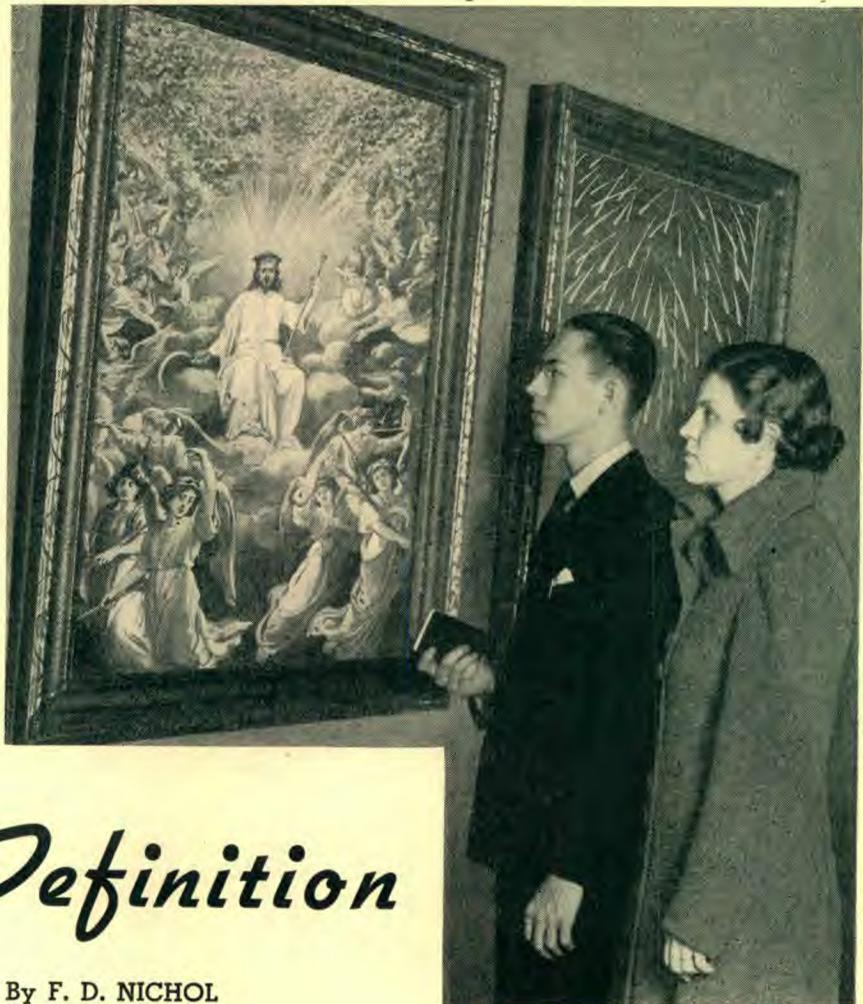


The YOUTH'S Instructor

WHAT does it really mean when we join the Seventh-day Adventist Church? The answer might, perhaps, very properly be given in terms of a statement of our whole group of doctrines; yet, after all, joining this movement signifies something more than simply the acceptance of a group of doctrines as such. There are some convictions and conclusions that grow out of our doctrines, and out of the history and prophetic beginnings of our movement, that ought to be understood by us if we are to sense in all its fullness the significance of joining the advent movement.

First, by joining this movement we show that we believe in its prophetic origin, that it arose at an appointed time to do an appointed work for God. There are few religious movements that have arisen throughout the history of the world that can express such a belief. There are denominations without number today, but which of them can say to their new converts that they are joining a religious body which God foretold in prophecy, and that it is set for the performance of a certain task at a certain time in earth's history?

A realization of the prophetic nature of our movement should give to each of us who enters its ranks a sense of the immense importance of the step we have taken. We have not joined a movement started by man, but a movement started by God. If God foresaw this movement, He foresaw each and every one of us who is a part of it, for a movement consists of individual men and women. Hence it is proper for us to feel that God foresaw us individually and raised us up to be a part of a great prophetic program that He desires to have carried forward in these last days. Surely the realization of this should put a new meaning into living for each of us. The tantalizing question, "What is the meaning of living, anyway?" often confronts the worldling. We who are a part of the



S. M. HARLAN PHOTO

A Definition

By F. D. NICHOL

advent movement have an answer to that question that satisfies our hearts.

Secondly, our joining the advent movement means that we believe, because of the knowledge of prophecy the Lord has given to us, that we can know the plans of God for our world today. What a sense of holy fellowship with God such a belief can give! The astronomer, studying the laws of the starry heavens, declared devoutly, "O God, I but think Thy thoughts after Thee." With deeper meaning, and in a far more real sense, we can declare that in our study of prophecy we are thinking God's thoughts after Him.

Amos declared, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He reveal-

"The Son of Man Shall Come in the Glory of His Father With His Angels"

eth His secret unto His servants the prophets." Amos 3:7. That is one of the reasons why the prophets have had a distinctive kind of fellowship with God, for God shared with them His plans, His thoughts, His objectives for mankind. And now in this advent movement, to the members of which has been given an understanding of the prophecies, we revive that awesome fellowship enjoyed by prophets of old.

Thirdly, by joining this movement we declare as our belief that the whole world is moving (*Turn to page 13*)

Let's Talk It Over

THE Sabbath school sat in expectant silence.

"There is not time this morning to say very much about our very interesting field," smiled the-missionary-on-furlough as he stood in the pulpit of the "home church" from which he had gone out eleven years before, "but I would like to tell you the story of Doctor Charles Cave.

HE was a native of the island of Barbados, born of very humble parentage. The minister of the Anglican church which the family attended was attracted to the bright little lad, and he not only encouraged him to get an education, but opened the way for him to attend school. He decided to prepare himself for the work of teaching in the parochial schools of the Anglican Church. As the years passed he finished his education, and took up this profession. His success was outstanding.

"And then some Seventh-day Adventist literature fell into his hands. He found it of deep interest, for already he had become dissatisfied with religion as he knew it. A student always, he delved into the Bible, seeking truth with tireless energy.

"One day he read an announcement of a series of lectures which were to be delivered by A. J. Haysmer, who gave the best years of his life to the preaching of the third angel's message in the Inter-American field. Charles Cave attended these meetings, and his heart was mightily stirred by the things he heard; especially was he exercised over the question of the seventh-day Sabbath.

"Finally he took the problem to his pastor. The good man was grieved that this promising young teacher should even consider such a matter seriously. And he pointed out to him in no uncertain way the fact that if he should accept this 'new doctrine,' he could not continue teaching in Anglican schools, that he would in all probability find himself without employment and in difficulty.

"This did not weigh too heavily with Charles Cave. He was anxious to find out what was the right thing to do, and he had determined that when he did, he would do it.

"In his distress one morning he took his Bible in his hand, went into a closet and shut the door, and there prayed most earnestly, crying to God to show him the truth and what He would have him to do. Then he opened the Book, placed his finger on

a certain place on a page, and set the door ajar so that he could see what verses contained the message of the heavenly Father's answer. These are the words he read:

"Thus saith the Lord, Keep ye judgment, and do justice: for My salvation is near to come, and My righteousness to be revealed. Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; *that keepeth the Sabbath* from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil."

"It was enough. Never for a moment did he doubt. He observed the next Sabbath as a day of rest, and was faithful to the end of his life.

"The time of waiting till the Lord opened another door of service was a time of severe trial, but his faith and confidence never faltered.

"When the little Seventh-day Adventist church that Pastor Haysmer organized at the close of his series of meetings decided to start a church school for the children of the flock, Charles Cave was asked to teach it.

"While he was teaching here, and helping with various church activities, there came to him a growing conviction that he should prepare to be of still greater help to his fellow believers and to his fellow men. Accordingly, he came to the United States, trained as a physician, and graduated as a doctor of medicine in due time.

"Back to Barbados he went, rejoicing in his increased capacity to serve. As the years came and went, he became known as a capable Christian physician throughout the length and breadth of the island. He specialized in diathermy and hydrotherapy treatments, and other doctors often sent their patients to him, with every confidence in his skill and in the care the sick folk would receive.

"Doctor Cave had every opportunity to become a wealthy man, but he was always modest in his charges, and treated the poorest stevedore who had not a cent to his name as cheerfully and conscientiously as he did the man of means who came to his offices.

"A few weeks ago, while we were gathered at our Caribbean Union Conference committee meeting in Trinidad, we received a cable telling us of the death of this godly physician and brother whom we had learned to love very dearly. All the workers would have been happy to have the privilege of attending his funeral, but we were obliged to complete our council; so

it was arranged for Pastor A. R. Ogden to fly to Barbados for the service, which was held the next day—Sabbath.

"His report is that it was the most impressive funeral service he has ever attended. It was held in our new Seventh-day Adventist church in Bridgetown, which seats eight hundred.

"The building was packed, and many stood around the sides of the auditorium and gallery. Then out of doors there were literally *hundreds* who could not even gain entrance. Business houses closed in his honor, and flags were raised and then lowered to half mast.

"When the simple, impressive service was ended and the funeral cortege set out for the cemetery, *three hundred cars* followed this humble Seventh-day Adventist doctor to the place of burial.

"At the cemetery were other cars and hundreds of people who, knowing that they would stand no chance of getting into the church, came to offer their tribute at the grave. In fact, the whole island of Barbados was in mourning—mourning for a brother, a neighbor, a devoted friend. Doctor Cave's skin may have been brown, but his heart was white, and he was beloved not only of God, but of men."

