

# The YOUTH'S *Instructor*



H. M. LAMBERT

Our Heavenly Father Knows, and  
Loves, and Cares, and Answers  
Prayers

**I**LUNK, plunk, plunk—  
plunk, plunk—zoop!" Out  
came another letter. How  
utterly sick Jane was of form letters.  
Would she ever have the chance of  
becoming a real secretary, and take  
real letters from a real executive?  
Not having used it, already she had  
forgotten much of the little shorthand  
she had studied. If only she could go  
on to school and finish her business  
course!

"Oh, Miss Arandale!" a husky fem-  
inine voice barked, "aren't you through  
with that list yet?"

"Yes, I'm just finishing, Mrs. Ve-  
tuskey." What was the trouble? She  
was far ahead of the other girls.  
"Is there something else you wish me  
to do first?"

"No, no! The president wants to see  
you, though, and I'm in a hurry for  
those letters; so you will have to finish  
them first, see?" Mrs. Vetuskay glared.

"Certainly." She must not keep  
the president waiting. Jane hurried  
through the last letter, trembling, and

making, it seemed, a thousand un-  
necessary mistakes. Cheer up, she  
told herself. Maybe Mr. Cortwright  
just had a letter for her from his  
daughter, Caroline. But Mrs. Vetus-  
key's recent attitude toward her left  
her plenty of room for anxiety.

As she left the department she felt  
all eyes upon her, for Mrs. Vetuskay  
had not made a private thing of her  
announcement. She could feel the  
sneer of triumph on the face of Greta  
James, the new girl who had tried to  
make trouble for her ever since she  
had come.

With all the complacency she could  
summon, she announced herself to  
Mr. Cortwright's secretary in the  
outer hall.

"Yes, Miss Arandale. He is busy  
just now," she replied pleasantly.  
"Just be seated, and he will see you  
in a moment."

The half hour she waited was a  
long moment, and Jane's spirits ebbed.  
What could Mr. Cortwright wish to  
see her about? Had they decided that  
they could no longer give her Sab-  
bath off?

## *Compensation!*

"HE SHALL GIVE THEE THE  
DESIRES OF THINE HEART"

By ALETHA HOLMES

"Pessimist," she chided herself.  
"After all, it is nearly Thanksgiving,  
and probably he just has news that  
Caroline is coming home."

Caroline had been her best friend,  
even through that last stormy year of  
high school when Jane could not join  
the others in the gay round of activ-  
ities. Caroline's friendship, however,  
could not stand the test of a year at  
exclusive Brewster College and a sum-  
mer in Europe. (*Turn to page 3*)



# Let's Talk It Over

THE vice-president of a certain railroad was out on a tour of inspection, and when the train stopped at a small division terminal out on the prairies of the Middle West, he climbed down from his special car to the cinder roadbed, bent on taking a bit of exercise. He had not walked far when he met an elderly man clad in overalls.

"Do you work for this railroad?" he asked.

"Yes sir," was the answer.

"How long have you worked for us?"

"Forty-two years."

"How much do you earn?"

"Forty cents an hour."

"How much did you earn when you first came to work for us?"

"Forty cents an hour."

The vice-president was surprised; then as he thought more about it, he became really concerned. And at the next board meeting he suggested that something be done by way of honorarium for the employee who had labored faithfully for forty-two years at forty cents an hour.

"Suppose we retire him with a liberal pension," suggested the president. And so it was finally agreed.

The aging man was given notification of the change, and invited to appear before the board. He listened to the president's words of appreciation for his "long and valued service" and then stood in embarrassed silence, holding the check which had been placed in his hands. Finally, the president thought to put him at ease by asking:

"By the way, what is your job with our line?"

"I go around the yard hitting the wheels of the cars with a hammer."

"What do you do that for?" asked the president, smiling.

The man looked bewildered, then answered: "I'm sure I don't know!"

Forty-two years!

Doing the same job nobody knows how many times a day for approximately fifteen thousand days!

Never, apparently, questioning why! Or making an effort to bring to his task thought and understanding!

Which reminds me of a thought-provoking question I once heard an exasperated master plumber ask a helper who had heedlessly dug a pipe trench in the wrong place. "How under the sun," he exploded, "do you ever expect to get ahead if you don't use the one you've got?"

A STRANGELY simple sign caught my eye as I passed the door of our accounting department here in the Review and Herald office the other day. It is neatly framed, and from its place on the wall just above the cashier's desk it challenges attention. It has but one word—just one: T-H-I-N-K!

And I walked slowly up the stairs to my third-floor workroom, reviewing the happenings of the past hour, determining that hereafter I would keep my mind alert, and see that my wits didn't go a-woolgathering.

For there had been a hurry-up conference in the general manager's office. The pressroom foreman, the typeroom foreman, the proofroom foreman, the art-department foreman, the production manager, the manager and associate manager of the circulation department, and the humble editor of the INSTRUCTOR, sat around the conference table. A wrong advertisement page—oh, yes a *very* wrong one—had somehow sneaked past all of us, right into the paper!

"Stop the press!" It was the general manager speaking.

The pressroom foreman reached for the telephone.

"Now how *could* a mistake like this happen?" The usually genial general manager looked us over. He wasn't smiling at the moment—and really I didn't blame him.

When we got right down to brass tacks and traced the errant ad from here to there, it seemed that while some through whose hands it had passed did not have the information that would have enabled them to check the error, most of us just hadn't been on our mental toes—hadn't been thinking!

"Of course, the editor is really responsible for *everything* that goes into the paper," observed the general manager, as we were leaving his office.

Just as if I didn't know it!

He refrained from saying: "Let this be a lesson to you"—he is a very gracious, kindly manager—but, believe me, it will be!

For every revolution of the big press that reprinted the corrected issue—thirty-nine thousand of them—seemed to say: "THINK! THINK! THINK!"

THE mind is one of the most marvelous and delicate and complicated parts of the human body. Not one of us has ever seen our brains.

but we all have—some at least. And God will hold us responsible for the way we use—or misuse—this precious talent, this priceless gift.

Some people have sieve minds. Most of the worth-while things they put into them leak out. This is not a physical defect, but the result of careless thinking.

Some people have grasshopper minds. They flit about from here to there and do not stay at one fixed point long enough to think anything through.

Some people have trained minds. They can concentrate, and reason from cause to effect, and plan ahead and prepare for future emergencies. Such minds retain what is put into them, and as they gain more and more knowledge, the importants are filed away for future reference.

The kind of mind you have depends largely upon your own choice. If you can't remember "anything," ten chances to one you haven't really tried. For a memory taken firmly in hand will react in a surprising way to real effort.

But most of us are too mentally indolent to *work* at thinking. It is so much easier to let our thoughts just—well—sort of slide in and out at random, than it is to keep our mental machinery well oiled and perfectly geared, and in good running order.

But it pays to THINK!

AND another thing! Train your mind to make itself up. The cancer of indecision has eaten the vitals out of many a brain, and left only a weak, vacillating—something, that eventually puts a period to efficiency and life's usefulness.

Take time to think. Snap judgments are usually unsafe and unsound. But when you *have* thought, then decide, and *stay* decided unless you are sure you have made a mistake. It is men and women of forethought and decision who succeed in what they undertake for either the Son of God or the sons of men.

YES, friend o' mine, if your mind isn't keen, and alert, and each day learning and retaining at least one worth-while bit of information or inspiration, you are slipping, and I invite you to join me in the resolve to—THINK!

Lora E. Clement



(Continued from page 1)

When she returned she had barely had time for a brief, formal call upon Jane before returning to her school for the winter. Since then she had not written a line to her one-time pal. It was Caroline who had secured for her the job in her father's advertising agency with Sabbaths free, and now, as a result of Caroline's desertion, perhaps she could not hope to hold it, faithful though she had tried to be.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cortwright," Jane smiled, as she was ushered into the inner office.

"Good afternoon, Miss Arandale. Be seated, please," said the genial but brusque Mr. Cortwright. She had always liked this gray-haired father of Caroline so much better than her society-minded mother.

"Now I'm going to drop all formality with you today, Jane, and talk to you as I would to my own daughter. You're in rather a bad situation right now in your department. I realize that it is the other girls who have tried to make trouble, but I have not been able to alter Mrs. Vetuskey's position in the matter. I appreciate the quality of your work, and even she has admitted in the past that you tend to business and turn out as much in five days as the others do in six.

"Now I'm going to make you a proposition. My secretary has too heavy a load. She could use a conscientious young assistant like you. A knowledge of shorthand would not be necessary, for the work would consist of helping to make up reports, and being at the switchboard and desk when she is busy in my office. With this change in your position we could give you a slight raise at present, with the promise of regular raises in salary as you progressed in the work. We had in mind that this might help you finance your way at night school, where you could perhaps finish your secretarial course and thus make yourself more valuable here in the office."

Jane's eyes glowed with happy tears. She had waited and prayed for this opportunity for so long.

"Mr. Cortwright, I don't know what to say. I hadn't even dared to hope for such a chance as this."

"Wait, young lady. It will mean that you will have to give up this crazy Sabbath idea. Saturdays have been a real problem to us. That is the day you will be needed most at the desk, but as you know, it is only for a half day, since we close at twelve o'clock."

Jane's spirits were dashed to the lowest possible depths by those few words. Without even daring to think of the results, she calmly replied:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cortwright. This is a demand with which I can never comply, even if it costs me my present job."

