

The YOUTH'S Instructor

Prayer Changes Things

By GEORGENE FURNIVAL

HOSTESS and guests were enjoying the beauty of the twilight in the tropics. The cool of evening was indeed welcome to the young missionaries, for a West Indian sun is not kind to newly arrived Americans. They sat in silence, listening to the unfamiliar night sounds about them. It was their hostess, a gracious middle-aged woman, who spoke first.

"I have been promising to tell you my story, haven't I?" she asked abruptly. "Would you like to hear it now?"

"We would, indeed," was the eager reply.

"My father was a wealthy planter on the island of Haiti," she began to reminisce with just a breath of a sigh. "Our home was a place of great beauty—a large estate overlooking the ocean. My earliest recollection is of walking with my governess along a foliage-bordered path that skirted the beach. Father was able to provide us with every luxury. I can never remember wanting for anything. The estate furnished unlimited opportunities for a large family of children to amuse themselves. The cool parts of the day we spent outdoors, usually in exploring the gardens or the beach. But when the sun became too hot for little bare heads, we would go to our playhouse, a delightful, completely furnished miniature of our own home. We had our private chapel on the estate, too. Perhaps I should call it a synagogue, for we were reared in the Orthodox Jewish faith.

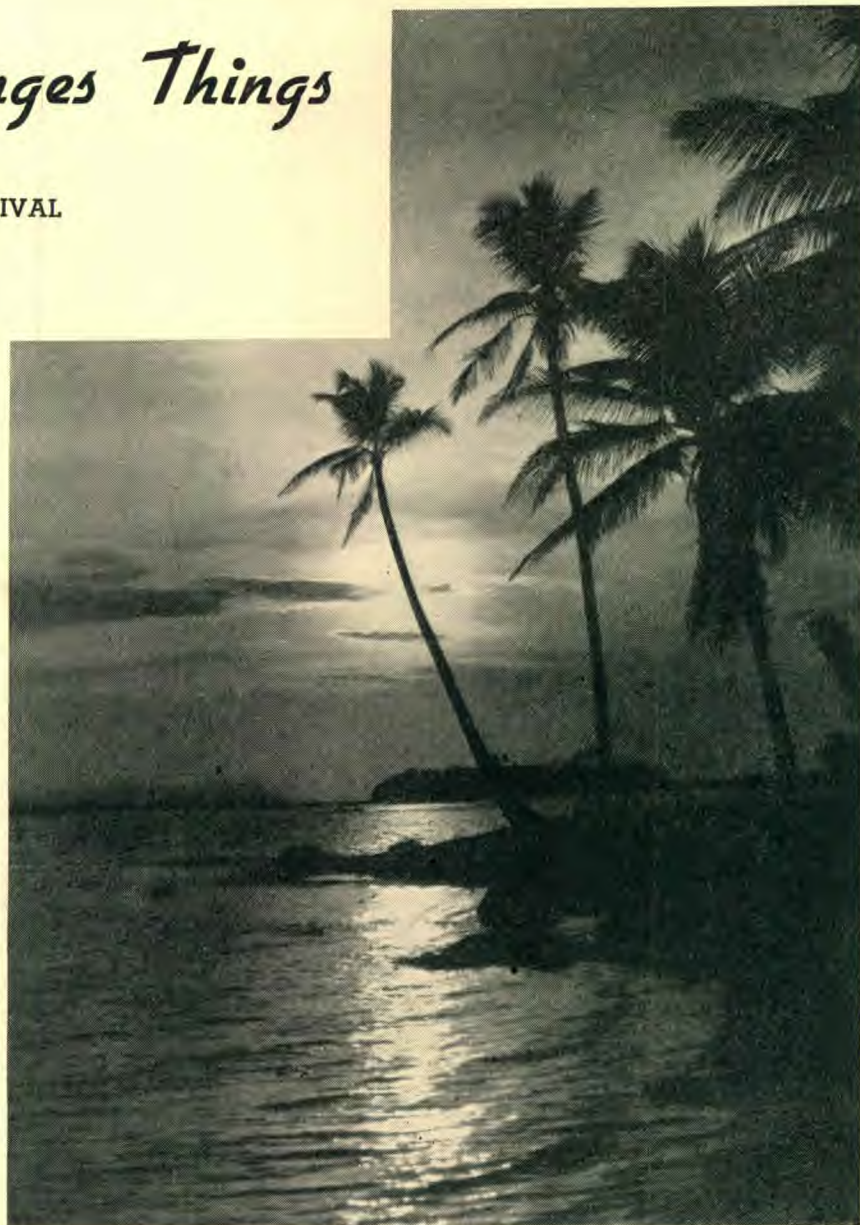
"As we became older, we were required to assume certain social responsibilities. Our parents entertained frequently, and as an older daughter I was expected to assist my mother in her duties as hostess. Military men were often among our guests, and there was one young offi-

cer whose visits became increasingly frequent. We grew extremely fond of each other, he and I, and after about a year's courtship we were married.

"For the next few years we moved from island to island, living wherever my husband was stationed. In some of these places we were able to establish our own home, but in others we had to live in military quarters. It was a very different life from the sheltered existence of my childhood,

but I was contented. In about two years' time our son was born, and of course his coming added greatly to our happiness.

"I had little to occupy my time during the early part of our married life. My husband was away for days at a time. Servants cared for the household duties, and I had not formed enough acquaintances to do much entertaining. Consequently I turned my attention to charity—one can always find so many who (Turn to page 10)



When the Master Artist Paints a Gorgeous Sunset, He Gives Us a Glimpse of Glory Land

Let's Talk It Over

HAVE you a worm's-eye view? Or a bird's-eye view?

There's a world of difference between them.



JOHN can't decide whether to go back to school next September, or—well—it's just like this!

He will finish his course in business administration and accounting in another year. But he is arguing with himself that, after all, a job is a job in these uncertain days, and the offer that Mr. Martin has made him to manage his lunchroom is tempting to an up-and-coming young fellow. For several summers he has been working for Mr. Martin, and knows the business. Furthermore, the salary is very attractive.

And so John is asking whether "a bird in the hand" is *really* "worth two in the bush." Shall he drop all thought of finishing his course and go into business *now*, when opportunity offers? Or shall he go back to college for another year of classroom theory and get his diploma, trusting that "something" will be open when he has completed his preparation?

He has taken his problem to his father. Dad didn't say much. In fact, he thought a long time before saying anything at all. But at the end of his little speech he asked two questions that set John thinking along a new line, when he attempted to answer them honestly for himself. "Son," he smiled, "managing a one-horse lunchroom is a perfectly honest, respectable job, but does it appeal to you as a life-work? Or, when you look back after several years, will you wish you had decided to forgo immediate gains in order to prepare yourself for a broader field of service?"

John hasn't made his final decision yet, but he'll never be sorry if he chooses to give preference to a bird's-eye view of his future instead of a worm's-eye view.

For some morning he will awake to the fact that tomorrow has slipped into today, and what didn't seem so important yesterday has suddenly become—oh, *very important!*



A WESTERN college graduated a mother and daughter last May. As the newspapers told the story, this mother had dropped out of high school as a junior and been party to a runaway marriage. For four years the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and then

tragedy reached out and clutched that happy little home and crushed it—almost. The husband and father was killed in an automobile accident.

Left to support herself and a tiny, helpless babe, this girl who had almost but not quite graduated sat down to take stock. She found that she was not equipped to meet the world. A factory job was finally secured for her through the good offices of friends. She arranged for the care of her child, and then resolutely set about picking up the dropped stitches of her life. If she had only held on one more year, and finished that stenographic course! But present desires had obscured her view of the future.

It has been a long, long struggle, but she declares that from the moment she enrolled in night school, and began to renew her acquaintance with pothooks, and speed tests, and grammar, she has never lost sight of the goal she set before herself to complete a college course—and be graduated! At last she has achieved.

And from the heights of the rugged hill she has climbed, she sends back this friendly hail to youth everywhere:

"Keep on! Keep on! Keep on keeping on! Don't allow anything or anybody to separate you from the purpose to lay a substantial educational foundation for your life while you are young and have the opportunity. Circumstances may pile obstacles in your path that seem insurmountable, but just remember that where there is a will, there is always a way. Keep your eyes on the future. And keep on! In spite of everything, keep right on keeping on!"



IT may be that some of you who read this page are not considering dropping out of school, but you *are* seriously debating whether you will continue in a Seventh-day Adventist school, or transfer to a local high school, or a State university, or some specialized institution which is near home and perhaps not so expensive as to fees and tuitions.

Don't do it, friend o' mine, not unless there is just absolutely no other way. For the day that you make this decision, a very vital "something" will be eliminated from your experience, a "something" which you do not now fully appreciate. I'd like to share with you a letter that came to me in a recent mail.

"I am one of the thousands of Ad-

ventist youth," says the writer, "who must attend a public high school. In fact, we are the only Seventh-day Adventist family in this community. God seems so distant and far away from me. No doubt this is because I fail to do as He bids. But at times I am at a loss to know what He wants me to do. I pray, but I seem to gain no victories. The world is *so* alluring. But although it is, I do not have any desire to indulge in such frivolities as shows, dancing, and foolish parties. I know that my scholarship and character and reputation are very highly regarded, but I am not satisfied.

I would give up all my honors and responsibilities and positions if God would only place me in a denominational school. I have prayed about it, but perhaps my faith is not strong enough. It seems so impossible financially. But every day I am brought into close contact with doubt and skepticism, and it is so cleverly and ingeniously presented that I am afraid I will be overcome. Won't you ask the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR to pray for me? For I do want to see Jesus when He comes. If only I could study in a Christian environment and under Christian teachers who believe that the Bible is the word of God! If only I could have Christian associates! Oh, *please* do pray for me, for it seems that I can feel myself slipping, slipping, slipping—and I don't want to slip and fall under the tempter's power!"

