

The YOUTH'S Instructor

From the Heart of a Colporteur

The Personal Testimony of a
Scholarship Student

By
EUGENIA
SHORT

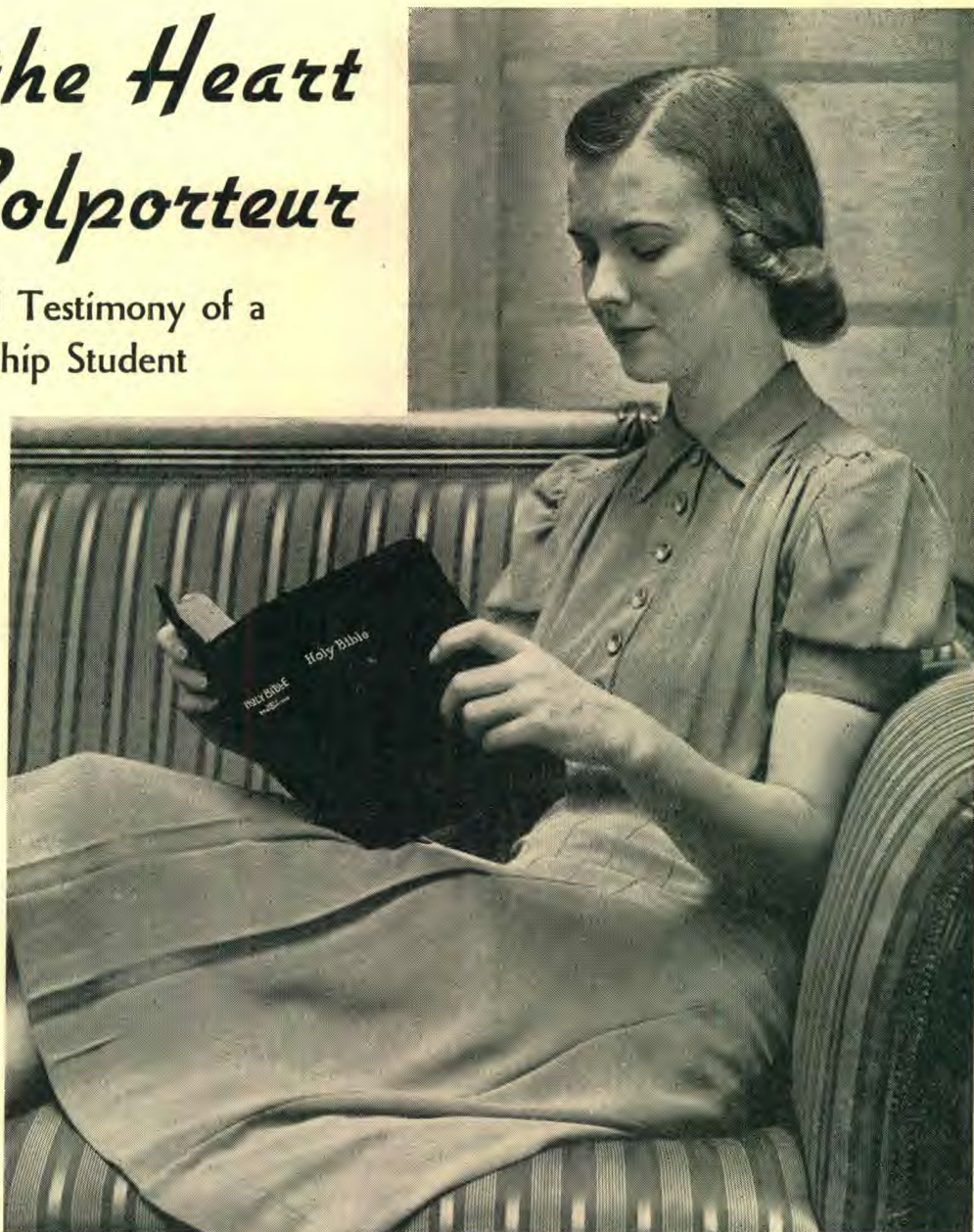
WHEN the great celestial choir sings its welcome to the redeemed of earth, when the gates of that beautiful city swing open and the invitation is given to enter, there is a very special privilege which I should like to ask. I want to learn the results of my colporteur work. What a joy it will be if I shall be led to even one who has learned the way of life from reading a book that I sold! What a blessing to hear even one say, "It was you who invited me here!"

I would never cherish such a hope were it not that I believe God's promises. "So shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth," He has said. "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." The Lord does nothing in vain. When He sends out the canvasser with the words of truth, seed will be planted that will result in a sure harvest. According to the psalmist, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The Spirit of the Lord has given us the same

promise by His messenger in these latter times. Of the colporteurs, Mrs. White has written, "In this work they will find opportunity to speak the words of life, and the seeds of truth they sow will spring up to bear fruit."

I am wondering whether within the bounds of these promises there will come the hardened atheist whom I met one hot summer day. My partner and I had motored out beyond the

city limits to call on the janitor of a fashionable gambling house which was nestled back in a grove. He was not in, however, and as we were about to leave, our interest was turned to the beauty and luxury of the waiting automobiles. Surely the guests must have come from the highest ranks of society. Uniformed chauffeurs chatted together while they awaited the pleasure of their em- (Turn to page 3)



H. A. ROBERTS

She Read God's Promise—"It Shall Not Return Unto Me Void, but It Shall Accomplish That Which I Please"

Let's Talk It Over

MONEY!

It is a magic word, since it makes possible a wealth of material things; it is a universal word, since it has its synonym in every language in every land; it is a simple word, since not one of us need consult the dictionary to learn its meaning; it is an important word, since it names one of the all-needfuls of our complicated modern life.

Coin of the realm! Yes, it's good to have money, and it's good to have the things that money can buy. But once in a while it's sensible and profitable to sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with ourselves, considering whether or not we are losing out of our lives those priceless, more-than-precious treasures that money cannot buy.

THERE'S friendship.

All the dollars and cents in the world can't buy friends—that is, not real friends. They must be earned by the bit of yourself you give to others.

One cloudy day I was out of the office for half an hour on an errand, and returned to find this snatch of verse on top of a huge stack of just-have-to-be-answered letters:

"Somebody's thoughts are stealing
As they often do, your way.
Somebody hopes you're feeling
Up to your best today.
Somebody wishes sunshine
For you the whole year through.
Somebody gets some sunshine
From the cheer of knowing you."

Who? I haven't the ghost of an idea! But that mysterious "somebody" gave me what was worth more than all the gold and silver in the world—the spur of courage I needed at just that moment to help me keep on keeping on!

What is a friend? At a social function once upon a time the conversation drifted to the subject of friendship, and an athlete said: "In my opinion a friend is a balancing pole that enables us to walk the tight-rope of life without falling."

Said a physician: "I believe a friend may be likened to a soft bandage and a soothing ointment for the cuts and bruises of life."

"A friend is a golden link in the chain of life," said the jeweler.

To a botanist it seemed that "a friend is a vine that clings to us and hides the discrepancies and rough places of life," to which a florist

added: "Yes, and the greater the ruin, the closer a friend clings."

A woman in mourning observed: "A friend is one who comes in when the whole world goes out."

"The best friend of all," smiled a white-haired man of eighty, "is Jesus, who said, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Oh, no! Money won't buy friendship—not any amount of it, but what is more precious than to know that—

"There is a border line that lies
Just past the limits of our workday world,
And it is peopled with the friends we met
And loved a year, a month, a week, or day,
And parted from with aching hearts,
yet knew
That through the distance we must
loose the hold
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the
thread
Of memory. But still so close we feel
this hand,
So sure are we that these same hearts
are true,
That when in waking dreams there
comes a call
That sets the thread of memory aglow,
We know that just by stretching out
the hand,
In written word of love or book or
flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own
once more
Across the silence in the same old way."

THERE'S a clear conscience.

Money can't buy the assurance, the peace of mind, the courage of heart, the poise, that lets you look every man in the eye and walk the ways of the world with easy, confident tread. Square dealing is the price tag.

And square dealing isn't so easy in this crooked world. Somehow—unless we are exceedingly careful—we find ourselves slipping a bit here, and a bit there.

The clerk in the grocery store was busy to the point of distraction with Christmas shoppers who were clamoring for last-minute attention, but a quiet little woman waited her turn and then said softly: "This five dollars belongs to you. When I reached home, I discovered that I had this much extra change. I gave you a five-dollar bill; you gave me change for a ten."

And when they cashed up at closing time, the grateful clerk found that his customer had been right. The value she set on a clear conscience probably

saved him his job, and gave her something far more precious than gold.

"I wouldn't have done *that!*" remarked one shopper to another as they left the store. "I'd have had a treat with the extra five. It was clear gain, as I see it."

"Yes, but would it have been honest to keep it?" questioned her friend. And would it?

THERE'S health.

Money can't buy health, though many men and women would give every cent they possess for it. Right living is the only way to obtain this treasure upon which we seldom place its true value.

You can buy rouge for a few cents—rouge of many shades and textures—but you can't buy the genuine bloom of health for your cheeks at any price. Neither can you purchase the sparkling eyes, the strong muscles, the spring in the step, that Oh-it's-good-to-be-alive feeling that comes with physical well-being. These things are beyond value, beyond price in mere money.

There's happiness.

Money can give you *things*, but it can't buy you happiness. For happiness is a mental attitude, and one may be as happy in a humble cottage as in a costly mansion—yes, even happier!

There's character.

Priceless beyond compare is character, but if you had all the money and all the precious things in the whole wide world, you couldn't buy one iota of it. Because character is what you are when you are alone with yourself in the dark. If you have character, you have everything; lacking it, you have nothing.

And there are sunsets, and singing birds and the music of the wind in the trees—these are as free as the air we breathe, and as priceless, because we can't buy air with money—not one single breath.

OH, there are countless things that money can't give you—not any amount of it. This list is only a beginning. Why not continue it yourself, remembering the while that the most valuable things in the whole wide world are the *things that money can't buy!*

Lora E. Clement

players. We wondered what could attract such a group of people. As if in answer to our thoughts, one of the white-clad chefs asked if we had seen the interior. We had not, and straightway we were given a "kitchen-side" view of the main dining hall. Within the elegantly appointed room were many tables at which sat fashionably dressed women and their escorts, drinking cocktails and playing cards. At intervals the attention of all was centered on the returns of the horse races. As we were leaving, our usher boasted, "The owner is here today. There he is over in that lawn chair." The owner appeared to be a man of real intelligence, whose very bearing would command respect.

