the Master Comrade class completes the structure—puts on the finishing touches. Our House of Character is then ready to be furnished with the many experiences that we have throughout our lives.

You have cleared your building site, excavated, and laid the foundation for your own character structure. Now you can plan for the building of the walls. Begin by reading your Bible through. You can accomplish much of this during the summer vacation. If you leave this Companion requirement until you start back to school in the fall, you may have so much other work to do that you won't be able to finish your Bible Year. So begin now, won't you?

Did you ever watch workmen laying the foundation of a house? First they get all the materials together—sand, gravel, cement, and water. They put them in a cement mixer and mix them thoroughly, and then the wet cement is poured into the forms. The builder must always be careful to use *good* materials, if he wishes the foundation to stand.

In the building of the foundation of our House of Character, we used a number of materials also: the Junior

Law and Pledge, Bible work, health habits, home efficiency, Reading Course, knot tying, and locating the eight general directions. These are all good materials; therefore, we know that the foundation for our house will be a good one, one that will stand throughout our lives.

Do you remember the story in the Bible of the two houses, one built on the sand and the other built on the

rock? When the storms—the wind and the rain—came, the house on the sand was destroyed. This house was built on a poor foundation. And this rule applies to our own lives: if our foundations are not strong, we cannot survive the storms of life. Every Junior, and every older person as well, needs a firm foundation, because storms such as we have never known will sweep over us before Jesus comes.

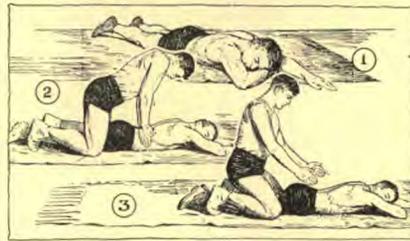
I do hope that you will always live up to the Junior Law and Pledge, and that you will remember the Bible texts you have learned. Always keep the ten commandments, for they are God's law, and He measures our worthiness by them. Remember the Lord's prayer. Whenever you are in trouble, tell Jesus about it, and He will surely help you; remember that He is the Good Shepherd of the twenty-third psalm, and that at last, if we believe in Him and obey His commandments, He will fulfill to us His promise given in John's epistle that He will come again and take His children to the mansions that He has gone to prepare for them.

Think what a wonderful Missionary Volunteer meeting that will be up there in heaven. All the Missionary Volunteers who have been faithful in keeping the law and who have lived sincere Christian lives, may sit at the feet of our great Leader, Jesus. They may have the privilege of hearing Him speak, they may raise their voices in a joyous song—the song of victory. I want to be there, don't you?

Well, Denny, this has been a long letter and it has taken you quite a while to read it; however, it is almost finished.



## Your Master Comrade Says—



The motto of every Missionary Volunteer, whether Junior or Senior, should be preparedness. One never knows when he will have opportunity to save a life by his ability to apply artificial respiration. This phase of first aid can be practiced at home on members of the family. To better understand the process,

have some one practice it on you.

When the patient is removed from water, gas, smoke, or contact with an electric wire, get to work at once. If possible, send for a doctor.

"Lay patient on his stomach with one arm extended directly over his head. Bend other arm at elbow, and rest patient's cheek on his hand to keep nose and mouth free for breathing. (Fig. 1.)

"Kneel facing forward and straddling one or both of the patient's legs just above knees. Place palms of hands on each side of back, above belt line, and about four inches apart, thumbs and fingers together, the little fingers over and following the line of the lowest ribs, the tips of fingers just out of sight. (Fig. 2.)

"With arms straight, lean gradually forward, pressing downward and forward and counting slowly, one, two, three. Snap your hands sideways, off patient's back. Swing your body back, counting slowly, four, five. (Fig. 3.) Rest. Straighten arms and repeat pressure. [Twenty-five pounds' pressure is sufficient. This can be measured on ordinary bathroom scales.]

"**Three Movements.**—**Straight arm pressure** (shoulder behind hands, so that pressure is exerted forward), **quick release**, and **swing back**. To assist in timing these movements (about twelve a minute), repeat during period of pressure: 'Out goes the bad air.' Snap off your hands and repeat during period of release: 'In comes the good.' Keep up work steadily until breathing begins naturally.

"Don't get discouraged. Stick to it for two, even three hours, if necessary."