Of course you will pray, and so shall I, to the end that this young woman may be encouraged and strengthened. But as you pray, stop a moment and consider. Are *you* throwing away *your* birthright for a mere mess of pottage? An inspired writer has spoken of Seventh-day Adventist schools as "cities of refuge" for the young people of the church. Don't deliberately leave such protection unless you are *very* sure that it is God's plan for you to be elsewhere.

For it is not only today that is important. But tomorrow and all the other tomorrows that make up the sum total of this life here on earth and the Glad Hereafter.



HAVE you a worm's-eye view? Or a bird's-eye view?

There's a world of difference between them.

Lora E. Clement



What's in a NAME?

By J. E. WEAVER

ON Friday morning, May 20, 1927, a young man stepped into his little monoplane which was standing on Roosevelt Field in New York, and soon he was in the air, headed across the Atlantic Ocean for Europe. The next day at 10:21 P.M., Paris time (5:21 P.M., New York time), he landed at Le Bourget Field, having covered 3,600 miles in 33½ hours, a "masterful feat of air navigation." Who was this young man who was greeted upon his arrival by 100,000 people, to whom he is reported to have said as he stepped out of his plane, "Well, we are here"? It was Charles Augustus Lindbergh, until that time a little-known American pilot, whose skill, courage, and singleness of purpose brought the whole world to his feet in admiration.

Yesterday a name unknown, today repeated on the lips of untold thousands around the circle of the earth. The enthusiastic applause, the receptions and honors, which were given Lindbergh, did not turn his head, or exalt him, but rather they revealed his modesty and sterling character. He had a good name, which stands for a good character.

The wise man tells us, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." One translation says, "A good name is *better* to be chosen than great riches." This young aviator chose a good name, which he has kept clean and untarnished even in the face of many alluring offers and temptations. It is reported, on good authority, that Lindbergh has been offered large sums of money to sell his name with testimonials for certain popular products, but he has never sold his good name to any product or organization. The fact is, his character and name are worth more than mere money; their price is above rubies.

A number of years ago, before the days of ready-made clothing, a merchant in a certain city was preparing

to examine and check over some bolts of cloth in his storeroom. He asked his handy boy, John, to help him. The merchant explained to the boy that the job was to take down each bolt of cloth, unroll and stretch it, and then roll it up again. After working for a few minutes, John said to the merchant, "Is this exactly honest, sir, stretching the cloth and then rolling it into the bolt again?"

The merchant replied: "Well, it may not be strictly honest, but it is justifiable. Competition is so keen that you have to do it if you expect to get ahead. You see, we buy a bolt of cloth with so many yards in it, and then, after we stretch it, there are a number of yards more. This is our additional margin, or velvet."

As the work continued, the boy reflected on what the merchant had said. John was just a lad working on his first job away from home. Jobs for boys were not too plentiful, and he needed all that he was earning here. But he was unhappy; he felt condemned for what he was doing. Finally, his mind was made up, and he said to his employer, "Sir, I don't feel just right about what I am doing. I wish I could do something else."

The merchant's face flushed with anger as he replied: "You seem to be very conscientious about the kind of work you do. I am not in the habit of having boys tell me how to run my business. We have no other work for you here."

Poor John, crushed and broken-hearted, could hardly keep back the tears as he got his pay at the office window and stumbled out of the store. The name of the man who dismissed this honest lad was long ago forgotten; but we do know the identity of the boy, John, who believed in honesty with all his heart. He later went into the mercantile business for himself, and conducted his store in harmony with the high principles of integrity which had shaped his early life. Any complaint by a customer received instant and courteous attention, with the result that his trade grew amazingly. Those who know, say that the name "John Wanamaker" has always stood for strict honesty and fair dealing.

Back of every name lies the meaning of that name. The life that is lived, the character that is formed, gives it that meaning. One may have a good name by putting into the life those true qualities of honesty, obe-

dience, loyalty, integrity, and faithfulness that forge an honest character into a name. For what does your name stand? Have you chosen to hold tenaciously to principles that will give it honor and standing now and in the years to come? Each human being puts character into his own name by the things he does. This is something that no one can do for another.

Frequently at nurses' graduation exercises one hears the graduates repeat the Florence Nightingale pledge. Almost any nurse will tell you who Florence Nightingale was and what she did to establish nursing as one of the greatest professions which serve the world. Yes, the name of this woman is filled with meaning, with sympathy, unselfishness, courage, hard work, stick-to-itiveness, and vision. It is a good name, made so by the wise choices of a consecrated heart. The wise man declares that a good name is better than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold. The titles, "lady with the lamp" and "angel of mercy," express additional character qualities that give luster and glory to the name and the life of one of the most famous persons of the nineteenth century.

A natural question that comes to mind is whether anyone ever chose a bad name. It is sad, but true, that some people have bad names because they choose to do evil things and live lives of sin and selfishness. There was Judas Iscariot. What meaning does that name have today? Oh, it stands for greed, dishonesty, and treason. It has come down through history with an evil meaning, with the result that today one does not hear of even a cur dog's being called by that ignominious name.

Dear friend, what meaning does *your* name carry? Are you choosing to cultivate day by day those better qualities that will give you a name of which you may be proud? Some young people are selling their good name for the cheap and worthless things of life—for careless and dangerous associations; for cheap and trashy reading; for an uncontrolled temper; for a cruel, criticizing, and backbiting tongue; for the wasteful and health-impairing cigarette habit; for other bad habits and experiences that produce one sure result. And what is that result? A name that reflects the un- (Turn to page 13)

THE most constructive work done by Ellen G. White lies in the realm of education. That statement may, indeed, cover all her work, since education has to do, not merely with schools and curriculums and methods of teaching, but with the impartation of truth and the upbuilding of character in all circumstances and by all means. Measured by this rule, Sister White's lifework was that of a teacher, whether in evangelism, in business enterprise, or in personal relations. But emphatically in the field of the teaching profession she was an educator—I would say an educational reformer, if that term did not so often imply uncertain experimentation; let me rather say, she was an educational builder. Without employing the jargon of the savant, which serves more to make cults than to make truth clear, she put forth in simple language, but with the force of sure knowledge and profound wisdom, the outlines and the substance of an educational system which reaches from the cradle to the throne of God, which presents love as the central science, home as the pattern school, and Christian service here and in eternity as the great objective, the purpose and the satisfaction, of life.

During my stay at "Elmshaven," it was her words to me at various times on educational subjects which most deeply impressed me, and shaped my thinking and determined my aims. Those ideals are presented in clear pattern and with wealth of detail in her writings on education. Her perception of the home as the foundation school without which education must fail, of Christian incentives in education as opposed to neopagan incentives, of the clear essentials of learning that shear away clogging trivialities and intriguing error, of inclusion in the educational program of all legitimate life activities, and of the vitalizing influence of the Spirit of God which gives education a supreme purpose and power—all this constitutes a philosophy and science of education which has never yet been wholly grasped or realized, but which invites and demands the closest study and the sincere acceptance of our mature youth as well as of our experienced leaders. I will conclude this short series with an incident which illuminates her teachings upon nature,



The Elmshaven Vault, Showing the Manuscript Files

A Mother in Israel

By ARTHUR W. SPALDING

"The Smiles of God"

one of the greatest elements in the education she advocates.

One day I was going over some papers when Sister White came downstairs and passed through the room. She was dressed for the outdoors, and coifed in a checkered sunbonnet, that capital relic of our grandmothers' day which invites from our generation indulgent, if filial, smiles. Seeing me, she laid her hand on my arm and said, "Come out with me to our garden. I want to show it to you." So I put down my papers, and walked with her through the door into the cool and fragrant garden.

She guided me from plant to plant, tree, shrub, and lowly herb, some of them in bud, some in flower, some perhaps in well-earned retirement. I am afraid I have forgotten, for the most part, exactly what varieties, small and large, flourished there. I recall only the atmosphere of peace and contentment, and the sense of a Presence like to that which once, according to the oldest record we have, "walked in the garden in the cool of the day." Sister White had a garden trowel, or some weeding tool, in her hand, but she did not use it much, if any; she was guide just then, not workman. But she told me about this shrub and that plant, when they were set out, how they grew, what they required in care, or she commented upon their beauty.

At last, I remember, we came to a beautiful bed of pansies in full bloom. Their faces always look almost human to me, with big (Turn to page 12)

A Condensed Collection of Books Written by Ellen G. White

Aunt Julia

A Story of the Southern Mountains

By M. MAE CARBERRY

THIS would be a good day to comb Aunt Julia's hair," said Mrs. Pears to her daughter, Ethel, a few days after the closing of school. "She hasn't had it combed for several months."

"Yes, I believe I will go over there today. She asked the other day if I would comb it before I left for summer school. I won't do it on Sabbath, and she won't have it done on Sunday; so it doesn't get combed very often while I'm teaching. I wish she would let someone else comb it sometimes."

"She feels about that as she does about daddy winding her clock," laughed Mrs. Pears. "She thinks no one else knows how. Take daddy's green comb with you. She won't know where hers is. Just give it to her when you are through."

Ethel laughed, too. Combing Aunt Julia's hair meant hard work for at least an hour and a half, but she didn't mind it. She loved Aunt Julia, as everyone called Mrs. Boswell. A stranger might not have seen anything lovable about this small ninety-three-year-old woman, but Ethel knew the precious soul beneath the dirt. Aunt Julia was the oldest living inhabitant of the community, and certainly the most interesting. She lived in the dirtiest hut Ethel had ever visited, and no one could persuade her to allow it to be cleaned. Anyone who suggested such a thing was crossed from her list of friends as one who wanted an excuse to steal something.

Ethel had been very careful not to offend, and thus far had succeeded very well. She laughed to herself as she thought of the time when she came the nearest to offending. Aunt Julia had complained of a peculiar itching of the skin which annoyed her. Very cautiously, almost trembling for fear of saying it wrong, Ethel had suggested, "Perhaps a good warm bath would help it." Aunt Julia had answered, very quickly, but not angrily, "Oh, no! Someone told me that once, and I tried it, but it like to have killed

me. No, I'll never try that again."