Alone again, my partner and I talked together of our pity for this man who had dedicated his wealth and talents to such an ignoble business. Why not, we thought, offer him the third angel's message? We could not meet him with the same polish and poise that he appeared to possess, but, as someone has said, "blundering do-somethingism is better than polished do-nothingism." After all, the One whose message we were bearing is far greater than any earthly being, and He has promised to help. With a prayer for leadership I found myself approaching this man with a book in my hand—not a prospectus, but a full copy of "Bible Readings" in the best binding. As I announced my business, his face registered surprise. He said, "Why, young woman, I don't believe in God! How *could* there be a God? If there were, there wouldn't be the sin and vice and hatred and sickness and death that exist all around us. Oh, no, there is no God! If there were, He would hate me!"

Oh, how I longed for him to know the satisfaction of a personal acquaintance with Jesus! He did not need my words, but the Lord's. In response to this cry from a heart in despair, the Spirit gave me words to speak that held his attention. He listened thoughtfully to the story of the original purpose of God in creation, of the rebellion of man, the wonderful sacrifice that was made for his redemption, and the coming judgment. As I talked he seemed to see a ray of hope, to grasp for more truth—and to believe. My mission was ending, and that of the book was to begin. In a low, quiet voice he asked, "How much is the book?" and pulling out a roll of bills, he paid the price. God had a purpose in this interview, which, someday, if I am faithful, I shall understand.

His arm is long and is able to reach out into places which the human messenger cannot touch. I began to understand this more fully when I came by chance one day to the home of a Catholic priest. Even though he confessed to me that he would be subject

to severe church discipline should he be found studying an Adventist book, he felt impressed to secure a copy.

I must tell you of the time when I came face to face with the devil (in action). My partner and I were canvassing a woman in her home, when she stopped us and began to tell her troubles. She said that fourteen years earlier, as her mother lay on her deathbed, the two were discussing the afterlife. The mother promised to come back and communicate with her living daughter if there was any conscious existence after death. What an invitation to Satan! True to his fearful plan of deception, he commenced to make the daughter's life miserable with mysterious knockings in her home. Amid sobs she told us of the mental sufferings to which she had been subjected for all those years. It seemed that the devil had her in his power.

Little did we realize that as we sat there he was lurking near. But she knew it. With a disturbed look in her eyes, she said, "I just wish you could hear it, so that you would know. Listen! Here it is!" There was a strange rumbling in one corner of the room, out of which came three distinct knocks. That was all. But that was enough! How naked and chilled and helpless we felt! Surely Adam and Eve after their contact with the deceiver in the Garden of

Eden could not have felt worse than we did for the moment. Then the warming, protecting cloak of Jesus came upon us in response to our fervent prayers with the woman, and we were thankful for an effective faith.

We did what we could, both then and later, to help this poor soul in her distress. I used to go for her to take her to church with me. Never again, however, did the knockings occur as long as I was in the house. They were restrained until the very moment when I stepped from the door. Then for several hours these spirits of evil would register protest. Not to my knowledge has this woman ever been freed from these manifestations. Her faith has been too weak, and she is paying the price. To you who read this account, may I urge that you never, never delve into this most heinous mystery of Satan's work.

In this age of doubt and skepticism we do not often hear repeated the stories of twentieth-century miracles. But here is one which was told us by a thankful woman whom we met. She was a ready listener to all that we had to say about the book which we were showing, and did not hesitate for a moment to order it. I noticed, moreover, that all through the canvass she showed a most unusual interest. She seemed to be waiting to tell us something very important, and at the first opportunity (*Turn to page 13*)

Slips That Pass

By CHARLES E. WENIGER

DID you know that the first pronunciation test recorded in history appears in the Bible?

Once the Ephraimites and the Gileadites had a quarrel—the story is told in the twelfth chapter of Judges—"and the men of Gilead smote Ephraim." But when some of the Ephraimites who escaped tried to cross the Jordan, they met a test. "Art thou an Ephraimite?" was the question asked of each fugitive. And if the Ephraimite said no, he was commanded to say **Shibboleth**. But instead the poor Ephraimite said **Sibboleth**, "for he could not frame to pronounce it right." Ephraimites couldn't pronounce **sh**—it always sounded like **s** to their ears.

And just because the Ephraimites could not pass this ancient pronunciation test, forty-two thousand of them lost their heads.

Now, I suppose the Ephraimites did not know that they were being tested, did not know that their lives depended on the way they pronounced a consonant. Nevertheless, ignorance did not save their necks.

You and I are being tested. Does our pronunciation betray us? Do our friends judge us by the way we pronounce the simple words of everyday use?

Do you say **attackted**, when you mean **attacked**? Do you say **git** for **get**? **Advent'ist** for **Ad'ventist**? **gonna** for **going to**? **acrossst** for **across**? **hunderd** for **hundred**? **itinery** for **itinerary**? **ce'ment** for **cement**? How careful are you?

Are these words among the "Slips That Pass" as current coin in your conversation? If so, come with us as we check from week to week some of the Shibboleths of careful pronunciation.

Write That Letter

By KRAID ASHBAUGH

HE was a tall man, and his clothes did not look as though they were made to fit him. He had a queer way of walking. By the wildest stretch of imagination one would not call him handsome, but there was a kindness shining out of his sad eyes that gave him a subtle beauty.

He wrote a letter which began like this: "I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle." Of course you recognize at once that this was the letter which Abraham Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Bixby, consoling her over the loss of her sons in one of the engagements during the Civil War. We have no way of knowing just how much good this timely letter did that brokenhearted mother, but we cannot help seeing Lincoln's greatness as shown in it.

President Lincoln was not obliged to write that letter. It was a small matter of routine which could have been handled by a secretary, but Lincoln was a great man, and little things which vitally concern the happiness of others—like the writing and answering of letters—received his personal attention.

We all know someone who would appreciate that letter of sympathy which we have been planning to write. Why not write it now? Perhaps that friend has had some good fortune and

would be delighted by our little note of congratulation; or some trouble, and would appreciate our sympathy. Let's mail it right away.

When we are sick, good friends send us flowers. Common courtesy demands that we write a little thank-you letter in return, but how about that I'm-sorry letter that was sent you some time ago, or that note of congratulation? Common courtesy declares that you are expected to acknowledge these "letter bouquets" just as readily.

Sings the poet Edna Dean Proctor:
"The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your ghosts that haunt tonight."

"The letter you did not write" to dad, auntie, sister, or mother! Those at home are interested in what you are doing. "Blessed be letters," declared Donald Grant Mitchell. "They are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart talkers."

"Don't think you can ever repay your neglect to your mother by a wreath upon her coffin," warns Gypsy Smith, famous evangelist. "It takes a lot of flowers to cover murder—exactly what some are doing to their mother. Write that letter to your mother tonight, tell her that you love her, and tell her what she means to you. You'll be held accountable in the judgment for killing your mother if she suffers because of your neglect to her."

"But mother knows that I love her," I hear someone plead. "She realizes that I am here in school now and that there is not much to write about this day-after-day routine, and she understands that there is not much time apart from studies and work to do letter writing."

One motherhearted writer has said, "Love me, and tell me so sometimes;" and William C. Gannett declares, "Nay, but it is not enough to have the love and do the duty in silence. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of those we love. Out of the mouth—it is the spoken [written] love that feeds."

Not much to write about? Mother is interested in every move that is made by her son or daughter who is away at school or off on business. In "Pebbles on the Shore," A. C. Gardiner insists, "Be personal, not abstract. You must not say, 'This is too small a thing to put down.' You must say, 'This is just the sort of small thing we talk about at home.'"

One boy away at college thought that his sister wrote too much in detail when she let mother know how she was getting along in school. So he craftily resolved that he would have some fun at sister's expense, and write his next letter home to mother in exactly the same style which she followed.

He began by telling at just what hour he arose, what particular clothes he attired himself in, how he brushed his teeth, and what he saw as he went to breakfast. He continued by telling a great deal about every activity of the day, even to revealing whom he sat next to and what the teacher said in each class he attended. With a chuckle he mailed his letter, hopefully expecting a good scolding for his prank.

This funster was doomed to disappointment, for mother registered her entire satisfaction at his effort, and complimented him highly for the interesting view of his college program. "Of all your letters," she wrote, "this is the one that gives me the most animated notion of your academic day." Though his joke had miscarried, this collegiate learned a lesson which he never forgot: Mother was interested in every activity of her son.

You do not have time to write that letter to mother? "If letters are to be answered at all, they should be answered promptly," says Thomas Arkle Clarke in the book, "When You Write a Letter." It is easy, too easy, to put off writing until we have more time, but this practice puts up a barrier before the casual notes that we might send. We have a thought that we know (Turn to page 14)



S. M. HARLAN

How Mother Enjoyed the Letter, Which Gave a Detailed Account of Happenings in Everyday School Life

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



The Inspired Pen of the Prophet Draws a Graphic Picture of the Future Events in This World's History

THE DIVINE PROGRAM *of Coming Events*

IF we could only know what the future holds! That is the cry that is going up throughout this troubled world these days.

And I say to you in all earnestness, "We may know." All that the future holds that is helpful for men to know has been definitely, clearly revealed.

As we look out over the world to-day we see it shaken in the restless tumult of contending forces. And it has all the appearance of being out of control.

But it is not out of control. The things which are taking place about us are leading to developments which not only have been foreseen, but have been definitely planned.

The Sovereign of the universe has a program. Everything that has taken place in human history is in accord with a positive pattern. And the great Ruler of events has taken occasion to outline as much of His program for the future as is best for men to know.

The most helpful knowledge which men today can acquire is a knowledge of this program of God.

The ability to read the future, and to read it accurately, and thus to know inerrantly what is coming, is a divine gift. There are those who refuse to believe that such a gift exists, or that such revelations of the future have ever been made.

They are wrong. The gift does exist. Revelations of the future have been made. They have been proved to be without error. We examined one of them a week ago in which the

history of the world over a period of twenty-three hundred years was foretold without error.

Let it not be thought, however, that the principal design of the ancient Bible prophecies is merely to reveal the future. Rather do these prophecies bear witness to God's powerful, determining, present influence over the world now.

For God's prophecy is not merely His foretelling something which will certainly come to pass at some future time, but over which He has no con-

of men from the beginning of time. His hand has been signally manifested in the history of the past. Great nations have arisen at His command, and have fallen when His purpose for them has been completed. And He has a very definite program for the future. It is unfolding day by day, and will soon meet its full culmination.

What that program is may be clearly seen by a study of the Book of God, which charts all the future and throws a clear light on all the past, providing as well directions for our walk with God in the present. His program for the future is clearly set forth in the road map which we call the Scriptures of truth.

From a study of God's dealings with man one thing can be considered settled. That is, He will never destroy a world unwarned. He has not changed His course or His methods of justice and mercy. He sent Noah to preach for one hundred twenty years the coming of the flood of water. He will not permit a deluge of fire to overtake mankind unwarned. He sent angels to warn Sodom of its impending destruction. He will send a similar message to warn of the fiery tempest which overhangs the ruined world. He warned Nineveh of its downfall, Babylon of its impending overthrow, Tyre of its approaching desolation, and Jerusalem of its destruction and captivity. He will not destroy a whole world without premonitions of its ruin.