I hope that you were interested in building the House of Character and that you will select good materials and follow carefully the blueprint Jesus has given you, just as you have done in preparing the site and laying the foundation.

There is only one thing more to say, and that is, "Happy Birthday!" God bless you and keep you a loyal Missionary Volunteer always.

Your leader,

## One-Eyed Chipmunks

(Continued from page 2)

the other side of the question and will not put up with a bit of chafe on our pride? It is a good thing to remember that if other people are getting along in a place and you cannot, then the trouble must be with you. If fifty other people you know and respect are getting along with the boss, think seriously before you decide to knock a prop out from under your self-respect by quitting. There is much more to raise you in your own and other people's esteem in getting along and keeping a job, than there ever is in telling the boss where he is wrong, and quitting. He probably does not think much of your opinions, or he would not let you go.

But here they live on the same road, the Dippy-do-dads—the one-eyed chipmunks and the people who cannot see but one side of a situation, people who do not realize that getting along with one's fellow workers, boss or otherwise, is one of the really big accomplishments in connection with any job.

Live in a cottage in the wood if you can, but do not be a one-eyed chipmunk. Turn your head now and then and see what is on the other side. Thanks for the lesson, Dippy!

## 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.

*Is it proper for Adventist storekeepers to sell pure (pig's) lard or tobacco?*

God designs that His children shall be the light of the world, the salt of the earth. As members of the visible church, they should recognize their responsibility and rightly represent the Lord and His truth in all that they do.

Seventh-day Adventists profess to keep God's commandments and to be looking for the soon coming of Jesus. They have been entrusted with a most solemn message to bear to the world; therefore, the special light given them should shine so clearly that others will have no just cause for stumbling. Their life and example in all things should be above reproach.

All that God commands is of consequence. In the instruction given through

Moses, the use of swine's flesh and of the flesh of certain other unclean animals was prohibited. Of the swine (or pig) God says: "It is unclean: . . . ye shall not eat of their flesh, nor touch their dead carcass." Deut. 14:8. It is evident from Scriptural teaching that the swine, or pig, is unfit for food. It is a scavenger, and this is the only use it was intended to serve.

Tobacco is a narcotic, benumbing all the finer sensibilities of soul and body. Science informs us that the worst forms of disease of heart and eye and brain come from the use of tobacco.

With the light and instruction God has given us, it does not appear consistent for Adventists to handle either product. Then, too, why should we sell lard, when there are so many wholesome products on the market today that are not only superior, but usually cheaper? But through the years men have disregarded the high and holy principles of truth for the sake of gain.

In commenting upon the experience recorded in Mark 5:1-18 of the unclean spirits' being cast out of the two demoniacs, we read in the book, "The Great Controversy," written by Mrs. E. G. White, on page 515, that the Lord "allowed the evil spirits to destroy the herd of swine as a rebuke to those Jews who were raising these unclean beasts for the sake of gain."

G. W. WELLS.

## Nihon San-Iku Gakuin

(Continued from page 10)

1 Timothy 5:8: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Such is the philosophy that has controlled his life of industry and faithfulness. Twenty years of regular attendance at the Sabbath school is evidenced by a box filled with honor cards and ribbons.

When asked what life has taught him, he replied, "Before my conversion life was very hard. The world was a bad place, and I was filled with anxiety. But now there is always joy in my heart, and whenever I have a chance to testify, I fell of my gratitude to God. I do not fear anything. I'm always happy."

Just before bringing my visit to an end, I discovered on the wall a motto which read: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

During every meal for three years, the parents of Joji Kuroda begged him to give up his faith. Was he not their eldest son? Were they not going to give him everything they had in the way of earthly possessions? Would not the prerogatives of the head of the family be his? Yes, if—and they made this very clear—if he would give up his new ideas.

It all happened back in middle school. He had been reading his *tokuhon*, and was greatly impressed by the selection from Matthew 5-7. Here was something different—a philosophy he had never known before. "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Despite the pleadings of his family, he was upheld by the promise, "Blessed are

they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

When every other means of persuasion seemed to have failed, the parents thought of marriage. Surely, they reasoned, if he will take a wife, she will make him forget this foolishness; for they bitterly hated "Sabbath Christians." But his refusal was firm. "I do not want a wife who is not a Christian."