The path to Aunt Julia's home was very familiar to Ethel. She had traveled it many times. Few people ever needed her help and encouragement more. Aunt Julia lived with two of her children, Pink and Lizzie. Pink looked almost as old as his mother with his long gray hair and bearded face. He could not talk plainly enough to be understood by anyone except Lizzie and Aunt Julia, and he was not strong enough to work. Lizzie was a fat, listless person, not too capable of doing anything worth-while, and was still treated as a small child in spite of her fifty-eight years.

As Ethel neared the house, she paused and looked in at the open door with a smile. Aunt Julia looked more like a dirty bundle of rags than a human being, as she sat huddled on a chair before the rock fireplace. Lizzie leaned back on her chair near one of the two very dirty beds. Pink lay fully dressed, shoes and all, on the other bed.

"Hello, everybody," Ethel called out cheerily.

They turned with a start toward the door.

"Well, hey-o," answered Lizzie.

"Hi, El—," from Pink.

"You little rogue, you. I been awantin' to see you," from Aunt Julia.

"Are you feeling better, Aunt Julia?" asked Ethel, bending over her to be understood.

"Jist tol'able, Ethel. I been right puny. I like to of died last week. The Lord must be asparin' me fer somethin'. I reckon fer Lizzie an' Pink. I don't know how they'd git on without me. Lizzie ain't never knowed how to do nothin' much, an' Pink ain't well. He had a bad spell last night, an' I thought he'd die sure. We've had a heap o' sickness. I've told you 'bout my dear little crippled girl that died. She was such a smart little girl. And Ollie—she was the purtiest girl in the country, an' the best workin' girl, but she got sick an' died, too. Poor Nin is the only one of my children that grewed up to be peart, an' she cain't hep me none. She's got all them children, and Jess, her ol' man, had children as old as her when she married him, an' they caused her a heap o' trouble. Now Neal—"

"Here are some little cakes mamma sent you, a dish of new peas, and a bucket of milk. There's enough for all three of you." Ethel knew she must interrupt if she spoke at all.

"Thank-e, Ethel, thank-e. You an' yer ma an' pa has been awful good to an ol' woman like me. I'll eat these cakes an' peas. Pink don't eat nothin' but corn bread an' milk. Lizzie can eat most anything, an' I cain't; so I'll eat these."

Ethel smiled as she handed Lizzie a separate bag with her share of food in it. She knew Aunt Julia would not divide her food; so Mrs. Pears always separated it before she sent it. Aunt Julia could not see well; so she did not notice the other bag. The selfishness of Aunt Julia was so extreme that it was amusing.

"I been agettin' breakfast agin lately." Aunt Julia could not be silent when she had a good listener. "Lizzie cain't make good bread. We jist eat two times a day. We don't git up til 'bout 'leven o'clock. Lizzie don't have no cow to milk now since ol' Black died. Lizzie went out to milk her that mornin', an' she lay out there dead. Somebody must 'a' poisoned her. I fed her good, an' she was nice an' fat." Tears trickled down the wrinkled, dirty cheeks. Ethel was thinking of the poor old cow she had seen looking hungrily over the fence on former visits. She had the comb in her hand and had been waiting patiently for an op-



Aunt Julia Died Recently, Having Had "a Heap o' Sickness." Miss Ethel Stands Beside Her in the Picture

portunity to speak. Now she began:
 "Did you find your combs, Aunt Julia? I'll comb your hair now."

"I found 'em onct, but they're gone agin. I don't know what goes with things 'round here. There's somethin' strange goin' on."

"How will this one do?" And Ethel handed her the comb she had brought from home.

"Now this is jist what I been awantin'. My hair gits so tangled I cain't git hit rid out with a fine comb. Hit's mighty good of you to comb hit fer me. I cain't git my arms up to comb hit no more."

Ethel began to comb gently. The hair was matted into a hard ridge at the back of her head, and only a very few hairs could be dislodged at a time.

A loud blast near by started Pink talking.

"El!" Pink's tones were excited, but Ethel understood nothing he said. Lizzie mechanically interpreted, "Did you hear about Lonnie Chatham bein' blowed up?"

"Yes, that was terrible," said Ethel before Aunt Julia could begin with:

"I've lived in this country goin' on ninety-four years, an' I never seed such carryin's on as they have nowadays. They're jist agoin' to ruin the country. Everybody's goin' crazy to git money, an' lettin' themselves be killed over on that new road they're abuildin', or on that big dam. They say they're even diggin' a hole right through the pinnacles an' men workin' down under there. I wouldn't have a man of mine work there. We don't need no new road here nohow. They go fast enough on these here old roads with them cars. I wouldn't risk my life ridin' in one of 'em. Preacher Childress got me to ride with him onct, an' I thought we'd all be killed sure. I promised the Lord if He'd let me git home alive, I'd never git in one of them things agin. People didn't used to git hurt much with horses an' wagons. I do recollect onct when I hurt my side, an' hit never did git well. I'd borrowed Jim Lawson's horse an' wagon to use about haulin' some taters in, an' Rowena Yeatts was ahelpin' me. Jist before we got to Babe Spangler's Holler I ast Rowena to drive while I lit my pipe. She took the lines, an' I was fixin' the 'backer in my pipe when we started down the hill. The ol' horse started runnin', and Rowena hollered an' dropped the lines. We run over a big rock an' the wagon turned over. Rowena didn't git hurt, but my side ain't never been right yet."

"Did you get your pipe lit?" asked Ethel mischievously.

Aunt Julia's sense of humor was still alert. She glanced at Ethel, tried to hide an amused smile, and said, "You rascal, you!"

Taking advantage of the break in Aunt Julia's conversation, Ethel asked, "Have you worn the dress I brought you a few weeks ago?"



The Night

By GEORGE CLARENCE HOSKIN

The night is clear and strangely stilled,
 And all the solitude is filled
 With whisperings, and stealthy sounds
 That brood and hover all around.

A star and then another star
 Peek through the veil that hangs afar,
 And then a spray of twinkling lights
 Appears upon the fading evening sights
 As though some unseen Master Hand
 Had cast them recklessly aloft.

That galaxy so faint, so dim,
 Marks the homing of a world within
 A field, limitless in its span,
 That foils the measurements of finite man.

The sight is wondrous to behold
 In all its beauty still untold,
 Nor would I shun that gladsome
 spectacle
 Of heaven's orbs in yonder space,
 Vying in their maddening race
 To shed their matchlessness apace.

Lost in entrancing happiness
 There is no language to express
 The blissful, bewildering delight,
 The peerless grandeur of the night.

Overwhelming joy excludes
 All anxiousness or dreary moods.
 There is no doubt, no dread, no fear,
 For He is there, and He is here;
 And all the rapture of the charm
 Holds securely, safely free from harm.

"No, I don't need nothin' but rags in this ol' hole. I'm savin' that to be buried in. We got lots of cloth could be sewed up in that there chest, but I cain't use the sewin' machine no more, an' I cain't git nobody to make things like I want 'em."

Ethel had seen the contents of the chest and knew there was goods there, but she also knew that Aunt Julia would never allow any of it to be used. She smiled at the mention of sav-

ing the old dress which had not been good enough to wear to school, to be buried in.

"My mother needs a sewing machine. How much would you want for yours?" Ethel asked.

"I only paid fifteen dollars fer hit from Wolfe Spangler ten years ago, an' I wouldn't aim to make a cent o' profit. Wolfe was a good man an' right smart o' kin to me. It was his son got this phonograph fer me. Pink likes music so much, but so many people come in to hear the records. Some I don't mind, an' some I wish would stay away. That ol' Bill Lawson come in here one night an' taken my ol' black bonnet I kep my money in. He musta knowed hit had money in hit. I been good to everybody, an' I don't see why folks treat a po' ol' widow so bad. You kin put some sweet oil on my head now if you've done finished combin' hit."

Ethel had little by little combed her hair until it hung straight and long down her back. She then gently rubbed out the dirt with sweet oil and braided the hair tightly in two braids.

"I ain't got much, but you been good to me, an' I'm goin' to give you somethin' if I can find the key to that ol' chest. It's somewhere in here," and she was feeling various bunches inside her clothes. "Maybe you wouldn't know what this is," and she touched a bulge which was larger than the others. "There better not be any foolin' 'round here nights. I keep this gun on me all the time. Well, where is them keys? Oh, here they are."

She hobbled over to the chest, removed various articles from the top of it, and unlocked it. Taking out a man's clean handkerchie, she handed it to Ethel. "This is nice, an' Pink don't never use sich things. He found hit down on the Mayberry road."

"Thank you very much, Aunt Julia. It's so nice of you to give it to me."

"I got somethin' you might could use, too," Lizzie interrupted. "Verona Hartison give hit to me fer Christmas. I ain't never used hit. I don't have no use fer things like that." And she produced a new pink washcloth.

"You are giving me too much," protested Ethel. "Thank you, Lizzie. Come over soon. Mother has some shoes and dresses for you. I really must be going. Take care of yourself, Aunt Julia. I'll see you in a few weeks."

Aunt Julia clung to her hand, while tears trickled down her cheeks. "I don't reckon I'll be here when you git back, chile, but I'll be aprayin' fer ye. Oh, I cain't tell ye the feelin' that swells up inside me when I see you. I jist feel better fer a week. Sometimes I set up here all night smokin' my pipe an' prayin' for ye."

"Thank you, Aunt Julia, I appreciate that. I'll see you when I get back. Good-by." (Turn to page 12)

"That I May Know Him"

By HARRY E. BEDDOE

I WELL remember when, in my boyhood, President Woodrow Wilson of the United States was to speak in the large Civic Auditorium in San Francisco, California. With my mother and my sister, I joined the throngs of people who were waiting outside the doors. When the auditorium was opened, it took but a few minutes to fill every seat. Though we had waited two hours and were near the door, still we found it necessary to take seats far from the platform. It showed me clearly how eager people are to see and hear persons of note.