We know our (Turn to page 12)

—By—
CARLYLE B. HAYNES

trol. It is not merely an evidence of foreknowledge, as is that of an astronomer who foretells an eclipse of the sun but who possesses no power to hasten or hinder it.

Bible prophecy is God's revealing of a part of His plan regarding the affairs of this world. It is designed to show that God, not man, is the Sovereign of the universe.

Every fulfillment of divine prophecy thus becomes an example and an evidence of supernatural government, and, to a thinking mind, becomes a greater and more convincing evidence than miracles even, of the existence of a presiding Deity who overrules in the affairs of men.

The purposes and plans of God have been slowly unfolding before the eyes



"Great Warning-World Meeting" Held in the City of Nanking at a Critical Time

who were sent to guard us, and perhaps to observe us, too, told us that the Christian doctrine contained the only true hope for China.

Outside our tabernacle, facing the great square, a platform had been erected from which zealous groups of students and political agitators harangued the crowd who might gather. One evening immediately following my service, several young men approached me and said:

"This tabernacle is a fine place to hold your meetings. You have a fine audience every night. Out on the square we are not able to get very many people to listen to us.

We want you to let us speak here."

This was a touchy problem. I did not wish to offend the zealous youth. But I had listened to their speeches, and I was sure that they would not mix very well with the message I had to give.

"Yes, we do have a good gathering of people every night. You noticed how quietly they listened tonight," I said, hedging for time to think just how to answer their request.

"Are you going to let us have this place? We will not take much of your time. If you will give us just ten minutes before you speak, after the congregation has gathered, that will be enough for what we have to say." They felt that they were being very reasonable in their request. China was in an unfortunate situation, and they wanted to tell the people what to do to save the country. Their words would be inflammatory. They would urge the country to go to war at once. Furthermore, they were in no mood to be trifled with. I must be careful how I answered them.

"I am afraid that the police commissioner would not permit me to do this," I said. "When he gave me the permit to hold these meetings, it was with the distinct understanding that I should avoid all references to the present political situation. You would have to get permission from him."

They could find no answer to this, but said, "We will see the commissioner about it." I knew that the commissioner was having enough difficulty keeping agitators in check, and that he would not grant the request, even if the young men had the audacity to make it.

On the China Front

Evangelism in Troublous Times

By FREDERICK LEE

THE fall of 1931 was a dark hour in the history of China. Manchuria was then being severed from the great body of this ancient empire. Rumblings of greater trouble were in the air. The dread prospect of an international conflict was looming ahead. Civil strife is something to be shunned, but a war among neighbors would be still more disastrous.

It was in this atmosphere that we set about making arrangements to hold an evangelistic effort in the city of Nanking, the capital of the nation. The plans had already been laid before the outbreak of trouble in the north. Should we proceed with these plans in such an uncertain time? Would the city officials even permit us to conduct such a meeting, when the people were so perturbed?

We asked the police commissioner for a permit to hold meetings. He declined our request at first, not fully understanding our purpose. After this had been explained, he said:

"I must not stop your good work. Although I have canceled all other large gatherings in the city, I will permit you to hold your meeting and will see that you are protected."

When we told the commissioner where we wished to hold the meeting, he again hesitated. We desired to put up a good-sized tabernacle in the heart of the city, and he was not too sure about that. However, after several days of negotiation, we had our permit and began preparation for the effort. The tabernacle was erected, and the meetings were announced by posters and newspaper advertisements. Even the city bus line did an exceptional thing by allowing us to put streamers on a number of their buses announcing "The Great Warning-World Meeting."

We were wholly unprepared for the large crowd of people who gathered outside the tabernacle on the opening night. The interest continued day after day. It was inspiring to have from six hundred to seven hundred people from all walks of life listening quietly and intently as we presented the truths of the advent message.

Many, at first, came to listen perhaps to a political speech, but they went away impressed with a spiritual lesson. We avoided all references to politics and preached the gospel message. Even the police and the soldiers

Our services continued on from week to week undisturbed. Large numbers were becoming interested, and they were being visited in their homes. But we were not to be left in peace. A newspaper began to attack us as "foreign agents" and "spies" and "exploiters of the people." The attack went on day after day. We did not attempt to answer it, but continued quietly to hold the meetings, praying that the Lord would turn this attack to a good use. It did help to increase our attendance when it was lagging, and many expressed themselves as opposed to the vicious assault.

One night during the service there was a slight disturbance at the door. The soldiers there were telling a man to sit down and be quiet until after the meeting. When the service was dismissed, one of the ushers came up to me. He seemed quite agitated.

"There is a man back there who has come from the Political Bureau. He says that the chairman of the Bureau wishes to see you tonight."

"Now what trouble is brewing?" I thought to myself.

I returned word to the man that it would be difficult for us to go at once, but we promised to call at the bureau headquarters the next morning. The appointment was kept by a fellow missionary. A number of the leading men of the Political Bureau were present. They explained that they had noted the good attendance at our meetings, and said that they had been unable to find a suitable place for a meeting which they desired to hold.

"This week there is a national holiday. We want to put on a special show, and we desire to use your tabernacle for the purpose." This sounded more like a demand than a request.

The missionary who interviewed the man replied, "I must return home and talk this matter over with the man who is conducting the meetings. This is an important matter, and I cannot answer you now." This was wise, for to answer the men in a negative manner at once would have stirred up their anger.

After my fellow worker had reported the request, we gave very careful consideration to the matter. He said that after making further inquiry regarding the nature of the show that was to be presented, he learned that it would be entirely a political demonstration. It would not be at all suitable in connection with an evangelistic effort.

"We cannot permit such a demonstration in our tabernacle, that is sure. But how can we answer the men?" I said.

"The only thing we can do is to find a higher official in the government

and present this request to him. We may be able to persuade him that such a political demonstration would not be consistent with the work which we are trying to do. In fact, it would be contrary to the laws which control missionary work." This was a good suggestion, and the only way out. Now we must find the proper official, and that very soon, for the men at the bureau were waiting for an early reply.

We had made many friends among the officials in the city, and we finally received an introduction to the proper man to interview in regard to the matter that perplexed us. The man was very friendly when he received our delegation. He saw at once that the request which had been made was not a proper one.

"Now you just forget this request. I will see the men at once and tell them to leave you alone. This is no time to hold such a demonstration anyway." Thus spoke the official.

Again the Lord had intervened to protect the work which we were doing. He was rewarding our faith in attempting an evangelistic effort at such an uneasy time as this. We had no more disturbances, and the Lord greatly blessed in the work that was done at that time.

A year or so later I was called to conduct an evangelistic effort and workers' institute in the new capital of Manchuria. We again found it necessary to summon our faith. The situation in that section was anything but settled. A new government had been set up. The military were still pretty much in control of affairs. Was it feasible to hold a meeting at such a time, even if we were permitted to do so?

We asked the Lord to direct us and open the way as we went along step by step. Influential friends in the government helped us to secure permission for the meeting. Again we were assured protection.

We pitched a tent in the mission compound, which was located on a

wide avenue which led directly to the palace of the former emperor of China, now chief executive of the newly organized state. We realized that it would be well to guard carefully our speech, not only because representatives of the police would be in the audience each evening to take down all that was said, but because we recognized the delicate situation in which we were placed. It would be easy to offend in one direction or another. And in presenting some of our doctrines, we might be misunderstood.

I was very careful to avoid any reference to the political situation. It was my business to preach the gospel and nothing else. But by our very refraining from any reference to the situation, we offended one side, even as we would have offended one side or the other if we had made reference to it. Nevertheless, we went straight forward, presenting our message of hope and salvation.

The workers who gathered together at this time to study methods of evangelistic work and refresh themselves in Bible doctrines were greatly blessed. They learned that by a tactful approach, one can work even in times of uncertainty.

On another occasion we were conducting an effort in Changsha, a busy metropolis of Central China. A new chapel had just been erected. The mission director thought that it would be a fine thing to have a neon sign put on the front of the building. The Chinese in this section of the country had never seen a neon light before. The Shanghai representatives of the Neon Sign Company practically donated the sign, and by the time our meetings began, it was sending forth its beautiful red glow far down the main street of the city.

Our meetings were well attended. One evening after the service a Chinese worker came to me greatly disturbed.

"Read this," he said, handing me a Chinese news- (Turn to page 13)



Sabbath Services in Tent Meetings at Peking Drew Many Interested People



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Like a Gigantic Bird, the Clipper Rises From Its Sea Cradle to the Highway of the Air

Wings Over Water

By O. C. DURHAM

WE are beginning to think," said Captain Winston dryly, "that you may be the Jonah on this voyage—you and your pollen-catching skyhook."

"Perhaps, then, you will have to throw me and my experiments overboard."

"We might, if we thought there were any flying fish big enough to pick you up."

The threat was not very serious, for the Yankee Clipper was not yet in the air or even away from shore. Hours ago we had taxied a mile down the Patapsco, faced the north wind, and speeded up the motors, but engine number three stuttered a bit; so we had put back to shore to change spark plugs. This done, it sounded all right to me—but not to an expert. They tried changing generators. Surely we would be off soon.

Thumbs down. The airport master repeated the captain's gesture, thus relaying his emphatic disapproval to the group of mechanics who were standing expectantly below the great wing. The skipper well knew that a group of impatient Europe-bound passengers were waiting to take off from New York. They should even now be eating lunch far out beyond Cape Cod. Of course the plane could cross the Atlantic with three good engines, or even with two if necessary, but it wasn't necessary, and some people refuse to be rushed. Perhaps that's how one gets to be master of the world's greatest plane.

"Twenty-four hours' delay," he calmly announced as he turned the ship over to the hangar crew and prepared to leave. He insisted on taking me all the way back to the hotel in his car. Some things are worth waiting for.

"See you in the morning at ten."

Overnight the queen of the air has forgotten her indisposition. Her stubborn engine has been conquered. What a striking picture she makes with flags flying and propellers flashing in the morning sunlight.

At a distance the plane's size is not as impressive as her buoyance. She seems as waterworthy as a gull dropped down on the water to rest. Some suggestion of size is afforded by the group of mechanics who are on top of the wings. They move about as on the flat metal roof of a large building. Actually, if the ship were set down on a vacant lot in the middle of a block, the wings would reach out over two ordinary bus-

galows on either side—a total distance of nearly half a block.

Performance, rather than appearance, led to the choice of the family name "Clipper," for the Yankee and her five sister ships which are now flying the two great oceans. A naturalist would have called them eagles, or perhaps gulls, but someone familiar with the romance of the sea could not forget the exploits of the smart clipper ships of a generation that had not dreamed of air transport. Clippers were those, and clippers are these. Only a few years ago we coaxed power out of the winds by hoisting large squares of canvas. Now we assault the air with great sheets of metal, flinging them with such force that the winds lie down in submission to become a smooth, solid highway.