Of course his firm stand for his new faith was a blow to his parents, for they had entertained fond hopes for him. This foreign religion of his shattered their plans for his future. His decision reached, he could no longer stay at home; but he would be a Christian, come what may.

It was after thus leaving his home and family that Kuroda San came to the school. Broken by the strain of the previous months, he found it very difficult to fix his mind on lessons, but gradually he grew stronger, and now classes in Daniel and Revelation, organic chemistry, and English conversation occupy his study time.

Two months and a half recently spent at a poultry experimental station gave him firsthand knowledge of hens. After this training, he returned to Naraha to care for the school's poultry. That is the way he is earning his expenses, and he thoroughly enjoys the work.

"Do you like this school?" I asked. His answer, "Of course," was so immediate and hearty that there was left no reason to doubt.

He has a lively interest in extra-curricular activities, and is one of the Sabbath school officers. Loyalty to the third angel's message and steadfastness in working toward his life goal characterize his attitude. He is sobered by the thought of his parents, his three brothers, and his two older sisters whom he has not seen since he left home two years ago, and is burdened that they, too, shall be led, through the providence of God, to accept the truth for these last days.

You have met a few of those who make up the school family here at Nihon San-Iku Gakuin—a representative cross section of the Japanese teachers and students. Their hearts are warmed by the knowledge that thousands in every land love the same Jesus who means everything to them. And they, with you, look for that glorious time when the saved of earth will "enter in through the gates into the city."

## "Be Strong and of a Good Courage"

(Continued from page 6)

Just two and one-half years ago George finished the academy, to find himself face to face with the intermediate stage of his journey toward the goal of service,—three years of premedical study. This problem was easily solved. His chief concern was the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, California, where expenses are counted in thousands rather than in hundreds of dollars. He could expect no help from his parents. What should he do?

Again he dropped to his knees and pleaded that God would open a way even as He had miraculously opened the way thus far. Then the thought flashed into his mind, "Why not enter the colporteur work?" Truly, Christ's second coming cannot be far distant, and how did he know whether he would be able to finish the medical course in time to be of any real service in God's cause?

By taking part-time school work he could earn his premedical expenses during the school year and save the results

of five summers' colporteur for the advanced training ahead. At the same time he would be engaged in the very highest type of missionary endeavor.

Of all the work George had ever done, this was the most difficult. All the lessons previously learned on the farm, in the shop, in the classroom, and on his knees, were called into strenuous application. Economy, industry, self-denial, practical business management, steadfastness of purpose, and utter dependence upon God became necessary; and how thankful he was that God had already taught him the fundamentals of each. He learned how to apply these lessons so that other people recognized that this young man was rightly representing the Master he professed to serve. Now, after two summers in the colporteur work, he cherishes more than ever his favorite text and guiding star: "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

God gave George a vision. He is teaching him the value of industry combined with intellectual attainments. He is leading him step by step toward the goal he set before himself so long ago as a small boy at camp meeting. The young man stands yielded, and willing to work, to study, and always to follow the Guide.

## What Shall It Profit?

(Continued from page 4)

lems or unconquerable translations, the common solution was "Ask Ray." Every one saw in him an intelligence superior to the ordinary intellect. Professors prophesied a brilliant future for him, and students frankly admired his "brains."

When two years of his college course lay behind him, there were offered to him two responsible positions in the organized work of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. With the explanation that he first wanted to complete his education, he refused both of them.

The last two years of his preparatory work passed rapidly, and graduation with its honors came and went. Would he now accept the positions which were still open to him? Again he refused, saying that he did not yet feel qualified to assume the responsibilities connected with the work. Perhaps a year or two at the university would fit him for these duties.

Ray had had a taste of learning, and his intellectual appetite knew no restraint. When the next school year opened, he was enrolled as a student in the State university. He was graduated from this institution in due course of time with the high degree which he had so much desired, but with his faith in God shattered. No longer did he regard the word of God as an inspired volume; no longer was the Bible Sabbath of solemn importance to him. He had drunk deeply from the wells of learning, but the drafts taken had left him without hope and without God. He became a morose, embittered young man.

No type of intellectual work brought to him any degree of satisfaction; so at last he turned to the soil, hoping that here he might regain that which university degrees had taken from him. Had he only heeded the warning of his uncle! Too late he learned that the price he paid for his advanced education had been too great.