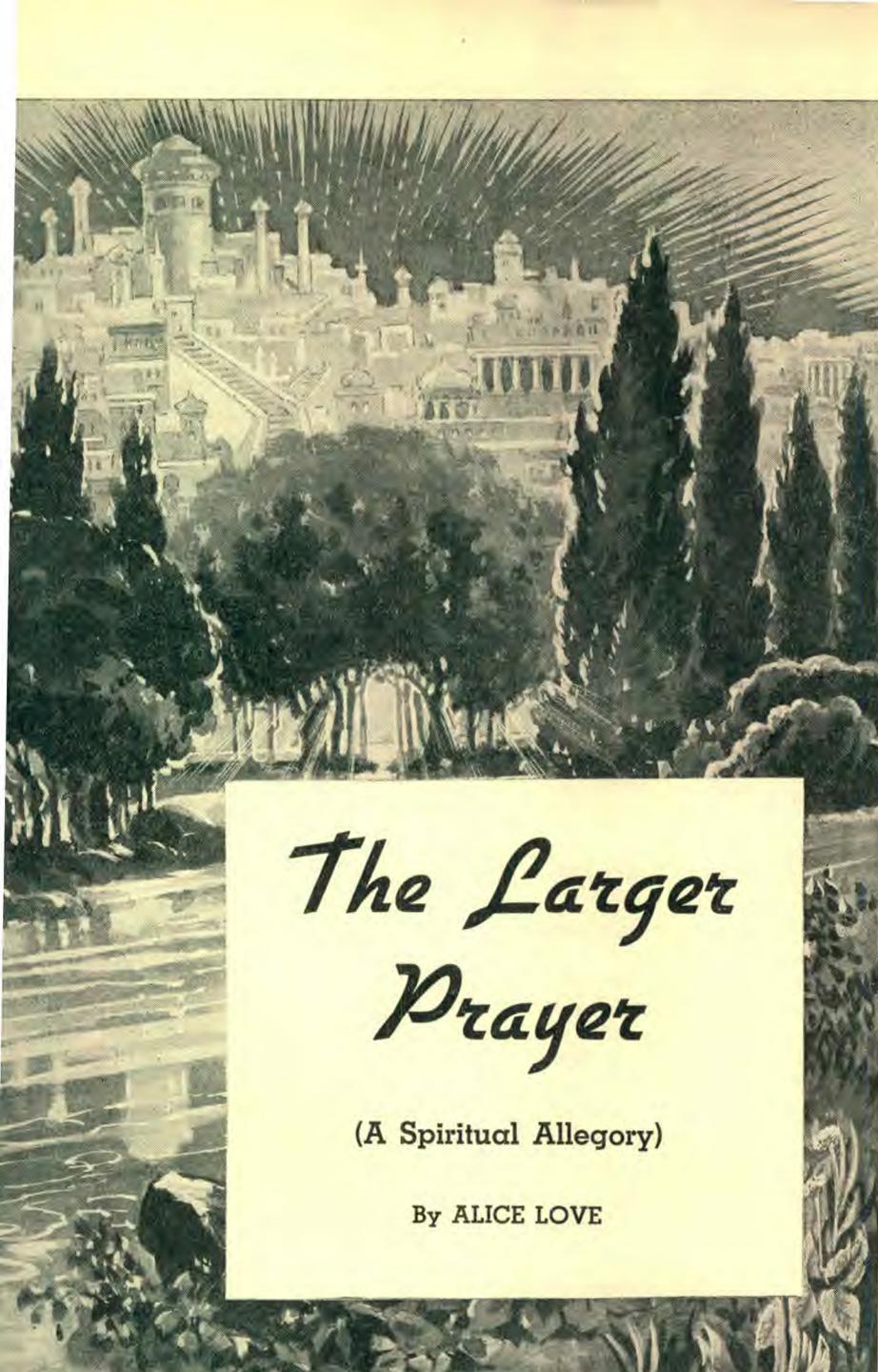
THE - missionary - home - on - furlough dashed away a tear as he turned to take his seat, and the superintendent arose and read these words, spoken by the prophet Isaiah in the long ago, but true as true today:

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; . . . I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

THE Sabbath school classes took up their study, but the lesson of the mission story had made a lasting impression.

Truly Seventh-day Adventists have nothing to be ashamed of because they are different from the world about them—have they?

Lord E. Clement



The Larger Prayer

(A Spiritual Allegory)

By ALICE LOVE

"At first I prayed for light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!"

BURDENED with a feeling of utter dejection, the traveler on the road to the heavenly city sank down beneath a tree and closed his eyes wearily to shut out the murky dusk which hung over his path. He was in the midst of a great forest which stretched away on every side. He had found himself entering this deeply wooded place soon after he decided to follow the path which a compassionate Messenger had pointed out to him. At the beginning of his journey, when he was approaching this forest from a distance, it had appeared to be merely a small copse which could be entered, passed through, and left behind without much difficulty. But as he followed the path the trees grew

taller and taller, and both trees and underbrush more dense. Now the forest was so nearly impenetrable, as the narrow path wound its way among the trees and undergrowth, that it seemed almost to shut out the light of day.

When he had first heard the voice of the kindly Messenger, his heart had been stirred, and the words of encouragement and comfort to which he listened had seemed a benediction in the midst of his feverish struggle with the world. When he heard the story of a heavenly city in a far country, to which all travelers were welcome if they would but follow the path which led to it, peace had entered his troubled heart.

At first the path had been easy to follow. Now and then he had stumbled over an unseen obstacle, but the Messenger had always been near, ready to offer encouragement and aid.

Gradually a glow of self-confidence filled his soul. He was on the path to the heavenly city, and the way was easier than he had at first thought it could be; it seemed that *anyone* could follow it, and he was filled with wonder that more did not try. It was then that he first noticed the small copse before him, but he gave little thought to it.

He did not know just when the Messenger had left him, but suddenly he had found himself alone. For a while he struggled on through the gradually thickening underbrush. At times he lost the way and had to retrace his steps. Now, footsore and travel-worn, he could not find courage in his heart to go any farther. The very bushes which caught at his garments and retarded his progress seemed to have voices that taunted him. "Why do you travel on in such haste? Where are you going? You have no guide; how can you reach your destination? It would be better for you to remain here with us."

In deep discouragement he gave himself over to unhappy thoughts. He wished he had never started on the journey. He was tempted to give up his search for the heavenly city. He rested his head wearily against the gnarled trunk of an old tree. "If I could *only* see the path! Then it would not be so difficult to follow even though it were narrow and overgrown. How I long for a light to guide me!" With this great longing in his heart for a ray of light, he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion.

He was awakened by the soft touch of a gentle hand upon his shoulder. Once again the familiar face of his Guide was bent compassionately above him. In his hand the Messenger carried a glowing lantern.

"Oh, my Friend," cried the traveler, "I have longed for you to light the path and help me reach the heavenly city. Why did you leave me to lose my way in this dark forest?"

The calm accents of the well-remembered voice fell like music on his waiting ears. "I left you because you had forgotten Me. You no longer felt that you needed My aid. But now that you again realize that you cannot succeed of yourself, I have come to help you through this black forest of discouragement and temptation."

"And next I prayed for strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm, unflinching feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode."

Joyfully the traveler followed his Mentor, who led the way, the soft rays of His swaying lantern dispelling the gloom of the forest. Soon the daylight began to find its way through the heavy branches of the trees. The underbrush was not so dense as it had been, the path became broader and smoother beneath their feet, and they were able to walk side by side. Soon they emerged into the bright sunlight, and the heart of the traveler sang

within him as they followed the road, speaking together of the beauties of the city toward which their footsteps pointed. Never before in his life upon earth had the traveler heard anyone speak as did this Messenger. Words of wisdom and encouragement fell from His lips like silver rain. He seemed to understand perfectly the sorrows which had bruised the tired heart of the traveler and wounded his troubled spirit until he had had no wish to continue living.

For a time the traveler walked on so deeply engrossed in the words of the Messenger that he hardly noticed the country through which they were passing. It was with a start of surprise that he found himself at the foot of a great mountain. Misgivings filled his heart as he looked at its steep incline, but with dogged courage he began the toilsome ascent. Slowly he climbed, following the tortuous path which coiled upward like a dusty serpent. The dizzy height made him feel ill when he chanced to glance downward into the chasm from which he had climbed. His feet were sore and bleeding. His weary body cried for rest. Now and then he stumbled and fell, and even the strong arm of his Guide thrown about him did not seem to give him courage. With tears of weakness and anguish streaming down his face, he cried out, "O for the power to climb onward! Why am I not as strong as you are, that I might press on and on without wearying? Tell me how I, too, may be strong."

The Messenger looked at him with pitying eyes. "Strength will come to you if you desire it. Only continue on the upward way, and you will gain power."

Painfully the traveler struggled up the path. He was startled to feel new life coursing through his veins. Strength flowed through his body with renewed force. Soon he strode along with buoyant ease. Amazed and joyful, he cried out in thanksgiving.

"And then I asked for faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad."

The traveler and his Guide stood at last upon the mountaintop. The descent stretched before them in an easy slope, and far away at the bottom a small village nestled as if for protection. It was not long before they reached the base of the mountain and entered the village which they had seen in the distance.

The Messenger suggested that they find some place where they might rest and eat before continuing their journey. They approached the low door of an inn and entered. The keeper welcomed them gladly and spread a meal before them. As they sat partaking of the food, he questioned them as to their destination and the purpose of their pilgrimage. The traveler was glad to find a listener to whom he could tell the wonderful story of the



By My Window

NATHANIEL KRUM

**By my window there are trees,
Elms and oaks and pines and
firs,
Green leaves flutter in the
breeze—
Yes, there is a God who cares!**

**By my window hummingbirds
Blithely flit from rose to rose,
Flash of emerald in the sun—
Yes, there is a God who knows!**

**By my window fleecy clouds
Drift in azure sky above,
Phantom ships with ruffled sails—
Yes, there is a God of love!**

heavenly city. But the innkeeper listened skeptically, and when the story was finished he laughed and said scornfully: "My good fellow, I am surprised to hear of an intelligent man such as you seem to be, believing anything so absurd. I have heard others speak of such a city, but I have never talked with anyone who has ever been there. Frankly, I do not believe there is such a place!"

His words struck terror to the heart of the traveler. With frightened eyes he turned to his Guide. "Can this be true? Perhaps we are striving for something which is not. How can you listen to this man so calmly? Did you not hear him say that he has never heard of anyone who has *really* reached the heavenly city?"

Trembling with fear, he waited for the Messenger's reply. Slowly, in measured tones, it came. "Only those who believe that it exists may enter the heavenly city. The scoffer and the fool will never be found within its gates. Seek, and you will find it. Believe, and it will be given unto you."

With a doubt in his mind the traveler listened, and then questioned:

"How can I believe? I am afraid. I no longer feel sure of my way. I must have faith. Help me to believe again."

The Messenger answered, "As long as you desire to believe, faith will be yours. Only when you cease to long for faith is it taken from you."

"But now I pray for love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan."

The traveler became conscious of the fact that the road which he and his Guide had entered after leaving the village was thronged with many more wayfarers than the one on which they had first journeyed. Some of these seemed very happy and walked with smiling faces, and on their lips were songs of praise. Others appeared weary and travel stained. They often stumbled; and sometimes one would fall and lift pitiful eyes to the passers-by in a mute plea for help. On every side were wan faces and strained eyes, evidences of sick bodies and minds, and weary, sad hearts. All this repelled the traveler. He had always thought of the heavenly city as a place where there would be no one who was poor or sick. He turned his face away from them, for it made him sad to see their misery. Then he noticed that his Guide had gone far ahead of him and was bending over a recumbent figure at the side of the road. With lagging steps the traveler approached. He did not wish to be near pain or sorrow. He had always recoiled from the suffering of others.

The Messenger beckoned him nearer, and with a shrinking heart he stood gazing down at the man upon the ground. Evidently he had been badly beaten, for his face was battered and bloodstained. His clothing was ragged, and his body appeared thin and frail beneath his torn garments. The Messenger gently lifted him from the ground and motioned for the traveler to help Him support the limp body. Slowly they resumed their journey, hampered by their human burden. Suddenly the traveler broke the silence. "Why do you burden us in this way?" he said. "It is difficult enough for us to follow the path without encumbering ourselves with a helpless man."

The Guide answered him sadly: "I cannot believe that you really mean those hasty, ill-considered words. The only reason that we follow this road at all is to give aid and sustenance to those who are too weak to travel it alone. What would you have done if I had passed *you* by when you were lost in the forest? Consider carefully before you say again that you are loath to help another to the place where he may leave behind the shackles of a pain-torn body and a broken mind."

Tears were streaming down the traveler's face when the Guide ceased speaking. He (*Turn to page 12*)

Witnessing

By DONALD W. MCKAY

PHOTO. COURTESY OF BELL TELEPHONE CO. NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

ONE of the most fascinating and most popular exhibits at the current New York World's Fair is that of the Bell Telephone Company and its subsidiaries. In the first month and a half after the fair opened, more than 2,000,000 persons visited this exhibit alone.