Ten o'clock. Promptly at the sound of the gong the uniformed crew marches double file down the long walk to the dock. Two bellboys and a handful of

YOUR CLIPPER SHIP

LARGEST airplane in the world, either military or commercial, and its five sister ships were designed and constructed by the Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle, Washington, to the specifications of the Pan American Airways System for its transoceanic services over the Pacific and the Atlantic. The specifications were based upon nearly fifty million miles of overseas operating experience.

The aircraft is an all-metal double-deck monoplane flying boat, equipped with hydrostabilizers ("sea wings") for lateral stability on the surface or in heavy seas. It is powered by four geared and supercharged Wright engines, which develop a total of 6,000 horsepower—about twice the average power of a standard locomotive. It incorporates fundamental advances in design never before achieved in transport aircraft—including accessibility, by means of a companionway through the wing, to all four engines in flight, separate deck for completely scientific flight control, and many features for increased passenger comfort.

DIMENSIONS

Gross weight (fully loaded) 41¼ tons
Overall length _____ 109 ft.
Height _____ 28 ft. 6 in.
Wingspan _____ 152 ft.

POWER

Four Wright "Cyclone," radial double-row 14 cylinder air-cooled engines each rated at 1500 H.P.
Driving 14 ft. (diameter) Hamilton-Standard hydromatic (automatic pitch adjusting) full feathering propellers

PERFORMANCE

High speed _____ 190 M.P.H.
Cruising speed (at 50 per cent horsepower) _____ 150 M.P.H.
Range _____ 4,275 miles
Ceiling _____ 21,000 feet

CAPACITY

Passengers _____ 74
Crew accommodations _____ 10
Cargo _____ 5,000 lbs.
For transoceanic service (overnight berths) 40 passengers

New York passengers follow. For our guard of honor a dozen white-overalled members of the beaching crew stand at easy attention by the gangplank. Over the water wings and thence down three steps into the dining lounge, where seats are indicated by the head steward. Closing and securing the water-tight door, he glances about to see that each one has buckled his seat belt.

Ropes are payed out from the dock. The engines strike a higher note, and the great amphibian moves slowly out into the harbor. With the south wind coming up the bay, no long boat ride is necessary. A few hundred yards from the pier the ship is nosed into the wind. The captain demands a final vocal test from each motor, and then bids the great quartet to roar in unison. Perfect harmony this time. At first the water thrown aside by the prow washes lightly over the stubby water wings and splashes the windows. Then the prow is lifted clear. A few moments later only the tail is dragging. Relieved of their surface duty, the water wings begin to bite into the air to help the great wings above. The tail taps a farewell on the surface, and with the last gentle tap, more than forty tons of metal, cargo, fuel, and passengers soar lightly into the air. Below are the decks and the masts of the freighters which are anchored in Baltimore's harbor.

On a short voyage such as this a landlubber hardly knows how to invest his time. With less than an hour and a half to spend aboard the world's most wonderful flying unit, moments are indeed precious. Shall we study the map below, explore the ship, watch its navigation, or note the reaction of the passengers? The unbridled enthusiasm of one young passenger cannot escape notice even if his father, a Pan American employee, glances neither right nor left. The five-year-old voyager claps his hands with glee. But that this is not his first trip is evidenced by the businesslike way in which he handles his belt.

Fortunately we had time yesterday for a leisurely inspection of this modern flying hotel. The main deck is divided into

nine rooms, each of which, excepting the galley, can seat eight or ten persons. The comfortable seats can be made up into roomy berths when darkness overtakes the ship.

At about a city block above the water the great right wing tips up toward the sun as we bank sharply to the left, and swing round the tall smokestacks of the Bethlehem shipyard on Sparrows Point. If you had your eyes closed, you would not know that we are turning, much less lying far over on one side. We change our course aloft by exactly the same method, and almost as smoothly, as does a soaring hawk. Two blocks up, and the belts may be loosened. Now the passengers are free to move about as they like. Soon the steward brings word from the captain that the experimenter is invited to come to the bridge—this through previous special permission from the Civil Aeronautics Authority. I quickly climb the spiral staircase in the corner of the galley, nod to the captain, and take a position back of the chart table in the rear of the roomy navigator's cabin.

From my post one may watch the operations of navigation, look out on the engines and wings, and hastily review the geography of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. To my left is a door which leads by means of a companionway through the wing out to engines number one and two. Yes, the wings are so thick that a man may stand almost erect in them.

"With you in a minute," says the captain, turning in his chair, but hardly shifting his eyes from his instruments. We shall use the "minute" to glance about the cabin. Compare this large room with the cockpit of the largest land plane now in use. In the twenty-two-passenger Douglas land planes the captain and the copilot sit side by side in a small cockpit, with every instrument, button, and lever within arm's length of each pilot. Here is a flying laboratory and office with ample room for seven men on duty and four reserve officers. In front the captain and the first officer have their hands on the two sets of controls much the same as in a land transport.

They wear the familiar headsets which connect them with the engineer and the radio operator, with whom they divide their duties during flight. Except for the takeoff, and banking and landing, the hand controls are little used. The ship will fly itself under normal conditions, with no hands on the control and no automatic pilot. But even when the automatic pilot is operating, at least one pilot holds a wheel.

Five of the crew are licensed pilots; no one needs to become weary even in the night watches. Provision is made so that the men may go to bed for complete rest at any time they desire. One pilot acts as navigator, and carries out many of the operations which are required on an ocean liner. He has a full set of maps, a chronometer, instruments for testing the wind drift, and finally the sextant for calculating the position of the ship when it is out of sight of land. You must remember that flying the ocean is a task far different from following the radio-marked flyways over land. There are no radio beams across the Atlantic, nor any beacons or weather stations along the route. The ship is "on contact" every foot of the way. Trans-oceanic aerial navigation is a task which calls for the best there is in a well-trained flier.

"All ready." The chief engineer has completed a calculation, given his instruments a final check, and handed his headphones to his assistant. We go back into the hold to find my "skyhook" and box of oiled slides for catching pollen. Opening a hatch on the lower surface of a wing, we quickly install the apparatus and place a slide in position. Short exposures will be sufficient over land, and I can attend to the changes between here and New York. After each change of slides, I go back to my post in the cabin to note the altitude and position of the ship. I even check the time of my exposures by the ship's chronometer.

"What do you call this?" I point to a glass-enclosed, dome-shaped hatch with a ladder leading up to it.

"That's called a blister; it is used by the navigator in taking the position of the sun when he cannot see it from the cockpit window. You may look if you wish." I do.

The blister affords a full view of the top of the ship. Note the four sets of propellers, the fire-spitting exhausts, the backbone of the ship, and the great triple rudder. What wings! Can it be possible that every square foot of their surface supports twenty-eight pounds of weight? It is true. If you weigh 140 pounds, you are skimming through the air on a sheet of aluminum alloy just twenty-seven inches square. Hold tight!

The captain levels off at five thousand feet, sets the automatic pilot, and turns the controls over to the first officer. Chesapeake Bay has quickly slipped under us, and the city of Wilmington lies just ahead. A few minutes after leaving Wilmington we pass along the edge of Philadelphia and Camden. We have little time to search for familiar landmarks in Philadelphia and take only a glance at the great Camden bridge across (Turn to page 14)



The Spacious Control and Navigation Room of the Clipper Is a Fascinating Place

Two Rivers

By CHARLES CLARIDGE



IT was such a small stream that flowed through my father's farm. I had crossed and recrossed it hundreds of times, but never before had I noticed how really insignificant it seemed. Surely such a tiny river could have its beginning only a very short distance back in the hills. I decided to take a few minutes of this beautiful Sabbath afternoon and follow it to its source, just to satisfy my curiosity as to its origin.

As I started out, I wished that we had, flowing through our farm, a large, beautiful brook like the one I had seen on my uncle's place several miles away. I told myself that such a large brook must come from far back in the mountains, perhaps from that large snow-capped peak which I could see in the far distance. Sometime when I was not too busy, I would take a whole day off and follow it up, up to its very springs in the snow of the highlands. I felt certain that I would soon come to the beginning of our own *little* river. It would not be difficult to find. But I would ask father to tell me more about the location of the headwaters of this other, larger river.

I walked on and on. Surely I would reach my goal when I got around that

next bend. But, no, on the little stream stretched into the distance. Determined, however, not to give up until I had reached the very spring that gave it life, I pressed on. I walked for nearly two hours, always hoping and expecting to find my goal just around each bend or at the foot of the next hill.

Finally even the hills of my father's farm were far behind, and I was high in the beautiful mountains themselves. Tired and thirsty, I stopped for a moment's rest and a drink of the fresh, clear water. I never realized before how deliciously sweet and cool this little stream really was. I had never drunk from it before, thinking that it was only a little pasture brook, not fit for drinking purposes.

Now, refreshed and rested, I started out again, with new determination to find *where* such a little stream began. Could it possibly have its source so high in the mountains?

And, then, when the sun was getting low in the west, after I had spent most of the afternoon in trudging onward and upward, I found, near the summit of one of the highest peaks, a tiny spring gurgling from the rocks. It bubbled so happily and seemed to smile so sweetly that I felt at once well repaid for my trouble in reaching it. As I sat on a flat stone to rest and look down the winding trail which I had just ascended, I spied a small cottage among the pine trees several hundred yards away. Even as I looked at it and wondered who lived there, an old, gray-haired man stepped out. He gave me a cordial welcome, and invited me to come into his home and have lunch with him. After an ample lunch had been justly dealt with and we were comfortably seated in his cozy living room, he asked me what motive had led me to climb to this height on such a warm summer day.

So it was that I told him of the small stream that flowed through my father's farm; of how so

often I had wished it were large and important looking like the one on my uncle's place; of how I had started out early that afternoon to find the source of this small stream, thinking that I could do so in only a few minutes; and of how, after hours of trudging and climbing, I had finally reached it at the top of his mountain.

With a meaning smile, he told me a surprising thing. He told me that he was well acquainted with both of these streams. The one on my uncle's farm has its source a mile or two up the valley in numerous sulphur springs. Because of the large number of these springs, the water from them makes quite a large stream, which flows down the valley for ten or twelve miles and mysteriously disappears into the ground again. The water is so full of sulphur that fish cannot live in it, animals cannot drink it, and even the banks are bare because vegetation cannot thrive there.

But not so with the *little* brook that has its origin in the mountains. It has but a small beginning, but those waters are so pure and free that it cannot keep them to itself. It flows down, down, ever downward toward the great ocean. Flowers grow on its banks, thirsty animals moisten their parched throats with its refreshing waters, children wade and bathe in its coolness, and fish, both large and small, call it home. Great was my surprise to learn that this same little stream grows as it travels on and on and on, until finally it becomes one of the important rivers of the United States. Great steamships course up and down its lower end.