My retrospections came to an end, and out of the quietness of night came the solemn and weighty thought, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

## The Roman

(Continued from page 7)

of God. Yet you say God has done nothing for you. It seems to me He has done a great deal for you."

"Perhaps He has," I said dubiously. "But my repentance seems very—prosaic."

"The test of repentance, George, is in an obedient life and a reformed character. Some one once wrote:

"For what is true repentance but in thought—

Not e'en in inmost thought to think again

The sins that made the past so pleasant to us?"

And that is true. Repentance like that can come only from God."

"Well," I said, "I surely want to turn away from all evil, even in thought and mind."

"Your very wanting to turn away from it comes from God. By nature, while we may not want to plunge into every kind of evil, we are only too willing to have a certain amount of it around. But you say you've broken with the things that are wrong. Very well, see that by the grace of God you don't get into them again.

"Now as for your not being able to get up more emotion over your sins, George, that's a question that depends a good deal upon the person's constitution and temperament. Some people react easily to their feelings; others don't. But I'd like to remind you of this: nobody's emotion or lack of emotion ever saved him or caused him to be lost. Our feelings cannot get us into the kingdom. You've heard the words of the hymn:

"Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

It is the mercy and goodness of God, as shown in the sacrifice of His Son, that save us. We are to accept that atonement. We are to receive a new heart and a new life. This new heart, this new life—they are the things that count. In one person they may be accompanied by one set of emotional reactions; in another, by another set. We're all different, George; and we are not to judge or measure or compare ourselves with others. We are to trust our heavenly Father, and obey His requirements, and open our hearts to the influence of His Spirit.

"It's because we're not all cut according to the same pattern, I think, that the Bible has so many examples and instances of God's dealing with men. We are not told simply of God's dealing with Peter, but also of His dealing with Paul; not simply with James, but also with John. Even the cases which did not turn out favorably, like that of Saul and of Judas and of Ananias and Sapphira, are set out there. Personally, I've learned to be shy of judging another's experience by mine, or mine by his. We have the law of God, in which as a mirror we may see our imperfections; and we have the help of the Holy Spirit in overcoming things that are wrong. Jesus promises to dwell in us and work in us; and we should not take it upon ourselves to decide that we'll have this or that type of experience, or else none at all.

"God loves you, you can be sure of that. And He will guide and lead you, George, in the proportion that you yield yourself to His control. You pray?"

"Yes."

"And study your Bible?"

"Yes."

"And you are letting God rule in your life?"

"As far as I know, I am. Although I

suppose there'll be other things as I go farther on."

"You may be quite sure there will. God has new plans for us every day. But He is quite able to finish that which He has begun in your life. Your part is to be willing and obedient; that's all."

"And don't neglect prayer and Bible study, either. When young people lose out, that's where the trouble starts, I'd say, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. We get too busy with lessons, work, play, and one thing or another. Little by little, quite unintentionally, we drift away from God. We grow weaker, while thinking that we still are strong. And then temptation comes—it may be small and subtle, it may be open and overwhelming. Then we fall. And we wonder why we fell, when the reason simply is that a month or six weeks before, we began to lose contact with God, and have been losing it bit by bit ever since. I want you to remember this. It's important."

"I will remember it," I promised. "And I'll remember the other things, too. By the grace of God, I'll go straight ahead in my Christian experience."

We were in sight of the school, now. It was already dusk, and the lights in the dormitories were beginning to twinkle. He excused himself, to stop at Professor Jackson's office, and I went on to my room.

(To be continued)



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

## Here and There

How do you beginners and others who have taken advantage of our free offer, like the advice we have given? Of course you understand that we could not tell you all about stamp collecting in two typewritten pages, but we have endeavored to tell you how to begin. Many books have been written on the subject of philately, and we can only hope to introduce you, as it were, to a very large field. You will have to study the details as you go along. One of the beauties of our hobby is that you do not need to know everything about it to start.

We have sent out at least 300 sets of instruction, and have had replies from fewer than twenty-five young people. We naturally wonder if the rest of you feel that the material sent was worth while.

The Stamp Corner is not in the stamp business, and has offered to buy albums, stamp packages, and other philatelic material for its readers only as an accommodation. We do not carry a stock on hand, except for a very few items, and we must send away for practically everything you order. From time to time as we discover something especially good, we like to tell you about it as a little advertisement. All the stamp-collecting material we tell you about has been examined. We feel that we are doing you a real service in enabling you to secure honest goods at reasonable prices. We deal only with the most reputable firms, and we can recommend the material we send out as well worth the money on the philatelic market.