"I'm afraid, young lady, that that's exactly what it will do. Mrs. Vetuskey has demanded your release, and



## The Heavenly Treasure

By MARGARETTE BALL  
DICKSON

Poet Laureate of Minnesota

**The gospel is a treasure.  
The earth is interlaced  
In no such bounteous measure  
As in its pages traced.  
Earth's golden veins and diadems  
Will not compare with gospel  
gems;  
Its flow of oil and amber wheat  
Less precious than the mercy seat.**

I have worked this out as a solution to your problem. You may consider yourself dismissed unless you accept this alternative. I shall not act on your hasty decision. Go home and think this over carefully. Remember, you have no one to depend on but yourself; so consider my proposition wisely. Come in and see me tomorrow. Good day!"

Jane was sick! "You've no one to depend on but yourself," kept ringing through her brain. How well she knew this—but was it true? Had she not a Father above more powerful than Caroline, Mr. Cortwright, or anyone in whom she had been trusting up to now? She breathed a prayer to that Father for courage to stand firm for the right and to keep back the tears while she faced the hardhearted group back in her department. Calmly she took her seat. Though it was almost five o'clock, she found on her desk a number of items which needed attention, and went to work on them.

That night Jane prayed as she had never prayed before, but the tempter seemed bound to discourage her. Finally she reached for her Bible and opened it at random to read, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." And across the page were these words: "I have been

young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

The girl's heart fairly pounded with joy. These words had been written just for her! Eagerly she read again, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, . . . and He shall bring it to pass."

Falling on her knees, Jane prayed a new prayer—a prayer of faith. Earnestly she sought the Lord, telling Him that He had promised to lead her, had promised not to let her go hungry, and that she was depending on Him to keep His promise, for, so far as she knew, she had fulfilled her part. She even asked that He would forgive the friends who had forsaken her and turned against her, and bless the influence she had tried to exert in the office for His honor and glory.

The God who turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends, heard the prayer of a young girl that night and did not forget that "also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before."

The next morning was cold and still. During the night Dame Nature had splattered a coat of white over the out-of-doors. Full of awe, Jane stood looking out of the window. People below were scurrying to work, seemingly unconscious of the first snow. Well, maybe she, too, would be unmindful of all this beauty if she still had a job. Maybe God wanted her to stop and consider Him and the wonders of His created works. She had been so fretful at life lately. Other girls went on to college. She had to work—and in such a sordid place. It seemed that all the love God had sent into her life had either been snatched from her, had faded, or had to be refused. Heartsick, she faced this last disaster and wondered what her Master would have her do.

Then suddenly she thought: "This isn't disaster! It must be God's providence." He had allowed this experience to come to her for some special purpose. After all, she had her health and a Friend above who far surpassed earth's fleeting friends.

Why not go and consult with Pastor Duncan? She could not keep her room longer and run up a bill. Mrs. Duncan was not well, and maybe she could help with the children and earn her board and shelter for a few weeks, at least until she could find employment.

Heartened by the new idea, Jane set out briskly on her mile-and-a-half walk to see the Duncans. She had kept herself in so close, working from dawn until darkness, that it was a real treat to be out in the sunshine. God realized she needed a new awakening. He could cover the sordidness of her past life and make it white as snow.

"Good morning, Jane," the jovial young pastor greeted her as he answered her ring. (Turn to page 10)





MADAME BOUGUEREAU, ARTIST

As a Youth, the Sweet Singer of Israel Fearlessly Kept His Father's Flocks

# David

By LEON A. KNIGHT

I WISH to present to you one of the most paradoxical characters of all time—a man in whom are embodied the most abnormal extremes of emotional intensity; a man who, in the short space of one lifetime, ran the gamut of human experience; a man who drank more deeply of the cup of life than any other within the history recorded in the Old Testament. This man was at once an artistic dreamer and a man of action, a debonair sophisticate and a blundering commoner, a tenderhearted father and a hard-hearted enemy. Artist, philosopher, dictator, murderer—yet he was one of whom the Creator of the universe said, “David is a man after My own heart.”

David's boyhood and adolescence were a pastoral idyl. Living among the things of nature, he developed,

body and mind, in an atmosphere of pure simplicity.

His youth and early manhood were an epic of racy adventure. By the time he was installed on the throne of Israel, he was already the most popular man in the country, a legendary figure, a handsome, romantic hero.

As king of Israel, David became the practical man of action. In a few short years he built a flaccid, vacillating people into a united race. His powerful army and navy hammered surrounding nations into subjection or oblivion. A combination of relentless force and daring diplomacy gained for him and his nation a world respect.

Simultaneously with his phenomenal political rise there appeared in his life definite indications of a moral retrogression. It is difficult to identify the

poetic dreamer of the Judean hills with the power-drunk plutocrat of the palace at Jerusalem. Of his spiritual career during his early middle age, details are somewhat meager. But one or two references in the chronicles of the kings to his treatment of war prisoners lead us to the conclusion that he was a hard taskmaster, and that his treatment of those of his own countrymen who were so unfortunate as to incur his wrath, was thoroughly incompatible with the ideals of a great mind.

In the characteristic style of an absolute monarch he surrounded himself with a powerful army. His generals and men of state were chosen more for muscular development than for social polish. Joab, his chief military executive, was a man whose elastic conscience permitted him to perform deeds of the utmost treachery.

David's moral decline no doubt showed itself in other ways, too. It is not illogical to suppose that his experience with Uriah was but the culmination of a growing habit of despotic self-indulgence. His cunning attempts to cover his tracks betray a practiced finesse.

What was there, then, in the character of this man that called forth the approval of God? What was there about him that warrants his being set before us as an example? Why could David invoke the blessing and assistance of God with such assurance?

For answer I turn to the words of Jesus Christ as recorded by Matthew: “Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

Here, I believe, is the real key to the enigma of David's character. He possessed the two fundamental attributes of a child. He was *trusting* and he was *teachable*. I like to think of the scene between him and his friend and mentor, Nathan. Nathan had just finished the disagreeable task of denouncing the king to his face. David listened in silence. In fact, he scarcely seemed to hear the final words. Nathan finished, and David just sat, lost in thought. Then I see him in imagination slowly turn to the prophet, and hear him speak, quietly.

“Nathan, I've come a long way in the last twenty years. But I wonder if it hasn't been in the wrong direction. Nathan, come with me into the inner room here, where it's quiet, and help me find my way back.”

I see David for the next few weeks torn by a desperate misery and anguish of soul. Even his closest friends find it advisable to leave him alone. But finally, even while the tiny victim of his own dastardly action is breathing its last breath, he finds his peace with God. He washes, and leaves his room with the sublime tranquillity of a man (*Turn to page 13*)



# When the King Came

By LEONORA LACEY WARRINER

FOR weeks we had been talking of the coming of the king; now, after a long trip of fifteen hundred miles, we were at last part of an excited throng gathered in Victoria, British Columbia, to welcome the ruler of some four hundred million people—King George VI. The long northern twilight was fading into the soft darkness of night as we pushed our way through the milling crowds to our seats.

Brilliantly illuminated buildings lifted fairylike outlines against the sky; red, green, and white flares and rockets lit up the eager faces of waiting thousands; the music of massed bands, the sweet, wild skirling of bagpipes, blending with the joyous pealing of church bells, added their thrilling glamour to an unforgettable occasion. Opposite the grandstand in which we sat, great branches of red-and-white English hawthorn formed a flowering canopy over the heads of the throngs who waited for the king to pass by on his way to government house. Crimson-coated troops lined the route, and a little distance away at the Inner Harbor, whistles were blowing and sirens were screaming a welcome as the S.S. "Princess Marguerite," with a convoy of airplanes droning overhead, came slowly to anchor. Suddenly the royal salute of twenty-one guns roared forth, and we

knew that the king had come to Victoria!

A tense excitement gripped the waiting thousands. In a few moments we should see him with our own eyes! A sweet-faced, elderly woman, sitting next to me, said quietly, but very proudly, "My family has been in the king's service for generations. Grandfather was an officer in the Crimean War—he was killed at Balaklava; there are always some of us in the service." How it brought history down to the present moment! Yes, I thought, it is a wonderful privilege to be in the service of even an earthly king, but a far higher honor belongs to those who enlist under the banner of King Immanuel.

A young naval cadet behind us, upon hearing my husband, who is an American, remark how happy he was to be able to see the king, leaned eagerly over and touched him on the shoulder, and said in a voice vibrant with loyalty and pride, "But think what it means to *us* to see the king! He was a naval cadet, too, and knows all the things we have to go through and stand up against; why, *he* went through the very same training we do, and never once shirked a thing! There isn't one of us who wouldn't gladly die for him!" Again I thought of that other and greater King who took upon Himself the nature of man,

who knows the hardness of the way and is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, for He was tempted in all points as we are, and has trodden the rough road of human experience. And I wondered how many of us in that great throng who professed to be *His* subjects could say from our hearts as did the young cadet, "There is not one of us who would not gladly die for Him!"

Somehow the coming of the king had made even conservative British Victorians eager to talk to anyone who would listen about the thrilling topic of his visit, and I sat ashamed as I remembered how prone we are to keep silent about the soon coming of that other King. Surely, if we felt half the enthusiasm and loyalty regarding it that Canada was showing for the advent of *her* king, our reluctant lips would be unsealed, and with eager voices and shining eyes, we would say to all we met, "The King is coming! Isn't it glorious? Let's get ready to meet Him!"

