

# *The* YOUTH'S *Instructor*

**I** HOLD in my hand a book. It is not a very large book. But between its covers is written all of importance that has ever happened since the beginning of time; all that shall ever be throughout the countless millenniums of eternity.

This book is not confined to any one era in history, to any one race of men. It speaks to the rich and to the poor, to the educated and to the ignorant, to the young and to the old; and all understand its language. It speaks in narrative and in epic, in song and in plea, and delivers denunciation in thunderous tones.

This book has endured longer than any other book that has been written; yet it is still the best seller of all the multitudinous volumes on the market. It is not written in modern style; yet its content is more modern than the volume of yesterday, the leaves of which are still uncut. It has been maligned by men and nations, it has been imprisoned and burned, and its ashes have been scattered to the four winds; but, phoenixlike, it has arisen to greater strength and majesty.

Men have hated this book, and have tortured and slain those who loved it. And those who have loved it have died willingly and gladly for its sake.

Upon the pages of this book is written the history of nations, from the beginning until the end of time. Its life stories contain not only the good and evil deeds of kings and of princes, but the thoughts of their hearts as well. The book is illustrated with word pictures that are more beautiful and more authentic than any ever painted by men: cartoons of nations, sweeping panoramas of nature, descriptions of buildings more splendid than we can conceive, delicate etchings of human interest, exact and colorful miniatures of faces and characters.

The material in this book deals not only with men and their affairs, but with angels and devils, with heaven above and hell beneath, with the sky and its inhabitants, the sea and those that dwell therein.

In a single chapter, beside the picture of an ancient temple or idol, may be found a view as modern as the world of tomorrow. Not only are men's outward words and actions and



H. A. ROBERTS

## *The Book*

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

appearance pictured graphically, but the secret things of their hearts are laid bare with startling accuracy.

This book is made up of many smaller books; yet it has a continuity and an agreement in which there is no contradiction. It was penned by many different persons, in many dif-

ferent periods of earth's history; yet the different parts dovetail into a complete and harmonious whole. And while many people and epochs, cities and civilizations, religions and philosophies, are treated of, yet from beginning to end there runs through its pages, like a thread (*Turn to page 10*)



# Let's Talk It Over

EUROPE is on fire. The conflagration is spreading. Every hour is loaded with dynamite. No mortal knows just the moment when another explosion may occur which will rock the civilized world to its very foundations. And when it comes, will sparks fly across the restless Atlantic and kindle a flame on the shores of the New World? God only knows.

But today we have peace here in these favored United States. Today we have freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship, freedom of action. Today "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are still recognized as our "unalienable rights."

Do we really appreciate these privileges and recognize their priceless value?

Or do we accept them as commonplace, because we have never known anything but freedom all our lives, and forget their stupendous cost—

At Concord?

At Lexington?

At Bunker Hill?

At Valley Forge?

OH, you can't imagine how good it seems to be in America again!" The friend who was speaking had just come in from Europe on the refugee ship "Roosevelt."

"Every evening since war was declared my husband has pumped out the air-raid shelters prepared for the use of the families of division headquarters staff. (The drainage is not too good, and water continually seeps in.) And every night during all those months we have laid out our clothes before retiring, so that they would be close at hand in case of an alarm, and have made every plan as to just what we would do if the bombing planes came over. It is a nervous strain that tells on one in time."

"I think the most beautiful sight I have ever seen," her voice broke as she said it, "was the United States flag as we went aboard the boat at Galway, Ireland. It stands as a symbol of liberty which to most of the world is only a mystery or a memory in these stressful, changing days." And then she added: "I wonder sometimes if those of you who have never lived under other flags appreciate The Star-Spangled Banner as you should?"

And do we—really?

ANOTHER friend—an American—who found himself stranded in North Europe when "total war" began, and was unable to return to the country where he has been living for several years, finally managed to reach Genoa, and sailed for home on the good ship "Manhattan." The record of his experiences would make a good-sized book, but his face shone as he said:

"The most wonderful sight I have seen in all my travels was the Statue of Liberty as we steamed into New York harbor. Liberty! Freedom! Oh! What wonderful blessings God has given to the United States!"

And then he went on to tell how, as he held colporteur institutes in one of the countries which has lost much in the Second World War, he found the people facing almost incomprehensible hardships with good courage. They are in desperate need, for hundreds have lost everything they possess, save life itself; but they are now looking forward to a home in heaven, rather than on this earth, and are really sighing and crying for Christ's soon coming.