Because of the fact that we must buy from out of town, it sometimes takes

a few days to fill your orders, but we hope you will be patient. We supply your wants as fast as we are able.

There is another cause of delay in sending out the free stamps and instructions. You will notice that we send them as third-class mail. The postal regulations require that such mail must be sent out in groups of not less than twenty identical pieces in order to secure the 1½ cent rate. Therefore it is necessary for us to save up your requests for about a week before we can send out the instructions.

We heartily invite you to write us about your philatelic problems. We do not know everything, but perhaps we can be of some help in solving your difficulties. We cannot, however, undertake to sell stamps for our readers. We are trying to promote the hobby of collecting stamps, and not to run a stamp business. We are very happy to help you buy stamps and albums, for we have connections with stamp firms which enable us to take care of your needs with a minimum of time and effort. If you are interested in collecting stamps, and not in trying to make money from a hobby, we believe we can be of assistance.

## Answers to Know Your Bible Better

(1) a. Micah 1:1. b. 5:2. c. 6:8. d. Micah. e. Micah 1:2; 3:1; 6:1. f. 7:20. (2) a. Nahum 1:1. b. 2:10. (3) a. Habakkuk 2:4; Rom. 1:17. b. 2:20. c. 3:17-19. d. 3:19. (4) a. Zeph. 1:1. b. 1:14-18. c. 2:1-3.

# Sabbath School Lessons

## SENIOR YOUTH

### I—Condemnation

(October 1)

MEMORY VERSE: Romans 5:11.

LESSON HELP: "Steps to Christ," pp. 19-25, 53.

#### THE LESSON

1. That the things of God may be revealed to us, for what should we pray? Ps. 119:18.
2. How many have sinned? Rom. 3:23.
3. Who did Paul say were all under sin? Rom. 3:9.
4. What picture does the apostle give of the actual condition of Jew and Gentile to prove the fact of condemnation? Rom. 3:10-18.

NOTE.—"The loving God, who is doing all we will let Him do to save us, does not want us to be deceived regarding ourselves. We are sinners, utterly hopeless in ourselves. Our nationality, our family, our birth, our education, our privileges, our knowledge, our outwardly blameless morality, none or all of these will save us or make us acceptable to God. We are all lost, undone, hopeless sinners, so far as aught that we can do, or that man in any capacity or any number can do. . . . When God condemns, not one soul can deny His justice. All these [verses 10-18] are pictures of humanity without God. Yet are there not many whose life is outwardly blameless, who reverence God, who are kind and noble and generous and brave to do right? Yes, there are. But if these had lived under no divine instruction, had lived untouched by Christians or Bible influences, they would fall into some of these categories of sinners. The great loving lesson from the infinitely loving God is that we are of ourselves hopeless sinners."—*"Studies in Romans,"* p. 37.

5. How does Paul close this argument on condemnation? Rom. 3:19.

NOTE.—As all in the world have transgressed the law, they have no defense be-

fore God, and stand guilty in His sight.

6. Why should one recognize the fact of his guilt? Matt. 9:10-13.

7. What is sin said to be? 1 John 3:4.

8. What is the penalty for the violation of God's law? Rom. 6:23.

9. Lest mankind might be destroyed because of sin, upon whom has God laid help? Ps. 89:19.

NOTE.—We are not left to battle with temptations and trials in our own strength. "Help has been laid upon One who is mighty. Jesus left the royal courts of heaven, and suffered and died in a world degraded by sin, that He might teach man how to pass through the trials of life and overcome its temptations."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. V, p. 312.

10. What plan did God devise that all might be saved? Rom. 11:30-33.

NOTE.—Infinite Wisdom knew that only in His mercy was there hope for man. Man may fix up a thousand schemes by which it is thought he singly or unitedly may save himself, but all his efforts will prove futile. All are in unbelief, for all have sinned; and God in His goodness proffers mercy unto eternal salvation to all.