The minutes fled by, and suddenly at the turn of the road the brilliant lights of a motorcycle escort swept into view, while a steadily increasing roar of cheering thousands mingled with the music of a score of bands playing the British national anthem. All who were seated sprang to their feet, troops snapped to smart attention at staccato commands, and a wildly cheering crowd, mad with excitement, gave homage to their king and queen as they drove slowly by in an open car, visibly touched by staid Victoria's warmly affectionate welcome.

How fine, how young and handsome, they both were! so much better looking than any picture ever shows them to be—the king's expressive face a little grave as befitted his high office; the lovely queen, gracious and smiling. How we all took them to our hearts, and what a thrill it was to see them! Even the blasé radio announcer who was close to us seemed too overcome with the electric tenseness of the moment to speak coherently, and apologized for the lump that suddenly came to his throat, making speech difficult.

My husband and I sank back in our seats, both of us quite as overcome with emotion and excitement as the cheering crowds around us. We could only look at each other and murmur breathlessly, "*We have seen the king!*" You who have had the good fortune to be at any of the places visited by him on his recent trip to North America will understand that strange electric tenseness of which I speak, that seemed everywhere to grip



COURTESY, CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

One of Nature's Beauty Spots in Lovely Canada



the bystanders whenever the king and the queen passed.

Later as we pushed our way through the home-going throng, I thought of all the "pomp and circumstance" attendant upon even an earthly king; of how stirring a thing it is to see with one's own eyes the person of majesty. But how infinitely more stirring and wonderful it will be to see the King of kings when He comes to this earth "with power and great glory," "and all the holy angels with Him," "with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God"! How thrilling is the description of John in Revelation, "I saw . . . one like unto the Son of man. . . . His eyes were as a flame of fire, . . . His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters. . . . His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength!" Small wonder the aged prophet adds, "And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead!" Again he says, "And on His head were many crowns; . . . and the armies which were in heaven followed Him. . . . He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS." Yes, that will be a dreadful and wonderful day. May we by His grace and mercy be able to "stand at His appearing," and not be forever destroyed by its brightness and great glory!

The morning came, and once more we joined the thousands who gathered to see the king as he went to the houses of parliament. Too excited to remain in my seat, I left the grandstand and found my way through the crowds to a strategic position where the winding driveway narrowed to a width of a few feet. Once more I had the thrill of seeing the king; this time from a point so near that I could have almost touched him. Speeding back to my seat, I was in time to see him again as he returned from parliament half an hour later.

All through the day, we had seen the royal standard, the king's own ensign, flying above buildings, at the front of the royal car, or floating over reviewing stands. Wherever he went, immediately his banner was unfurled that all might know that the king was there; the moment he left a building or enclosure it was quickly taken down. And I wondered how it was with us who claim to have enthroned within our hearts the very presence of the King of kings. Can all with whom we come in contact recognize as they come in touch with us the symbol of His presence—the bloodstained banner of King Immanuel? Or may it be true that if He is not *really* enthroned within our hearts, people will immediately recognize the fact?

Later that day we stood opposite the beautiful Empress Hotel, where a great banquet was being held in honor

of Their Majesties. Thousands thronged the sidewalks, and more thousands crowded the lovely gardens. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their colorful uniforms patrolled the road, and troops from various regiments lined it on either side. In front of us was the royal car, surrounded by a group of high naval and army officers waiting for the king to reappear.

The crowd outside waited impatiently. In a far corner a low murmur arose, gaining in volume and widening out in ever-increasing circles until a great diapason of sound swept up from the waiting multitude, "We want the king! We want the king!"

You who have heard that thrilling cry voiced by thousands of men and women stirred by emotion and excitement will recall the electrical effect it has upon those who hear it. As I listened I thought of those words in the twenty-first verse of the twenty-third chapter of Numbers, "The shout of a King is among them;" and my mind went back to a long-ago day in old Jerusalem when Saul was presented to Israel by Samuel, and all the gathered hosts shouted the age-old cry of loyalty, "God save the king!" I thought, too, of the King of kings whose long-looked-for coming is rapidly drawing near, and wondered how many of us standing there acclaiming an earthly monarch felt within us that other deep heart cry, "We want the King!"

In front of us, ten scarlet-coated men of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Infantry, forming the motorcycle escort for His Majesty, had lined up their machines, and were waiting for him to appear. Wherever he drove during his stay in Victoria, they rode ahead and around the royal car. Now, at the end of this historic day, they were to escort him back to government house.



**"Few men travel over the road of success without an occasional puncture."**

As the time drew nearer for the monarch to appear, the crowds were on tiptoe with excitement, and the men of the motorcycle escort tuned up their engines to be in instant readiness to sweep into position. Suddenly the great doors of the Empress swung open, and the crowd surged forward, crying, "The king is coming!" A uniformed figure appeared in the archway, but it was only Prime Minister MacKenzie King of Canada—who came hurriedly down the crimson-carpeted walk accompanied by members of the royal entourage. The people sank back with a sigh, eyes still strained on the archway through which the king would appear.

Once more the cry arose, "The king is coming;" once more the motorcycle escort feverishly ran their engines, but again they were disappointed. A young page in the uniform of the Empress Hotel came proudly down the path which led to the royal car, bearing on his arm the beautiful blue-fox fur which the queen had been wearing that day. Very proudly, too, he laid the lustrous neckpiece on the seat Her Majesty was to occupy, and then walked back into the hotel, with head held high and with eyes shining. No prouder person in Victoria that day than he! Was he not the queen's special messenger, doing her a personal service? As I watched him, I thought, "Are we who are privileged to be special messengers of the Great King as proud of the great honor that is ours as was this humble page serving his queen? Or do we sometimes feel an unworthy shame and embarrassment at being pointed out as His servants?"

Again that thrilling cry, "The king is coming!" and this time it was really he! Tall, slim, and very handsome in his uniform of an admiral of the royal navy, with the beautiful queen smiling graciously at his side, he came slowly down the carpeted steps, acknowledging the wild cheering of the people whose hearts they had completely captured during the too-short hours they had been among them.

Again the motorcycle escort furiously ran their engines, and, whirling into position, rapidly surrounded the royal car. But what was this that was happening directly in front of us? An officer was trying frantically to start his machine; for a moment the engine ran, then, sputtering and coughing, it sank with a last final gasp into complete silence. Already the other members of the escort were in their appointed places, and the king and queen were standing up in their car waving a last farewell as the chauffeur put it into slow motion.

With the perspiration pouring down his face, the young officer still tried desperately to start his engine; but it was in vain, for *all his gasoline was gone!* Somehow he had neglected to have his tank sufficiently full to carry him through that (*Turn to page 13*)





PHOTO BY J. C. ALLEN

As the Potter Molds His Clay, so the Teacher Molds the Characters of Her Pupils

# Her Influence

By ANNE BRADLEY

**A**LTHOUGH the October morning was crisp and bright, it was difficult for me to keep my eyes as alert as the weather. They had missed their usual slumber the night before, and excitement and travel had kept them wide awake twelve hours overtime.

No one knew I was coming. As I entered the small village and its panoramic view spread out before me, I thought of all the changes that had taken place since my last visit. The old church steeple was gone, and a new one had been erected in its place. A number of new homes were in view. The Mitchell house had at last received a coat of paint. Some of my old paths were covered with weeds and tall grass.

After freshening up a little at the home of a friend, I hurried off to the one place I had so long looked forward to visiting.

The afternoon session in the Avalon church school was called to order by its two teachers, and the boys and girls filed into their respective rooms. I stood in the shadows and watched, musing and retrospecting on those days which seemed but a few hours past, when I played "Annie over" the

coal shed, and baseball, making a home run on my good days, and then marched into the seemingly stuffy schoolroom after enjoying the out-of-doors.

With these thoughts racing through my mind, I stepped up to the door, which was closed by this time, knocked, and waited—waited for her, my teacher, for I still think of her as such.

The door opened, and there she stood—tall and stately, half smiling, yet with a puzzled expression on her countenance, as if she were saying, "Just who are you?" I smiled, held out my hand, and asked, "Don't you remember me?" At that moment she drew me to her, saying, "Why, Anne! Where did you come from?" She was both surprised and pleased.

I told her hurriedly that I had come especially to visit the school, and asked if I might come in. She turned to the children, who by this time were gaping or whispering to one another, and questioned, "Boys and girls, do you know who this is?" Several said that they did, and grinned childishly. I smiled back, although I did not recognize any of them.

I found my old seat and sat down

in it, giving it an affectionate pat of greeting. And it gave me a creak of welcome, as I settled back and relaxed for the first time in two days.

Here I was at last! For four long weeks I had planned, worked, and anxiously waited for the hours to slip by and hasten the time when I could start my journey of a thousand miles to Indiana to visit my childhood home and, most of all, the school which I had attended, which is still under the same supervision as then.

"Geography VI, stand. Pass." A shy, self-conscious group of eleven and twelve year olds shuffled to the chairs in the front row. Some were eager for recitation; others gazed dreamily around the room.

"Robert, name the principal cities of Connecticut and give their industries." Robert, although the smallest in the class, was the most alert. He answered the questions without any hesitation whatever. And the class continued reciting about that State from which I had come only a few hours previously.

My eyes shifted from the class in recitation to the other pupils in the room. Some were busy studying, some were twiddling with toys of their own making, and still others were trying to hide their giggling and whispering from their teacher.