And it is the free demonstration of long-distance telephone calls which attracts most of the thousands of spectators to the main auditorium each day. When I entered this spacious room for the first time, my attention was riveted on a huge illuminated map of the United States which covers practically the entire front wall of the auditorium. On the map are 3,500 light bulbs placed at the proportionate location of towns or cities which have telephone facilities. As telephone calls are made, the path of the call is illuminated and the name of the terminal city is printed above the lights. A glass-enclosed telephone booth, on an elevated platform, is located on either side of the map.

Within the auditorium are hundreds of glass telephone receivers placed on counters where spectators may listen to conversation between the fortunate applicant seated in the booth and any one of 20,200,000 telephone subscribers in the United States to whom he may wish to speak.

Naturally, thousands of visitors to this exhibit desire to take advantage of these free calls. However, as only a limited number of demonstrations are made, each applicant is given a card on which he is requested to print the name, address, and telephone number, if known, of the desired party. Each card is numbered; a ping-pong ball with a corresponding number is placed in a glass container. Approximately every half hour the numbered balls are twirled and thoroughly mixed by a compressed-air mechanism; three or four balls are blown through a glass tube. The numbers on these balls are announced in large numerals on an illuminated board as being those selected for free calls.

Most of those receiving the demonstration telephone calls are overjoyed as they are ushered to the booths. The conversations that follow, for the most part, are trite, incoherent, and amusing. Generally, spontaneous bursts of laughter come from the listening audience as the different speakers make blunders or speak in various dialects.

As I stood in the auditorium listening to the telephone conversations, the thought occurred to me, "What a wonderful opportunity of presenting the truths of the third angel's message to these thousands of spectators."

I resolved, if the Lord willed, to take my place in line and let Him decide whether I should carry out this mental suggestion. While I stood in line awaiting my turn for an application card, I breathed a silent prayer that I might be used as an instrument in saying something that would comfort and bring to the heart of some hungering soul a thirst for the truth. Finally, I received a blank and inserted: "Mr. Arthur S. Maxwell, Editor, the *Signs of the Times*, Pacific Press, Mountain View, California." When I received number 76, I walked away confident that the Lord would direct so that that number would be selected. And during the interval of waiting, I sat in a corner and wrote on the back of a paper folder which I had been carrying, a few texts and remarks for conversation. A half hour later the numbered balls were mixed; 76 was selected, and appeared in bold red numerals on the annunciator.

In a few minutes I was escorted to one of the two booths; with hundreds of persons listening I asked the operator to connect me with Mr. Maxwell of the Pacific Press in Mountain View, California. As the call was being made, the visitors were able to see how it was routed by watching the huge map. The operators along the route could be heard. A chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" came from the lips of many in the audience as the path of light streamed across the continent and finally stopped at Mountain View. Another few seconds and I was connected with Mr. Maxwell. He was, indeed, surprised to hear my voice from New York, some 3,000 miles distant. He declared that I sounded as though I were in the same room with him. In his rich British accent he questioned me regarding the New York Fair in the light of Bible prophecy. When our conversation finally

ended, everyone in the large auditorium at the Bell Telephone exhibit knew about the *Signs of the Times* and about Seventh-day Adventists.

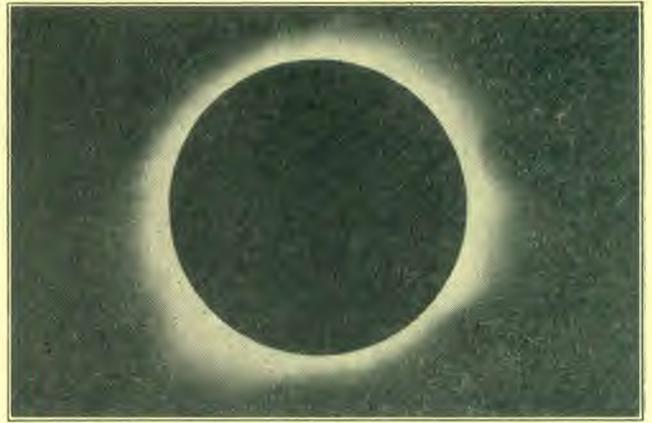
In these days of wonderful inventive genius, the miracle of the telephone is taken largely as a (Turn to page 12)



This Map of Demonstration Shows the Path of the Long-Distance Telephone Call Made by the Writer. It Contains 3,500 Lights, Representing Cities and Towns in the United States. Four Horizontal Columns at the Left Indicate the Time Required to Complete the Call. Glass Booths on Either Side Are Used by the Persons Making Calls. The Operator Is at the Semicircular Board in the Center

A Race With the ECLIPSE

By DAVID DUFFIE



This Photograph of the Eclipse Shows the Brilliant Band of the Inner Corona of the Sun, With Jets of Flame Streaming Out

I NEVER dreamed we wouldn't be going."

Mother spoke slowly, quietly. Of course it was too late now—but was it? Father paused in the midst of a half-eaten breakfast, glanced at the kitchen clock, laid down his fork, and began to fold his napkin. The eyes of eager children sparkled with excitement. Something was going to happen!

Perhaps father was thinking of that January morning seven years before when the path of a total solar eclipse swept through North Michigan, and how, from our garden, we had anxiously scanned the eastern sky awaiting the awful moment of nature's greatest spectacle, and how clouds covered the sun and we didn't see it. How bitterly disappointed we had been—this family who cared so much. And now after seven years there was to be another total eclipse, this time visible in New England and Eastern Canada—a thousand miles away.

Father's face lightened. "By starting immediately and driving continuously we should arrive somewhere between Montreal and Quebec by eclipse time tomorrow afternoon—let's do it!" Despite the disconcerting weather forecast of a storm area over the St. Lawrence valley, we hastily locked the house, climbed into the car, and were off, taking with us only the clothes we were wearing.

We decided to take the northern route, which appeared on the map as a straight ribbon of red between Sault Ste. Marie and our destination beyond Montreal. Before us, then, lay the straits separating Upper and Lower Michigan. It was ten o'clock. We were eighty miles from the straits where the ferries leave every hour. Could we catch the twelve o'clock ferry with our new car that should go only forty miles an hour? Time was so precious. Just at noon we rumbled up the gangway—practically the last car on the ferry.

Later in the afternoon the boat captain at the Sault, who knew the road ahead of us, told us we couldn't possibly get there in time. Perhaps he was right. Nevertheless, saying good-

by to the United States, we nosed eastward into the Canadian wilderness.

As evening drew on, the sky was anything but reassuring. As the sun sank into deep cloud, how we wondered whether tomorrow at 3:25 P.M. the sky would be overcast or clear!

The road that we were trying to follow in the darkness seemed to expend much energy in hopping up and down or in dodging in and out among the great boulders that blocked the way, and in general behaved itself as though pursued, which, in truth, it was, for we were hot on its trail. All night long we held grimly to the chase, mile on mile through that rock-and-clay country made wet by recent rains. In darkness and heavy fog we kept on and on!

Slowly the grueling night wore away, and morning dawned. The sky was completely overcast—a uniform gray. It seemed we couldn't turn back now after having come so far and after enduring the trials of the night. Yes, we would go on in spite of the gray sky.

All morning we watched for a break in the clouds, but all morning the gloomy gray prevailed.

We found ourselves running out of the wilderness and into civilization again, and soon decided that we would be able to get well within the range of totality by 3:25 P.M. A drizzling rain half obscured our view of the government buildings as we passed through the Dominion capital, Ottawa.

At noon the sun melted away the clouds and sailed unhampered into the blue sky. "Our prayers have been answered, haven't they?" asked little Alice.

"It surely looks that way, dear," smiled father. "Now you children find the smoked glass and the pieces of old X-ray film we brought with us, and watch the sun; it's about time for the eclipse to begin. Is the sun perfectly round?"

"But father," inquired the young son, "why watch *now*? It's two hours before eclipse time."

"True, it is two hours before the sun is *entirely* eclipsed. Not until then, when the moon completely cov-

ers the sun's disk, do we see the beautiful display of streamers called the corona. That moment of totality is what we have come so far to see. It lasts only about a minute and a half. If we miss that minute and a half, our trip will be one great disappointment."

"Then do we first see the moon hours before the actual moment of eclipse?"

"Yes, the black shadow creeps ever so slowly across the face of the sun. It is this spectacle of seeing the sun being slowly devoured as if by some great dragon that so terrifies the ignorant people of the Orient during an eclipse."

"Look!" cried big sister. "I see it now! That little nick—see it! The moon has taken its first bite out of the sun."

Sure enough, the sun was no longer round. Three little noses pressed harder against the car window. The dark shadow advanced.

Unfortunately, the moon was not the only advancing shadow. As the black moon spread slowly over the sphere of the sun, a more sinister shadow of gathering cloud spread slowly over the dome of the heavens.

"Oh my," wailed the youngest one. "We're not going to see it! We're not going to see it!"

With sinking hearts we helplessly watched the sky fill with clouds. It was less than an hour now. Soon the sky was patched about half and half—blue and gray—but the gray was fast driving out the blue.

Twenty minutes before eclipse time the sky was practically covered. Father, who had heroically driven so long and far, stopped the car at the side of the road and looked at the discouraging sky. "Well, we can't see it here; that's sure."

A chorus of pleading voices: "Oh, we *must* see it! Can't something be done?"

"There's no use staying here," father responded. "Off there toward the south is a little patch of blue. We will drive toward that bit of blue sky, and *perhaps* we can get under it." So we turned our car directly for the blue. (Turn to page 14)

God's Messenger

Her Writings Still Speak

By ARTHUR L. WHITE

PHOTOS BY S. M. HARLAN

THE deafening roar of a modern compressed-air drill in operation just across the hall almost obliterates the sound of the typewriter on which I am writing. A fine powdery dust covers my desk like a light snowfall. For eight hours three men have been cutting away a heavy concrete wall of one of the ground-floor vaults in the General Conference Office building here in Washington, D.C., which ordinarily houses the Ellen G. White documents. A holiday was chosen for this work, so that there would be no disturbance to the usual activities in the busy offices of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. It is my duty to be on hand, for, as secretary of the board of trustees responsible for the custody of the Ellen G. White writings, I must see that all goes well, and must properly care for the documents not moved temporarily with the more important papers into another vault.

But back to the incessant tat, tat, tat, of the air drill with its thundering roar. What are the workmen doing just across the hall from my office? A new modern fire-and-waterproof vault door weighing half a ton will tomorrow stand at the entrance of the Ellen G. White Publications vault, replacing an older and less secure one. Modern science has developed materials more fire resistant, types of construction more adequate than were known in years gone by, and the leaders of the church are determined that proper protection shall be given to the valuable and rare documents in safekeeping in this vault.

But what are these materials which are treasured so highly and guarded so carefully?

Step into the vault with me tomorrow, and you will find in a case before you the first editions of the Ellen G. White books and pamphlets, as well as the early literary productions of many of our pioneer workers. We shall also see the Ellen G. White diaries with their intriguing detailed record of travels and labors, and glimpses of the personal experience of the Lord's messenger.