Several years later while I was a student at Washington Missionary College, President Warren G. Harding attended a commencement exercise, in honor of his nephew who was being graduated from that institution. Though word of his coming had not been given out, the surmises of a few led to such crowding of the large chapel that there was not even standing room left. The faculty and the

students felt highly honored by the mere presence of such a noted guest.

At another time it was my privilege to attend a gathering in Washington, D.C., to witness the presentation by President Calvin Coolidge of a medal to Colonel Charles Lindbergh on behalf of the National Geographic Society. This and other similar functions which I have attended have given me a sense of satisfaction.

Several years ago President Franklin D. Roosevelt visited Puerto Rico. He landed at the western end of the island and motored through to San Juan. At the time, I was a visitor to the colony, and, along with thousands of others, I stood at the roadside an hour or two just to catch a glimpse of this genial man as he drove by. Our group stood opposite a large orphanage. When finally the President's car appeared, it stopped a few seconds to allow a very honored little girl from the orphanage to present him with a bouquet. His attention and smiles were all directed at the little ones,

but we walked back to the mission home with a glow in our hearts.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of England have recently made a brief visit to the United States. Millions of people saw and cheered these royal visitors, and thousands of Americans traveled from all parts of their country just for a glimpse of these two who stand at the head of a great and respected empire.

While it is a source of great satisfaction just to see prominent individuals, it is an even greater pleasure to know them—to become personally acquainted with them. Not long ago when Mrs. Beddoe and I were presented to the governor of a British island, we experienced the pleasure of meeting one who repre-

sents the British Crown. We deemed it an honor to talk to His Excellency concerning our work.

Several hundred years ago a child was born into a poor and humble family. His birthplace was a little country town. He was brought up in a section which did not have a good name. Despite this, his parents were God fearing, and the boy, as he grew, learned to do his part. He was taught to be kind, tactful, and obedient. His associates were drawn to him because of his considerate, straightforward manner and his wholesome character.

When he reached manhood his life was devoted to the unfortunate. He stood ready at all times to help the sick and those who were "down and out." Though little known at first, he became better known as he traveled through the country bringing joy and happiness to all with whom he came in contact. His outstanding and magnetic personality kindled in the hearts of those who knew him a fire that has since spread to the remote countries of earth, and caused millions to emulate his way of life.

This man was none other than Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest Man this world has ever seen. My dear young friend, do you know Him? We take keen pleasure in knowing the great of this world. How much greater joy and satisfaction may be ours in knowing Him whom to know is life eternal. "That I may know Him"—the One whose life was lived, not for Himself, but for others—should be our prayer.

We may become acquainted with the Saviour of the world by communing with Him and by studying the Scriptures. Christ is the *living* Word; the Bible is the *written* word. The better we become acquainted with Jesus through reading the word, the more nearly we become like Him. "By beholding we become changed."

How often do we hear it said of young girls that they look like certain actresses, only to find that these very actresses are their favorites! Consciously and unconsciously they have adopted the appearance and manner of their heroines. Paul of old indicated that he realized this very human trait when he wrote the church members at Galatia of his desire to see Christ formed in them.

Let it not be said of us that we are too busy to study the Scriptures. We do not want to let the cares of this life interfere with our knowing Christ. Thomas walked with the Saviour before His crucifixion, but he was so material and practical by nature that he failed to recognize the spiritual presence of his Master after His resurrection. (Turn to page 10)

Jesus Is a Friend of
Friends, and It Pays to
Know Him





Columbia Hall,
the Administration
Building

WASHINGTON MISSION



By President
B. G. Wilkinson, Ph

WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE and Columbia Junior College are located in Takoma Park, an industrious and aggressive suburb of Washington, situated about eight miles northwest of the Capitol. The buildings of the institution are grouped on a beautifully wooded campus overlooking the steep banks of the Sligo, a spring-fed stream which flows along the southern border of the grounds. The location of the school has the rest and quiet of the country, and at the same time has the advantage of streetcar and bus service to all parts of the city of Washington. The college is about a mile away from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, and from the General Conference headquarters, where is housed the vault in which are stored most of the original manuscripts of Mrs. Ellen G. White. The close proximity of the Washington Sanitarium makes it possible for the school to give thorough and practical instruction in the art of healthful living.

One of the most advantageous opportunities of the school is the access afforded to the Library of Congress, which contains more books than any other library in the United States. Valuable research work is done by students at the Library of Congress as well as at the very adequate city libraries and other institutional libraries located reasonably near the campus.

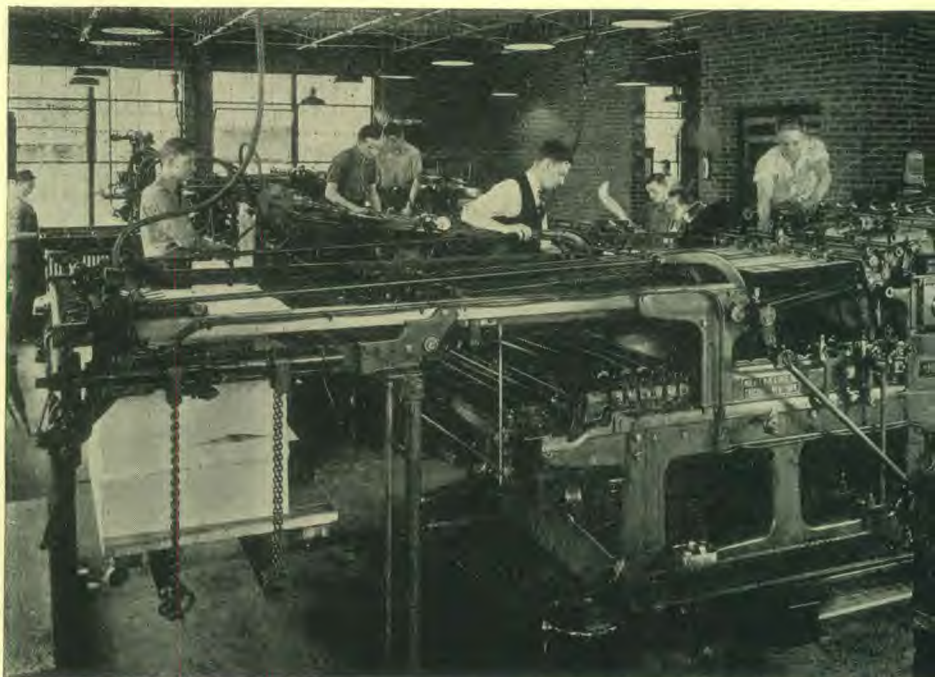
Columbia Junior College is fully accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and is a member of the American Association of Junior Colleges. The school prepares students for entrance to Washington Missionary College, and aims to train them for admission into all accredited senior colleges as well as to give accredited work in certain preprofessional courses.

Washington Missionary College, when first established, was designed to be a training center for foreign missionaries. The missionary outlook has never faded from the institution,

and an aggressive department of theology is maintained. There were twelve graduates from the department this year. Students enrolled in this course do extensive field work during their senior year. Student efforts are conducted, and the theological students actually perform laboratory work in soul winning. The students plan the programs, budget the cost of operation, tabulate the missionary work performed by the new believers they bring in and by those who assist in the efforts, and regularly submit systematic reports to the head of the department. Thus is built a background for effective evangelism in denominational work.

The courses of study offered in the school are planned to give a thorough college training, as well as to develop students into successful laborers in the gospel ministry. The Bible workers' course is prepared particularly for those who have capabilities along the lines of teaching the word of God in the home.

The college endeavors in the commercial department to give to the students who do not connect with denominational work directly, the training to carry the third angel's message by the



The Press Room in the Print Shop

ARY COLLEGE

"The Gateway to Service"



Top Right: College Hall, Which Houses the Library and the Laboratories

Below: A Dietetics Class Giving a Practical Demonstration



same efficient service, coupled with the desire always to maintain the highest standards of honesty, integrity, and faithfulness to duty in their business relations.

The various industries of the institution afford opportunities to students to earn part of their school expenses while in attendance at college. The assignment of work and of responsibility is, of course, dependent upon the students' experience, ability, efficiency, and willingness to work. Since the labor of the college is performed mainly by students, those who are willing and capable will probably find all the work they can well undertake without jeopardizing their school program.

The college operates a woodworking shop, a print shop, a bakery, and a store. In addition to these industries, students are employed in the various offices of the institution, in the dormitories, and as teacher assistants.

A students'-placement service is conducted by the college, with an experienced person in charge whose duty it is not only to find places in the community where the student may work for room and board or perhaps

for some compensation in addition, but also to approve of the home and to keep a close contact with the home and the student. This service offers wonderful opportunities for young women who have but limited means with which to attend college. A placement service of the college supervises also the larger field to see that graduates are aided in securing positions after they leave the institution.

Extracurricular activities lend a well-rounded cultural training. Organizations to meet almost every Christian interest function during the school year: the various musical groups, the Missionary Volunteer Society, the medical seminar, the correspondence, literature, sunshine, and evangelical bands, et cetera. A carefully chosen lyceum course of noted speakers and musicians is part of the school program each year.

A systematic handling of students in the matter of personal advice and guidance has been started in the college recently with a view to making each individual student feel the school's definite personal interest in him, to assist him in the solution of his educational problems, and to guide him in planning for an active part in the various activities of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. The personnel service of the institution observes closely the weaknesses of students, and endeavors, through personal contacts by staff members, to correct these weaknesses by counsel and guidance.

The school has a well-selected and rapidly growing library with 17,000 accessioned volumes. Also it has the usual equipment of laboratories for science work, with strong departments in the sciences.