11. In the plan of salvation, how are justice and mercy met together? Rom. 3:25, 26.

NOTE.—Jesus is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. His suffering and death were but steps in the great plan of redemption. He was ordained to be a propitiation, a mercy seat,—where justice and mercy meet,—and the sin-burdened soul finds forgiveness through Him. But the mercy freely given of God comes only through faith in Jesus' blood as the great sin cleanser. When faith grasps Jesus as the Saviour, His righteousness becomes our righteousness, and all past sins are forgiven.

"While the law of God is maintained, and its justice vindicated, the sinner can be pardoned. The dearest gift that Heaven itself had to bestow has been poured out, that God 'might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.' By that gift, men are uplifted from the ruin and degradation of sin, to become children of God."—*Id.,* p. 739.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

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

## JUNIOR

### I—Water From the Rock; The Battle With the Amalekites; Jethro

(October 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 17, 18.

MEMORY VERSE: "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10:4.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 297-302.

#### QUESTIONS

1. As the Israelites journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, at what place did they first camp? What did this place lack? Ex. 17:1.

2. Not seeming to remember what God did for them at Marah, what did the people now do? With whom were they really finding fault? Verses 2, 3.

3. Upon whom did Moses call for help? What did the Lord tell him to do? What would then come to pass? Verses 4-6.

NOTE.—"Moses smote the rock, but it was the Son of God who, veiled in the cloudy pillar, stood beside Moses, and caused the life-giving water to flow. Not only Moses and the elders, but all the congregation who stood at a distance, beheld the glory of the Lord; but had the cloud been removed they would have been slain by the terrible brightness of Him who abode therein."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 298.

4. Why did Moses call this place "Meribah"? Verse 7, margin.

5. Who came to fight with Israel in Rephidim? Verse 8.

NOTE.—"The Amalekites were at that time the most powerful race in the Peninsula, which from the earliest ages was peopled by fierce and warlike tribes with whom

the Pharaohs were engaged in constant struggles. The approach of the Israelites would attract their notice. Several things would lead the Amalekites to attack the Israelites.

"They would be attracted by the booty, and the defenseless condition of Israel with their flocks and herds, and women and children defended by untrained men, while Amalek could muster a concentrated band of armed and trained fighting men. There was no more common cause of warfare than a dispute for the right of pasturage, and the Israelites were encamped on one of their natural feeding grounds."—*Peloubet.*

6. Whom did Moses send out against this foe? Verse 9.

7. Where did Moses, Aaron, and Hur go? What did Moses take in his hand? Verses 9, 10.

NOTE.—Moses' holding up the rod was an act of prayer to God, an appeal that He should add another deliverance to those of the past.

8. What came to pass when Moses held up his hands? When could the men of Amalek prevail? Verse 11.

9. What was done when Moses became weary? How did Aaron and Hur help? Verse 12.

10. Which side gained the victory? What did God wish the people of Israel to remember? Verses 13-16.

11. Who came to Moses in the desert? Ex. 18:1-6.

NOTE.—"Not far distant from where the Israelites were now encamped was the home of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses. Jethro had heard of the deliverance of the Hebrews, and he now set out to visit them, and restore to Moses his wife and two sons. The great leader was informed by messengers of their approach, and he went out with joy to meet them, and the first greetings over, conducted them to his tent. He had sent back his family when on his way to the perils of leading Israel from Egypt, but now he could again enjoy the relief and comfort of their society. To Jethro he recounted the wonderful dealings of God with Israel, and the patriarch rejoiced and blessed the Lord, and with Moses and the elders he united in offering sacrifice, and holding a solemn feast in commemoration of God's mercy."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 300.

12. How did Moses greet his father-in-law? What did Moses tell him? What caused Jethro to rejoice? Verses 7-9.

13. What did Moses do the next day? What question did Jethro ask? What explanation did Moses make? Verses 13-16.

14. Why did Jethro object to this? What did he suggest as a better arrangement? Verses 17-23.

15. What did Moses then do? Where did Jethro go? Verses 24-27.

#### Note These Things

Instances in which evil came when Moses held out his rod.

Instances in which great good came from the same act.

A great lesson in helpfulness.

# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

Issued by

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

LORA E. CLEMENT EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. L. BOND J. E. WEAVER S. A. WELLMAN

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

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

United States and Canada: Yearly subscription, \$1.95; six months, \$1.15; two to four copies to one address, one year, each \$1.75; in clubs of five or more, one year, each \$1.70; six months, 95 cents.