As we enter the vault, we see at the left a seventy-two drawer file, which holds the Ellen G. White manuscripts—a collection of six thousand documents aggregating fifty thousand pages of typewritten material. Adjoining this is the card index with fifteen thousand cards on which are noted the principal topics dealt with in these manuscripts, as well as in the two thousand periodical articles from Mrs. White's pen.

Against the left wall of the vault is the bound file of the issues of the *Review and Herald* from the first copy dated November, 1850, to the latest volume. On shelves to the right are bound copies of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, *Signs of the Times*, *Health Reformer*, and other denominational publications which reach back to the struggling early days of the work of Seventh-day Adventists.

At the back of the vault are four banks of standard-size letter files. The correspondence received from leading denominational workers, some dated as early as 1848, fills a part of the



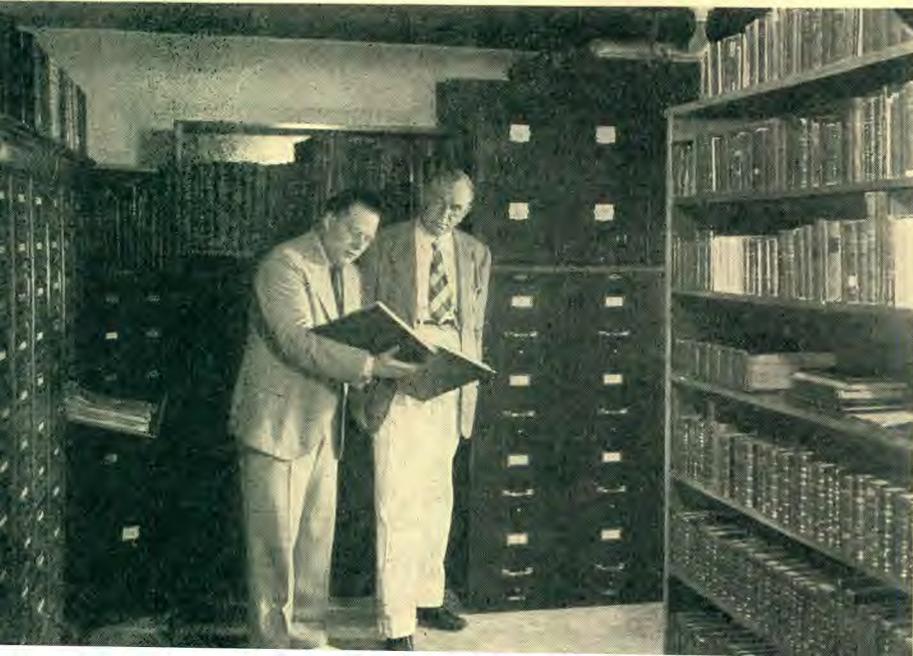
The Entrance to the Vault Which Houses the Ellen G. White Publications

ninety drawers of this file. In other drawers are stored documents not in the form of correspondence, such as book manuscripts and papers pertaining to the issuance of the Ellen G. White publications.

In the combined records of this vault may be traced the humble beginnings and steady growth of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. Each phase of development may be singled out and marked through the years. This is all interesting and valuable. But more than this, in the Ellen G. White records we find the clear indications of the hand of God in this work. From the earliest encouraging messages penned in 1845 to the manuscripts bearing date of 1914, we see that, as truly as by the hand of a prophet God led and preserved His chosen people of old, so by the instruction sent through His messenger, He has guided and protected His people who constitute the remnant church. Such records are of inestimable value to us as a people, and particularly to those who carry responsibilities as leaders.

Ellen White labored diligently through the years in delivering the messages of counsel and instruction entrusted to her. That which was given for the benefit of all, she published in articles in our periodicals or in book form. That which was given for an individual, a limited group of workers, or a local field of labor was usually sent out in the form of personally addressed testimonies.

As Ellen White in her advancing years approached the close of her life-work, she made specific arrangements for the custody and use of her writings after her death. Five men, chosen by her from the ranks of our leading workers and her own office



Arthur L. White and Dores E. Robinson Examining a Manuscript File

staff, were to hold her writings in trust and were to carry the responsibility of continuing the publication of her books in the English language, to secure their translation and publication in other languages, and to take charge of the manuscripts and other papers pertaining to her work.

At Mrs. White's death in 1915, these men—A. G. Daniells, F. M. Wilcox, C. H. Jones, C. C. Crisler, and W. C. White—took charge of the work entrusted to them. Her son, W. C. White, who for many years had been associated with his mother, was requested by the group to serve as secretary of the board of trustees and custodian of the documents.

Back in my office, let me discuss the work of the trustees who are responsible for the custody of the Ellen G. White writings.

By my side in the old walnut sectional bookcase which served Ellen White for many years, half a century ago, is a full set of the current Ellen G. White publications. Among these are "Messages to Young People," "Testimonies to Ministers," "Funda-

mentals of Christian Education," "Medical Ministry," and the "Index to the Writings of Mrs. E. G. White." These volumes, published since Mrs. White's death, constitute an important part of her writings. Let us take just one of these books issued in later years as an illustration of one phase of the work of the trustees.

During Mrs. White's ministry, she frequently dealt with young people's problems, and wrote much for Seventh-day Adventist youth. The logical avenue of reaching this group then, as now, was through the columns of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR; so in articles written for this journal, Ellen White gave instruction to the youth of earlier days. But, let me ask, "Who of our young people now have access to the early files of the INSTRUCTOR?" The answer is, "Very, very few."

As the officers of the Missionary Volunteer Department and the five trustees appointed by Mrs. White unitedly studied this problem, plans for "Messages to Young People" were evolved. In 1930 the book appeared,

bringing to the youth of today the counsel which was so highly valued by the young people of earlier years. In this volume, the statements appear as they were originally printed. No editing has been done, no changes have been made in the articles; and this book, although published fifteen years after her death, is as verily an Ellen G. White book as though it had been issued while she lived. Now, through the gifts of our young people in America, this volume is being translated into a number of the leading languages of the world, that our youth of other lands may be blessed by its counsels and instruction.

On the bookshelf beside me I also find fifty-six copies of "Steps to Christ," each in a different language. Our records indicate that over four million copies of this volume have been printed and sold. On the shelf below these is "The Great Controversy" in twenty-six languages. Sales of this book have passed the million mark. I find "Patriarchs and Prophets" in a dozen languages; and nine copies of "Ministry of Healing," each for a different people.

In some lands where the cost of publication is great and the size of the editions must be small, the larger books appear in abridged form. It is better, Mrs. White maintained, that a large number have a part of what has been written, than that a few have it all. The matter constituting these abridged volumes is selected under the direction of the trustees, and the work is usually performed in the office of the Ellen G. White Publications.

While the principal lines of instruction from Mrs. White's pen were well covered in published form when Mrs. White laid down her work, yet occasionally, as the activities of the denomination broaden, some counsel sent out in typewritten documents to a limited number of workers in the earlier days is requested for a much larger group today. Illustrating this is "Medical Ministry," published in 1932, which makes generally available now, the counsels sent to medical missionary laborers in earlier days when that work was small and typewritten copies sufficed.

At times, also, special problems must be met now in our denominational work similar to those faced in a local way in the past, and the counsel given long ago is found to be helpful today. If occasion seems to demand, such counsel is released by the trustees and the officers of the General Conference, in books, pamphlets, or articles in our periodicals.

It has been only in recent months that this collection of irreplaceable documents has been housed in Washington. For twenty-two years after Mrs. White's death the work of the trustees was conducted on the Pacific Coast in the office at "Elmshaven," near Mrs. White's last home, in Northern California. (Turn to page 13)

HAVE A CIGARETTE?

"They Satisfy" (The Undertaker)

IT is time that people woke up to the fact that a diabolical campaign backed by millions of dollars is being relentlessly pushed to make a smoker of every boy and girl in America.

The contemptible advertisements of conscienceless tobacco companies would lead one to infer that smoking is harmless, and, indeed, rather beneficial to our physical welfare. But, exhaustive studies of tables of life-insurance companies recently made by Professor Raymond Pearl (Johns Hopkins' scientist), and by other eminent statisticians, prove that of 100,000 persons who were nonsmokers at age 30, 66,564 were alive at age 60; while of 100,000 persons who were moderate smokers at age 30, only 61,911 were alive at age 60; and of 100,000 who were heavy smokers at age 30, only 46,226 were living at 60. This means that of every 100,000 smokers, 20,000 are insidiously killed by tobacco between the ages of 30 and 60 years.

Recently in England a health survey of the pupils graduating from the national schools was made. Eighty per cent of the boys were undersized and underweight, and showed many physical defects. Less than twenty per cent of the girls were below normal. The physicians who conducted the tests blamed tobacco. Practically all of the sickly boys used cigarettes. None of the girls smoked.

Cigarettes today often contain drugs that are more dangerous than nicotine. Everyone knows something of the dreadful effects of opium smoking. Some manufacturers put opium and even worse narcotics into cigarettes for the purpose of gradually binding their customers with a chain from which they know their victims will never break away.

Tobacco constricts and narrows the blood vessels, especially the millions of microscopic capillaries. This compels the heart to work harder to maintain the high pressure necessary to overcome the resistance of the contracted tubes. Thus smoking tends to exhaust and wear out the central pump prematurely.

To escape from tobacco slavery you must do two things:

First: Reestablish the normal flora in the bowel, so as to keep your nerves from being so damaged and irritated that they cry for the deadening drug.

Secondly: Divert the nerve discharge in the brain, that craves a cigarette, into new channels.—James Empringham, D.Sc., Ph.D., formerly director Kensington Laboratories for Scientific Research, London.



H. A. ROBERTS

To the Stars Through Difficulty

By JOHN WESLEY ALDEN

The Will to Do
Usually Finds a
Way

SLOWLY I walked up the sandy lane which cut through the orchard. In the gathering dusk I could see the opening where the lane tunneled into the home grove. The balm of spring hung on the air; the smell of newly turned earth, mingled with an evasive scent of apple blossoms, lingered delightfully. Three other years I had walked this lane; now I was a senior in high school. I wondered what the year ahead held in store for me. As I entered the grove, the evening darkened abruptly, and suddenly I realized that nature had opened the vials of her rarest perfumes.

A clump of currants near at hand, the catalpa blossoms just over the hill, the tang of new growth on the cottonwoods, united to complete the enchantment. I forgot my hopes and misgivings for the future. How fortunate that graduation and spring came simultaneously!

Mr. Bell, my employer, was waiting for me at the well, with the team already hitched to the spray machine. "Quick, boy," his words cut like a lash, "change your clothes and get out here. If you don't put two loads on this evening, the worms will get all the fruit."

I hurried, and when at last I had the horses headed down the row between the solid banks of apple blossoms, I felt better. Bending my weight to the heavy handle of the spray pump, I breathed the scented air deeply. The satisfaction I felt from watching the fine-cut spray drift into the blossoms helped to still the turmoil in my mind. Whether I would go to college or not

depended upon what opportunity came my way. I had decided that long before, but now the question that was foremost in my mind was, What chance would a farmer boy have to earn his expenses in the specialized industries of a college?

"In two more weeks graduation will be over, and I shall attend youth's congress at the college," I was thinking; "perhaps while I am there I can find employment."

"Well, boy," Mr. Bell's voice boomed into my reverie (he rarely spoke my name), "what do you plan to do after you graduate?"