After studying their faces for a few moments, I began to recognize some of them as the boys and girls who had been babies and kindergartners when I was enrolled as a pupil in the school. Some of them evidently remembered me and turned (*Turn to page 10*)





# Unselfish Service to Finish His Work<sup>+</sup>

By WALTER I. SMITH  
President of Pacific Union College

**H**E said to them all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away?" Luke 9:23-25.

This memorable charge and challenging question the divine Master flung out across the centuries. It is the only truly pertinent question of any day or in any life. As propounded by our Lord, it furnishes a test which the wisest and the most unlearned may apply to individual, institution, agency, or nation with equal certainty of determining its true worth. Here we may have a simple test of the values in the life upon which we are looking. Would you be great, chronicled among the world's famous? True greatness is internal, not external. It is a matter of spirit, not of deeds; of quality of life, not of quantity. He is the great man who is noble of spirit, who is loyal to his King, who has risen above self—not he who has attained position or note, or he who is most served. He is your first citizen who contributes most to the uplift of the community, not he who holds highest office. That is the best life which is lost in the welfare of others.

Said the great Carlyle: "It is only with renunciations that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin. . . . In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie." Or as another has so forcibly expressed it: "You talk of self as the motive to exertion. I tell you it is the abnegation of self which has wrought out all that is noble, all that is good, all that is useful, and nearly all that is ornamental in the world."

On the pages of history, self-sacrifice stands crowned as the noblest of virtues. In all ages, selfishness has been as a flame consuming society, a sword working waste and ruin. On the other hand, self-sacrifice has repaired this waste and achieved for man victories many and great. The church owes its life to the company of martyrs whose blood has crimsoned its every page. The state has been wrought out by the patriots who have given their lives for liberty. Civilization and progress stand upon the shoulders of those who have endured the fetter and the fagot rather than belie their convictions. And today, we are invited to behold self-sacrifice standing forth clothed with immeasurable excellence.

Not large is the company of the men whose names we so honor, but the crown which rests with increasing glory upon their heads is the never-fading crown of self-sacrifice. As one has beautifully elaborated this principle:

"Christ died on the cross as a vicarious sacrifice for our redemption. The principle of vicarious sacrifice is woven into the whole web of the world. Nature itself is full of it. Everything is there laid on the altar of sacrifice that it may be transmuted into something higher. The rocks crumble into soil, the soil sprouts into plant and flower and fruit, the fruit passes into the life of the animal and of man.

"Our human world is red with the baptism of sacrificial blood. We are members one of another, so that all must suffer together and one for another. The strong must suffer for the weak, the good for the bad, and the innocent for the guilty. The mother suffers for the child, the righteous father for his wicked son, and the soldier for his country. The blood of all the past generations has become our blessing, their battles are now our victories, and their pains our ease.

"We can rarely help another in need unless we are willing to suffer for him; and the degree of our vicarious suffering has a strange chemistry by which it inspires the weak and disheartened with courage, comforts the penitent and sorrowing, and melts

hardness of heart into contrition and submission. Whoever would enter into other lives in healing ministry must carry with him and apply this balm. Life everywhere costs life, and whoever would redeem it must pay this price. God Himself cannot escape this law, and its supreme manifestation is the cross of His Son."

Joseph De Veuster was born January 3, 1840, in the small village of Tremeloo, Belgium, and died at Molokai, Hawaii, April 15, 1889. His father, a farmer, sent him to college to prepare for a commercial profession, but at the age of twenty years the young man entered into the religious life, and it is as Father Damien that the world remembers him. At the time he was admitted to brotherhood, he was winning to look upon and exceptionally stalwart in physical being.

His brother, already a priest, had been appointed as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, which include the Hawaiian group, but on the eve of sailing was laid low by an attack of typhus. Damien over his bedside asked, "Brother, will it console you if I go in your place?" Receiving an eager, "Yes," he immediately sought permission from his superior, and re-



\* Excerpts from a baccalaureate sermon given July 22, 1939.



ceiving it, he set off without waiting for dinner to bid good-by to his father and mother.

His ship sailed a few days later, and he arrived in the port of Honolulu, March 19, 1864. Ordained a priest in the same year, he was given charge of various districts on the islands. Animated with a burning zeal, and blessed with a robust constitution, he gave full play to the impulses of his heart. Not only was he a missionary to the natives, but he also constructed several chapels with his own hands, both in Hawaii and in Molokai.

On the latter island there had grown up a leper settlement where were kept segregated all persons afflicted with the loathsome disease. The board of health gave them food and clothing, but was unable in the beginning to provide them with either resident physician or nurses. The leading bishop lamented that, owing to a scarcity of missionaries, he was unable to do anything for the poor lepers on Molokai, and especially did he regret that he could not send them a fixed pastor.

Hearing these words and learning that some young priests had just arrived for mission work, Father Damien instantly spoke: "Here are your new missionaries. One of them could take my district; and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me."

On May 10, 1873, he arrived at the settlement, and for a long time was the only one to bring them the help they so greatly needed. He not only administered the consolations of religion, but also rendered them such little medical service and bodily comforts as were within his power.

When he had lived with them about ten years, he was convinced that he

had become a leper even as they. Examined by a physician, he was informed, "I cannot bear to tell you, but what you say is true."

"It is no shock to me," said Damien, "for I have long felt sure of it." Henceforward, in preaching to his flock, he no longer said, "my brethren," but, "we lepers."

Three years passed. Toward the end of his life he wrote to his brother, "I have accepted this malady as my special cross which I try to carry, like Simon the Cyrenian, in the footsteps of our divine Master."

In accordance with his own wish, his friends buried him beneath the pandanus tree, the boughs of which had been his roof more than sixteen years before when he first came to Molokai.

"By the laws of God in nature, effect follows cause with unvarying certainty. The reaping testifies to the sowing. Here no pretense is tolerated. Men may deceive their fellow men, and may receive praise and compensation for service which they have not rendered. But in nature there can be no deception. On the unfaithful husbandman the harvest passes sentence of condemnation. And in the highest sense this is true also in the spiritual realm. It is in appearance, not in reality, that evil succeeds. The child who plays truant from school, the youth who is slothful in his studies, the clerk or apprentice who fails of serving the interests of his employer, the man in any business or profession who is untrue to his highest responsibilities, may flatter himself that, so long as the wrong is concealed, he is gaining an advantage. But not so; he is cheating himself. The harvest of life is character, and it is this that determines destiny, both for this life and for the life to come.

"The harvest is a reproduction of the seed sown. Every seed yields fruit 'after its kind.' So it is with

the traits of character we cherish, Selfishness, self-love, self-esteem, self-indulgence, reproduce themselves, and the end is wretchedness and ruin. 'He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' Love, sympathy, and kindness yield fruitage of blessing, a harvest that is imperishable.

"In the harvest the seed is multiplied. A single grain of wheat, increased by repeated sowings, would cover a whole land with golden sheaves. So widespread may be the influence of a single life, of even a single act."

When Hattie May Wiatt came to a small Sunday school and asked to be taken in, it was explained there was no room for her. In less than two years she fell ill, and slipped away on her own last pilgrimage. No one guessed her strange little secret until beneath her pillow was found a battered and torn pocketbook with fifty-seven pennies in it, wrapped about with a little scrap of paper on which was written, "To help build the little temple bigger, so that more children can go there to Sunday school."

Hattie was a poor girl, and for two years she had worked and saved her pennies for the cause which was nearest her heart. The pastor told the touching incident to his congregation, and people began to make donations for the enlargement of the little church. The papers told it far and wide, and within five years the fifty-seven pennies had grown to be \$250,000, and today, if you go to Philadelphia, you can see a great church there called the Baptist Temple, with a seating capacity of 3,300; Temple



President Smith

College, where more than 1,400 students are accommodated; Temple Hospital; and Temple Sunday school building, which is so large that all the children who want to attend may come and be comfortable there. She was only a little girl with a

little girl's heart, but who can estimate the power of her ardor, her unselfishness, and her fifty-seven pennies?

I think of the early pioneers of the second advent movement, their struggles, their self-denials, their privations, their sacrifices; of the beginnings of the literature work of Seventh-day Adventists and that little meeting in Dor- (Turn to page 12)





# Her Influence

(Continued from page 7)

around in their seats to look me over.

And then my eyes were riveted upon the quiet, unassuming and yet stately figure of the teacher, Miss Patterson. I watched her as she endeavored to teach her grammar class the difference between "lie" and "lay." So patient, I thought. Over and over she would review them until she was quite sure that they all had absorbed the difference between the two verbs. "These boys and girls will remember her illustrations of those perplexing verbs in their study of grammar in the future," I mused; for I was thinking of the many times I had recalled my eighth-grade grammar while studying English courses in academy and college.

I felt like a girl of thirteen, with the experience of my real age. Incidents kept flashing into my mind of the days when I used to sit at Miss Patterson's feet and learn not only the three "R's," but also many lessons in overcoming life's problems.

Responsibility and thoroughness were two great characteristics which she instilled in me. Not only did our work have to be well done and complete, but in our recreation and entertainments the same principle held true. Miss Patterson did not believe in doing anything haphazardly.

Although we were young, she gave us responsibility, which was a decided influence in helping us to become dependable. One of my responsibilities was to run off history and civics notes on her little hectograph. I took this assignment seriously, and tried to have my work satisfy her in every way, for she caused me to feel that she really needed my assistance, and I did not want to disappoint her. I wondered who did this for her now, for I noticed a few sheets of history notes on the desk of one of the girls, and I knew the hectograph was still in use.

We pupils were not different from other children. We were normal, and encountered the same temptations as did those in other schools. Once during a history examination, while Miss Patterson's head was turned I told one of my neighbors the answer to a question. She did not see us, but another classmate did, and stayed after school to relate to the teacher the happening of the afternoon.