"Many of the young people said to me," he told us, "Oh, how we wish we had known that time was going to be so short! We would have worked harder to win souls for the kingdom while we had freedom and more favorable conditions in our land. But now we must do our best, even though the difficulties are great."

Are we, as Seventh-day Adventist youth, using to the best advantage the opportunities for witnessing which are ours today? *Are we?*

I HEARD an impressive prayer this morning. It was offered by a veteran Bible teacher for a group of young people who had gathered for study: "Lord, help us," he prayed, "to be willing, whatever may come, to follow Thee and to abide by the consequences."

Consider this petition in the light of your own heart experience, won't you?

A refugee from the Old World has written for the secular press the story of a youth who faced "the consequences" without flinching:

"I will tell you of how my comrade died," he says. "He was a young fellow who belonged to the sect of 'Sabbath.' They believe it is a great

sin to do any kind of work on the Sabbath—Saturday. No one in all the camp was his equal in work. He never spoke an obscene or rude word. He did everything that he was ordered to do, but he definitely refused to work on Saturday. The supervising authorities tried in vain to break him, and he was beaten over and over again. Finally they left him alone. Then a new chief came to our camp. He noticed that on Saturday this fellow would be idle.

"Why don't you work?"

"I can't. Such is my faith. I will work out my assignment, but not on Saturday."

"Ah, you can't? I'll show you! And he struck him. 'Will you work?'"

"I can't," the youth replied.

"Again the chief struck him. Blood was running down his face, but the beating went on.

"Will you work now?"

"I can't work today."

"You can't?" The chief called the guard and gave an order. The guard shouldered his rifle and aimed at my comrade.

"Will you work?"

"I can't; if I must die for my faith, kill me!"

"Another order. The guard fired. My comrade moaned and fell. He was alive, but his chest was shot through.

"Will you work?" questioned the officer, and kicked him.

"I ran up to my comrade and begged him to comply. He raised himself up, looked at me, and fell downward in the snow. After work we were allowed to bury him."

Suppose you were facing such a decision?

Just suppose!

YES, we live in an uncertain, troubled world. But as the roar of bombs, the shriek of shells, the rattle of machine guns, and the moans of tens of thousands dying on the field of battle echo across the waters—

Let us be sure that our hearts are right with God;

Let us work diligently for the salvation of those with whom we rub shoulders day by day;

And let us give loyal, grateful thanks for the protection of a flag that still stands as a synonym for freedom.

*Lora E. Clement*



THERE was little of loveliness in the world as I let myself be pushed along in the throng of a downtown Los Angeles street. Men walked alone, their eyes a screen let down before the mental play of figures and facts that would not find a happy end. Men walked together, their heads bent in conversational intrigue over schemes to *get* big profits.

Women pushed in their haste to ensure for themselves first choice in the bargains of the day, their faces hardened with the search for a scrap of happiness. Automobiles and streetcars honked and clanged at one another impatiently, neither eager to give way to the other.

Everyone seemed out to *get* something—profit, bargain, the right of way, a snatch of happiness.

It was noon now. Again I followed the way of the crowd and slipped into an eating place that had been recommended to me. It seemed good to get away from the feverish hurry of the street. This was restful. This—this was unique! I had gone *inside* to eat, and here I was in the midst of a redwood-forest setting. My table was in a rock glen, and a running waterfall and a stream containing fish were beside me. All around were hundreds of living ferns. Canaries sang above the swell of organ music, and now and then as I ate, a singing waiter added his melody to the concert of song.

After my dinner I wandered around to find smaller sparkling fountains, a sherbet “mine” which mysteriously brought up dishes of free sherbet, a free limeade spring, a meditation chapel in the midst of the forest, an old wishing tree, and a rock-candy mountain for the children.

I have returned often since that day, not merely to eat, but to satisfy a growing interest in a place which I have learned is not only a restaurant, but a house of service. It is only one of “Clifton’s” two oases of charm in downtown Los Angeles, California. The other is as lovely—a Hawaiian garden under blue skies, with bamboos and palms and gay flowers and leis to lend enchantment.

In these fairylands I have been served cheerfully and efficiently with good, attractive food at the very lowest of prices—and when I have feasted on the food, the music, and the beauty of the scene, I may walk out without paying one cent, and no one will say me nay, or even question my act. In fact, the gracious cashier will invite me back.