"I must earn some money this summer. If I can save enough, I think I should like to go to college," I answered. Six years of working under this man had taught me to withhold my plans and speak lightly.

"If you want to stay here this summer, I'll give you three dollars a week besides your board and room. That figures about thirty-five dollars a month. A better chance than many men have." He waited for a reply, but I did not speak.

A year passed; I had answered in the affirmative. The apples had been a light crop, but the peaches had done so well that before we had them all marketed, it was too late to go to college. The unusually dry winter brought numerous dust storms over the prairies, and made life miserable; late spring freezes killed most of the fruit, and it was obvious that I must earn higher wages than Mr. Bell could afford to pay if I was to continue my education.

Alone one day, I found my way to

the "east twenty" orchard, the pride of the ranch. Row after row of sturdy young trees stretched away in the distance. Six years had passed since I had worked with Mr. Bell setting out this orchard. Each of those four thousand trees was a friend; we had grown up together. I suddenly realized the futility of ever having counted on these trees as a solution to my problem of going to college. Even though the farm had not been heavily mortgaged, I should not have expected any favors from my employer. I felt that if I were ever to attend college I must do something else, and that right soon.

So I advertised for work and secured a position on a grain farm farther east where there had been more rain. My new employer, a tall, gaunt-faced man, had happened to read my advertisement in a Seventh-day Adventist publication. He had forsaken most of the Adventist beliefs, but still rested on the Sabbath.

Four months later, when I announced my plan to go to college, he objected strongly. "I hate to see you go," he said. "You could do so well here. You could rent Dahl's eighty acres from the schoolhouse, and sow it to wheat this fall. If you did not get more than twenty bushels to the acre, you could still make plenty. Sixteen hundred bushels of wheat at over a dollar a bushel would bring you a neat sum."

He nodded curtly at a neighboring house, "Then there's Marian. You shouldn't leave just when you are getting acquainted. Her folks objected to all her friends until you came along. They prefer a high-school graduate to these neighborhood swains."

"But she isn't a Seventh-day Adventist," I protested, "and as for the wheat, there would not be much profit after the expenses were paid."

That evening as I walked out after the cows, I thought things over—really thought. (Turn to page 13)

A Unique Hobby

By MAE CARR HANLEY



Second-Prize Winner in a National Soap-Carving Contest

“TELEPHONE,” called a bright voice. Duane Bryers paused halfway down the walk.

“For me?” he asked.

“Telephone,” insisted his sister.

Duane hurried back to the booth in the hall only to find his mother deep in conversation at the telephone.

“Teasing again. I should have known.”

A merry frolic followed, upstairs and downstairs. Suddenly Duane stood stock-still with a look of consternation on his face. He put his hand in his deep overcoat pocket and drew out a soap sculpture, at which he looked ruefully.

“Oh, Duane, how marvelous! How exquisite, like carved ivory! How have you kept it hidden from us?”

“I might as well tell you now. It is ruined anyway. I made it from a cake of soap. I wanted to compete

in the National Soap Contest for soap sculpturing. I have worked a long time on it and was on my way to get it ready to mail, but now—there is my scrubwoman with her head gone!”

“Duane,” said his sister soberly, “what can I do to make amends?”

“Nothing. It is ruined.” Then his usual optimistic nature asserted itself in a quick, impulsive smile as he said, “Maybe we can patch it. Let’s try.”



Duane Bryers, Artist

The reconstruction work evidently was successful, for a few weeks later Duane rushed into the house waving a copy of the Duluth *News Tribune*.

“Forget your worry over my broken-headed scrubwoman. Listen, family, to this:

“Duane B. Bryers, Virginia artist, received word today that he had won second prize of one hundred fifty dollars cash in a national soap-sculpture contest in which several thousand persons participated. His model of a scrubwoman made from a single bar of soap is shown above.

“The prize-winning pieces are on display this week at Rockefeller Center, New York. Judges include Gutzon Borglum, famous sculptor, and Charles Dana Gibson, artist.”

Thus encouraged, Duane Bryers competed again the following year.

In the September 19, 1935, issue of the same paper, appeared the following: “Looking much like a piece of exquisitely carved ivory, this soap sculpture, ‘Mother and Child,’ carved out of a bar of soap, won for Duane Bryers, Virginia artist, third place in a National Soap Sculpture Contest, in competition with nearly five hundred United States and foreign entries. Winner of second place in the event last year, Bryers found competition much keener this year. The third-place recognition also brought a cash prize of one hundred dollars.”

The popularity of the contest brought Mr. Bryers before the public. When interviewed at his home in Virginia, Minnesota, the red-haired young man said, “I have been seriously interested in art since I was twelve. I cannot escape being an artist. I seem to have an intense feeling for graphic expression. I

would not want to do soap sculpturing for a living. It takes too much time to do a four-and-one-half-inch sculpture. I work with an ordinary pocketknife. You can see how very careful one would have to be in doing such delicate carving as the foot and the toes of the child, for instance. I would rather do something big.”

He continued with his work of drawing and painting, had a local exhibit of his own work, and won prizes at the Northern Minnesota Art Exhibit. Still there lingered the desire to do something big.

The winter of 1937 was very cold, and much snow lay on the ground for weeks. The ingenious young man decided to make use of the snow to try his big statue. On a vacant lot on the main highway he made a board frame about twelve feet by twelve feet and sixteen feet high. This he filled with snow, soaking it with water and packing it down solidly. He left it to freeze for several days, and then the exciting work of actual carving began. He used shovels, axes, and hatchets, and even a sidewalk scraper. Features began to take shape, and soon crowds gathered to see what would be the result.

On Lincoln’s birthday the Pillsbury Club of Virginia entertained one thousand guests at an open house, and the main attraction was the head of Abraham Lincoln done in snow by Duane Bryers. The bust was fifteen feet high, and was floodlighted. The spectacular (*Turn to page 14*)

Ice Statue of Amelia Earhart



An Ice Likeness of Will Rogers





H. MAYLATH. ARTIST

Results

By RUTH KRUGER

JACK, the fourteen-year-old youngest of the family, was kicking and jumping in a fit of anger.

"Mother, I'm going skating with the boys tonight, no matter what you say! I've got to have some fun *once* in a while!"

"Son, you must know that the ice is not frozen solid enough on the large lake to hold the group of boys. Remember the thermometer has just barely been down to freezing the last two nights; so it could not possibly be safe for skating."

"I'm going *anyway*," he shouted, slamming the door and hurrying down the street with skates in hand. He arrived at the neighbor's just as all the other boys were piling into the back of a truck. In a second he also was aboard, and the fourteen boys were off to the lake, thirty miles away. What fun it was riding in that truck! Just the thought of being able to skate in an hour or so, gave the lads a great thrill.

The machine had barely stopped before the boys had all leaped to the ground and scrambled for a place to sit down, so that they could put on their skates. Jack, who had been in a hurry to get to the lake, was now doubly eager to get on his skates. Soon he was off on the ice. At first the boys were content near the bank, playing different games, making figures, and doing stunts.

After an hour or so Jack decided to try to cross the lake.

"Hey, boys, I'm sure I'll get across safely."

"No, you won't," they shouted in warning.

"I'll take the dare anyway," he answered, and was off.

Sure enough, in a few minutes he was safe and sound on the opposite side. The boys felt rather like cowards because they had been afraid, and they all set out at once to follow Jack, not thinking that the ice which had been safe for one might give way under the weight of the group. They were already more than halfway across and were certain of their safety, when crack! crash! splash! Terrified and screaming for help at the top of their voices, they were helpless in the mass of ice and water.

All managed to get out alive, however, except one boy who was smaller than the rest. He was not strong enough to break the ice before him continually and fight his way out. Although he called for help,

the other boys were so frightened that they ran to and fro, screaming, "Help! Help! Help!" But no one was able to rescue him. For the last time his hands struggled above the surface of the water, and suddenly they realized that never again would they see their comrade alive. They then all started for the nearest house and called for help to get his body out of the lake. After five hours of searching it was found.

A sad group of boys arrived home at dawn to await a sad and unexpected funeral. Jack's parents were greatly astonished as he gaspingly told them of the disaster. He burst into tears as he thought of how angry he had been at his mother because she did not want him to go. "I'll never disobey again," he sobbed, "It could have been I that drowned."

After supper was over that evening, Jack's grandmother called him into the parlor and asked him to sit down beside her.

She said, "Jack, would you like to hear what happened to your grandfather and his sister once because they did not obey their parents?"

"Yes, I would; maybe it will teach me a lesson."

"It was long ago," she began, "in the country of Rumania. Grandfather and his sister and their parents were living in a low valley which was fifty miles long and about thirty miles wide. In that part of the country there was mile after mile of thick woods through which one could hardly pass unless there was a road or trail. Their ranch was in an open space about a mile in circumference. At night one could hear the timber wolves howling. And woe unto the one who did not get home from the woods before dark! The nearest town was about ten miles away through dense forest.

"It was about a week before Christmas that grandfather's parents were to be away from home for a few days, and he and his sister were to stay at home to take care of the stock. As they left, they told the children not to leave the place for any purpose—not even to go visiting while they were gone, lest some disaster should happen. They were also warned to be careful even in the yard, as the wolves were so fierce because of the cold weather and scarcity of food that they would even come near the buildings to seek shelter.

"The next day was a very beautiful one. The sun cast its bright rays upon the glistening snow.

"'Oh, sister,' exclaimed your grandfather, 'I wish father and mother would not always tell us to stay at home. Why, we could go to town, see our friends, and buy things for ourselves just as well as not.'

"'What if we should not get home safely?' questioned his sister.

"'Oh, don't worry. We'll get back all right,' he assured her.

"So off they went, taking the cream to



Your Master Comrade Says—



Shoe Repairing

Why should anyone learn the art of shoe repairing in this day and age? Most of those who ask such a question are so situated that they can drop a pair of shoes at the shop of a near-by repairer and pick them up that very night with new soles and lifts. That is not possible with many people, however, especially those who live in more or less isolated areas. Such persons would find the ability to do shoe repairing most profitable and worth while.

Then, too, many of our Juniors and young people are looking forward to service in the mission field. Those who plan to enter mission service should now be training themselves to be as versatile as possible. To be able to repair shoes for the family will come in handy, for your mission station may be located hundreds of miles from a shoe repairer. And even if he is close at hand, he may not know how to repair the type of shoes you wear, and perhaps if he does, you could doubtless do a far better and more lasting job yourself.

Putting soles and lifts on shoes is not a difficult job, and the equipment for such work is inexpensive and lasts a lifetime. If you feel that learning to mend the shoes for the family would be worth your while, why not get a book of instructions and become a skilled shoe repairer, thus adding to your repertoire of accomplishments? Listed with the Vocational Honor requirements in Shoe Repairing in the "Junior Handbook" is a list of inexpensive instruction books which you can purchase through your Book and Bible House.

town, in the big sleigh with two fast horses. How beautiful everything was as they glided along over the snow down through the woods on the familiar trail.

"In the town everyone seemed to be busy shopping, or going home carrying large, medium, and small packages. Grandfather and his sister soon had all their shopping done, and were ready to start on their way home, when a friend hailed them. They waited for him to come to the sleigh and then invited him to go out to the ranch with them to dinner. But instead, he persuaded them to stay and have dinner in town.