Then it was that I remembered seeing numerous speckled trout dart behind the rocks in the water as I had walked along the banks that sunny afternoon. I had also startled a deer as it was drinking in the stream, and had watched it bound away across the green hills. I had not thought of it before, but all along the banks of the brook were growing hundreds of beautiful flowers.

"Yes, my son," said the old man with a smile born of experience, "you have learned a great lesson today. It is one which we all must learn if we are ever to achieve that which we set out to do. Like the little spring by yonder rock, we must start. We have little to begin with, but we must use that little as we go on, in service for others. Because the little stream brings life and happiness to all around it, God gives it the strength to grow and develop as it goes, until finally it becomes one of the greatest blessings which mankind enjoys. Remember, my boy, if we use our small, God-given talents to the extent of our ability, our heavenly Father will bless us more and more until we, too, like the little stream, will develop into great men and women who will be able to do important work for Him.

(Continued on page 14)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



The Little River Taught Me a Valuable Lesson Which I Have Never Forgotten

JUNIORS



H. M. LAMBERT

Grandmother's Answered Prayer

By PHYLLIS KELLOGG

GRANDMOTHER KILLOCH lived alone in a small cottage perched on top of a high cliff near the sea. She loved to sit on her porch each evening and watch the sun sink in the briny blue depths of the sea, and listen to the rhythmic beat of the waves as they crashed on the long sandy beach many feet below her. Then her busy mind would bring her memories out of the past, and although she really was alone, her little world seemed peopled as she relived those happy days of long-lost youth.

Felicia and I used to come with dad and mother to visit our paternal grandmother. On these occasions we shared with her the front porch and listened to her stories of when she was a little girl.

One evening I remember particularly, because that was the evening grandmother told us about when daddy was just her little boy and not a grown-up man with two daughters.

"Grandmother, weren't you and dad scared when grandpa went away and left you alone in the little dugout?" asked Felicia.

"No, Felicia, I wasn't, for I was sure that God would send His angels to watch over us."

Now we all knew about the big snow-storm which grandma and dad had been in away out on the Wyoming prairies, with only a small dugout to live in and a small fire to keep them warm while all alone they waited for grandpa to return; but we never tired of hearing grandmother retell that thrilling adventure. Therefore, once again on this particular evening, I said, putting my arms about her and softly kissing her silvered hair, "Grandmother, tell us about the big storm."

Grandmother looked out on the tranquil blue ocean. Very likely she was contrasting this quiet evening with that stormy night of long ago, but she only smiled on us and said, "I should think you girls would grow tired of that storm story." Then, as dad joined us, she added, "Chester, they want to hear the story of the storm again. Shall I tell them?"

"Oh, surely, I'd like to hear it myself. It happened so long ago that it seems almost unreal to me."

"Your grandfather was very anxious to stake a claim in the promising State of Wyoming," began grandmother. "Therefore we went out, grandfather, your dad, and I, early in the autumn. We had

time to build only a dugout, or small sod house half in the ground and half out, before winter announced its arrival by an early freeze and a severe cold spell. Grandfather became alarmed and set out as soon as possible for town to purchase much-needed supplies.

"Chester and I were left to feed and water the stock and keep the place warm for grandfather when he should return. He expected to be back in three days.

"The first day came and went without any mishaps, and we began to pride ourselves on our pioneering ability. The second morning when I awoke I could hear the rain falling, and I felt a little uneasy. I said nothing to your dad, because he was only fourteen then and I did not wish to frighten him. It grew colder, and by noon it was sleeting. I became more apprehensive every minute. Finally it ceased sleeting, and all was quiet save for the moaning of the wind around the cattle corral. Your dad said, 'I hope that papa can get home all right.' I was afraid that it would keep on sleeting. I comforted him as best I could, and we set about our afternoon duties.

"I do not know when it began snowing, for the snow falls so softly. I only know that when we arose from our knees after evening worship, I felt impressed to look outside. When I did so, I could see nothing but a mass of snowflakes falling fast upon the already whitened ground. Fear crept into my heart. I could think of nothing but my

husband as he said good-by the morning before, promising to return as soon as possible. If he had started home, could he find his way? or was he already lost out on the broad, rolling prairies? Thoughts came to my mind of settlers who had frozen to death on just such days as this. Chester, who had come up to my side, voiced my thoughts as he said, 'Mother, why can such pretty soft snow be so cruel?' I could say nothing in reply.

"There remained a few evening tasks to be done before bedtime. The barn could not be seen, although it was not far away. We got a rope which was in the house, and I held one end while Chester, holding the other end, groped his way to the barn and made the rope fast, so that he could find his way back.

"Inside I waited anxiously for his return. Hours seemed to pass, although I knew that the old clock was only ticking off the minutes. Finally, when I had become thoroughly frightened for fear something had happened to your dad, I heard him coming in. He was nearly frozen. I helped him change his clothes and gave him some hot milk to drink. He told me that he had gone to the well for water and had become lost. He had felt sure that he was going the right way, but when he did not reach the barn, he knew that he must have gone wrong. Then suddenly he came up short against a fence, and knew thereby that he had been going away from the barn instead of toward it. But he followed the fence to the house, and arrived safely. How thankful I was that he was safe with me inside our dugout instead of outside in that freezing weather.

"That was the longest night I ever lived through. The wind howling over the prairie made me more apprehensive as the moments went by. I could not sleep; neither could Chester. We sat silently beside the fire, each thinking his own thoughts."

Grandmother was quiet for a few moments. How strange it seemed to Felicia and me. Here we sat on the porch listening to the lapping of the waves, and the sea gulls bidding each other good night, and there was grandmother sitting beside us in body, but her thoughts were back in the snowbound little Wyoming dugout of long ago. However, she had just come to the most dramatic part of her story, and we broke rudely into her reverie by urging her to continue.

"All night long we sat there," sighed grandmother, "rising only to replenish the fire. When morning came, we dressed in our warmest clothes and went out to see how things were. The snow-storm had cleared. The sun shone in a cloudless sky. Everything was white. Not a stick or a stone could be seen.



U. S. N. Y.

Chester and I Were Left to Feed and Water the Stock

"Mother," said Chester, "how can dad find us with everything covered up?" I had not thought of that, but now I realized that your grandfather could be lost even if the sun *was* shining. He might never recognize the snow-covered mound as his home.

"I turned to Chester and said simply, 'Let's pray about it.' We knelt right there in the snow and raised our voices in prayer to God, asking Him what we could do so that our loved one would be guided safely home. Our prayer ended, we turned to go inside the dug-out, when suddenly Chester grasped my arm and said, 'Mother, I know; we will put up my flag. Dad will see that and know that it's mine.' The lad had a small American flag which he loved very much, for his father and I had tried to teach him what it means to be an American.

"So we brought the flag out and fastened it where we hoped it could be most clearly seen. Then we went in and prepared breakfast. As Chester was setting the table, he remarked, 'Of course, I'm setting dad's place, because I'm sure that God will help him to be here by breakfasttime.' I did not reply, but as I hurried about my work, I breathed a silent little prayer that his faith would be rewarded. When breakfast was ready, we went out to see if anyone was in sight. There, sure enough, was a wagon coming up the snowy lane, and through my tear-dimmed eyes I saw your dad run to greet his father.

"He told us that he had been traveling since early morning without knowing whether he was on the right road or not, and that he was just on the point of turning back when he saw far ahead a flag fluttering in the breeze. In hope that if it did not mark his own home, it would be flying outside that of a neighbor, he pushed on, and here he was, safe at last."

Grandmother had finished her story, her saga of the plains was complete, and we girls were firmly convinced that she was a heroine of the truest type.

Today the prairies still stretch across the faraway inland State of Wyoming. The cottage where we heard this story still stands by the sea, but grandmother, dear, patient, sweet granny, whom we all loved so dearly, is gone. She is resting now from her long years of labor. Felicia and I are grown, but we shall always remember her stories, and the lasting impression that they made upon us of her trust in God.

The Divine Program

(Continued from page 5)

God too well to believe that He will allow death and ruin and dismay to come upon the millions who fill the earth, without one prophecy, one admonition, one warning, to prepare them for the crisis.

God's program of coming events, as set forth in the Bible, plainly includes:

There are to be great international troubles, calamities, and upheavals, and these are to end in the war of the great day of God Almighty. Rev. 16:14.

There is to come increased distress of nations, with perplexities, "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." Luke 21:26.

There will be a time of trouble such as never was since the nations first came into existence. Dan. 12:1.

The nations are to gather to conflict, beating their plowshares into swords and their pruning hooks into spears. Joel 3:10.

They will rush upon each other, "like the rushing of mighty waters." Isa. 17:12.

Troubles and evils and calamities will go forth, like a great whirlwind, from nation to nation. Jer. 25:32.

The nations will be angry, and the wrath of God will fall upon them. Rev. 11:18.

The end of these troubles, tumults, and strifes will be brought about by the personal appearance of the Son of God, who will come in the clouds of heaven with an unparalleled manifestation of glory. Luke 21:27.

When the nations assemble to battle, then the Lord will bring down His own warriors to overthrow them. Joel 3:2.

When the nations rush at each other, "like the rushing of mighty waters," then God will rebuke them, and will scatter them like chaff before the wind. Isa. 17:13.

When the armies of the nations are gathered to the battle of the great day of God Almighty, then Jesus will come upon them as a thief. Rev. 16:15.

When the kings of the earth gather their armies to make war against Christ, then He will come as King of kings and Lord of lords, attended by the white-robed hosts of heaven. Rev. 19:11-14.

When the nations are angry, then the wrath of God will fall upon them, and the time of the dead will come, "that they should be judged." Rev. 11:18.



1. Why were the Levites scattered over the face of the earth?
2. What prophet was himself the subject of prophecy?
3. The legal heir to the throne of Judah was hidden by his aunt for six years in the house of God to escape a murderous hand. Who was the woman and who was the future king?
4. Who became so frightened that his bones shook and the hair of his flesh stood on end?
5. What king beat down a city and sowed it with salt?
6. What book of the Bible does not mention the name of God?
7. What ancient king employed dromedaries as mail carriers?
8. Who are the only three persons mentioned in the Bible whose names begin with the letter V?
9. Name two persons who saved their lives by hiding in a well.
10. How many proverbs did Solomon speak? How many songs are credited to him?
11. What were the names of the twelve men who were sent to "search out" the land of Canaan? Tell what tribe each represented.

THE BOOK OF EXODUS

1. Reveals three systems of law. Name them.
2. What does the name "exodus" signify, and to what does it refer?
3. What seems to be the great purpose of this book?

(Answers on page 14)

The complete and eternal overthrow of all the governments of the world will be brought about by the coming of Christ. It is then that He will break them with a rod of iron, and "dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Ps. 2:9.

He will grind them to powder, and the wind will sweep them away like the chaff. Dan. 2:35.

The nations and the governments of earth will be destroyed and given to the fiery flames. Dan. 7:11.