Indeed, on my meal check is this notice, “Regardless of the amount of this check, our cashier will accept whatever you wish to pay, or you may dine free.”

It is all the part of a plan, Clifford E. Clinton’s plan, the outworking of an ideal, to operate business on the greatest rule of all service, the golden rule. To put it in Mr. Clinton’s



Clifford B. Clinton

## Experiment in Service

By BEATRICE L. CRANDALL

words, “This is the principle exemplified by Christ, who declared that he who would find happiness in service must become the servant of all and place the interests of others first. After being reared in the restaurant business, and having operated on the usual principles, I felt the urge to practice in business those things which I had learned to believe in at home and in church.”

That was more than nine years ago. Mr. Clinton was then the president of a successful cafeteria business in San Francisco. His two partners were satisfied. The profits were large. But profit was not Mr. Clinton’s goal in life. No, it was Service; and within him was that insistent force to translate his lifework into a work for humanity.

So he sold his share of the enterprise and went south to Los Angeles, with an Ideal, a Plan, and a Will to make it work. And now he can say, “We operate Clifton’s in Los Angeles. Yet we do not consider ourselves in the eating business. We are devoting our lives to the business of being of service, however we can in our small corner.”

Clifton’s provide good food, attractive service, and inspiring surround-

ings, and do it at cost. Only one cent is added to each meal check. Half of this cent pays social-security taxes, and the other half is the entire profit made by Clifton’s. Not a very high percentage of gain to the ordinary businessman!

Among the first customers was a judge who, addressing Mrs. Clinton one morning, predicted that she and her husband would be in his court within a year.

“Over which court do you preside?” she asked.

“Bankruptcy,” he replied.

But Clifton’s prospered despite the fact that in one three-month period 10,000 customers walked out without paying. Some were honestly unable to pay; some merely wished to test the legend on their checks; some merely imposed.

And the judge still eats there!

Obstacles? Yes. But Mr. Clinton says, “Obstacles can’t defeat the cause that’s right.”

The cafeterias now serve an average of sixteen thousand meals a day, and only one customer in a thousand walks out without paying. To the cashiers who must smile graciously even when they know that the check evader is able to pay and has been entirely satisfied with his meal, the temptation comes to harbor resentment, to want to protect the business family of which they are a part. To them the repetition of the offense becomes discouraging, and the public they are trying to serve seems ungrateful and mean.

It is then that Mr. Clinton takes his cashiers aside and preaches them a little sermon. “Don’t be discouraged by the 1/100 of one per cent of the people who may be out to cheat you. Think of the 999 in every 1,000 who are honest and good. Don’t let resentment color your philosophy so that you put on glasses that change your vision. *We must not let the little incidents spoil the big ones.*”

For those who are temporarily unable to pay, a meal credit plan is available, and the contributions that guests place in the wishing fountain and the penny scales are doubled by Clifton’s and given to feed the hungry.

In 1933, before the Federal relief program went into action in the United States, a penny cafeteria was opened. This place served nourishing food at a penny a portion, and more than one million meals were served, averaging four and one fourth cents a meal. Later, tickets were given to those who came hungry. These could be used for a complete meal in the regular dining rooms, and in one three-month period ten thousand such meals were served.

During the last year the most effective plan yet tried for helping the needy has been operated. In the lull of the afternoon, from two-fifteen to four o’clock, a very pleasant dining



room is opened to those who may come for a subsistence meal, at five cents. Six hundred come daily for their tray of hot soup, slice of bread, entrée (beans, stew, macaroni, Spanish rice, etc.), vegetable, frozen dessert, and hot drink—all for one nickel.

Is this all? No, there is yet more. On each table are little folders, "Food 4 Thot," containing bits of philosophy and favorite poems of guest readers. Public classes have been conducted on how to get and hold a job. A library of success books is available, free. There is free advisory service for

those with troubles and with no other listening ear to help.

Are you new to Los Angeles? Without charge Clifton's will take you on a sightseeing tour of the city. Is it your birthday? Clifton's will supply a decorated cake for you and your friends and trim your table with colorful streamers. Are you a member of a college band or of a choir group? You may have a courtesy meal in exchange for entertainment. Are you lonely? You are welcome to Clifton's friendship clubs.