Washington Missionary College and Columbia Junior College are prepared to offer to industrious and earnest Seventh-day Adventist young people, not only regular programs of study, but also unusual opportunities for prospective evangelistic workers and teachers, and for (*Turn to page 13*)



The College Mill Is Always a Busy Place

Prayer Changes Things

(Continued from page 1)

are in need. I felt especially sorry for the lepers who begged in the market places and along the roadside, and frequently I gave them coins or food. But in doing this I brought the greatest of sorrow upon myself and my family, for I contracted leprosy.

"It is impossible to picture adequately our grief at this disaster, but you may gain some idea of our feelings by imagining your own reaction to a similar situation. To my husband it meant that I was henceforth as one dead. To me it meant lasting separation not only from my husband, but from my son, who was still little more than a babe. I would be regarded as an outcast, an object to be loathed. I would have to leave the comfort and refinement of my home and be segregated in a place the horrors of which I could only imagine.

"I passed through the days that followed that discovery as one who walks in sleep. Arrangements were made hastily. Our son was sent to live with his grandparents, and I departed in abject grief to the leper colony. Despair dropped before me as a curtain, shutting out all light and all hope. The sight of other lepers, many of them in a frightful condition, did nothing to help my state of mind. I became bitter and resentful. I questioned the justice of a God who would allow such calamity to fall upon me, even as I was endeavoring to carry out His precepts of mercy and charity. Day followed day in an endless, dreary procession. And all the while the dread disease wrought its effects, slowly, insidiously, but relentlessly.

"Nearly a year had passed when I received word that my husband had been killed in a native uprising. I had left him with the full realization that the parting was for all time. Still the knowledge that death had irrevocably fixed our separation shocked and depressed me.

"It was at about this time that there came to the leper colony a young man with a message. You must understand the bravery that it required for him to expose himself to a dreadful and incurable disease; I have never ceased to admire his courage. But he believed sincerely that the gospel of the kingdom must go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people—lepers not excepted. For this reason he came among us.

"Week after week he held his meetings and distributed literature. We went to those meetings—all of us. Visitors were infrequent, and for that reason all were interested in the young man; but more than that, we wished to hear any message which was so important that a man would come even among poor lepers to give it.

"I had known from his first sermon that the man was a Christian. Having been brought up in the Orthodox Jewish faith, I was both curious and skeptical concerning his doctrines. Yet each meeting found me listening more attentively than before. There was something about this young man and his teachings that was sincere, convincing. I began to read—at first indifferently, and then eagerly—the papers which he left after each service. My mind was filled with conflicts. I had always looked for a Messiah who was yet to come, but here was a doctrine of a Messiah who *had* come and was coming soon for the second time.

"I knew Jesus as a good man, a preacher and teacher among the people, but not as the Promised One. I began to study the Messianic prophecies diligently, and before long I was convinced that Christianity was the true religion, and that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed Christ, the Son of David.

"One by one I accepted the other doctrines of Christianity as set forth by this young evangelist. I was overjoyed to learn that the denomination which he represented advocated the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath as commanded in the Bible, for I could never have agreed to the keeping of Sunday. Finally I had conformed to every point of the third angel's message and felt ready for baptism.

"But the matter of baptism presented a real problem. To preach to lepers is one thing; to touch them is yet another. Still I earnestly desired to take this final step in embracing the advent message. Since accepting Christianity I was no longer oppressed with a sense of lone-

liness and despair. Life had taken on a new meaning, a new purpose. And now there was creeping into my heart a curious hope, as yet undefined in words. If only I could be baptized—I determined to take the matter before the Lord. Earnestly I prayed, and with each prayer my faith grew stronger until there was no longer any doubt in my mind. If I could receive baptism, I *knew* I would be healed!

"At the evangelist's next visit I told him of my conviction, and asked him if baptism could possibly be arranged.

"You have prayed earnestly about the matter?" he asked.

"I assured him that I had.

"And you are fully convinced that you should undertake this step?"

"Again my answer was a confident affirmative.

"Then I will baptize you," he said simply.

"That very day I was baptized in the little river that wound below our settlement. There was no church, no music, there were no robes—only candidate and minister in a quiet stream. But I am sure that our faith more than compensated for the lack of ceremony, and that an unseen Presence blessed the simple service.

"From that day forward the disease had no more hold upon me. Its progress stopped immediately; the sores dried and the flesh began to heal. Within a few months all signs of active infection had disappeared. Doctor after doctor examined me with amazement, and each attested to my cure. Finally all authorities were convinced, and I was allowed to return home.

"You can imagine the joy that my homecoming occasioned. I was regarded as one restored from death. As for me, my greatest happiness lay in being able to bring both my parents and my son to accept the message I had come to love.

"The passing years have only strengthened my belief in God's goodness and my trust in His wonderful promises. The same Jesus who rewarded my first prayers of faith has guided me over every step of the Christian way."

Silence followed the ending of the story—a silence broken only by the missionary's fervent murmur, "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."



"That I May Know Him"

(Continued from page 7)

Peter was one of the best loved of the disciples. Peter knew the Lord, but at a time when it was not popular to admit the acquaintance, he denied his Master! Peter's mistake in a moment of weakness is recorded for our profit. May we always be prepared to say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

On a city street a young Christian was passing a tall, gaunt young man who was walking in the opposite direction. His forsaken bearing and the ghastly, haunted look on his face caused the young church member to stop and ask the trouble. The other explained that he and his wife and child were starving. He had just gone to his closest friend, who he thought would help him. He had not expected to be turned away, but the only solution that his so-called friend had to offer was that he go and shoot himself!

In his desperation, the unfortunate man explained, he was now on his way to carry out the suggestion of his "friend." "There is no one else to whom I can go," he said.

The Christian brother thought quickly for an appropriate response. As he turned it over in his mind, a happy thought struck him, (Turn to page 12)



MORNING

Morning! "It's the first hour of the morning," says a Chinese proverb, "that gives color to all that follow." Dean Farrar tells how his mother went to her room for an hour every morning after breakfast to read her Bible and pray. There are gathered strength and sweetness to fulfill all duties, and to remain unruffled by the cares that so often come to the housewife. Never, said that great preacher, did he see her with temper disturbed, nor did he ever hear her speak one word of anger or calumny. Her life was a sweet, pure, and strong one, full of blessing and healing, which he believed was due to the morning hour spent with God.

Morning prayer is the preface of the day's biography, the adjustment of the armor for battle, and the preparation for every emergency that may arise. There is no time when the body is more rested, the mind more active, the affections more lively, and the soul more susceptible to the wooings of the Holy Spirit. "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord," said David; "in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." Ps. 5:3. Morning prayer gives fresh faith for the day's trials and struggles. It fills the heart with gentle thoughts and sympathies, and makes one's hand deft and kind for the ministries of love.

It is said the General Havelock rose at four, if the hour for marching was six, rather than lose the precious privilege of communion with God. Sir Matthew Hale said, "If I omit praying and reading God's word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." Robert Murray MacCheyne said that the early morning hours were his "noblest and more fruitful employment." In his diary these words are found: "Rose early to seek God, and found Him whom my soul loveth." Almost the last note in the diary reads: "Was graciously awakened a great while before day, and had two hours alone with God." Mark tells us that "in the morning, rising up A GREAT WHILE BEFORE DAY," Jesus "went out . . . into a solitary place, and there prayed." Mark 1:35. But the next verse says, "Simon and they that were with Him FOLLOWED AFTER HIM."—W. P. Pearce.



H. MAYLATH, ARTIST

Building a Rowboat

By BRYCE BLUE

ONE afternoon my brother and I were walking home along a little creek which flowed a block or so from our house. Ordinarily this creek was rather shallow, and we were somewhat surprised to see two boys rowing toward us in a boat. It was a homemade boat which they very proudly claimed the honor of building with their own hands. We felt especially favored when the boys consented to let us row it for a while. The news spread throughout the neighborhood, and on afternoons at the close of school we boys made a beeline for the creek. My brother and I were younger than the others, and consequently we often stood waiting for our turn at the rowing.

How hard it was merely to stand by and watch our friends riding in the boat! As we studied the situation, we began to wonder if we couldn't have one of our own. Yes, why couldn't we build it ourselves?

For some time we looked around our house and our neighborhood for material, but with little success. Finally my brother discovered several good, wide boards suspended above the rafters in the garage. After some arguing as to who was to ask father for them, one of us, I can't remember which, summoned up the courage to approach him. After a bit of pleading, he reluctantly said we could use them. He thought that probably we would not finish the boat and the lumber would only be wasted.

These boards were twelve inches wide and three fourths of an inch thick. For the sides of the boat we cut two pieces about eight feet long, and for the back, a piece three feet long. This board for the back was cut at a slight angle, so that the top of the boat would be wider than the bottom. One end of each of the two side boards was securely fastened to the ends of the board that was used to form the back. In other words, the end of one side board was nailed to one end of the back, and one end of the other side was nailed to the other end of the back. These were fastened approximately at right angles.

The two free ends of the side boards were then brought together to a point, to form a triangle. A wooden wedge had to be made and placed here at the point because of the angle of the side boards. We nailed this point together and then tried to spread the sides. This process of spreading will be explained

later. In spreading the boards we found that the nails in the point would not hold; so we had to drill two holes and bolt them together.

The sides were straight, and you can imagine that the work thus far completed showed every evidence of being a rather crude and clumsy-looking boat. We cut a strong piece of wood a little shorter than the width of the back of the boat, and forced this toward the point. We forced it to the place where we thought the sides were bowed to the proper extent. We took particular care when choosing the material, that we did not use any with knots. This was done to avoid cracking or bowing unevenly. Both sides should be of the same kind of wood, and as nearly alike as possible, or one side may bow more than

the other. If this happens, the boat will, when in water, be inclined to turn in the direction of the side with the most bow.