They will be driven like the chaff of the mountains before the winds of God, and as the thistle down before the whirlwind. Isa. 17:13.

Jesus will smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and slay the wicked with the breath of His lips. Isa. 11:4.

He will tread the nations under His feet as vintagers tread the grapes. Jer. 25:30; Rev. 19:15.

He will put down all other rule than His own, and all other power and authority. 1 Cor. 15:24.

He will judge the nations in righteousness. Acts 17:31.

He will break the oppressor in pieces. Ps. 72:4.

He will slay the enemies who rejected His rule. Luke 19:27.

The return of Jesus will be the signal for the resurrection of His people from their graves.

At that time, the Lord's dead men shall live. Isa. 26:19.

They will come forth from their graves to eternal life. Dan. 12:2.

This will be a "resurrection of life." John 5:29.

The faithful of all ages will then be recompensed. Luke 14:14.

The patriarchs long hidden in their graves will hear the Lord's voice and answer it. Job 14:15.

Job will meet his Redeemer and in his flesh see God. Job 19:26.

All God's people will be raised to be equal to the angels, and will die no more. Luke 20:36.

Then the sons of God will be manifested. Rom. 8:19.

Then mortality will give place to immortality. 1 Cor. 15:54.

Then these weak, feeble, diseased bodies of ours will be "fashioned like unto His glorious body." Phil. 3:21.

The graves will be opened, and God's people will be gathered from all lands. Eze. 37:12, 13.

From the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other, they will be brought to meet their King. Mark 13:27.

Jesus will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will arise to meet Him. He will catch up His people unto Himself in the air, and they will remain with Him forever. 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

Taken to heaven, they will be presented before the presence of His glory, faultless, and with exceeding joy. Jude 24.

Such are some of the events which the teachings of the Bible lead us to expect. The exact order, mode, and succession of the occurrence present difficulties which, though they are hard, are not insurmountable. There is a considerable body of teaching in the Bible which throws much light on the order of these events. We see these things first in majestic outline as we begin the study of the Bible. As we enter into its further revelations and disclosures, we see them in greater and clearer detail.

This Book, charting all the future as it does, making plain the pathway which leads into the eternal kingdom of Christ—how we should cherish it, and love it, how we should meditate upon its teachings, and acquaint ourselves with its profound truths, and appropriate to ourselves its immense wealth of knowledge and instruction and wisdom.

15 MINUTES a day READ WITH PROFIT

It's quite the fashion to be "well read," to be "up" on the times. "The Great Controversy," through the clear light of Inspiration, brings the bloody, tumultuous past into sharp focus with the swift-moving present. It reads like a fast-action drama. Can you answer these questions? Read pages 39-60. [Subscription edition, pp. 43-67.] Begin today.

1. Supply the missing words: Under pagan Rome, Christians were condemned as — against the empire, as — of religion, and — to society.
2. Unsound doctrine, superstitious rites, and idolatrous ceremonies became incorporated into the faith and practice of the early Christian church as the result of—*a.* prosperity, *b.* forgetfulness, *c.* compromise, *d.* persecution.
3. In order for Satan to maintain his sway over man and establish the authority of the papal usurper, he must keep them in ignorance of the—*a.* Scriptures, *b.* Sabbath, *c.* crucifixion, *d.* power of angels.
4. While many converts from paganism generally continued to observe — as a joyful festival, Satan led them, in order to show their hatred of Judaism, to make the Sabbath a day of — and —.
5. The Roman church taught its followers to look to the — for the forgiveness of sin.
6. To establish the claim that the Bishop of Rome possessed the same spiritual power as the apostolic church, ancient writings were—*a.* found, *b.* destroyed, *c.* printed, *d.* forged by monks.
7. The infallibility of the Roman church was pronounced by—*a.* Paul, *b.* Constantine, *c.* Peter, *d.* Pope Gregory VII.
8. In the sacrifice of the —, priests pretend to exercise the power of creating God, the Creator.
9. In the thirteenth century was established the most terrible of all the engines of the Papacy known as—*a.* Inquisition, *b.* purgatory, *c.* penance, *d.* indulgences.
10. The "noon of the Papacy was the — of the world."

From the Heart of a Colporteur

(Continued from page 3)

she related a story which she said was known to but few.

She was born on a small farm far from the city, the eldest girl in a large family. Her early school training was cut to three days when she became very ill and had to drop out for the whole year. Her later endeavors were no more successful, for her mother died and the household responsibilities fell upon her own young shoulders. Year after year she worked—cooking, sewing, and cleaning for the father and the younger brothers and sisters. Her only release from these burdens was the time spent at Sunday school and prayer meetings. She longed to join in the reading of the Scripture, but that was not possible, for she had never learned to read. But she *could* pray. How often she would plead that the Lord would make it

possible for her to go to school, so that she could learn to read. This request was never granted. Even when hopes looked the brightest, and the girl, now fifteen, enrolled in the first grade, she was stopped again by illness.

At an early age she was married and moved to the city. More than ever during the long days which she spent alone, she wished to read the Bible. Were not her efforts to learn sincere? Was there not some way to learn? One day she sat fingering the pages of the precious Volume, her heart yearning for help. Again she turned to her Friend, and, kneeling in prayer, poured out her heart to Him. She was using the "key in the hand of faith" that opens "heaven's storehouse," and that faith was rewarded. When she opened her eyes, her glance fell upon the open pages of the Book. Oh, see! The words on the page were standing out clear and plain—not lifeless, as before, but with meaning! Look again! She could read! What was God doing to her? Surely this was a miracle! How could she ever thank Him? Verse by verse she read, pronouncing the words correctly and understanding the meaning. As a weary traveler in the desert thrills to find an oasis with its clear, cool springs, so this woman rejoiced in quenching her spiritual thirst.

Never since has that precious gift been lost. She has been very reverent in the use of her ability to read. Novels, newspapers, story magazines, and other secular literature have found no place in her library. She told us that God had answered her prayer so that she might learn the way of life, and for that reason she reads only those things which meet this qualification. That is why our book was so interesting to her.

I have no reason to doubt this story. Granting that it is true and that God was honoring an honest heart to this extent, then I believe that our visit must have been a part of His plan for her also. Surely, as she reads the great truths of the advent hope, she will accept them, and we shall meet again on eternity's shore.

It is the occasional privilege of the colporteur to see the results of his work even in this life. It is one of the greatest joys we can experience when we see souls join themselves to this advancing group of God's people, and especially is this true when we have had some small part in it. This was the joy which came to my partner and me after our summer's work.

A very dear friend had opened up her home to us while we worked in her town. Not only did she provide us with food and shelter, but she gladly assumed the responsibility of looking after the interested people whom we found. In time we arranged for cottage meetings in her home. Either she or the district elder would give the studies from week to week. She also made many personal visits. All this has resulted in the baptism of at least one new convert and the rebaptism of another person who had strayed from the faith and was working in a beer-and-sandwich parlor when we first met her.

What a day of rejoicing when, in that heavenly Canaan, we shall all meet together. What colporteur experiences will be recounted there! What joy to become acquainted with the angels who were our unseen helpers, going before us to open doors and arrange circumstances so that we might sell our books and magazines! Then, best of all, we shall meet the wonderful Saviour about whom we have spoken so often to those whom we have met. How our hearts will swell with gratitude when we hear from His own lips that our work has been accounted worthy! Oh, what will it be to see Jesus?

"When in wonder I stand with my hand in His hand,
In the home with the ransomed forever,
The sorrow all passed, triumphant at last,
Oh, what will it be to see Jesus?"

"When the love light doth shine from His eyes into mine,
While the face that was marred is up-lifted,
With rapture complete, His smile I shall meet,
Oh, what will it be to see Jesus?"

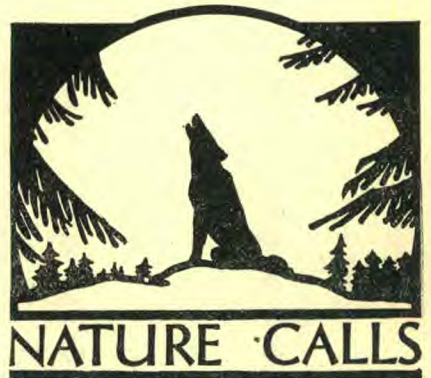
On the China Front

(Continued from page 7)

paper and pointing to a brief article on the front page.

"Beware Great Warning-World Meeting." This title stood out boldly. "The meetings conducted by the foreign missionary, Li Bao-gwei, are communist. The great red sign in front of the building in which he is preaching proves that!"

This was no pleasant charge. That color stood for nothing else in the minds of many, and our enemy was trying to make the most of it. But we ignored the article, committed our way to the Lord, and continued preaching. We must let our words testify to the falsity of this charge. And again were fulfilled the words of the Scripture, you "can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."



Knowing Trees

BY STELLA PARKER PETERSON

1. What tree is no longer used for street planting because its roots clog sewers and drains and lift pavements?
2. What tree, though it belongs to the pine family and has needles and cones, is *not* an evergreen?
3. What tree wears a hanging drapery of Spanish moss?
4. What tree sheds its bark?
5. What tree was the universal construction timber of the United States for 250 years?

(Answers on page 14)

January Calendar

(Concluded)

BATS which have not migrated south are wintering in trees hollows, or under the rafters of barns or old buildings, or in caves.

Winter tobogganing is at its height in otter land. With forefeet bent backward, the animals slide down the snow ridges on their bellies. Not only is sliding a sport for them, but when they are portaging overland between streams, they make it a part of their transportation scheme.

Winter as well as summer has its beau-

ties. An early morning walk along a woodland stream, after a cold night, reveals the wonders which have been wrought by the ice king. Each ruffle and cascade has put on a disguise of enchantment, while on the banks bloom countless scrolls of frost flowers.

Flocks of bobwhites, each the survivor of one or two broods which have braved the dangers of autumn, gather to sleep each night in close-clustered circles.

Go out for a tramp the morning after a new snow and see the records left by rabbits, squirrels, meadow mice, foxes, and other wild creatures. They each tell an interesting story.

The squirrel uses his tail as a sort of blanket to keep him warm when he sleeps.

When snow covers the fields, meadow mice are easier prey for hawks and owls. The white-footed mouse is less conspicuous in color, and therefore has better chances of being unnoticed.

If you desire brilliance and heat for winter evenings around your hearth, burn logs of seasoned hickory.

The moose now keeps to the shelter of the woods, where he feeds on the twigs of birch, willow, and such shrubs, and the bark of certain trees.

The small swollen portions in the stems of the old dried goldenrod in the field are probably the winter homes of insects.

In your winter star study, have you noticed the colors of the stars? Betelgeuse is deep red, Rigel is bluish white, and Capella is yellow.—*Nature Magazine*.