Equally remarkable is what the management is doing for its employee

"associates." There are six hundred of them working in this business of service.

"They are our boys and girls," says this Christian businessman, "and they are always welcome to come to our home to visit. There is seldom a time when we do not have one or more of the youngsters with us, often for months at a time, convalescing from an illness."

What is more, Clifton's maintains its own doctor and hospital administration. Under this plan, unlimited medical examinations and care are given, and surgery (*Turn to page 12*)

## "At Home

By EVELYN GILSTRAP

**I** MUST needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way,  
The path that the Saviour trod,  
If I ever climb to the heights sublime,  
Where the soul is at home with God."

Will you reach that goal? Will I? "Yes," you say, "we have been baptized. We are members of the church. We have left the world, with all its pleasures and its prospects of temporal prosperity. We are going home 'by the way of the cross.'"

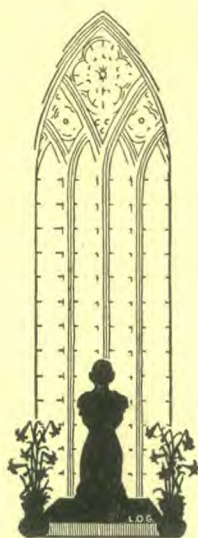
"If I ever climb to the heights sublime,  
Where the soul is at home with God."

Somehow, as I hummed the tune again, the words took on new significance to me. "At home with God"—that glorious place, that blissful abode which He has promised to His redeemed! But wait; what does it mean to be at home with God—to feel at home with Him?

True, we are members of His family. He has adopted us, has written our names in His family record; but does that indicate that we shall feel at home with Him?

I thought of a friend who had been our guest. She had seemed to feel perfectly at home with us. I knew that she did not feel at home with certain of her own relatives. Why the difference? Her interests and ours were similar. Her tastes were much like ours. It was different with those relatives of hers. As another expressed it, "They do not speak the same language." The bond of sympathetic understanding was lacking.

It is not enough to belong to the family of God. If we are to feel at home with Him, our chief interests, our tastes and ideals, must be like His. Then what are the things in which He is most interested? There are the beautiful things of nature which He has made for His own en-



## With God"

joyment as well as ours. I think He does not care much for our poor imitations—the things we employ to make ourselves and our homes beautiful. They look cheap beside the birds and the flowers and the trees of His creation, even though these handiworks of God are marred by nearly six thousand years of sin. But the one absorbing theme which must occupy most of His attention can be nothing else than the salvation of men. He emptied heaven in order to make possible the redemption of our race, and He is following up that effort by continually watching for every opportunity to impress the hearts of men with His love, and lead them to accept His plan for them.

Do you find yourself only casually interested in the salvation of others? Do you wish, down in your heart, that there were no requests for your money to help support His work in the earth? Do you wish there were no calls for help in the distribution of literature, or for your assistance in the Sabbath school or the Missionary Volunteer meeting? You do? Then your own soul is in danger, for you are out of harmony with the One you call Father, and unless there is a change in your life, you can never feel at home with Him. You would not be comfortable in that joyous

place which He has gone to prepare, and He is too merciful to take you there. Then send up an earnest call for help. Do not delay, or it may be too late—too late to save your own soul or to save someone who is waiting for you to lead him to the Saviour. Read the word of God, the letter which He has written to you. Study His messages as if your life were at stake, as it truly is. Cry to Him again for a vision of His great love—for His own spirit in your life. Persevere in prayer until you know that you have made contact with our Father, until you find in your soul a consuming love for fallen men, until your interests are thoroughly blended with His.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! till all my heart  
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;  
Till Thy compelling 'must' drives me to prayer;  
Till Thy constraining love reach to the poles,  
Far north and south, in burning, deep desire;  
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire.