Putting the sides at an angle will naturally put the edge of the board at an angle also, and when we nailed on the bottom of the boat, it came in contact with only the corners of the side boards instead of with the whole thickness. This was certainly not very desirable, because we wished the boat to be watertight. The part thus far completed was turned so that the side that was to be the bottom, was up. We then planed the sides until they were level; that is to say, they were planed so that when a board was placed across the two sides it would come in contact with the entire surface of the thickness of the boards.

Finding material to make the bottom proved to be quite a hard job. This, we knew, should be of grooved boards. I shall try to explain what I mean by grooved boards. On the edge—that is, the side of the board which is commonly called the thickness—there is a small ridge. This ridge is in the center and is usually about a half or a third of the thickness of the board. It extends out approximately three sixteenths of an inch. This ridge, of course, is different for different-sized boards. In the edge



Your Master Comrade Says—



Insect Life

On a twig of a bush in the backyard we found a queer-looking formation which resembled a mass of dried foam. What fun, we thought, to bring it into the house and see perhaps a butterfly emerge from it when the time came. So the twig was broken off and fastened along the edge of a window with a thumbtack. Imagine the surprise in the household one morning to see, not a butterfly, but a whole army of insects marching out of this tiny brown house which was but an inch long and three quarters of an inch in diameter.

What were they? Praying mantises. They crawled all over the window enjoying the sunshine, but we managed to make quite an accurate count of them—eighty-six in all. The little creatures were half an inch in length, and an exact replica of the adult mantis, with the exception of the wings, and they had none as yet. After everyone had studied them as much as he desired, the mantises were given their freedom under the same bush where the eggs were found.

One of the favorite attitudes of these creatures is supposed to be that of devotion (they double their front legs up close to their heads), and for this reason they were given the name "praying mantis." However, since they are really waiting to pounce on an insect and devour it, some have thought they should be called "preying" mantis.

One species of mantis grows to be more than three inches in length. The eyes of this insect are large, and it is the only one that can look over its shoulder. A praying mantis will be an interesting pet for you.

The mantises are very beneficial, since they destroy large numbers of injurious insects, such as grasshoppers. In fact, the Government is introducing the mantis into all sections of the country, and in many places there is a law against destroying them.

Insects offer much of interest in study and observation. The seeming intelligence of these little creatures is amazing, and, as in all nature, they have lessons to teach those who will learn from them. In the Bible we are told to go to the ant and consider her ways and be wise.

Among the fifty-one Vocational Honors is one on Insects. And now would be a good time for you to fulfill the requirements if the insect world holds any fascination for you—and it will if given a chance!

of the next board there is a groove into which the ridge fits snugly. You see, one edge of a board has a ridge, but the other edge has a groove. We finally found enough of one kind for the whole bottom. It all had to be of the same mold or it wouldn't fit properly. The boards we used were only four inches wide. It is wiser to use wider ones if possible, for then there are fewer places for the boat to leak.

Of all the material, the tar was the hardest to find. We scouted the neighborhood and found little dabs of tar of every kind, but not enough to tar our boat. Later we saw some men tarring the road. We asked them for some, and they gave us a good-sized piece, enough for the whole job. This tar they gave us was the kind that becomes hard and brittle. Later we found that it is better to use a soft tar.

We waited until we had a good, warm day to put the bottom on the boat, so that the tar would not harden too quickly. We melted the tar over a fire, so that we could spread it over the desired surface. The first board was nailed parallel with the board that formed the back of the boat. You see, the boards were nailed crosswise and not lengthwise. This first board was nailed on after we had spread tar over the surface with which it came in contact. Tar was then spread over the grooved edge of this board and over the surface of the edges of the side boards for four inches, the width of the next board. The next board was nailed tightly against the first one. This was repeated until the bottom of the boat was completed.

So that there would be still less chance of leakage, we fastened tin around the two back corners and around the front. Tar was spread over the surface, and then we tacked on the tin. We put a row of tacks along the edge and a few miscellaneous ones here and there to prevent it from bulging. The miscellaneous tacks were put in first, so that the tin would be drawn fairly tight before we put the tacks around the edge. This tin extended for four or five inches in both directions from the corners.

The boat was now nearly completed, and we felt rather satisfied with it. All it lacked now was seats. Two pieces of wood were nailed to the side boards on the inside of the boat. These pieces were two by eight inches, and were nailed about three inches from the top toward the front end of the boat. One was nailed on each side, and the length of each ran with the length of the boat. An eight-inch board, the length of which was the width of the boat at this point, was placed on these strips. A seat was put in the back of the boat by the same method. A low back was made on the back seat.

After we gave it a good painting, the boat was ready to be launched. We fairly tingled with excitement as we carried it to the creek, and our joy was even greater as we shoved it into the water. But this joy suddenly grew into disappointment as we saw the water leak through. We knew it would leak somewhat before we gave the wood a chance to swell, but we did not expect it to leak as much as it did. We decided to let it soak overnight, and I must admit we were two crestfallen boys as we went home that evening.

The next day as soon as school was out, I ran to the creek. To my surprise, I saw my brother, with two other boys, rowing our boat up and down the creek. The wood had swelled enough so that it leaked very little. As I watched them row toward me, my heart beat with joy to think that at last we had a boat of our own.



Your BIBLE TEACHES That

—The wonderful city which is to be the abode of the redeemed was built by God.

"He [Abraham] looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Heb. 11:10.

—This city [the New Jerusalem] has no need of sun or moon.

"The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. 21:23.

—Its gates are never closed.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." Rev. 21:25.

—The wicked are to be excluded from this city.

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Rev. 21:27.

—Only the redeemed are permitted to make their home there.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14.

—There is no sorrow in this city four-square.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. 21:4.

—No sickness will ever overtake those who live in this holy city.

"The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." Isa. 33:24.

—A marvelous river flows through the midst of this marvelous city.

"He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Rev. 22:1.

—On either side of this river stands a wonderful tree.

"On either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Rev. 22:2.

—A great privilege awaits all who find a home in the New Jerusalem.

"They shall see His [God's] face." Rev. 22:4.

Aunt Julia

(Continued from page 6)

As Ethel walked slowly homeward, she murmured to herself, "Dear old soul. I can't help but believe that when the Lord makes up His jewels, He will claim this one, remembering that she was born on the top of the mountain where opportunities are few."

"That I May Know Him"

(Continued from page 10)

and he asked, "Have you gone to your Friend and Brother, Jesus Christ?"

"No, who is He?"

And then the troubled man was introduced to the Man of Calvary.

"Does Jesus care when my heart is
pained

Too deeply for mirth or song;

As the burdens press,

And the cares distress,

And the way grows weary and long?

"O yes, He cares, I know He cares,
His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, the long

nights dreary,

I know my Saviour cares."

That man and his family became really acquainted with Jesus, and today they are living in the joy and happiness of knowing the One who cares.

Let us get acquainted with Him. Let those who have known Him, but who have turned away, renew their acquaintance. Paul asks, "Now, after that ye have known God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements?" Jesus is our supreme Friend. Do you really know Him?



A Mother in Israel

(Continued from page 4)

velvety eyes and a suggestion of other facial features. There they clustered before us, those pansies, in variegated colors from light to dark, looking up into our faces with a glad expectancy, like a crowd of children waiting for a story. "How beautiful they are!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

Sister White knelt down by the bed and reached out her hand—I noted how small and delicately formed it was—and, touching them one and another, turning their happy faces toward her, she murmured, as if to herself, "The smiles of God! the smiles of God!"

How happy she was in her garden. How soothing and healing was the influence of these silent messengers of God. How deep were the lessons she learned that she might teach them to us, as she does in "Education," "Christ's Object Lessons," and "The Desire of Ages." I called to mind her eloquent, moving words, written a decade before:

"To the little child not yet capable of learning from the printed page or of being introduced to the routine of the schoolroom, nature presents an unfailing source of instruction and delight. The heart not yet hardened by contact with evil is quick to recognize the Presence that pervades all created things. The ear as yet undulled by the world's clamor is attentive to the Voice that speaks through nature's utterances. And for those of older years, needing continually its silent reminders of the spiritual and eternal, nature's teaching will be no less a source of pleasure and of instruction. As the dwellers in Eden learned from nature's pages, as Moses discerned God's handwriting on the Arabian plains and mountains, and the child Jesus on the hillsides of Nazareth, so the children of today may learn of Him. The unseen is illustrated by the seen. On everything upon the earth, from the loftiest tree of the forest to the lichen that clings to the rock, from the boundless ocean to the tiniest shell on the shore, they may behold the image and superscription of God."¹

How varied and deep the lessons she brings to us in pages following, and elsewhere, from the lives and offices of flowers and trees, of fishes and insects, of birds and beasts, as well as from the nature and the experiences of that crown of creation, man. Thus she gave illustration to her own words: "With both the animate and the inanimate creation,—with leaf and flower and tree, and with every living creature, from the leviathan of the waters to the mote in the sunbeam,—the dwellers in Eden held converse, gathering from each the secrets of its life." "This intimation also nature repeats to us. Though marred by sin, it speaks not only of creation but of redemption."²

But most fruitful of all her nature teaching, to me, as I think it can be also to you, because it opens the door to the spiritual meanings of this first book of God, is her recommendation of the combination of study of Holy Scripture with nature study:

"Many illustrations from nature are

used by the Bible writers, and as we observe the things of the natural world, we shall be enabled, under the guiding of the Holy Spirit, more fully to understand the lessons of God's word. It is thus that nature becomes a key to the treasure house of the word.

"Children should be encouraged to search out in nature the objects that illustrate Bible teachings, and to trace in the Bible the similitudes drawn from nature. They should search out, both in nature and in Holy Writ, every object representing Christ, and those also that He employed in illustrating truth. Thus may they learn to see Him in tree and vine, in lily and rose, in sun and star. They may learn to hear His voice in the song of birds, in the sighing of the trees, in the rolling thunder, and in the music of the sea. And every object in nature will repeat to them His precious lessons.