Two Rivers

(Continued from page 10)

"But many young people are like the sulphur river. They think that their objectives in life are to be gained in one bound, and that they can go their way as they please. They do not realize their danger until it is too late and their lives have been wasted on foolishness. Nobody has been made happier because of their lives; the world will never miss them when they are gone, and they sink down finally in despair, a failure."

As I rose to depart, this new-found friend of mine grasped me firmly by the hand, and with his warm, fatherly smile said, "Remember, young man, the parable of the rivers."

The sun was just sinking as I thoughtfully started my downward journey. I could see far away in the distance my own home and the little river which had taught me this valuable lesson. Thus ended one of the most memorable Sabbaths of my life.

Write That Letter

(Continued from page 4)

might be interesting to the friend to whom we are planning to write, and we pigeonhole it for the future time when we are going to write a "real letter." The longer we wait, the more material we have put away, until we have such a number of things that we feel unequal to the task of putting them all on paper.

Do you think mother would not rather have a short letter than none at all? One college girl sends even a poorly scribbled note home rather than no message. "Over and over again," she says, "mother has explained that the veriest scrap torn from a memorandum pad which arrives on time is worlds better than any painstaking work of art which might arrive ten days late."

There is a well-known saying, "If you want something done, get a busy man to do it; the others have no time." For one to confess that he does not have

time, is to confess that he is not busy, is a dillydallier, is not a great soul. He forgets that great souls like Washington, Luther, and Browning, who had time for those little necessary duties, wrote many letters.

One prolific letter writer, a dean of a famous university, has found that he is encouraged to answer letters promptly by having a convenient place in which to write, with a proper assortment of writing materials close at hand. He has found that he may have a few extra minutes before breakfast or dinner, and that when stationery and pen are within easy reach, it is very little trouble to write a letter.

He has also found that prolonged lapses are caused by putting off writing until there is more time. "It is pitiful to think that a few words scribbled three or four times a year might save many a friendship which perishes listlessly from lack of nourishment," points out this thoughtful educator.

Let's take his advice and write that letter now!

Wings Over Water

(Continued from page 9)

the Delaware River. From Philadelphia the course lies diagonally across New Jersey to Sandy Hook. Except for the low-lying haze, one could easily see Long Island from Philadelphia. The landscape hereabouts is drab, enlivened only by two large fields grown up in goldenrod.

An engineer from the Wright factory is riding with us today, studying the performance of his motors in actual flight. If he is not pleased with what he sees and hears, we shall have no way of finding out. Compared with the performance of the engine in our family car, I should say that they do very well. Six thousand horsepower—about twice the average power of a standard locomotive—is hurling the ship through space at three miles a minute on power obtained from a small stream of gasoline. It uses only a gallon a mile!

"Nine—fifty-seven—twenty-three," calls the officer with the sextant. He is making a hundred practice observations, calling his readings in rapid succession. Meanwhile the chief radio operator clicks off a bulletin on his typewriter and hangs it where it may be consulted by anyone concerned.

We have visitors, too. The passengers are allowed to take turns standing on next to the last step of the spiral stair, where they may inspect the bridge without actually setting foot on it.

From Sandy Hook to Port Washington on the north shore of Long Island is less than fifteen minutes of flying; so the plane begins to descend. The haze on both the lower and the upper bay makes seeing a bit difficult, but we finally pick out the Statue of Liberty and other larger landmarks. Manhattan is very dim. Now we slip over Floyd Bennett Air Field, from which Lindbergh started on his pioneer solo flight twelve years ago. Think of the water that has gone under airplane wings during those eleven short years. A young man had a vision then, and this is it. Pinch yourself and take a glance at Coney Island and the long stretch of Jones Beach before turning to the World's Fair. A few weeks ago we circled over Treasure Island and the Golden Gate Exposition in a Mainliner; now we scurry over the Trylon and the Perisphere, taking note of the position of the lagoons, the Russian building, and the good ship "Yankee" in the New England section. But it is time to go down to the lower deck for the landing.

How shall we find a runway in a bay

that is filled with boats of all descriptions? Over the treetops, over the masts of pleasure boats, and close to the water, we slip down as smoothly as a waterfowl. The speed slackens as the motors strike a lower tone. Only a few moments more, and then—a thrilling crescendo that is both heard and felt. Our five-year-old friend is not prepared for the sudden impact of steel against water. The first shock takes him unawares, and the five lesser slaps add insult to his already injured bravado. His father smiles and soothes him as the boat stops skipping and settles softly down in the water of Manhasset Bay.

"Port Washington, New York," casually announces the steward.

Answers

Treasure Trove:

1. Because of their cruelty to the Shechemites. Gen. 49:7. 2. John the Baptist. Isa. 40:3; Matt. 3:1-3. 3. Jehoshabeath. Joash. 2 Chron. 22:11. 4. Eliphaz. Job 4:14, 15. 5. Abimelech. Judges 9:45. 6. Esther. 7. Ahasuerus. Esther 8:10. 8. Vophsi. Num. 13:14. 9. Vashni. 1 Chron. 6:28. 10. Three thousand proverbs and one thousand and five songs. 1 Kings 4:32. 11. Shammua of the tribe of Reuben; Shaphat of Simeon; Caleb of Judah; Igal of Issachar; Oshea of Ephraim; Palti of Benjamin; Gaddiel of Zebulun; Gaddi of Manasseh; Ammiel of Dan; Sethur of Asher; Nahbi of Naphtali; Geuel of Gad.

The Book of Exodus:

1. Moral, ceremonial, and civil. 2. A "going out" or "departure," and it refers to the going forth of Israel from Egypt. 3. To relate the first steps in the fulfillment of God's covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Trees:

1. Cottonwood. 2. Tamarack, larch. 3. Live oak of the South. 4. Sycamore. 5. White pine.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

IV—Duties of Children

(January 27)

MEMORY VERSE: Proverbs 4:20, 21.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 573, 574.

THE LESSON

1. What instruction is given in the fifth commandment? Ex. 20:12.

NOTE.—"While this precept refers directly to our earthly parents, it also includes God, our Father in heaven; for in honoring them, we honor Him. To the child too young to know God, the earthly parent takes the place of God. Learning to honor, respect, and obey his earthly parents is the child's first and most important lesson in learning to honor, respect, and obey God, his heavenly Parent. Benjamin Franklin well said: 'Let a child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.'"—*Bible Readings for the Home Circle*, p. 529.

2. What should be the attitude of children toward their parents? Prov. 1:8, 9; Col. 3:20.

3. What promises are made to those who are obedient to parents? Prov. 4:20-22; 6:20-22.

4. How does the wise child relate himself to his father's instruction? Prov. 13:1; 15:5.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

5. What one sign of the last days concerns the relation of children to parents? 2 Tim. 3:2.

NOTE.—“The want of respect for the counsel of a godly parent, is one of the marked sins of this degenerate age. There are many lives in our land that are dark and wretched because of one step taken in the dark. By one act of disobedience, many a youth has blighted his whole life and weighed down a loving mother's heart with anguish. God will not hold you guiltless if you follow in this course. By despising the counsel of a God-fearing mother, who would willingly give her life for her children, you are transgressing the fifth commandment.”—“Testimonies,” Vol. V, p. 125.

6. What may come to the child who is disrespectful to parents? Prov. 30:11, 17.

NOTE.—In verse 17, the wise man “adds a terrible threatening to disobedient children. Many who have come to an ignominious end, have owned that the wicked courses which have brought them to it, began in contempt of their parents' authority.”—Henry and Scott's Commentary, p. 467.

7. What was included in the work of reform that was carried on by John the Baptist? Luke 1:17.

8. What is part of the reform message to be given to the world in the last days? Mal. 4:6.

9. Give some outstanding examples in the Bible of obedience as a result of parental instruction.

Answer.—Joseph. Gen. 39:2, 3. Servant maid in Naaman's household. 2 Kings 5:1-3. Josiah. 2 Chron. 34:1-3. Daniel. Dan. 1:8. Esther. Esther 2:10, 11, 20. Timothy. 2 Tim. 1:5; 3:14, 15.

10. What is said concerning the relation of Jesus to His earthly parents? Luke 2:51, 52.

NOTE.—“The importance and the opportunities of the home life are illustrated in the life of Jesus. He who came from heaven to be our example and teacher spent thirty years as a member of the household at Nazareth. Concerning these years the Bible record is very brief. No mighty miracles attracted the attention of the multitude. No eager throngs followed His steps or listened to His words. Yet during all these years He was fulfilling His divine mission. He lived as one of us, sharing the home life, submitting to its discipline, performing its duties, bearing its burdens. In the sheltering care of a humble home, participating in the experiences of our common lot, He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”—“Ministry of Healing,” p. 349.

“He who had been the commander of heaven, was a willing servant, a loving, obedient son.”—Id., p. 399.

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

IV—The Visit of the Wise Men; Flight Into Egypt; the Boyhood of Jesus

(January 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 2:1-23; Luke 2:40-52.

MEMORY VERSE: “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.” Ps. 34:7.

STUDY HELP: “The Desire of Ages,” pp. 59-83.

PLACES: Bethlehem; a country in “the East”; Jerusalem; Egypt; Nazareth.

PERSONS: The infant Jesus; Herod; the Magi; Joseph and Mary; an angel of the Lord.

Setting of the Lesson

“The wise men had seen a mysterious light in the heavens upon that night when the glory of God flooded the hills of Bethlehem. As the light faded, a luminous star appeared, and lingered in the sky. It was not a fixed star nor a planet, and the phenomenon excited the keenest interest. That star was a distant company of shining angels, but of this the wise men were ignorant. Yet they were impressed that the star was of special import to

them. . . . Through dreams they were instructed to go in search of the newborn Prince. . . . It was necessary to journey by night in order to keep the star in view; but the travelers beguiled the hours by repeating traditional sayings and prophetic utterances concerning the One they sought. At every pause for rest they searched the prophecies; and the conviction deepened that they were divinely guided. . . . The priests and elders of Jerusalem were not as ignorant concerning the birth of Christ as they pretended. The report of the angels' visit to the shepherds had been brought to Jerusalem, but the rabbis had treated it as unworthy of their notice. They themselves might have found Jesus, and might have been ready to lead the Magi to His birthplace.”—“The Desire of Ages,” pp. 60-62.

QUESTIONS

1. Who was reigning in Jerusalem when Jesus was born? Who came to Jerusalem from another nation? What question did these strangers ask? What had they seen? Why had they come? Matt. 2:1, 2.

NOTE.—The wise men “have reached the land of Israel, and are descending the Mount of Olives, with Jerusalem in sight, when lo, the star that has guided them all the weary way rests above the temple, and after a season fades from their view. With eager steps they press onward, confidently expecting the Messiah's birth to be the joyful burden of every tongue. But their inquiries are in vain. Entering the holy city, they repair to the temple. To their amazement they find none who seem to have a knowledge of the newborn King. Their questions call forth no expressions of joy, but rather of surprise and fear, not unmingled with contempt.”—Id., p. 61.