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, \$2.55; six months, \$1.45; two to four copies to one address, one year, each \$2.35; in clubs of five or more, one year, each \$2.30; six months, \$1.25.



*Reserved  
for You!*

In spite of most earnest appeals from many responsible non-Adventists, there is reserved for you and other Seventh-day Adventists the privilege of helping yourself while helping others by selling LIFE AND HEALTH.

When making his fifth request, a successful unbeliever magazine salesman wrote, "I want to take up the selling of subscriptions to your LIFE AND HEALTH, as I am so thoroughly sold on your magazine."

Similar requests come to the publishers continually from non-Adventists. To all the answer is given, "The territory is reserved."

**WHAT WILL YOU  
DO ABOUT IT?**

LIFE AND HEALTH is a depression-proof seller at the popular price of only 10 cents a copy or \$1.20 a year. A magazine worker in New Jersey recently reported selling 91 copies in nine hours.



You, too, can have success. Why not start with 20 copies for only \$1. With a little effort you will double your money while leaving our health message in 20 homes.

"When You Think of Your Health Think of  
LIFE AND HEALTH"

Order from your **BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE** or the  
Review and Herald Publishing Association  
Takoma Park . . . . . Washington, D.C.



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

**DO YOU  
KNOW-**

- ▶ What new countries have been entered?
- ▶ In what new languages the gospel is being preached?
- ▶ What missionaries are sailing?
- ▶ How many new converts are being added to the church in the homeland and in the mission fields?
- ▶ How the church in every land is faring amid the perplexities of these difficult times?
- ▶ What is being accomplished with your Sabbath school offerings, Harvest Ingathering funds, and tithes?
- ▶ How nearly Matthew 24:14 is fulfilled?

**NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD**

which you can get in no other way, comes to you every week in the

**REVIEW AND HERALD**

There are worth-while savings on long-term subscriptions.

ONE YEAR .....	\$2.75
TWO YEARS .....	5.25
THREE YEARS .....	7.75

(In countries requiring extra postage, add 50 cents for each year.)



Order through your church missionary secretary or from your

**BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE**

# The Listening Post

▶ GOAT whiskers are being used with great success in the manufacture of carpets.

▶ THE American petroleum industry pays approximately \$1,000,000 a year for drums, cans, and other containers.

▶ SUZANNA LENGLEN, noted French tennis player, recently died in Paris from pernicious anemia. She won her first international tennis title at the age of fourteen.

▶ EVERY morning 13,000,000 newspapers are supplied to 12,000,000 families in England, who also read 7,000,000 evening papers and 15,000,000 Sunday issues. In addition to these, 3,119 different magazines and periodicals are printed in the country.

▶ WHEN the temperature drops to eighty degrees below zero, metal forks and spoons draw so much frost that food freezes en route from the plate to the mouth. Therefore, utensils for the next Byrd Antarctic expedition will be made of wood. Another reason for the use of wooden tableware is that ordinary metal and crockery dishes cannot withstand the extreme cold.

▶ AT the Pet Corner of the London zoo, children pay a shilling to play with a variety of animals carefully chosen for their reliable behavior. George, the lion cub, is much in demand, as is also the giant tortoise with the warning, "This end bites," painted on the front of the shell. It is ridden by smaller children. The tame snake is not so popular, but the young chimpanzee makes friends easily; and Percy, the penguin, will gravely offer his flippers and go for a walk with almost any visitor. Other pets are a baby yak, a baby eland, a llama, and some tiny alligators.

▶ A GIGANTIC jigsaw puzzle of bits of stone has been put together by two French Egyptologists to re-create a twelfth-dynasty temple of Ammon, a relic of the art which flourished on the banks of the Nile 3,500 years ago. Experts say it is the finest monument of ancient Egypt in existence. Digging in the dust at Karnak, four hundred miles south of Cairo, the scientists found broken blocks and fragments, some no larger than a man's hand, and these they put together to rebuild the ancient temple. The work began in 1924. The reconstructed monument was originally built to mark the first jubilee of King Sensret.