"To those who thus acquaint themselves with Christ, the earth will nevermore be a lonely and desolate place. It will be their Father's house, filled with the presence of Him who once dwelt among men."³

The following of this plan of study, in personal experience in our home with our own children, and with our students in school, has, for my wife and me, linked earth with heaven. The promise of Jesus, "In My Father's house, . . . a place for you," is fulfilled already, for the trees speak of His fatherhood, the flowers smile His welcome, the birds sing His praises, the waters murmur His name, the sun sheds down His love, and the rain is as His Spirit to refresh and revive the drooping soul.

I know not all that awaits the student in the great University of Heaven, where the elementary lessons of this kindergarten of earth shall be extended, enlarged, and deepened. It will be glory there. We shall have God as teacher, and inhabitants of sinless worlds, and angels. But I shall want at first a teacher whom I have known, who has led me in the thoughts of God from earth to heaven. As Lucy Larcom says:

"I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory 'round them.
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes."

And I think that when I am given audience with the King, the Master Teacher, my Lord Jesus, and He shall ask me what request I have that He may grant in His great school of love, it will be pleasing to Him that I shall say: "Master, that I may have for teacher first, one who taught me, through Thy works and Thy word, to know Thee whom to know aright is life eternal. Give me as teacher, Lord, that mother in Israel who, long ago, appeared as a little old lady under a sunbonnet, and, laying her hand upon my arm, led me out into a garden of Thy dear but forlorn old earth, and taught me there of the smiles of God."

¹ "Education," p. 100.

² Id., pp. 21, 27.

³ Id., p. 120.

Washington Missionary College

(Continued from page 9)

those who intend to become doctors, nurses, nursing supervisors, laboratory technicians, et cetera.

Young people who enter Washington Missionary College find it to be the "Gateway to Service."

JULY 25, 1939



Address all correspondence to the
Stamp Corner, Youth's Instructor,
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Exchange

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Roses in the Woods

BY RUTH WHEELER

"I'll be glad when my new rose blooms," said Beth, as she sat down to supper one day in early spring.

"Yes, so will I." And Father smiled at his daughter. "I have a whole orchard of roses, you know, and I am anxious for them to bloom."

"Roses in the orchard!" repeated Beth in surprise. "Why I've never seen any."

"Oh, haven't you? Yes, my orchard trees will soon be covered with little pink roses."

"Oh, I know what you mean—the apple trees. But they aren't really roses, are they?"

"Yes, almost all our orchard trees belong to the rose family. Apple, pear, almond, peach, cherry, apricot, and many other trees are members of the rose family. And so also are raspberries, blackberries, and strawberries. Even in the woods there are many trees and shrubs that belong to the rose family."

"How can we tell the roses in the woods and the orchards? They don't look much like the roses in the garden."

"The flowers of the rose family all resemble one another somewhat. They are all perfect; that is, they have stamens and pistils on the same flower. There is a circle of petals, usually white, pink, or cream colored, and a cluster of slender

stamens tipped with little balls covered with yellow pollen.

"The leaves of the shrubs and the trees of this family grow singly on the twigs, and not in pairs as the leaves of the dogwood do.

"The roses in the garden have been cultivated and experimented with until we have dozens, yes, even hundreds, of varieties of roses now. They differ so greatly in shape and color and fragrance that it is hard for us to believe that they all belong to the same family. Some of them have been developed for a greater number of petals, until we have large roses with many, many petals. Others have been cultivated for their long, slender buds until we have some varieties which are especially beautiful while they are still in the bud."

"How interesting," said Beth. "And were apples and cherries developed from one original kind of wild apple or cherry tree?"

"Yes, our tame fruits are descendants of wild trees, too. Asia is the home of most of the wild varieties of our fruits. However, some of our plums are descended from the wild plums of our own continent. Our tame fruits have been developed for certain desirable traits, until, as in the case of roses, it can scarcely be distinguished from which wild variety they come."

What's in a Name?

(Continued from page 3)

worthy things that have been chosen and put into the life. What a tragedy!

But, why not have a good name? It costs something—a great deal, in fact—but is it not a priceless possession? Yes, the wise man told the truth when he said that a good name is better than riches: And John the Revelator tells us: "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, . . . and I will write upon him . . . My new name." In the last great day each one of us will be given a name which, judged by the life and character, God sees is appropriate. Then, as the prophet Isaiah says: "The Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name."

Even the people who come in contact with us as we live our lives day by day, will not have any trouble seeing the true meaning and significance of our being called Christians when they see the Christlike principles exhibited in our daily lives. How true it is that—

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—

In feeling, not in figures on a dial.

We count time by heartthrobs.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

—Bailey.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

VI—The Significance of Modern Sabbath Reform

(August 5)

MEMORY VERSE: Ezekiel 20:12.

LESSON HELPS: "Testimonies," Vol. VI, pp. 60, 61; Vol. IX, p. 16; "Back to the Bible," pp. 133-158.

THE LESSON

1. Who will also keep the Sabbath besides the children of Israel? Isa. 56:6, 7.

NOTE.—"Here is foreshadowed the gathering in of the Gentiles by the gospel. And upon those who then honor the Sabbath, a blessing is pronounced. Thus the obligation of the fourth commandment extends past the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, to the time when His servants should preach to all nations the message of glad tidings."—"The Great Controversy," p. 451.

2. What exhortation does Jeremiah give concerning obedience? Jer. 6:16.

3. What promise is made to all those who properly observe the Sabbath? Isa. 58:13, 14.

4. What does the Sabbath commemorate? Gen. 2:2; Ex. 20:8-11.

NOTE.—The Sabbath was "instituted at creation as the memorial of God's creative power; through all the history of Israel while they were the chosen people of God, the Sabbath remained the sign of sanctification; it was honored by Christ, who restored and illuminated its meaning and purpose; it has never been abrogated, and it appears in the prophets as the great festive memorial in Christ's kingdom of glory."—"The Sabbath and the Sabbath Day," A. W. Spalding, p. 21.

5. What instruction was given by God through Moses concerning why the children of Israel should keep the Sabbath? Ex. 31:13, 16, 17.

6. What similar instruction was given through the prophet Ezekiel? Eze. 20:12.

7. What is said concerning the experience of him who seeks to be justified by keeping God's law? Rom. 3:19, 20; Gal. 3:11.

NOTE.—An error "against which the children of God—particularly those who have just come to trust in His grace—especially need to guard" is "that of looking to their own works, trusting to anything they can do, to bring themselves into harmony with God. He who is trying to become holy by his own works in keeping the law, is attempting an impossibility. All that man can do without Christ is polluted with selfishness and sin. It is the grace of Christ alone, through faith, that can make us holy."—"Steps to Christ," pp. 64, 65.

8. When we sometimes fail in our effort to do right, what invitation does Jesus extend to us? Matt. 11:28; Phil. 2:13.

NOTE.—What is "the 'Sabbath' of Jehovah, the 'Rest' of Jesus? It is the rest of which He speaks when He cries: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest [sabbath]. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest [sabbath] unto your souls.' Matt. 11:28, 29. The Sabbath is the experience of forgiveness of sins, of power implanted to do right and to do good, of peace and joy, of being one with God. It is the atonement, the at-one-ment. It is the sanctification of the indwelling Christ, 'who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'"—"The Sabbath and the Sabbath Day," A. W. Spalding, p. 8.

9. How is the spiritual relief which Jesus offers connected with the observance of the Sabbath? Heb. 4:10.

NOTE.—This text means that if we would enter into God's rest of soul, we must cease from our own works to make ourselves righteous, and trust to the work of Christ, already completed for us, awaiting only our demand and reception. This ceasing from our own works is compared to God's resting on the seventh day. Hence the Sabbath becomes the memorial of the rest from the works of self-justification, and the rest of soul that comes to those who trust in what God through Christ has accomplished for us.

10. How general should the requirement for Sabbath observance be? Mark 2:27.

NOTE.—All men, all races, need the blessed truths represented by the Sabbath; and no people ever needed them more than the people of today.

11. When preaching to Jews and Gentiles, what was Paul's custom concerning the Sabbath? Acts 13:42; 16:13; 17:2; 18:4, 11.

12. What message in the last days is a call to worship the Creator? Rev. 14:7.

13. In contrast to the call to worship the Creator, what power demands worship? Rev. 14:9; 13:15.

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JUNIOR

VI—Elijah's Flight and Return

(August 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 18:41-46; 19:1-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen." Ps. 46:10.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 155-176.

QUESTIONS

1. After his victory for the Lord upon Mt. Carmel, what did Elijah say to King Ahab? Where did Elijah go to pray? 1 Kings 18:41, 42.

NOTE.—"It was not because of any outward evidence that the showers were about to fall, that Elijah could so confidently bid Ahab prepare for rain. The prophet saw no clouds in the heavens; he heard no thunder. He simply spoke the word that the Spirit of the Lord had moved him to speak in response to his own strong faith."—"Prophets and Kings," pp. 155, 156.

2. What did Elijah tell his servant to do? How many times did the servant go to look for a visible sign that the prophet's words would be fulfilled? What did the servant see the seventh time? What second message did Elijah then send to Ahab? Verses 43, 44.

NOTE.—"In that small cloud, he [Elijah] beheld by faith an abundance of rain; and he acted in harmony with his faith." "With the unyielding persistence of Elijah, we may present our petitions to the Father, claiming all that He has promised. The honor of His throne is staked for the fulfillment of His word."—Id., pp. 156, 158.

3. What change took place in the sky? What did Ahab do? Who ran before him to Jezreel? Verses 45, 46.

NOTE.—Jezreel was sixteen miles from Mt. Carmel. "As he journeyed toward the royal city through the darkness and the blinding rain, Ahab was unable to see his way before him. Elijah, who, as the prophet of God, had that day humiliated Ahab before his subjects and slain his idolatrous priests, still acknowledged him as Israel's king; and now, as an act of homage, and strengthened by the power of God, he ran before the royal chariot, guiding the king to the entrance of the city."—Id., p. 158.