"After dinner they left immediately, for to their astonishment the sun was already quite low in the west. They drove as fast as possible, realizing their danger. The sun slowly sank out of sight, and the sky turned a beautiful pink. But they still had six miles to go, and their horses were getting tired.

"Would they never get home? The ten miles home now seemed twice the distance they had seemed when the two were going to town. They were very much afraid.

"Suddenly, to their left, they heard a terrifying howl, a call that seemed rather familiar. In a minute a pack of wolves would be around them. They sent up a silent prayer for protection, asking the Lord to be with them and protect them. Then they whipped their horses to a fast gallop. All at once it seemed that wolves were rushing out of the woods from all directions. They came closer and closer, but the horses, sensing the danger, ran faster than ever.

"Then one of the wolves sprang at the horses, which were slowing up gradually. They were still a mile from home. The children again sent up an earnest prayer for protection. How thankful they were that they were still at least in the protecting hand of God, and that their parents had taught them the love of God.

"It seemed as though the next minute they would be devoured, when suddenly a small body of armed men came riding over the hill, scattering the wolves and killing several. Grandfather and his sister were then escorted home. How thankful they were to reach there safely. And they decided that they would never again be disobedient."

Jack sat quiet and erect, as his grandmother finished, thinking how fortunate he was in having a Christian mother and father. Surely the Lord had kept him from being drowned, even though he had been rebellious and disobedient. How thankful he was to the dear heavenly Father for the angel of the Lord that "encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," even when they do not deserve His loving care.



OUR HANDS FOR JESUS

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Does this mean that we are always to be doing some definitely "religious" work? No, but that all that we do is to be always definitely done to Him. The simplest little duties and acts may be transfigured into holy service to the Lord. . . . It may seem an odd idea, but a simple glance at one's hand, with the recollection, "This hand is not mine; it has been given to Jesus, and it must be kept for Jesus," may turn the scale in a doubtful matter, and be a safeguard from certain temptations.

With this thought fresh in your mind, can you let your hand take up things which cannot be used either for Jesus or by Him? Cards, for instance! Can you deliberately hold in it books of a kind which you know lead you farther from, instead of nearer to, Him? . . . Perhaps we need hardly say that the kept hands will be very gentle hands. The very way in which we close a door or lay down a book may be a victory or a defeat. . . . Why not ask Jesus to make these hands of ours more handy for His service, more skillful in what is indicated as the "next thing" they are to do? . . .

And now, dear friend, what about your hands? Are they consecrated to the Lord, who loves you?—
Frances R. Havergal.

valleys in the fall and ascended the foothills, they found evergreen shrubs which bore a fruit that resembled tiny green apples.

"Manzanita," or "little apples," was the name they gave to the shrub. The fruit was sour when green, but dry and mealy when ripe. The Indians who lived in the foothills gathered the berries in the fall and ate them, but more civilized tastes find them unpalatable.

The name that the scientists gave to the manzanita, "Arctostaphylos," means "bearberry," and the bears which ranged so commonly over the mountains and foothills were very fond of the "little apples."

In the very early spring a soft fragrance filled the air on the warm hill-sides. The manzanitas were covered with little white flowers that were as beautiful as those of a lily of the valley. Bees hummed about the shrubs, and hummingbirds darted here and there, probing the blossoms with their long bills.

The manzanita belongs to a great family of plants, the heather family, which is represented in many parts of the world. In our country, east and west, there are many members of the heather family. The rhododendrons and azaleas, which bear beautiful large flowers, make the mountains and hills lovely with their colors. The rhododendrons make a most wonderful display in the spring, when whole hillsides are pink with their delicate beauty. The rhododendrons have been chosen as the State flower of Washington and of West Virginia. Along the Puget Sound in Washington they grow in great profusion. The shrubs, from five to eighteen feet tall, form dense

thickets which stretch for miles along the highway.

The very interesting heather family also makes itself very attractive in the fall when the huckleberries are ripe. Huckleberries and cranberries both belong to the heather family. What merry fun it is in the crisp fall days to go berry hunting along the edges of the swamps and in the woods!

As the Junior boys and girls become acquainted with the trees and shrubs, they will find the heather family a most interesting group, in the fall as well as in the spring. A flower book will tell you which members of the family grow in your State, and whether to look for trees, shrubs, or vines.

Witnessing

(Continued from page 5)

matter of course. It has come to be accepted as a necessity of everyday life. Yet, less than a century ago it would have been impossible for one sitting in a comfortable booth in New York to converse with someone 3,000 miles away.

Surely, we are living in those days foretold twenty-five centuries ago by the Old Testament prophet Daniel: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

If you are fortunate enough to be able to visit the World's Fair, which dazzles the world with its startling exhibits, you will behold the fulfillment of this Bible prophecy.

Young man, young woman, God wants you to witness for Him wherever you may be. He has given us countless mighty inventions, without which it would be almost impossible to proclaim to all the world Christ's imminent return. The task of warning every nation, kindred, tongue, and people will soon reach completion. Indeed, we are living in the very last days of this old world's history.

While probation's hour still lingers on, let us heed the great commission, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

The task is almost finished. Are you doing your share in this work of proclaiming this message?

The Larger Prayer

(Continued from page 4)

could not answer, but bent his head in acquiescence as he grasped the frail body in his arms more firmly. It seemed to him that his entire conception of life had been changed by those few quietly spoken words. The bruised body which he supported no longer seemed heavy and hard to bear; and on the horizon before him a luminous light seemed to glow and grow brighter as he approached.

Suddenly he saw the blazing beauty of the heavenly city. Its towers and walls reflected the glory which shone upon them in blinding brilliance. Entranced, he gazed upon the final answer to all his questioning.

"And light and strength and faith
Are opening everywhere!
God waited patiently until
I prayed the larger prayer."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



The Little Apples of the Padres

BY MRS. RUTH WHEELER

MANY, many years ago the Spanish padres came up through the Western States and established missions for the Indians. As they walked through the brown, hot

God's Messenger

(Continued from page 8)

A number of the originally appointed trustees have passed to their rest, and others have been chosen to take their places. Today F. M. Wilcox, J. L. McElhany, M. E. Kern, Steen Rasmussen, and the writer serve in that capacity.

As the Lord's messenger, Ellen White, approached the close of her lifework, she was led to write:

"Abundant light has been given to our people in these last days. Whether or not my life is spared, my writings will constantly speak, and their work will go forward as long as time shall last."*

Truly this is so. Do they speak to you?

*"Writing and Sending Out of the Testimonies to the Church," pp. 13, 14.



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

Exchange

Use Commemoratives on Your Exchange Letters

(In sending requests to this corner, please give your age—junior or senior—and the size of your collection. Collectors must have at least 500 stamps, with duplicates for trade, before they may enter their names here. To beginners we will send FREE a small package of stamps, and instructions for starting a collection. A penny postcard will start your package on the way.)

George Harrison, P.O. Box 69, Bowling Green, Ohio, (senior, 8,000 stamps), has stamps from all over the world, and would like to trade with other collectors.

Frank Privat, Route 6, Box 264, Stockton, California, (senior, 2,000 stamps), offers stamps from France and Switzerland in exchange for stamps from other countries of Europe, and from Africa.

AUSTRALIA.—John Mitchell, Eleanor Street, Mount Gambier, South Australia, (senior, 1,100 stamps), is willing to trade Australian stamps for those from any other country.

AUSTRALIA—Mrs. Thomas O. Watts, Box 52, Hamley Bridge, South Australia, requests stamps for crippled children. Australia recently had an epidemic of infantile paralysis, and there are many crippled children who are interested in stamp collecting. Stamps from all countries will be appreciated.

Harold Beltz, Box 565, Arroyo Grande, California, (junior, 550 stamps), has plenty of duplicates to trade.

Randall Bohmer, New Britain, Connecticut, would like to get stamps from Honduras. He has a New Britain first-flight airmail he wishes to exchange for a Will Rogers first-flight from Nicaragua.

Ralph B. Dybvig, 707 Fourth Street, South, Bemidji, Minnesota (senior, 3,000 stamps), would like to trade stamps with people in other countries or with collectors in the United States. He has duplicates from Austria, Australia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Belgium, Canada, China, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, France, French Colonies, Germany, Hungary, India, Italy, Japan, Jugoslavia, Latvia, Liechtenstein, Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Sweden, Switzer-

land, Turkey, and also many of Great Britain and the United States. He would like stamps from South and Central America, Italian Colonies, and Asia, and will trade first-day covers for first-day covers.

Gift Stamps

OUR appreciation goes out again to the kind friends who sent us stamps for free distribution. We might mention that we really do not care for 1-cent, 2-cent, and 3-cent stamps of the United States, since all the beginners to whom we send stamps in this country can secure all the stamps of these values that they might need. Recently the following have sent stamps: Paul S. Haughey, 2114 23d Avenue North, Nashville, Tennessee; Lorraine Lucas, Box 6, Two Buttes, Colorado; E. H. Seitz, 2980 California Street, San Francisco, California; Richard Schwarz, Route 1, Wataga, Illinois; Peggy Stevens, 1118 Grand Avenue, Texarkana, Arkansas; Mrs. R. L. Hampton, 2342 Amherst Street, Des Moines, Iowa; J. David Wolfe, Jr., 910 Seventh Street, New Orleans, Louisiana; George Harrison, P.O. Box 69, Bowling Green, Ohio; Ray Garrison, 208 S. Clippert St., Lansing, Michigan; Albert Sanderson, 92 Waters Avenue, Port Richmond, New York; Norma Starkey, Maple Plain, Minnesota; Ivan Prouty, Hay P.O., Ontario, Canada; Mrs. Thomas O. Watts, Box 52, Hamley Bridge, South Australia.

A Definition

(Continued from page 1)

into the last critical hour, and that the members of the advent movement, in particular, will face trial and tribulation and even persecution in that great hour. It is one of the distinctive things about our movement—this belief that we are destined soon to face grave trials and tribulations. The realization of this should give to each of us a sense of the seriousness of living, and the realization of the need of building characters that will enable us to stand firmly for God in the hour of trial. No one can honestly or intelligently join the advent movement without realizing that such a step is a very momentous one, and that something besides merely nominal membership in an organization is involved when one is taken into the fellowship of the advent faith.

Fourthly, by joining the advent movement we signify that we believe we shall soon see heaven open and shall gaze upon the face of God. Joining the advent movement means exactly this, or it means nothing at all. It means, therefore, that we do not view our future religious experience as a matter of little consequence. Rather, there is given to us an increasing sense of our unworthiness and of the need of acquiring through the grace of God that purity of heart which is necessary if we are to meet Him in peace. There is a constant urge to holy living as we realize that soon we shall meet God face to face. Says the apostle John, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." 1 John 3:2, 3.

Fifthly, joining this movement signifies that we believe that this earth on which we now live will be re-created, and that only the righteous will have residence in it. In other words, we are joining a movement that holds the belief that there is something very real to the final abode of the righteous, even this very earth on



Your BIBLE TEACHES That

—Christ observed the Sabbath during His earthly sojourn.

"As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Luke 4:16.

By His example He taught that it was right to preach (Luke 4:31), perform acts of mercy (Mark 3:1-5), heal the sick (Luke 6:8), and supply necessary wants (Matt. 12:1; Luke 13:15, 16; 14:1) on the Sabbath day.