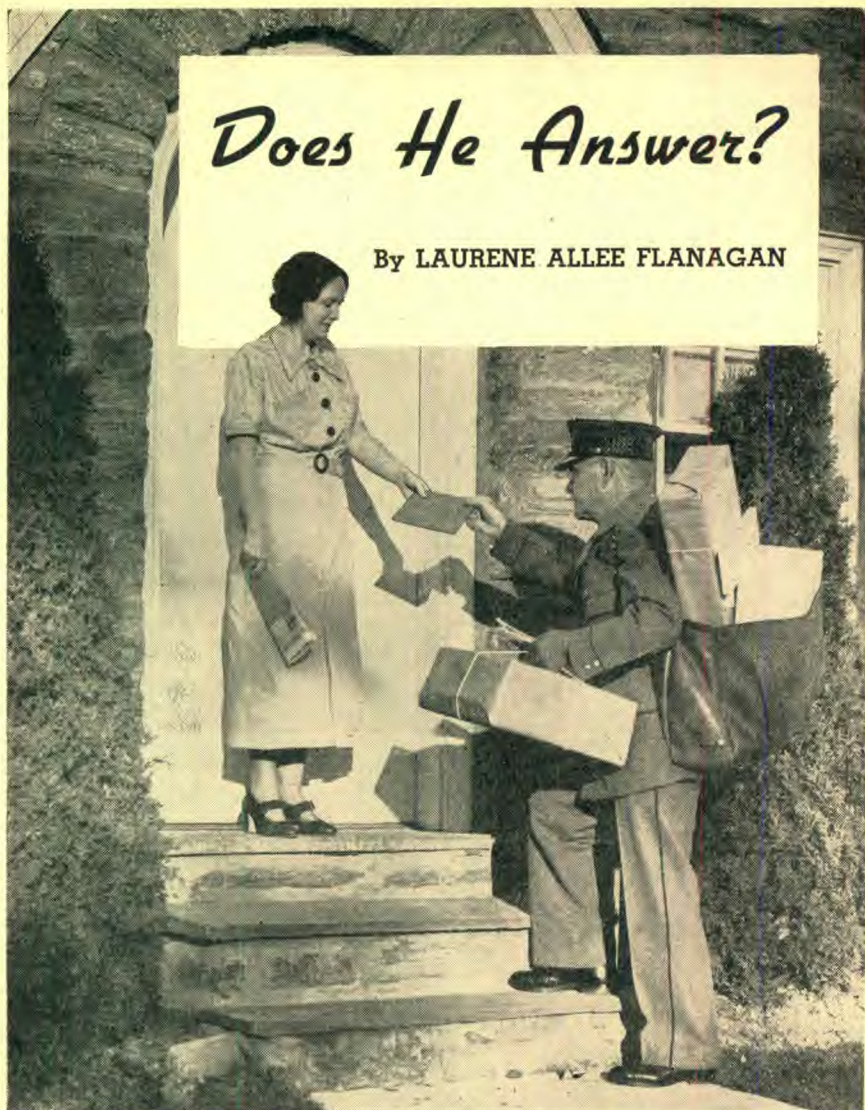
"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! Thy heart was stirred  
By love's intensest fire, till Thou didst give  
Thine only Son, Thy best-beloved One, E'en to the dreadful cross, that I might live;  
Stir me to give myself so back to Thee That Thou canst give Thyself again through me."

When this prayer is answered, you will truly have begun to walk "in the blood-sprinkled way;" you will delight in communion with Him, for you will have so much about which to talk with Him. And when it is your privilege to meet Him face to face, you will feel "at home with God."



# Does He Answer?

By LAURENE ALLEE FLANAGAN



H. M. LAMBERT

"The Letter Brought Us Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars!"

**M**ISS DURHAM, does God really answer prayer?" Jennie Lindstrum's questioning face was downcast and doleful. "I have been praying for three weeks that a way would open for me to attend a Christian school, but—"

Olive Durham smiled into the girl's woebegone countenance and replied, "Of course He does. Jesus said, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' A writer who lived very close to God admonishes us that when we do not receive the *very things* we ask for, at the time we ask, we are still to believe that the Lord hears, and that He will answer."

"Remember, Jennie, God may answer our requests in one of three ways. He may say 'Yes,' and give us what we wish at once. This makes us happy. But if what we ask is not for our best good, He has the right to say, 'No.' Or His answer may be 'Wait,' which is hard for us to accept, for it involves continued patience and trust."

"What makes you so confident that the Lord answers prayer?" persisted Jennie. "Has He answered *yours*?"

"Many times," Olive assured her. "He is always interested in our welfare, and glad to have us talk over our problems with Him."

Jennie's face brightened, and she settled back in her chair to await the story which she felt sure was coming.

"Several years ago," began Olive, "I was working for a telephone company. I felt sad because, while I had Saturday off, I had to work on Friday night. I knew that this was not observing the Sabbath in the right way."