▶ As fixed in American classrooms as scarred desks and inkwells are slate blackboards. Recently, however, this tradition came into collision with science, and tradition went down to defeat. Announcement was made that experiments with white boards—made of glass coated with white pigment—are much superior. There are three definite results gained: the schoolrooms are brightened; the strain on children's eyes is lessened; the upkeep of the glass slates is much less than the upkeep of the blackboards. And because they are accustomed to writing black on white at their desks, children find it much easier to write black on white at the new boards than to write white on black, as the old plan required.

▶ THE Japanese have many and unexpected resources for selling their goods in the world market. A recent one reported by newsmen is that they simply change the name of the manufacturing town to suit the world's market tastes. For instance, when the Swedish match manufacturers patented the slogan, "Made in Sweden," the Japanese quickly renamed one of their numerous islands Sweden, and made matches there. More recently they rechristened a village "Macclesfield" and now sell the silk manufactured there as Macclesfield silk, thus doing away with any prejudice which may exist in the minds of English buyers against Japanese silk. Again, when Americans hesitated to buy goods "Made in Japan," the Japanese renamed one of their towns USA. Now they simply stamp "Made in USA" on products manufactured there, and put the required "Japan" in such tiny letters that it is seldom noticed.

▶ MARSHAL HERMANN WILHELM GOERING, commissar of the Four Year Plan, recently issued a decree subjecting every able-bodied German in the Reich to conscript labor at the will of the state. No exceptions are to be allowed for age or sex. The promise is made that conscripts will be paid as much as they earned in private employment, and will have their old jobs again when the state has finished with them. Attempts at evasion are punishable by imprisonment or fines to which no limit is set.

▶ THE National Education Association of the United States is the oldest organization of teachers in the country and also the largest. It was founded in 1857 and represents 191,000 individual members and 685 allied State and local groups. They recently met in New York City in their seventy-sixth annual convention.

▶ THE banana plant is a herbaceous perennial and contains an aggregate of about 85 per cent of water. It is the largest terrestrial plant not having a woody stem above ground. The term "tree," commonly applied to it, is incorrect.

▶ FIVE centuries ago a Chinese inventor built and experimented with an airship to be propelled by forty-seven rockets. The rockets were to explode simultaneously. They did, and ended not only the experiment but the experimenter.



Lose self-confidence and you  
are likely to lose all

▶ THE nose, in company with the ears, never ceases to grow, although growth after adulthood is exceedingly slow.

▶ LAST year business in the United States spent \$467,334,000 for newspaper advertising.

▶ ONE item in British anti-air-raid equipment recently ordered was 207,000,000 sandbags.

▶ THE cockroach smells and hears with its antennae. If a cockroach's leg is broken off, another immediately begins to grow in its place.

▶ JAPANESE women of the middle and upper classes wear at least nine garments at one time. It takes a Nipponese lady approximately one hour to dress.

▶ TEN years ago adult education in the United States was a mere pedagogical phrase. Today, promoted by public schools, libraries, museums, private institutions, and government agencies, it directly affects twenty million Americans. Its purpose is to help out-of-school people who are anxious to improve their social, cultural, and educational background.

▶ THERE is a very old custom with respect to knocking at the doors of houses in London, which has been strictly adhered to in some places for more than one hundred years. By the manner of knocking, the visitor informs the household of his station. For instance, a servant belonging to the house rings the bell once; a strange servant knocks twice; a messenger knocks once and rings twice; the postman always knocks twice; a gentleman or a lady gives half a dozen quick knocks; and a nobleman eight or ten very loud knocks.

▶ THE modern, attractive gas station which is frequently seen along the highways and byways of the United States is of comparatively recent origin. The first service station was built about 1902. By 1935 it had multiplied until there were close to two hundred thousand throughout the country. This development has brought to the front the trained inspector who checks up all branches of service offered at the stations under his supervision. His training is intensive. A firsthand knowledge of prices, the automobile dealer's point of view, demands of the traveling public, motor-safety features, and expert driving are the steadily widening functions of this service.

▶ MINIATURE artificial earthquakes, which are very similar to, though many times smaller than, the kind produced by nature, are now being used extensively by geologists in search of new oil fields. Such earthquakes are produced by digging a shallow well and setting off explosives at the bottom of it. Sound waves caused by the explosion travel into the earth. If they strike a rock surface they are deflected back to the starting point, and the distance they travel is measured by the same delicate instrument that measures the path of an earthquake shock. By repeating such tests over a wide area it is possible for geologists to chart underground conditions before actual oil-drilling operations are started.