The next evening, Miss Patterson knocked at the door of our home and asked to speak to me. When I went to the door, she told me in a nervous tone what had been told her, and stated that she was sorry, but that she would have to cut my final grade in the course. I was ashamed, and so was the one whom I had told. We both received the same punishment. Not only was I ashamed, but I determined never to do such a thing again. I admired my teacher for coming directly to me, not in a cross manner, but in such a way that she let me know that she knew I would never do it again. I felt that she had confidence in me still. In my school years since, I have never forgotten that incident, and if at any time I have been similarly tempted, the temptation has left me immediately when I have recalled a mental picture of the scene that evening on our front porch. I still want her to have that same confidence in me.

Although I remember many of her somewhat strict ways of dealing with us, I do not resent them, for along with her desire and demand for good behavior, she also had a sense of humor

and could laugh and enjoy life with her pupils. At Christmastime she always arranged a party for us and let us all participate in the planning of it. She also recognized amusing incidents that happened in the schoolroom, and joined in with our hearty laughter.

As I sat there in my old seat thinking of these incidents of the past and observing her and her pupils, I could not help thinking of her influence. In all her years of teaching, how many children she has guided and influenced for right! I am not the only one in this world who



Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer  
Department of the General Conference

*Is it considered wrong to play the game of flinch, if only occasionally?*

This question is limited to the occasional playing of a game. There is evidently a recognition of the dangers of immoderation in such pastimes—of consuming valuable time, and, in the eagerness to win, the stimulating of a spirit of excitement that is detrimental to the spiritual life. This tendency is well stated by Mrs. White as follows:

"I do not condemn the simple exercise of playing ball; but this, even in its simplicity, may be overdone. I shrink always from the almost sure result which follows in the wake of these amusements. . . . The amusements, and expenditures of means for self-pleasing, which lead on step by step to self-glorifying, and the educating in these games for pleasure, produce a love and passion for such things that is not favorable to the perfection of Christian character."—*Elmshaven Leaflet, Education, No. 6, "Useful Occupation Better Than Games."*

In considering the question of games that may be played under such conditions as are proper, the preference should be given to those involving exercise in the open air, especially if the mind has been taxed. Among sedentary games, those which involve skill, and which tend to call into exercise acumen, quickness of eye or decision—such traits as are useful in life's experience—are to be chosen in preference to those that are won or lost purely by chance, and in which the mental faculties are to a large degree given a leave of absence.

Judged by this standard, the game of flinch would be on the border line. While more or less skill is involved in its successful playing, yet the element of chance enters into the dealing of the cards, and in every card turned up.

There are so many healthful recreational games that it should not be deemed necessary to resort to those about which a question may be raised. The fact that it is a matter of debate among church members, would indicate the advisability of being on the conservative side. It would be well to examine the many helpful and interesting games outlined in the book, "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers."

D. E. ROBINSON.

feels the effect of her life and her dealings with her pupils. There are scores of grown-up boys and girls who, like myself, are indebted to her for their success so far.

Her influence has been with me in everything I have undertaken since I was graduated from that little school. Unconsciously, and sometimes consciously, I realize that in those two years in her classroom I absorbed many life lessons from her and her methods of teaching.

Among my few cherished possessions I have a ten-cent autograph album which contains one page that has been worth many times its value in money to me. My church-school days were almost over. I was helping Miss Patterson with the end-of-the-year items—helping her for the last time as a pupil. At the close of the day I handed her my album. That evening after the graduation exercises she rather timidly handed it back to me while congratulating the class. I did not read its contents until I was at home and all the excitement of the evening was over. Then, remembering the album, I picked it up and it fell open to these words:

"DEAR ANNE:

"How could I have gotten through this past year without you! Your cheerfulness has helped me through my hardest days. My wish for you is that you will always be the encouragement to your future teachers that you have been to me.

"Lovingly your friend,

"HELEN PATTERSON."

My eyes were moist as I finished, for I thought of the many times I had really hurt her and of the ways I could have helped her and did not. But that expression of appreciation and her wish for me has always encouraged me, for I know I have a friend—one who expects great things of me.

"Stand. Pass." I awoke from the past with a start as the boys and girls filed past me on their way to the playground.

I followed them a few minutes later, after a visit with "our teacher" of whom I had been thinking. And as I trailed over the old path to my former home, I thought, "They will not realize her greatness or her helpfulness until they have left that room; but her standards and her influence will follow them and will speak to their innermost souls from time to time, just as they have to mine."

## Compensation!

(Continued from page 3)

"And what brings you here? Won't you come in?"

They had such a small place, perhaps they couldn't keep her. Anyway, how could she ask them? Jane reflected on entering.

"Mr. Johnson, I want you to meet one of the fine young members of our church, Miss Arandale. This is the stenographer I just mentioned to you."

Jane responded to the greeting of a tall, gray-haired man with twinkling eyes.

"If you'll be seated, young lady, we'll go on talking about you," said the minister. "Mr. Johnson is here looking for a young woman like you. I was just telling him how well you would qualify for the work he has in mind, but that you already have a position. And by the way, how does it happen you were able to leave it this morning?"

Jane did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," came to her mind. (Turn to page 12)





HAROLD M. LAMBERT, PHOTO

## Four Prayers

By AUDREY DU CHEMIN

TELL us a story, grandfather," chorused the children, as the beloved man eased his stiff, old body into his favorite chair near the fireplace. Little golden-haired Bess climbed to his lap, while Billy, in his faded blue overalls, and Cousin Sue, who had come to live with us when her own mother died, sat on the floor at his feet.

"We want something new this time, Gramp"—Billy was the self-appointed spokesman for the others—"something exciting."

"Exciting, eh, young man?" Grandfather laughed. He glanced over Bess's curly head at mother, who was sitting in her little rocker, sewing, then cleared his throat and said, "Very well, listen:

"Each spring the snow in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado melts and gorges every creek and rill to overflowing. Once in a great while the spring rains start early, and if the streams are still swollen, torrents of floodwater sweep down through the valleys, carrying away bridges and sheds and barns built too near the edge of the stream, uprooting trees, and inundating meadows.

"One year when this happened, we had a new teacher in our little schoolhouse. She was very young, hardly more than a girl, but she was an earnest Christian. Her pupils, especially the older ones, realized this, and behaved better than they ever had before. Some of them didn't know much about God before she came, but she taught them the Bible along with their three R's." She taught them to pray, too.

"The rain started one morning, and all day long it came down like a cloudburst. When it was time for school to be dismissed, most of the children, regardless of the downpour, started home. However, the two smallest pupils, Charles and Lottie, were afraid to venture out into the storm.

"Teacher, do you think our daddy will come for us?" anxiously asked Charles, as they waited at the door. Both had on their warm wraps and rubber boots. Lottie wore a bright-red coat and a cap to match.

"I think that he will, children," replied the teacher. "You wait a little longer anyway. I will stay with you. I wish that I could take you home, but poor Mrs. Roberts is ill, and I promised that I would give her some treatments as soon as school was over; so I must go there."

"Charles and Lottie waited for a while, but their father did not come for them. Knowing that it would be dark early, the teacher finally urged them to go on alone.

"Don't be frightened," she said, as they set off. "Keep on the road, and walk as fast as you can. And remember—I will be praying for your safety."

"The children trudged along the muddy road, with the cold rain beating against their faces. They did not have as far to go as some of the other boys and girls, but they had to cross San Juan Creek, which was now a raging torrent, before they could get home.

"When they reached the bridge which spanned the creek, Lottie drew back and began to cry. 'I'm afraid, Charles. The water is as high as the bridge, and I don't want to cross. Please, let's go back to the schoolhouse and wait for daddy to come for us.'

"No, we can't go back, Lottie. It will

soon be dark, and anyway, daddy would have come for us long ago if he could have. We just must go on. Here, you take my hand. I'll help you."

"Bravely they started across the bridge. The old, wooden structure, weakened by the flood, swayed perilously with each step that they took. Lottie trembled with fear, but Charles' hand tightened over hers, and he urged her on. They had almost reached the other side when, with a loud crash of rending timbers, the bridge shivered like a wounded creature, broke loose from its supports, and plunged into the stream.

"Charles clung to Lottie as they were swept into the swirling, icy water, and held on even though they were pulled under the black tide, then tossed upon its surface and carried rapidly downstream. Although both children knew how to swim, they were helpless in the swift current. Struggling and screaming, Lottie was frequently almost jerked from Charles' grasp.

"Lottie, Lottie, hold on to me!" he cried, trying to make himself heard above the roar of the flood.

"Then through his mind flashed the words of a psalm that the teacher had taught them, 'Call upon Me. . . I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him.' Charles began to pray that they might be saved from drowning in the icy water of San Juan Creek.

"At home, the children's mother stood at the window anxiously peering out. Now and then she tiptoed across the



## Your Master Comrade Says—



Typewriting

Typewriters revolutionized the business world. Previous to their introduction, the details of business moved at snail pace. Letters, reports, and other countless details were laboriously written by hand. And bookkeeping was very complicated—not simplified and made accurate by the various adding and billing machines available today.

Not only did they transform modern business, but it is historically established that in all Western countries it was the typewriter that first opened to women the doors of business life. Today the majority of stenographers and typists are women.

Although invention of the typewriter was begun in 1714, the first practical machine was not put on the market until 1874. Those engaged in business were ready to accept for use this new machine, but at the same time they were confronted with the problem of securing competent operators. Out of this need arose the modern commercial school, now a prominent feature in the educational system of our country.