"Father had fallen and cut his wrist so that he was unable to work. I was the only one in the family who was earning money at the time."

"At young people's meeting one Sabbath afternoon, the field secretary talked to us. He urged us to determine to go to school, and to earn scholarships by selling third-angel's message-filled books and magazines. I talked with him after the meeting, but did not make any decision."

"Soon my friend Delcia asked me to go with her and sell magazines. I was rather skeptical of my ability, but she insisted that I try."

"I asked mother's advice. She answered, 'Let us ask God's guidance in this step.'"

"After praying for several days, we were both impressed that I should resign my position. I gave the company two weeks' notice, and at the end of that time I took up the magazine work. I collected more than six dollars the first day, and was encouraged to press on. Father's hand began to heal, and soon he was able to use it again, though there was little feeling in it."

"A number of the young people in the church were getting ready for school. They talked of Southern Junior College. The more I heard about Collegedale, the more I longed to attend school again. How was it to be managed? If I had begun to plan earlier in the summer, I might have earned a scholarship. Now there was only a month in which to get sufficient funds. I asked God to help me. I knew He could. And after asking His aid, I went about my work again, believing that He would."

"But as I offered my magazines nearly everyone had a tale of woe to unfold. 'Business getting worse.' 'Jobs scarce.' 'Practically everyone living on the community, or will be in a short time.' I knew that many of these stories were pitifully true. Business conditions were far from good in that part of the country."

"Less than two weeks remained before school would begin. What was to be done?"

"A certain steamship company owed us one thousand dollars for insured goods that had been swept off the dock during a hurricane. Nearly a year had passed, and we had received no money. The company kept putting off the settlement. They told us that the storm was 'an act of God,' inferring that this relieved them of responsibility. So the outlook was that we never would get our money. What was the use of thinking any more about it?"

"Wait a moment! *We* had been unable to collect, but we had not appealed to our heavenly Father. With *Him* all things are possible. As soon as I came to this conclusion, I went to the Lord in prayer. I asked Him to let the money arrive on the following Tuesday if it was His will that I attend school at Collegedale and take the normal course."

"Tuesday I went out to work as usual. Delcia was ill; so she remained at home. The work seemed to go more slowly than ever. There were so many sorrowful tales, so many downhearted people, and more bitter words against Seventh-day Adventists. It was very discouraging. I worked four hours and sold only four magazines. Just one an hour. My head ached. I felt tired and indigo blue."

"When I reached home at noon there was no dinner ready for me. I went to look for mother, but she was not at home. I felt completely disheartened. Only (*Turn to page 12*)





COURTESY, J. F. GERNHARDT

An Artist's Conception of the New Jerusalem—"The City Foursquare"

# Old-Age Security That Never Ends

By CARLYLE B. HAYNES

**W**E hear much these days of old-age security. This is provided in some States by grants of money, just enough to eke out a bare living. That is about as far as men have got in providing what they are pleased to call "security."

God's provision for the future of His people is so superior to all that man has even imagined as to remove it altogether from the realm of comparison. The follower of the Lord Jesus Christ really has something to which to look forward.

God's plan for the future of His redeemed people is set forth with much directness in the promises and prophecies of the Scripture.

Abraham, the "father of the faithful," was called out of Mesopotamia into the land of Canaan. Having come into that land of promise, God made him a promise that through him and his descendants all the families of the earth should come into eternal possession of the Promised Land. Gen. 13:14-17.

Abraham died without having this promise fulfilled to him. It was, however, repeated to his son, Isaac. Gen. 26:2-5.

Isaac, too, died without seeing the fulfillment of this promise. To Isaac's son, Jacob, the promise was again repeated. Gen. 28:13-15.

But Jacob, too, died before the

promise was fulfilled. Indeed, it has not been fulfilled to this day, and the patriarchs to whom it was made are all dead, and have been dead a long time.

The territory contained in the promise includes the entire earth. Rom. 4:13.

The only promise that Christians have of a future inheritance is that given to Abraham, which we share by becoming his true children, children of faith.

The promise of God, then, to all Christians, is not that they shall inherit, or spend eternity in, heaven, but that through faith they, with Abraham, shall become joint heirs with Christ in the earth. They will spend eternity on this earth in its regenerated condition.

The Holy Spirit has spared no pains to make this plain to the people of God. Consider the following passages from the Scriptures:

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." Isa. 65:17.