"Ahab's capital was at Samaria; but he had a favorite residence at the beautiful city of Jezreel (now Zerin)."—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, p. 137.

4. When Ahab reached home, what did he tell his wife? What word did Jezebel send to Elijah? 1 Kings 19:1, 2.

NOTE.—"At the gate of Jezreel, Elijah and Ahab separated. The prophet, choosing to remain outside the walls, wrapped himself in his mantle, and lay down upon the bare earth to sleep. The king, passing within, soon reached the shelter of his palace, and there related to his wife the wonderful events of the day. . . . As Ahab told the queen of the slaying of the idolatrous prophets, Jezebel, hardened and impatient, became infuriated. She refused to recognize in the events on Carmel the overruling providence of God, and, still defiant, she boldly declared that Elijah should die. That night a messenger aroused the weary prophet, and delivered to him the word of Jezebel."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 159.

5. When Elijah heard of the threat the queen made against his life, what did he hastily do? Where did he leave his servant? Where did he sit to rest? In his discouragement, what did he say? Verses 3, 4.

NOTE.—"He who had been blessed with so many evidences of God's loving care, was not above the frailties of mankind, and in this dark hour his faith and courage forsook him. Bewildered, he started from his slumber. The rain was pouring from the heavens, and darkness was on every side. Forgetting that three years before, God had directed his course to a place of refuge from the hatred of Jezebel and the search of Ahab, the prophet now fled for his life. . . . Had he remained where he was, had he made God his refuge and strength, standing steadfast for the truth, he would

have been shielded from harm."—Id., pp. 159, 160.

6. What care did the Lord show for His weary and despondent servant? Verses 5, 6.

7. How did the angel minister to Elijah the second time? What was Elijah then able to do? Verses 7, 8.

NOTE.—"Horeb was the general name given to the mountains which include Sinai, and the coming of Elijah to the neighborhood where the law had been given could not help being significant."—Sunday School Times.

8. When Elijah came to Mt. Horeb, where did he find refuge? What question from the Lord came to him there? Verse 9.

NOTE.—"God met His tried servant with the inquiry, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' I sent you to the brook Cherith, and afterward to the widow of Sarepta. I commissioned you to return to Israel, and to stand before the idolatrous priests on Carmel; and I girded you with strength to guide the chariot of the king to the gate of Jezreel. But who sent you on this hasty flight into the wilderness? What errand have you here?"—"Prophets and Kings," p. 168.

9. In reply, what did Elijah say of himself? What did he say of the children of Israel? Verse 10.

10. Where did the Lord tell Elijah to go and stand? What great demonstration did Elijah then witness? But how was the Lord revealed to him? Verses 11, 12.

NOTE.—The Lord "desired to teach Elijah that it is not always the work that makes the greatest demonstration that is most successful in accomplishing His purpose. . . . His [Elijah's] petulance was silenced, his spirit softened and subdued. He now knew that a quiet trust, a firm reliance on God, would ever find for him a present help in time of need."—Id., pp. 168, 169.

11. When Elijah heard the still small voice, what did he do? What question was repeated? What did Elijah again say in reply? Verses 13, 14.

12. What directions did the Lord give Elijah concerning his return? What special work was given him to do? Verses 15-17.

NOTE.—Elijah was to anoint Hazael to be king in Syria, as a scourge to Israel for forsaking God. Jehu was to be king of Israel, and through him the house of Ahab would be punished. The Lord made it known to Elijah that in due time Elisha would take his place as the prophet of the Lord.

13. What encouraging words did the Lord speak concerning those who were still faithful to Him? Verse 18.

Would You Like to Know

How Hazael became king of Syria? Read 2 Kings 8:7-15.

How Jezebel was punished for her great wickedness? Read 2 Kings 9:30-36.



Issued by

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

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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.

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BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

The Listening Post

► JAPANESE women working in munitions factories are forbidden to have their hair permanent-waved. Those in charge feel that "such girls are too deeply imbued with vanity and go out too often to arrange their hair, and therefore cut down on efficiency."

► THE Metropolitan Police Boys' Club of Washington, D.C., now has a membership of 10,000. The year before the club was organized, 393 boys were arrested for offenses. Last year there were only 92 arrests. As a result of its success the International Association of Chiefs of Police has adopted the system.

► A CONFERENCE of Mennonites was recently held in Amsterdam, Holland. In the report presented there, it was stated that there are 200,000 of these religionists in the United States, 90,000 in Canada, 70,000 in the Netherlands, and 2,000 in Paraguay, South America. The name of the body is taken from Menno Simons, who founded the group in 1523.

► A NEW fighting plane that can take off and climb out of sight in 90 seconds was recently offered by the Curtiss-Wright Corporation of the United States as a potential defense against high-flying bombers. The new plane is called an "interceptor" of bombing planes. To intercept them it must quickly reach their altitudes. It does—5,000 feet in 1.6 minutes, 10,000 in 2.8, and 20,000 in less than 6 minutes.

► ANCIENT Persia had a quick method of dealing with the inequalities of property holding among its people. In the year 996 that country was visited by a devastating famine, in which thousands died from hunger, while the possessions of the rich were far in excess of their needs. The ruler, Agud, proclaimed that for every poor man who died, a rich person must be executed. Thereafter no one starved.

► AMONG the dense jungle-covered hills of southwest Papua, live the only tree-dwelling natives in the South Seas. Their houses are astonishing structures, reminding the observer of forts, so immense and strongly built do they appear. They are perched on the trunks of living trees fifty to sixty feet above the ground, for reasons of defense. These unique dwellings are built entirely by the use of stone axes. The site is always the same: a spot where there are several tall, straight trees growing close together, thus forming a rough square. At the desired height above ground level, the tops of all the trees are cut off, and these elongated "stumps" form the foundation of the house. Thick bamboo poles, strongly tied with rope made from vines, are the framework of the houses. The roof is thatched with grass, and the walls and floor are of split cane. This is laced together with such care that an arrow fired at short range could not find a place of entry. Entrance is effected by means of a vine-rope ladder dropped from a small square opening in the floor. Each night the ladder is hauled up and the opening closed. Every vestige of vegetation for twenty or thirty yards around is cleared away to deprive enemies of cover. The only weapons of the tree-dwellers are bows and arrows.

► LABORATORY experts of the Bell Telephone Company of the United States say that one of the biggest telephone problems today is how to prevent dust storms from interfering with the service. Dust, and sometimes dry snow, causes hissing and a popping crackle in the circuits. This noise during severe dust storms closes many long-distance circuits. Experts say the storms cause static electricity, which is absorbed into the naked telephone wires. The problem is to find a way to drain off the static without causing noise or interrupting service.

► THE oldest newspaper in the world is the ancient government organ of China, *King Pao*, published in Peking until 1928, and now current again. This newspaper has a history which can be traced to a thousand years before Christ, and its discontinuance was regretted by historians the world over, even as its resurrection brings to them joy.

► It is reliably reported that since 1933, when the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was repealed, \$50,000,000 has been spent to advertise liquor in this country. And it is conservatively estimated that \$6,000,000,000 is spent for alcoholic drinks each year.

► NITROGLYCERIN is usually thought of as a high explosive used in making dynamite. However, doctors find that a weak solution of it serves as an effective medicine, and there is no likelihood of the patient's blowing up!

► IN Buffalo, New York, bicycles must henceforth be equipped with license plates. The cost will be fifteen cents apiece, and it is thought that the tags will reduce bicycle thefts and give children who own them "a sense of responsibility."

► THE old printing-machine manufacturers of Frankenthal, Germany, have recently finished the construction of a new rotary press for a newspaper in Prague. The cylinders of this new machine can make 30,000 revolutions an hour and produce in that time a total of 360,000 eight-page newspapers.

► THE most elaborate diplomas in the United States today are those given by the U.S. Naval and Military Academies. The former shows "Davy Jones' Locker," and the latter pictures soldiers, drums, cannon, and a suit of armor. As a general thing, however, the more important the school, the smaller and more simple the diploma. Annapolis and West Point are the exceptions.

► A "STATIC-PROOF" radio which defies storms and promises greater safety in flying is now being manufactured. Experiments have shown that the new equipment enables pilots for the first time to hear ground stations clearly without break even during severe thunderstorms. It operates at a frequency of 100,000 kilocycles—a big jump upward, as shown by the fact that no frequencies above 60,000 kilocycles have yet been licensed except for experimental purposes.



It was Saturday afternoon, and the business section of a usually quiet little town in southern Missouri had awakened to new life. Farmers had driven in to do their customary weekly shopping, and an auction and a special picture that was being shown in the weather-beaten movie theater were added attractions. But something unique was taking place on the courthouse steps. Four young men, ranging in age from sixteen to eighteen years, students of a Seventh-day Adventist ten-grade school a few miles away, had secured permission from the city fathers to hold a street meeting for the purpose of advertising a series of gospel meetings which they were about to begin. At the academy these young men comprised a musical quartet, and now they took their places on the steps of the building and began to sing a gospel song. As they sang another, and still another, a crowd gathered and stood respectfully listening. Then there was a short prayer, and one of the quartet stepped forward, spoke briefly about the fulfillment of Bible prophecy, and announced a series of Bible lectures to begin "next Sunday night in the Horse Creek Schoolhouse." One hundred and ten people attended that first meeting. The boys did the speaking and furnished their own music, with the help of the sister of one of them as accompanist. The interest increased. Soon they had a Sabbath school in operation. A goodly number accepted the third angel's message, and the young evangelists were put to the stretch to fill the calls that came from other communities to hold meetings in their schoolhouses. Truly God calls the youth of this advent movement to service. Are you ready to answer: "Here am I. What wilt Thou have me to do?"