More and more educators are coming to realize the importance of classes in typewriting, for the ability to type is an asset to men and women in any walk of life. And doubtless in the near future typing will be a required subject in all high schools. Many students find a typewriter a necessary part of their working equipment, for in many colleges professors will not accept papers written in longhand.

The average typist can do sixty words a minute, which is three times as fast as writing by hand. Add to that the neatness, compactness, and readability of typed copy, and you can readily see the importance of typing ability. In planning your lifework, whether it be stenography, teaching, bookkeeping, writing, editing, library work, medicine, Bible work, nursing, preaching, or business in general, be sure to plan your schedule so as to include a class in typing. And last but not least, a knowledge of typing has frequently been a steppingstone to a high-salaried executive position.

Among the fifty-one Vocational Honors to be obtained, there is one in Typewriting. Whether you have taken typing in school or learned it by yourself in spare minutes, you will find the requirements for the Honor interesting and not too difficult.



room to a cradle in which the baby lay ill. Although the child slept, its little face was feverish, and occasionally it coughed and moved restlessly. Early in the afternoon, the father had gone to town to get medicine to relieve the little one, and he had not returned.

"Charles and Lottie should be here by now," the mother whispered to herself, as she kept vigil at the window. "What can be keeping them? It's long past time." With her apron, she wiped a film of moisture from the windowpane and again stared out into the gray rain. Unable to see any sign of the children, she bowed her head and prayed for their safety.

"In the meantime, the father had started back from town. He made a long detour in order to go past the schoolhouse. He expected to get there before the children started for home. However, when he arrived, they had gone. He drove down the road toward San Juan Creek, hoping soon to overtake them. When he reached the creek, he saw a wagon and a team of horses blocking the road. As he jumped down

from the buggy to investigate, a youth came splashing through the mud toward him.

"The bridge is out, sir!" he shouted, pointing toward the few broken timbers which were all that remained of the span.

"When did it happen? Have you seen two children near here?" Questions tumbled from the father's lips as he hastened toward the water's edge. Several men were standing there looking at the havoc. He also asked them if they had seen his children. When they soberly shook their heads, he was gripped with fear and a premonition of disaster. Without another word, he hurried off to search for them.

"One of the men ran after him calling, 'Where are you going? Do you think that the youngsters wandered off this way when they found the bridge out?'"

"That—or—else—" the father could not put his fears into words.

"The two men fought their way through the underbrush and thick willow growths along the banks of the muddy stream, and splashed knee-deep in floodwater, searching for Charles and Lottie. Although the father had not prayed since he was a small child at his mother's knee, and he had almost forgotten how, he prayed then.

"After what seemed an eternity, the man at his side cried, 'Look! Look over there! Isn't that a child's red coat?'"

"Sprawling across a large tree, which had been uprooted and flung into the stream, was indeed a child's red coat, and Lottie, exhausted and nearly unconscious, was in the coat! Supporting her with one hand, clinging to the tree with the other, was her brave little brother.

"With a glad shout, the father and his companion plunged into the water and brought both children to safety."

When grandfather had finished his narrative, Billy asked, "Is that a true story, Gramp?"

For a moment the silver-haired old man looked at the lad's mother, still quietly sewing; then he called across the room to her, "Daughter, I have been telling the children about the time you and Charles were nearly drowned in San Juan Creek. Do you remember?"

"Yes, father, I certainly do remember. We were saved by prayer—four prayers besides mine."

## Compensation!

(Continued from page 10)

"Pastor Duncan, I lost my position last night. It seems that they can no longer give me Sabbath off," said Jane seriously. "Not knowing where to turn, I have come to you this morning for advice."

"Surely this is the Lord's working," breathed Mr. Johnson. "He has sent you to us for our benefit as well as for your own. An evangelistic effort is to be opened here soon. We very much want two colporteurs to start work here before we begin, in order that some interest may be aroused beforehand. We have one fine young woman ready to go to work. My mission in calling on your pastor was to find a partner for her. With a little training, I believe you could do such work successfully. I think that after the effort starts, our evangelist could probably use you to advantage part time to do typing and keep records for him. Would you be interested, Miss Arandale?"

"I really don't know much about the work. I have always dreaded having to sell anything; but it seems to me the

Lord has definitely led me here this morning. With His help I would most certainly be willing to try."

"Good girl, Jane! I've always wanted to see you in the colporteur field, as you know," smiled the pleased Pastor Duncan.

"We are going to have an institute for the next two weeks over in Brownsville, Miss Arandale. Could you possibly arrange to go back with me this afternoon? I expect to leave about two o'clock. I realize that this is sudden, but it will be helpful if you can be there for the week end."

"Two o'clock this afternoon? I'll be ready," Jane replied.

The two weeks at the institute proved to be enlightening ones. With new-found courage and enthusiasm Jane entered the colporteur work, determined to succeed. Her partner, an earnest Christian girl three years her senior, proved to be the friend she needed, and was a great inspiration when she was tempted to be discouraged.

One year later Jane arrived at the doors of a Seventh-day Adventist college. It had been a hard struggle to make the grade for the fall term, but she had succeeded. It had meant a year of real privation at times, trying to save enough money to enter school. But she had succeeded, "rich and increased" in spiritual goods from the school of experience. As she surveyed the several hundred Christian young people singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," in that first chapel service, she could not keep down a rather persistent lump in her throat. And she surreptitiously wiped away a tear as she murmured: "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

## Unselfish Service

(Continued from page 9)

chester, Massachusetts, in November, 1848. There Ellen G. White was given her first vision of the possibilities of the printing work, which led her to say to her husband, "You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first." Then as a beautiful outcome of its accomplishments, the literature work was seen to be "like streams of light that went clear round the world."

James and Ellen White returned to their home in Middletown, Connecticut. They had no money and were almost destitute of worldly goods, but they did have great faith. The copy for the first issue of *Present Truth* was prepared, and one July day James White carried the finished papers home to the Whites' little one-room dwelling. A few neighbors and interested friends were invited in, and they gathered in a circle about the room, with the copies of the little paper in their midst, and earnestly prayed that God would bless these silent messengers of truth as they sped on their way.

By 1854 several pamphlets, books, and tracts had been published, a total of one copy each of which was valued at \$6.08. By 1875 the number had increased so that the value of the publications, one of each item, amounted to \$30. By 1938 there were 8,712 different publications, books, periodicals, pamphlets, and tracts with a total of 623,005 pages printed in 195 languages, with a total value for one each of the items, of \$2,485.89. And all of this in our day because of the "unselfish service" on the part of those early pioneers in their endeavor to "finish His work."



### THE MODEL PRAYER

Our heavenly Teacher has given us a form of prayer so simple that even the child can lip it, so divinely rich that it comprehends all that God can give. . . .

THY name, THY kingdom, THY will. While we ordinarily bring first our own needs to God in prayer, and then think of what belongs to God and His interests, the Master reverses the order. The lesson is of more importance than we think. In true worship the Father must be first, must be all. The Father is a King and has a kingdom. The son and heir of a king has no higher ambition than the glory of his father's kingdom. . . .

Give US, forgive US, lead US, deliver US. Our daily bread, the pardon of our sins, our being kept from all sin and the power of the evil one—in these three petitions all our personal need is comprehended. . . . When the child has yielded himself to the Father in the care for His name, His kingdom, and His will, he has full liberty to ask for his daily bread. Consecration to God gives wonderful liberty in prayer for temporal things. . . . Let us beware lest our prayer for forgiveness becomes a formality; only what is really confessed is forgiven.—Andrew Murray.

Prayer relaxes false tension, purges the heart, clarifies the vision, fixes sight on central realities, enables one to see the crux of his problem, solidifies purpose, intensifies energy, makes one's way winsome, increases personal impressiveness, heightens personality, begets assurance of resistless power through God's presence, makes us when necessary bow in safety to the blasts of adversity, and when proper hurls us out against obstacles with resistless might as from the catapult of God. —John T. Faris.





## Your BIBLE TEACHES That

—After those among the living who are worthy of a home in the earth made new have been determined by the investigative judgment, Christ receives a kingdom from His Father.

"There was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him." Dan. 7:14.

—When Christ comes the second time, He will bear the title "King of kings."

"He hath on His vesture, and on His thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS." Rev. 19:16.

—To each human being Jesus will then give the reward he deserves.

"The Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works." Matt. 16:27.

—After this Christ will take those who have been acquitted by the Judge to heaven to dwell with Him.

"In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:2, 3.

—All the dead will be raised to life.

"The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." John 5:28, 29.

—A thousand years intervene between these two resurrections.

"I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection." Rev. 20:4, 5.

—During this time the saints—those who have stood the test of the investigative judgment—are to judge the wicked dead.

"I beheld . . . until the Ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom." Dan. 7:21, 22.

"I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Rev. 20:4.

—Christ will execute final judgment upon the wicked.

"As the Father hath life in Himself; so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself; and hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of man." John 5:26, 27.

**Note.**—There are three phases of the judgment mentioned in the Scriptures—the investigative judgment, preceding the second advent; the judgment of the lost world and wicked angels by Christ and the saints during the one thousand years following the second advent; and the executive judgment, or punishment of the wicked at the close of this period.

In the *Review and Herald*, in 1872, there appeared an article from the pen of James White, entitled, "Shall We Have a Denominational School?" In this he strongly urged this real need, and urged the building of a college in order that our youth might there find a "haven of refuge" from the tempta-

tions of the world, and that they might there study the Book of books under the influence and guidance of consecrated Christian teachers.