—The prophet Isaiah indicates that Christ's ministry had a direct bearing upon the law of God.

"He will magnify the law, and make it honorable." Isa. 42:21.

—The apostles, Paul and Barnabas, observed the Sabbath.

"When they departed from Perga, they came to Antioch in Pisidia, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down." Acts 13:14.

—It was customary for the followers of Christ to attend religious services on the Sabbath.

"On the Sabbath we went out of the city by a riverside, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither." Acts 16:13.

—The Sabbath begins at sunset.

"From even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." Lev. 23:32.

—There is a blessing in honoring this day of rest.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 58:13, 14.

—The Sabbath will be kept throughout eternity.

"It shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord." Isa. 66:23.

which we now walk. We sense more fully than ever could be possible without this belief, that God has an ultimate destiny for us, a whole plan worked out for His children, a very real home where they shall build houses and inhabit them, and plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. In turn, there is generated in our hearts a stronger desire than ever to live godly lives, that we may qualify for citizenship in that better world.

To the Stars Through Difficulty

(Continued from page 9)

The new item that had been suggested did not fit the jig-saw puzzle of my own plans. I recalled my Christian grandmother, who had so ably filled the place left vacant by my mother's death. Before she had passed to her rest, she had taught me the principles of the third angel's message, and the high principles which Seventh-day Adventists hold. She had charged me to be true to God, and expressed confidence that someday I would find a place in His service. The thought of settling on a farm did not appeal to me; I must go to college. And to college I went.

When I arrived there I was ushered into the office of the president. After listening to my story he kindly informed me that it would be impossible for me to

complete the year with only fifty dollars cash at the outset. He encouraged me to find employment in the near-by city until the second semester, when I could enroll under more favorable financial circumstances. That same day a friend of mine who owned a printing establishment in the city offered me an apprenticeship. "If you learn printing, you can work in the best industry on the campus when you return to the college," he suggested.

Here was the opportunity which I had been seeking for so long. At first it was my duty to wash presses, distribute type from dead forms, and keep the shop clean. Gradually I was given greater responsibility in press feeding, stock cutting, and general bindery work.

When the second semester came, the college press was willing to hire a full-time man for general presswork, and this opportunity came my way. I arranged for my labor credit to remain in the college office for expenses later on, and started to print my way through college. With the coming of another school year, I was financially able to take schoolwork.

Starting as a job pressman, I watched continuously for chances to improve my usefulness about the shop and increase my knowledge of the trade. For hours at a time when I was off duty I watched the big cylinder press run, learning what I could. Finally, after a number of hours of practice feeding, I told the manager that I was ready to take up that line of work. I was rewarded by a raise in wages.

I have been able to take twelve hours of schoolwork while working from thirty to thirty-five hours a week in the press. By keeping my labor credit in the college office I can successfully resist the temptation to spend it foolishly. Working in the college press during the summer not only brings much-needed funds, but helps me to improve my ability in printing; and above all, it provides a wholesome Christian atmosphere in which to live.

A college education falls into the class of those things in life that are worth striving for, and my experience has proved to me that it is within the reach of everyone who is willing to put forth the effort to obtain it. Although printing happens to be my line of work, it is not the only field in which one can earn his way through college. There are many opportunities for enterprising young people who desire an education, and this work-study program has definite advantages.

To one who manages his own affairs comes greater economy in his use of time and money, and the satisfaction of greater independence. It prepares him to stand on his own feet in case of necessity, while at the same time he prepares himself for a definite place in God's service.

A Unique Hobby

(Continued from page 10)

sight caused the admirers to gasp in wonder at the beauty of the expression on the carved face.

Schools from all over that section brought their classes in buses to see the bust, which stood for over six weeks before it began to melt. Mr. Bryers' mother was standing by the exhibit one day, listening with a pardonable pleasure to the comments of admiration from the crowds that thronged the lot.

"Yes, sir, that's him, all right," she heard a voice beside her declare emphatically. "I knew Abe well. We used to play horseshoes together. I'm ninety-two years old, but when I heard about the carving, I had to come to see it."

Counsel Corner

Is there a statement in any of Ellen G. White's writings that says our Bibles will be taken from us in the time of trouble?

We have been unable to find among the writings of Mrs. White a statement that our Bibles will be taken away from us in the time of trouble. I heard this statement made by our ministers years ago when I was a boy, and, like some other statements, it has been accepted by some as a genuine citation. It is possible that something that Mrs. White said is the basis for this tradition, but, as I say, we cannot find the statement. Perhaps the nearest in the thought is the following, spoken by Mrs. White at Nevada, Iowa, on August 21, 1909:

"May God help us to understand that we must be laborers together with Him. Let us begin right here to be coworkers with Heaven. Let us put away the foolish reading matter, and study the word of God. Let us commit its precious promises to memory, so that, when we are deprived of our Bibles, we may still be in possession of the word of God." —*Review and Herald, Jan. 6, 1910.*

Even though we cannot find the statement regarding which the questioner inquires, there is no doubt that, in the case of many individuals, it will be true. In recent years hundreds of our believers in various parts of the world have been thrown into prison and in some cases their Bibles have been taken from them. How precious to them, under these conditions, are the promises of God which they have stored in their memory. Surely we shall never regret any time and effort we put forth to charge our minds with the words of eternal life.

D. E. ROBINSON.

"I wish my son were here, sir; he would like to have your picture taken with the bust," Duane's mother said.

"I'd be proud, madam, to have my picture taken standing beside that beautiful head of my old friend, Abraham Lincoln."

Two weeks later Mr. Bryers completed a sculpture of George Washington in front of the local high school. Various civic groups cooperated with the young artist in promoting the idea.

Later a neighboring town made a contract with Mr. Bryers to make a twenty-foot bust of Will Rogers. It was claimed to be the largest piece of ice statuary ever attempted in the United States. During the two weeks that he worked on it, crowds gathered to watch the development of each feature. Motion-picture machines recorded the progress as the one hundred tons of ice was chipped and chiseled into shape. When the floodlights were turned on the finished model, it took on the appearance of carved marble, and the spectators stopped in awed silence to gaze upon the illuminated face of the great humorist.

The chamber of commerce sent a photograph of the imposing bust to Mrs. Rogers. They received a letter from her expressing her sincere thanks and appreciation.

The following winter he made a bust of Amelia Earhart for his home-town admirers. He completed the twenty-foot statue a week after the snow was solidly frozen and the actual carving began. He

succeeded to a remarkable degree in matching the features of the aviatrix. The thin face and wind-blown hair were carefully and realistically depicted in the massive carving. The collar and scarf which were her frequent apparel completed the statue. In the uplifted eyes Mr. Bryers put the expression of the spirit of daring which drove Miss Earhart to her last adventure.

The weather turned warm, and the amazing work lasted only two weeks. The artist's mother said that it seemed doomed, like the aviatrix, to disappear in water.

Mr. Bryers is now working on a huge mural to be placed in the high school of the town of Virginia, Minnesota. The object of the work is to pictorially record the discovery of iron—both open pit and underground. Much of the world's iron comes from this territory, and they wish to preserve a visual record of it for posterity.

A Race With the Eclipse

(Continued from page 6)

An occasional glimpse showed us that our sun was now a very slim crescent. As the light was cut off, it began to grow dark, so that we eventually turned on the car lights.

We were continually passing throngs of people—people, people everywhere—all with anxious faces turned skyward. Parked cars lined the road even out in the country, and the fields were dotted with watchers. Numerous groups of scientists stood poised and ready with their costly instruments. Many of these scientific expeditions had come much farther than we had. Were all these millions of people doomed to disappointment? Yes, practically all of them were.

At 3:20 we were the only ones still in a car and on the road; the others were all out waiting for the eclipse. Father drove with watch in hand. We had decided to keep going until 3:24, one minute before the eclipse was due.

The sun was still under a cloud—had been for some time. We realized that our suspense was about at an end, for in three minutes everything would be over. And not another such chance in North America before the year 1970!

At 3:24 the sun was still under a cloud as passing trees obscured our vision and we entered the small French village of St. Berthier.

Time's up! We hastily stopped. "We're going to see it!" mother triumphantly exclaimed as we stepped out into the village churchyard.

Miracles can happen! Just at that instant a small patch of blue was passing directly over the sun—now suddenly in the full glory of total eclipse!

In silence, scarcely breathing, we beheld that never-to-be-forgotten sight. Who can describe the awful beauty of that celestial scene, that radiant circle of pearly light—such light as never was on land or sea! A glorious crown—the corona!

Suddenly, as though a switch had been pulled, the corona vanished as the sun again burst forth; the eclipse had ended as dramatically as it had begun.

Father glanced at his watch—eighty-five seconds.

An instant later the curtain of clouds closed over the sun, and we were not to see it again that day.

But we had seen the eclipse! The trials of the trip now seemed as nothing, for we had been rewarded.

While we were rejoicing, multitudes were lamenting. The 1932 eclipse was recorded as a great disappointment. Very

few people saw it, for most of the entire area was cloudy. At several places back along the road where we had considered stopping, it was raining at eclipse time. The throngs we had passed during the last five minutes were among the disappointed. Even less than a quarter of a mile from where we stood there had been no visibility.

We were indeed thankful that the family who care so much had really seen the eclipse.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

XIII—Creation as a Part of the Last-Day Message

(September 23)

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 14:7.

LESSON HELP: "The Great Controversy," pp. 603-612.

THE LESSON

1. According to the words of the angel to Daniel, when might the world look for an increase of knowledge? Dan. 12:4.

NOTE.—For thousands of years before 1798, "there seemed to be scarcely any advancement or improvement in knowledge. But suddenly with the opening of the nineteenth century, the world awoke from its long sleep, and a new era dawned,—the time of the end, when knowledge was to be increased."—"Bible Readings," p. 239.

Since 1798 many scientific inventions have helped greatly in the proclamation of the gospel; such as steamships, steam and electric railways, telegraphs, telephones, submarine cables, linotypes, monotypes, airplanes, wireless telegraphy, and radio.

2. How will this increase of knowledge help in spreading the gospel to all the world? Matt. 24:14.

3. How are the two parts into which the gospel for the last days is to be divided, stated by the revelator? Rev. 14:7.

NOTE.—"In every part of the earth men and women are responding to the Heavensent message which John the revelator prophesied would be proclaimed prior to the second coming of Christ."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 714.

4. What message is Zion, or the church, exhorted to proclaim with power? Isa. 40:9.

NOTE.—"The prophet exalted God as Creator of all. His message to the cities of Judah was, 'Behold your God!'"—"Prophets and Kings," p. 315.

5. When is this message to be given? Verse 10.

NOTE.—"Those who wait for the Bridegroom's coming are to say to the people, 'Behold your God.' The last rays of merciful light, the last message of mercy to be given to the world, is a revelation of His character of love. The children of God are to manifest His glory. In their own life and character they are to reveal what the grace of God has done for them."—"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 415, 416.

6. By what memorial will God's creative power be kept before men? Ex. 20:8-11; Ps. 111:4; 135:13.

NOTE.—A reform on the Sabbath is specifically adapted to counteract the modern widespread acceptance of the theory of evolution.