2. Who was troubled by the words of these men? Of whom did Herod seek further information? What did he learn concerning the prophecies? Verses 3-6.

NOTE.—“Herod suspected the priests of plotting with the strangers to excite a popular tumult and unseat him from the throne. He concealed his mistrust, however, determined to thwart their schemes by superior cunning. Summoning the chief priests and the scribes, he questioned them as to the teaching of their sacred books in regard to the place of the Messiah's birth.

“This inquiry from the usurper of the throne, and made at the request of strangers, stung the pride of the Jewish teachers. The indifference with which they turned to the rolls of prophecy enraged the jealous tyrant. He thought them trying to conceal their knowledge of the matter. With an authority they dared not disregard, he commanded them to make close search, and to declare the birthplace of their expected King.”—Id., p. 62.

3. Whom did Herod now privately question? Where did he send the wise men? What did he ask them to do? What false reason did he give for this request? Verses 7, 8.

4. What reappeared as soon as the wise men departed from Jerusalem? How did this affect them? Verses 9, 10.

5. What did the guiding star cause them to find? How did the wise men show that they accepted Jesus as their King and Saviour? What naturally followed the giving of their hearts? Verse 11.

6. How were the wise men led to disregard Herod's command? Verse 12.

7. Of what was Joseph warned in a dream? What danger threatened the young Child? To what country was Joseph told to go? When did he start for Egypt? Verses 13-15.

NOTE.—“Satan was bent on shutting out the divine light from the world, and he used his utmost cunning to destroy the Saviour. But He who never slumbers nor sleeps, was watching over His beloved Son. He who had rained manna from heaven for Israel, and had fed Elijah in the time of famine, provided in a heathen land a refuge for Mary and the child Jesus. And through the gifts of the Magi from a heathen country, the Lord supplied the means for the journey into Egypt and the sojourn in a land of strangers.”—Id., p. 65.

8. What caused Herod to become very angry? How did he show his real purpose in trying to find the infant Jesus? Verse 16.

NOTE.—“Herod in Jerusalem impatiently awaited the return of the wise men. As time passed, and they did not appear, his suspicions were aroused. The unwillingness of the rabbis to point out the Mes-

siah's birthplace seemed to indicate that they had penetrated his design, and that the Magi had purposely avoided him. He was maddened at the thought. Craft had failed, but there was left the resort to force. He would make an example of this child king. Those haughty Jews should see what they might expect in their attempts to place a monarch on the throne.”—Id.

9. How was the death of Herod made known to Joseph? What instruction was given to him? When he came into the land of Israel, what made him afraid to go back to Bethlehem? To what place where he had formerly lived did he return? Verses 19-23.

10. How is the growth of the child Jesus described? Luke 2:40.

11. To what city did Joseph and Mary go each year? For what purpose? How old was Jesus when He was taken with them? Verses 41, 42.

NOTE.—“Among the Jews the twelfth year was the dividing line between childhood and youth. On completing this year a Hebrew boy was called a son of the law, and also a son of God. He was given special opportunities for religious instruction, and was expected to participate in the sacred feasts and observances.”—Id., p. 75.

12. When the days of the Passover feast were ended, how did Joseph and Mary become separated from Jesus? Where did they suppose Him to be? Verses 43, 44.

13. When Mary and Joseph missed Jesus, what did they do? Where did they find Him? What was He doing? What was a cause of astonishment to those who heard Him? Verses 45-47.

14. How did Mary gently reprove her Son? What was His answer? Why must Joseph and Mary have thought this a strange reply? Verses 48-50.

15. How did Jesus show a perfect spirit of obedience? Who remembered all His sayings? How did Jesus grow? Verses 51, 52.

NOTE.—“The parents of Jesus were poor, and dependent upon their daily toil. He was familiar with poverty, self-denial, and privation. This experience was a safeguard to Him. In His industrious life there were no idle moments to invite temptation. No aimless hours opened the way for corrupting associations. So far as possible, He closed the door to the tempter. Neither gain nor pleasure, applause nor censure, could induce Him to consent to a wrong act. . . .

“Jesus lived in a peasant's home, and faithfully and cheerfully acted His part in bearing the burdens of the household. He had been the Commander of heaven, and angels had delighted to fulfill His word; now He was a willing servant, a loving, obedient son. He learned a trade, and with His own hands worked in the carpenter's shop with Joseph. In the simple garb of a common laborer He walked the streets of the little town, going to and returning from His humble work. He did not employ His divine power to lessen His burdens or to lighten His toil.”—Id., p. 72.

The YOUTH'S Instructor

Issued by

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

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

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The Listening Post

✪ IN 1938 Italy's 45,000,000 citizens ate over three billion pounds of spaghetti.

✪ A FIELD of thick green grass is no temptation to a camel. He is much more contented if given prickly thorns and thistles to eat.

✪ WHEN grocers first appeared in Europe in the fourteenth century, only the rich could afford to patronize them. The common people bought from traveling grocers called "chapmen," who carried their wares in packs on their backs.

✪ ACCORDING to reports from research workers, the lowly milkweed contains a substance of real value to man. It is a "complete" proteolytic enzyme, a chemical agent which helps digestion and nutrition. It is found in the milkweed's milk.

✪ IN Holland, in the province of Limburg, there is a little town called America; and Germany has a New America located about three hours from Berlin. In its neighborhood are little villages bearing the names Pennsylvania, Jamaica, Saratoga, Maryland, Hampshire, and Florida.

✪ STANDARD STEEL SPRING COMPANY, located at Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, recently finished what is said to be the largest nickel-plating tank in the world. It is 67 feet 7 inches long, 6 feet 10 inches wide, and 8 feet 3 inches deep. Its operating volume is 27,500 gallons, and it is used in nickel-plating automobile bumpers.

✪ THERE are twenty-four French villages in the Jura Mountains the population of which—declared to be ten thousand—does not pay taxes. And better still, the people actually receive a yearly dividend of from one hundred to two hundred francs. This is explained by the fact that each village owns a large forest the lumber of which is exploited in a businesslike manner.

✪ WHEN wallpaper first began to be used, it was not put directly on the wall, but was hung so that there was a slight air space between it and the wall. In this way the paper was kept dry and did not disintegrate so quickly. In the eighteenth century wallpaper was pasted on strips of canvas, which were then tacked or pasted to the plaster. With this canvas lining the paper could be removed from the wall when a family moved.

✪ It has been ascertained by means of polls conducted in the interests of the press that the branch of science which "pulls" hardest with the general newspaper-reading public in the United States is astronomy. Not long ago David Dietz of Cleveland, Ohio, science editor of the United Press, who is deeply interested in astronomy, decided to make a test of this interest among the masses, and to this end put on a public star party, which was announced in local newspapers. Ten telescopes made by amateur astronomers of the city were borrowed, placed in a public park, and directed at different celestial sights. More than 5,000 people stood in line till after midnight, awaiting their turn for a close-up look at the sky.

✪ WHEN the American Expeditionary Force went to France during the First World War, they took with them nearly four hundred bands and the greatest single purchase of sheet music in all history. Two hundred thousand leaves were purchased by the Government. Included were popular songs, concert pieces, ceremonial selections, and others. The sheets, supplied by twenty-seven music houses, cost almost fifty thousand dollars.

✪ THE camel has thirty or forty cells shaped like tobacco pouches inside its body, in which it stores water. Each cell will hold about three gallons of water, though when they are all full they cannot contain as much, because they are close together and crowd upon one another. The animal opens one cell at a time and takes a drink to quench its thirst on the long journey across the desert.

✪ IN the luxurious dog kennels on board the "Normandie," there are midjet life preservers for each dog. Since Russian wolfhounds are much larger than the average dog, they are provided with two life preservers, one for the front and one for the rear of the body.

✪ A THIRTY-ACRE reservation located at Sarasota, Florida, is the largest "trailer town" in the world. Constructed especially for the trailer tourist, this unique "city" is fully equipped with sewers, city water, light and power connections, and a gigantic recreation hall.

✪ HORSES are enabled to sleep while standing by a certain mechanism in their leg muscles which gives them the ability to lock. Birds have a somewhat similar mechanism which permits them to sleep while grasping a twig.

✪ THE National Tuberculosis Association reported recently that in the United States last year, 63,332 persons died of tuberculosis. This encouraging record showed nearly 6,000 fewer deaths than in 1937.

✪ It is said, perhaps jokingly, that no order under a million dollars will be accepted by the airplane industry.

✪ WHEN it is twelve o'clock noon in New York City, it is thirty-seven minutes past midnight in Hong Kong, China.

✪ THE Civil Aeronautics Authority estimates that the United States will have 36,000 certificated air pilots at the end of 1939, an increase of 10,000 over last year.

✪ THURSDAY is a busy day at Old Church in Amsterdam, Holland. It is the popular wedding day—one couple is hardly united before there is another couple at the door. Why Thursday? The fees are lowest on that day.

✪ IN a year the American railroads carry approximately 500,000,000 passengers—a number equal to the combined population of North and South America, the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Poland, Spain, and Germany. More than a billion tons of freight are also handled each year by these carriers.

✪ A PLAGUE of elephants in the British Protectorate, Uganda, is putting the farmers there into a state of bankruptcy. The two-ton beasts come charging down like a mammoth army, and a trumpet blast from the upraised trunk of the leader is the only warning of calamity. A farmer is lucky if, after the herd has passed, he looks on only a ruined crop and the prospect of a hungry winter. As often as not his house and farm buildings are smashed to pieces, and he may face the tragic task of burying his family, if they have not ducked into the cellar in time. In this country there is an overpopulation of elephants—one to every 175 human beings. In the past year 1,500 were killed, but the losses of property were not reduced at all.

✪ BOMBS dropped over London and other English towns may wreak havoc, but the nation's most priceless possessions will not be harmed. Long before the present war began these treasures were removed to places of safety. Some of those taken from Westminster Abbey include the Coronation Chair in which sovereigns in England have been crowned since 1327; the chair which stood in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, and another chair, that of Queen Mary II—made in 1689 for the coronation of William III and Mary; the oldest and most valuable effigies on the royal tombs, among them those of Lady Margaret Beaufort from the Henry VII Chapel, Eleanor of Castile, Henry III and Edward III, and Richard II and his queen; also the portrait of Richard II, the oldest royal portrait in England, which hung in the nave. Marble statues and tombs which could not be moved have been protected. The exquisite stained-glass windows, some dating from the thirteenth century, have been taken care of. Similar precautions have been observed at St. Paul's and at cathedrals throughout the country. In York Minster alone, the stained-glass windows are valued at \$10,000,000. Also the crown jewels in the Tower of London have been transferred to a secret hiding place.



BECAUSE you have occasional spells of despondency, don't despair. The sun has a sinking spell every night, but it rises again all right the next morning.

—Anon.