Soon afterward, a little school was started with an opening enrollment of twelve, which quickly increased to forty. When the second term opened, there were ninety in attendance, and the school had outgrown its quarters. A campaign was initiated to raise a fund of \$50,000 to build a college, and in January, 1875, Battle Creek College opened its doors. Two sister schools were started in 1882, Healdsburg College and South Lancaster Academy. In 1891, came Union College, and in 1892, Walla Walla College. Secondary and intermediate schools followed in large numbers. Today we have more than 2,500 elementary schools, in which 90,000 boys and girls are enrolled, and 220 academies and colleges, which accommodate approximately 30,000 of the cream of Seventh-day Adventist youth, with facilities and material plants representing an investment of more than \$10,000,000.

Here in this commodious chapel on this quiet Sabbath morning we are enjoying the shelter of one of the largest of these institutions. On the plaque in the front hall is the likeness of the first president, a God-fearing man, who, above all others, perhaps, was responsible for the success that accompanied the early years of Pacific Union College. To C. W. Irwin tribute has been paid by an alumnus in these words, "With faith in his heart and a pickax in his hand, he carved a college out of a hillside in the Far West." Thus again we are impressed with the triumph of "unselfish service" in the finishing of His work.

"Unselfish service" means sacrifice—the foundation principle upon which the work of God on earth must ever be built. There is not a truth we hold dear, not an institution or a liberty we cherish, which is not the fruit of labor and struggle, the product of the tears and the blood, of the sacrifices and the "unselfish service," of those who have preceded us. And may I appeal to each of you this morning to continue this spirit of self-sacrifice, to bind about your personal needs and desires, to stand loyal and true to the first principles of the third angel's message, and to dedicate your all to God in order "to finish His work."

## David

(Continued from page 4)

who has struggled in the depths of bitter experience and risen above them. No wonder that David could pen the immortal words, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

David was teachable. He could take his medicine and learn his lessons. Whenever his misdeeds were brought to his notice, his remorse was genuine and his repentance sincere. His life is a wonderful demonstration of the forgiving grace of God. Only pure godliness could pardon acts like those of David at his worst.

When all the smoke of war and conflict, of family troubles and political intrigue, had cleared away, it left David, by the grace of God, scarred, but triumphant. And it was then that he accomplished the greatest work of his life. His later years were devoted to collecting the materials for the magnificent temple which was for centuries to be the wonder of the world, the great witness for God on earth. If he ever felt any resentment that he was not permitted to build the edifice, it was quickly silenced by an

overpowering realization that he was really unworthy to have any part in it at all. Truly he could say,

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities."

## When the King Came

(Continued from page 6)

eventful day; now at the supreme moment when he was to have had the coveted honor of being one of the ten officers who formed a special guard for his king, he had failed of his high trust! Too late now to get gas; his fellow officers could not wait to give him any of theirs, even if they could have spared it.

A sigh rose from the crowd as they saw the king and his entourage move away leaving the despairing young officer behind—leaving, too, a vacant place in the escort surrounding the royal car, which the king must surely have noticed, for no detail of military precision ever escapes his eagle eye.

The young man looked so pale that we were concerned about him. To have failed his king! What a crushing disappointment it must have been to him.

As I watched the little tragedy, for surely to the young officer it was one, I thought of another scene in the not far distant future at the coming of that greater One, the King of kings, at whose appearing all faces shall gather paleness; thought, too, of those ten virgins of whose experience the Master tells. They waited, you remember, to accompany the Bridegroom to the marriage supper, but "five were foolish," and when the great moment came, they had no oil in their lamps and so were left in outer darkness, while the five wise virgins, their lamps trimmed and burning, went in with the Bridegroom, "and the door was shut."

During his stay the king inspected a group of war veterans. How proud, then, were the men who bore scars received in service for their king and country! and how keenly interested he was in their medals, symbols of their loyalty and bravery under danger. One veteran was confined to a wheel chair. As the king paused beside him, the old soldier's hand came stiffly to salute, and the blanket covering his thin shoulders slipped down. A cold wind was blowing, and in an instant the king was bending solicitously over him, adjusting the blanket gently, tucking it deftly about the emaciated form. No one heard the words they exchanged, but those who witnessed the gracious gesture could see the warm smile in the king's grave eyes and the adoring look on the old soldier's face which was unashamedly wet with tears at this human touch on the part of his beloved king.

And so the crowded days came to an end—days which Victoria will never forget, when her king came in person to greet his people and was as a familiar friend among them. We had seen him several times and had stored away many cherished memories of England's brave young monarchs. So many had wished to see the king and had not been able to do so; his visit had been so short and so crowded that it was impossible for him to go to as many parts of the island of Vancouver as he would have liked. And again I thought, on that last afternoon, as the sun set in crimson glory, bringing an ethereal beauty to the snow-capped peaks of the Olympic Mountains, of the soon coming of that other King of whom it is written, "Every eye shall see Him;" thought, too, of that last promise He left for His waiting people, "Surely I come quickly," and with John I breathed the prayer, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."



# Sabbath School Lessons

## SENIOR YOUTH

### II—Jeremiah the Prophet

(October 14)

MEMORY VERSE: Isaiah 5:4.  
LESSON HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 407-421.

#### THE LESSON

1. What is said concerning Judah's keeping God's commandments? In whose footsteps did they follow? 2 Kings 17:18, 19.

NOTE.—One would think that Judah would have learned a lesson from the experience of Israel in departing from the Lord, but it seems that they did not. God bore with them for more than a hundred years after Israel went into captivity, but still the people followed in the footsteps of Israel, and "kept not the commandments of the Lord."

2. Because of Judah's disobedience, what came upon the people? Dan. 1:1, 2; 2 Kings 24:1-4.

3. How early in life was Jeremiah called to be a prophet? Why did he want to be excused? How did God answer him? Jer. 1: 4-10.

NOTE.—"Among those who had hoped for a permanent spiritual revival as the result of the reformation under Josiah, was Jeremiah, called of God to the prophetic office while still a youth, in the thirteenth year of Josiah's reign. A member of the Levitical priesthood, Jeremiah had been trained from childhood for holy service. In those happy years of preparation he little realized that he had been ordained from birth to be 'a prophet unto the nations,' and when the divine call came, he was overwhelmed with a sense of his unworthiness."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 407.

4. On one occasion, what word came to God's people through Jeremiah? Jer. 3:12-14.

5. Which commandment is mentioned as one which Judah broke? What had they refused to do? Jer. 17:19-23.

6. What would have been the result if they had observed the Sabbath as they should? What would result if they did not? Verses 24-27.

NOTE.—"On one occasion, by command of the Lord, the prophet [Jeremiah] took his position at one of the principal entrances to the city, and there urged the importance of keeping holy the Sabbath day. The inhabitants of Jerusalem were in danger of losing sight of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and they were solemnly warned against following their secular pursuits on that day. A blessing was promised on condition of obedience. [Jer. 17: 24, 25.] . . . This promise of prosperity as the reward of allegiance was accompanied by a prophecy of the terrible judgments that would befall the city should its inhabitants prove disloyal to God and His law. If the admonitions to obey the Lord God of their fathers and to hallow His Sabbath day were not heeded, the city and its palaces would be utterly destroyed by fire."—*Id.*, pp. 411, 412.

7. What counsel was then given to Judah? In what were they not to trust? Jer. 7:1-4.

NOTE.—"The unwillingness of the Lord to chastise is here vividly shown. He stays His judgments that He may plead with the impenitent. He who exercises 'loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth,' yearns over His erring children; in every way possible He seeks to teach them the way of life everlasting."—*Id.*, p. 413.

The cry of the people was, "the temple, the temple, the temple." In their zeal for the temple, they almost forgot the God of the temple.

8. What further did God say the people were to do? What should they not do? Verses 5-11.

NOTE.—God wanted the people to amend their ways, to turn completely around. He did not want them to think that they could steal, murder, and swear falsely, and

yet come to church and pretend to be God's people.

9. To what example did God refer as a warning to the people? Verses 12-16.

10. What had formerly taken place at Shiloh? 1 Sam. 4:1-11.

NOTE.—Israel was at war with the Philistines and was defeated in battle. The elders decided the reason of the defeat was that they had not taken the ark with them into battle. So they fetched the ark of the Lord and took it into battle that it might save them. In doing so, they substituted something else for God, and they were defeated. The Philistines not only smote them, but also took the ark away from them.

11. When Jeremiah finished speaking, how did the priests, the false prophets, and all the people answer? Jer. 26:8, 9.

NOTE.—"Jeremiah's message to priests and people aroused the antagonism of many. . . . Priests, false prophets, and people turned in wrath upon him who would not speak to them smooth things or prophesy deceit. Thus was the message of God despised, and His servant threatened with death."—*Id.*, p. 417.

12. By whom was Jeremiah saved from death? What did the princes say? Verses 10-16.

NOTE.—The princes saw through the villainy of the priests and said, "This man is not worthy to die." Thus was Jeremiah saved from the priests by the princes.

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

## JUNIOR

### II—The Story of Jeremiah

(October 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Jeremiah 36 to 38.

MEMORY VERSE: "Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the Lord, which I speak unto thee: so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live." Jer. 38: 20.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 432-439, 452-458.

#### QUESTIONS

1. What provision did the Lord make in the time of Jehoiakim to save Judah's king and people from threatened disaster? Jer. 36:1-3.