7. What comparison is made between the condition of the world at the time of the flood and just before Christ's second coming? Matt. 24:38, 39.

NOTE.—"As the people of Noah's day 'knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so,' in the words of our Saviour, 'shall also the coming of the Son of man be.' When the professed people of God are uniting with the world, living as they live, and joining with them in forbidden pleasure; when the luxury of the

world becomes the luxury of the church; when the marriage bells are chiming, and all are looking forward to many years of worldly prosperity,—then, suddenly as the lightning flashes from the heavens, will come the end of their bright visions and delusive hopes. As God sent His servant to warn the world of the coming flood, so He sent chosen messengers to make known the nearness of the final judgment."—"The Great Controversy," pp. 338, 339.

8. When people fail to worship the Creator, what will result? Rom. 1:21-23, 28.

9. In Paul's epistle to the Colossians, what does he say of covetousness? Col. 3:5.

NOTE.—"All covetousness is condemned as idolatry. All selfish indulgence is an offense in God's sight."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 261.

10. How does Isaiah describe the world in the last days? Isa. 2:7-9.

NOTE.—Verse 8 states that the people "worship the work of their own hands." "That is true of idols, and it is equally true of science. Men are so infatuated with their own discoveries that they literally worship science."—"Isaiah, the Gospel Prophet," Andreasen, Vol. 1, p. 27.

11. How does Peter connect the rejection of the message of the second coming of Christ with false scientific theories which deny the flood and turn creation into evolution? 2 Peter 3:3-7.

NOTE.—The leading teachers of evolution have been outspoken in scoffing at the idea that the world is soon to end by destruction, predicting on the other hand that man is destined to progress indefinitely in the future.

12. What warning is given by the prophet Ezekiel to the idolaters of the last days? Eze. 8:15, 16; 9:4-6, 11.

SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI

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

JUNIOR

XIII—Josiah and the Book

(September 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 22; 23; 2 Chronicles 34; 35.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy word." Ps. 119:16.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 384-406.

QUESTIONS

1. What descendant of Hezekiah became king when a boy? How old was he at that time? How long did he reign? 2 Kings 22:1.

NOTE.—Manasseh, the son of Hezekiah, became king at the death of his father, and for fifty-five years ruled Judah. "Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen." The wicked son of Manasseh was slain in the palace by his own servants. The people then made Josiah, the great-grandson of Hezekiah, king.

2. How was he like his great-grandfather Hezekiah? Verse 2.

3. How long had Josiah been king before he began to seek the Lord? Four years later what great work of reformation did he begin in Judah and Jerusalem? 2 Chron. 34:3, 4.

NOTE.—"When he [Josiah] was sixteen years old, he began to seek after the God of David his father.' He put himself under the influence of the religious men of his kingdom. The conversion was one of the wonderful acts of the Holy Spirit. The son of a bad father, polluted by his bad example, in the midst of the temptations of a splendid but corrupt and idolatrous court, than which no influence on earth is more fatal, this young man at the first dawning of his manhood begins to serve the Lord with his whole heart."—"Peloubet.

4. How thorough was Josiah in this work of stamping out idolatry? 2 Kings 23:4, 5, 15, 16.

5. What bones were those that he took out of their graves and burned on the altar of Bethlehem? 2 Chron. 34:5.

6. Without realizing it, what word of God did Josiah thus fulfill? Who had called him by name and given him this work to do over three hundred years before? 1 Kings 13:1, 2.

7. After Josiah had done this work, what did the men of the city tell him concerning a certain grave? What command did the king then give? 2 Kings 23:17, 18.

8. Not satisfied with the destruction of the evil, what work of repair did Josiah attempt? Where did he obtain the money to do this great work? What is most remarkable about the dealings with the overseers of the work? 2 Kings 22:3-7.

9. While the work of repairing the temple was in progress, what did the high priest find? To whom did he give the book? Verse 8.

NOTE.—According to Geikie, the tradition is that the book was found beneath a heap of stones, under which it had been hidden when Ahaz burned the other copies of the law.

"How much of the law was included in this roll no one can tell. It seems to have included certainly the promises and threatenings of the last part of Deuteronomy, and to have been written by Moses."—"Peloubet.

10. To whom did Shaphan the scribe show the book? What effect did the reading of the book have upon the king? What did he ask the priest and others to do? Verses 10-13.

11. To whom did Hilkiah and others go? Where did Huldah live? Verse 14.

NOTE.—"At that time the prophetess Huldah was living in Jerusalem, near the temple. The mind of the king, filled with anxious foreboding, reverted to her, and he determined to inquire of the Lord through this chosen messenger, to learn if possible, whether by any means within his power he might save erring Judah, now on the verge of ruin. The gravity of the situation, and the respect in which he held the prophetess, led him to choose as his messengers to her the first men of the kingdom."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 398.

12. What message did the Lord send to Josiah by the prophetess? Why was evil certain to come upon Jerusalem and the people? Verses 15-17.

13. Why would the Lord defer these judgments until after the death of Josiah? Verses 18-20.

NOTE.—"The nation had gone so far in sin, was so thoroughly imbued with idolatry, that nothing could persuade them, as a whole, to repent and be saved. Nothing but the actual infliction of the threatened punishment would cleanse them from idolatry. The reformation of Josiah was of great value. It saved a remnant, a portion of the people as the hope of the future; but for the mass of the people it was the wind ruffling the surface of the water, but not changing its deeper flow."—"Peloubet.

14. Whom did the king gather together in the court of the temple? What did the king himself do? 2 Kings 23:1, 2.

15. What covenant, or promise, did the king make? How did the people unite with him in this? Verse 3.

16. What feast was then celebrated? How heartily was the Passover kept? Verses 21, 22.

17. Against whom did Josiah go out to fight? How did he meet his death? 2 Chron. 35:20-24.



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The Listening Post

▶ THE United States Government uses asbestos air-mail sacks on many of its airplane routes to prevent loss of letters by fire in case of accident.

▶ ANCIENT Greece believed in trial by jury—but what juries! There were 501 men in the group that found Socrates guilty, and it is said that in Athenian trials there were sometimes as many as 2,500 jurymen.

▶ CEYLON boasts some of the most astonishing insects in the world—the “walking leaves.” Their bodies are shaped and veined like leaves. When in danger they simulate the quiver of foliage, and to make the similarity even more striking, their feet look very much like a leaf’s ragged edges.

▶ A STUDENT of George Washington University Medical School in Washington, D.C., has developed a device by which heart beats of cardiac patients can be preserved and heard phonographically at will through loud-speakers. Specialists who have used the new method foresee that it will make diagnosis of heart ailments more accurate.

▶ IN mid-May a million tulips—perhaps the greatest number ever planted in one place—sang with their varied colors a beautiful floral symphony, at the New York World’s Fair. But they were Dutch and therefore alien, and had been allowed to enter the United States duty free only on the understanding that the bulbs would be destroyed when the flowers were gone. Accordingly they were burned, and tariff integrity was properly maintained.

▶ OF all the jobs connected with the daily upkeep of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, France, the most unusual is that of the woman who tends the flag which flies at the top, nearly 1,000 feet above the ground. This has been her lifework, and for thirty-five years she has done nothing else. She works at night. All day the great Tricolor hangs limp on its flagstaff or whips in the wind. At sunset it is hauled down. If the day has been still, Madame has her evening off. But a day of high wind and rain sometimes whips the flag to ribbons, and then every tear has to be sewn up, though it take her half the night. But despite her care, a new flag has to be supplied approximately every two months.

▶ PLANT investigators of the Fort Hays experiment station, Kansas, jointly sponsored by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Kansas State College, believe they have found the grasses which can be used successfully to resod the drouth-stricken plains of the United States. They are buffalo grass and blue grama grass, which covered the plains before the first farmer traveled West. These make an ideal combination, because, when the rainfall is scarce, the drouth-resistant blue grama grass is more plentiful. When there is plenty of rainfall, buffalo grass takes hold and grows where its companion formerly did. Because buffalo-grass seed is able to survive several years before germinating, this species can withstand drouth conditions which would kill other kinds of grass.

▶ A MAN sitting quietly before his fire may be at peace, but he is not at rest. If he sits long enough, he turns a gigantic somersault once every twenty-four hours because of the earth’s daily rotation on its axis. If he lives halfway between the North Pole and the Equator, this motion carries him along at the rate of approximately seven hundred miles an hour. Also the earth’s annual revolution around the sun swings him in an orbit nearly 200,000,000 miles across at a speed of eighteen miles a second.

▶ THE first successful cast-iron plow invented in the United States, in 1797, was rejected by New Jersey farmers under the theory that cast iron poisoned the land and stimulated the growth of weeds.

▶ AMERICAN women who wear silk hose buy approximately forty-four pairs apiece in a year. Women’s hosiery is the second largest section in most department stores.

▶ SHAKERS in New Hampshire are now exempt from property tax, by virtue of a new State law.

▶ THIRTY-FIVE States in the United States now have local option in some form as concerns the liquor traffic.

▶ AT the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, bananas were exhibited as a novelty. Wrapped in tin foil, they sold for ten cents each.

▶ ACCORDING to the annual chart published by the International Broadcasting Union at Geneva, Europe has more than 35,130,000 radio sets. The greatest increase in receiving-set licenses in 1938 was recorded by the Turkish Republic.

▶ ENOUGH rouge to paint a town red is consumed by the automobile industry for fine polishing operations. One company alone purchases twelve barrels annually. One other plant consumes about two and one-half bars of soap and a gallon of liquid soap for every ten cars produced.

▶ GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH, who was elected head of the Salvation Army in 1934, and was persuaded to continue in office when last Christmas she reached the age of seventy-three, has announced her intention of retiring in October of this year. There is much speculation as to who will be her successor.

▶ ENGLAND is counting her trees, surveying every wood of five acres or more, not only as to the number of trees it contains, but as to its probable value, the species, condition, and age of the trees, the extent of felling and replacement, and other details. The chief motive is a realization of the precarious position of the nation’s timber supplies in event of another war. Great Britain is the largest timber importer in the world. Last year she bought £70,000,000 worth of cut timber.

▶ SOVIET engineers are using water instead of explosives and picks to cut coal from the seams in a newly opened mine in the famous Donets Basin coal area in the Soviet Republic. Two powerful pumps force water under a pressure of 450 pounds to the square inch at a speed of more than 250 feet a second under the control of movable hydromotors resembling fire hose. The stream of water cuts away the coal and at the same time breaks it up into small pieces, and washes it along special channels to the bottom of the pit, where it is drained. Then it is raised to the surface. The water passes to a precipitation tank, where dirt and coal dust are allowed to settle, and is then delivered to a reservoir to be used again.

▶ THE century-old practice of affixing adhesive stamps to letters ready for posting may be largely eliminated if the Mailomat machine recently placed in operation at the general post office in New York City finds general acceptance. The machine automatically makes one operation of postage and the mailing of letters. By the use of a postage meter, a metered stamp is printed on each letter inserted in the machine, and then the letter is deposited in a container to await collection. Pennies, nickels, dimes, or quarters may be inserted in slots of the Mailomat in any combination or amount up to sixty cents. A dial permits selection of postage denominations from one to twenty-two cents, and the available amount of the mailer’s coin deposit is always visible to him through a glass window.



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