NOTE.—After the death of good King Josiah, the time drew near for the punishments which the Lord had said would come upon the children of Israel because of their sins. But in His great love and mercy the Lord gave the people still another chance to repent, by sending a written message by Jeremiah.

2. To whom did Jeremiah dictate this message? When the roll was written, what did he say Baruch should do? Why did Jeremiah not read it to the people? Verses 4-8.

3. What did Jeremiah hope might be the result of Judah's hearing the message read? Verse 7.

4. Upon what occasion was the roll first read? Before whom was the scribe then summoned to read it again? Verses 9, 10, 14, 15.

NOTE.—"When the writing was completed, Jeremiah, who was still a prisoner, sent Baruch to read the roll to the multitudes who were assembling at the temple on the occasion of a national fast day. . . . 'Baruch obeyed, and the roll was read before all the people of Judah. Afterward the scribe was summoned before the princes to read the words to them. They listened with great interest, and promised to inform the king concerning all they had heard, but counseled the scribe to hide himself, for they feared the king would reject the testimony, and seek to slay those who had prepared and delivered the message.'"

"When King Jehoiakim was told by the princes what Baruch had read, he immediately ordered the roll brought before him and read in his hearing."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 433.

5. What did the princes say they would tell? What question did the princes ask Baruch? What was his reply? What warning did the princes give him? Verses 16-19.

6. When the king learned what had been done, for what did he send? Where was he

when the words of the Lord were read to him? Verses 21, 22.

7. How did he receive the Heaven-sent book? How did the king and his servants show their hatred of the message of the Lord? Verses 23, 24.

NOTE.—"Yet they were not afraid." This expresses the writer's astonishment at the depth of depravity, the intense hardness of heart, the mental blindness and dullness of the king and his attendants, as if they imagined that burning the roll would destroy the word of God, or shutting their eyes would ward off the lightning stroke."—*Peloubet*.

8. What did Jehoiakim seek to do with God's ambassadors? When contempt is shown to an ambassador, to whom is insult really given? Verse 26.

NOTE.—"A wrong done to an ambassador is construed as done to the prince that sends him."—*Matthew Henry*.

9. What did the Lord command Jeremiah to do the second time? What personal message was now sent to Jehoiakim? Verses 27-31.

10. What word did the Lord send to His people when Zedekiah was king? How certain were the Chaldeans to destroy the city of Jerusalem? Jer. 37:6-10.

11. What did the princes do with Jeremiah? Verses 15, 16.

12. Why did the king take Jeremiah out of prison? What did the prophet tell him? Verse 17.

13. What plea did Jeremiah make for himself? What privilege was then given to him? Verses 18-21.

14. When the wicked princes heard that Jeremiah still said that Jerusalem would be destroyed, what did they tell the king? What permission did the king give? Jer. 38:4, 5.

15. Describe the dungeon into which Jeremiah was now cast? Whose heart was moved with pity for him? What did he have the courage to do? Verses 6-9.

16. How was Jeremiah rescued from the pit? Verses 10-13.

17. Of what did Zedekiah confess he was afraid? What earnest appeal did Jeremiah make to the king? Verses 19, 20.

NOTE.—"Thus even to the last hour, God made plain His willingness to show mercy to those who should choose to submit to His just requirements. Had the king chosen to obey, the lives of the people might have been spared, and the city saved from conflagration; but he thought he had gone too far to retrace his steps. He was afraid of the Jews, afraid of ridicule, afraid for his life. After years of rebellion against God, Zedekiah thought it too humiliating to say to his people, 'I accept the word of the Lord, as spoken through the prophet Jeremiah; I dare not venture to war against the enemy in the face of all those warnings.'"—"Prophets and Kings," p. 457.

#### Topics for Thought and Discussion

Why are all efforts to destroy the word of God in vain?

How may we cut out parts of the Bible from our own experience?

## The YOUTH'S Instructor

Issued by

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

LORA E. CLEMENT EDITOR

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# The Listening Post

► **BRAZIL**, which in 1895 supplied 96 per cent of the world's rubber, now provides only 1.2 per cent.

► A **BLANKET** of steel coated by layers of buoyant cork that would permit it to float on the surface of the sea, has been proposed by German inventors as a mid-ocean airplane take-off and landing field.

► **CITRUS** fruit is on the menu now for Texas cattle. The Texas agricultural station reports that a two-year test has "shown conclusively" that the pulp and peel from citrus fruit are good for cows. Best results were obtained when they were used to replace about twenty-five per cent of the corn in a standard grain ration.

► Most people think of smallpox, ancient plague which killed 60,000,000 persons in Europe during the eighteenth century alone, as an almost-eradicated disease. But although large groups, including school children in most areas and members of the defense services, receive compulsory vaccinations, the fact remains that of the entire white population in the United States only fifty-five to sixty per cent have ever been vaccinated.

► **RAINING** 2,600-pound blows at the rate of 600 a minute for 277 hours is the work of a new machine which tests the blades of steam turbines, developed at the research laboratories of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company in Pennsylvania. During this test the six-inch samples are enclosed in a steam bath within an electric furnace at a temperature of 850 degrees Fahrenheit. This is sufficient to make steel glow a cherry red as the inner steel parts of a steam turbine actually do during service. The centrifugal force on the blades—caused as they travel around the shafts at speeds in excess of 789 miles an hour—is duplicated by a force of 9,000 pounds which pulls upward on the test specimen. A total of 10,000,000 individual impacts is given to each sample. This more than equals the life experience a blade might receive in actual service.

► For the last two years, England, like the rest of war-scarred Europe, has been making an effort to instruct its civilians as to what to do in case of enemy raids. One of the necessities of defense against bombers is the "blackout," in which a whole city or countryside is plunged into darkness. But this has one great drawback, inasmuch as traffic is brought to a standstill and residents cannot be evacuated to safety outside cities. To solve this problem an Oxford physical chemist named Allen V. Rhead has developed the "black light." This light is that part of the spectrum which is invisible to the human eye—the ultraviolet or short waves. Certain fluorescent substances, however, absorb and radiate black light as visible rays. The portable ultraviolet-ray lamp Rhead has perfected can be attached to any motor vehicle, and operates on a common automobile battery. Although a lighted match can be seen a mile away, this mercury arc lamp throws an ultraviolet beam for 500 feet, which cannot be seen from the air.

► **LAST** year a Yale University expedition found on the shores of the Gulf of Akabah in the Red Sea the ruins of an ancient city mentioned in the Bible as Ezion-geber. In a recent report of the expedition it was indicated that this city was the Pittsburgh of Palestine. Its smelters, the biggest of their time, had been used to refine the ores extracted from King Solomon's great iron and copper mines. Ingenious architects had designed the factory buildings of Ezion-geber with vents exposed to the prevailing north wind, so that smelting furnaces were fanned by constant drafts.

► **ETHAN A. COON** of Rhinebeck, New York, is America's violet king. He claims that of all the violets worn at Eastertime this year, at least 1,000,000 came from under his 150,000 square feet of greenhouse glass. He started thirty-five years ago picking violets for the market from a single backyard patch. That patch grew to seven acres. Now he ships more than 100,000 bunches each year to every part of the United States.

► **ON** the island of Singapore the British government has two monkeys on the pay roll of the botanical department, gathering mangoes, coconuts, and botanical specimens from high trees. They have learned to understand about twenty words of the Malayan language, and have proved so useful that others are to be trained in the same way.

► **AT** Adrian (Michigan) College the student union held "graduation" ceremonies for Scotty, a collie. For four years the dog went to classes with his master, President Paul Cairns of Adrian's senior class, and for three years before that with Cairns's brother.

► **ACCORDING** to the United States Forest Service, farmers in forty-one States, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii, have more than doubled their tree planting since 1935. A total of 55,357,728 trees were distributed last year.

► **THE** 83,423-ton French liner "Normandie" is the largest ship afloat at the present time.

► **RELIABLE** authority states that Christians number only 737,000,000 of the world's 2,200,000,000 people.

► **ROSES** are the most popular flower purchased from florists in Canada. Last year their sales in that country amounted to \$744,518.

► **THE** new autogiros being built for the British Navy may revolutionize the designs of airplane carriers. Not only are their take-offs and landings vertical, but on the take-off they make a perpendicular jump into the air, from which point they can climb still higher at terrific speed, or, with their normal propellers, go off at any angle.

► **IT** is believed that intestinal diseases caused by impure drinking water will soon be a thing of the past in Addis Ababa. The vast engineering project for supplying pure water to the capital of Italian East Africa, including Ethiopia, has been completed, and into the city pipes there now pour eighteen liters (a liter is approximately one liquid quart) of purified water every second in the dry season, and over thirty-six liters in the rainy.

► **ONE** of the largest gold mines in the world is located at Lead, South Dakota. It is known as the Homestake Mine, and consists of patented mining claims comprising about seven thousand acres. Gold has been mined and milled there for more than six decades. Approximately 1,400,000 tons of ore are produced annually, in addition to about 600,000 tons of porphyry, or waste rock, which is used to "back-fill" the stopes from which the ore is taken. Each year about seven miles of new tunnels and raises are constructed. The annual requirement for drill steel is approximately 500,000 pounds, to be used in 490 drilling machines.



To the world circle of YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers we are happy to introduce the school family at the Norwegian Missionary College, located at Onsrud, Ullensaker, Norway. This group of earnest Seventh-day Adventist youth are active Missionary Volunteers, and supplement their theoretical study in the classroom by practical soul-winning endeavors.