"Those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth." Ps. 37:9.

"The meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." Ps. 37:11.

"Such as be blessed of Him shall inherit the earth." Ps. 37:22.

"The righteous shall inherit the

earth, and dwell therein forever." Ps. 37:29.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Matt. 5:5.

"Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter 3:13.

We may know something of the glories of the new earth. We cannot know all. As the ages of eternity roll onward we shall learn more. But we may know enough now to thrill our hearts with the wonder of it, and suffuse our souls with praise that these things are but a small portion of the great salvation provided for the people of God by the Lord Jesus.

While the statement is made that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," yet the words immediately follow that "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." 1 Cor. 2:9, 10. God has been pleased to reveal in His word. And while this seems astonishingly large and full, yet when we shall at last be privileged to actually look on the glories of that world, we shall exclaim, "The half has not been told!"

There are beautiful sights in this present world. We have been charmed into awesome admiration by the majesty of some mountain view. We have had our (*Turn to page 9*)



THE sun beat down upon the paddy fields along the Salween valley of picturesque Burma. The miles and miles of gorgeous green were broken only by the narrow ridges which separated the fields. A Karen village stuck its wobbly legs in the banks of the shimmering river where the water lapped its feet, and in the rainy season covered its legs, even creeping in through some of the huts, or in rough playfulness carrying them away, working havoc for the indwellers.

A moth-eaten mission schoolhouse took refuge among the weeds and jungle undergrowth in the farthest corner of the village, trying to hide its leaky thatch roof under friendly palm trees. The children did not mind the leaks, or the wide spaces between the floor bamboos, or the crooked one-legged ladder. They were glad that there was a school at all, and especially a Christian one, where they could learn of the love of Jesus.

"Myat Po, where is your little brother today?" questioned the teacher, who missed the presence of a cheery brown face one morning.

"He is very ill, Thara," came the reply in a low voice, "and we cannot call the missionary doctor, for he is too far away."

"Then let us ask Jesus to heal him, if it be His will," replied Thara, and reverently the little group knelt before the throne of grace.

It was one of those placid, tranquil afternoons. The bells tinkled in the near-by pagodas as the breeze whisked by their glittering peaks. Drowsy priests chanted prayers to dispassionate, indifferent Buddhas, sitting with folded legs on golden pedestals. A farmer ambled idly behind a yoke of water buffaloes in a paddy field. He did not hurry. What was time to him? His was the slogan of the East, "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow." But his head hung low on his breast just now, and his eyes were sorrow-

ful, for his heart was very heavy. He was thinking of his two sons. There was Myat Po, his eldest, the pride and joy of his parents' lives. But the little fellow with the bright black eyes and wide-awake mind, whose alert intuition never let him rest for a moment—he was ever the favorite.

The man smiled as he recalled the first visit the white missionaries made to the village. They had fascinating pictures to show with a magic lantern, and amazing tales to tell. And though the white mamma would not dance for them, she gained their confidence with her gracious charm and her beautiful songs. Best of all, though, they had *fry-smell* medicine. The missionary did not fear the fry smell, which caused all the sores, sickness, and death, recalled the farmer, giving one of the buffaloes a vigorous punch with his stick.

He remembered how eagerly the two boys had listened to the missionary's stories, preserving them in their memories word for word, and each time he came back they were possessed with a yearning desire to learn more. They were thrilled by the words, the pictures, and the songs.

## "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By ALICE IRENE MELEEN

Their eager faces and keen discernment attracted the attention of the missionary, who took a special interest in them. One day he called the father aside and asked him if the boys could come to the mission school.

The village priests had told the people that the missionaries were *dawtkas*, half animal and half human, who were collecting children to fatten and eat. But the father, observing the kind expression on his face and the kind and good deeds wrought by him, was disposed to discredit this warning, and consented to let them go. Thus it happened that day by day the brothers sat at the feet of the Christian teacher, rejoicing in the precious Bible truths.

Hardest of all the evil habits they had to break was that of smoking. They had used tobacco since the days of infancy, but under the encouragement of the mission teacher, and with the help of God, they overcame that and every other evil habit, and accepted Jesus as their own Saviour. Their father had not objected to all this, for even though the village priests had wagged their heads ominously, he was broad-minded enough to see that the boys were becoming strong, wholesome men.

But today the younger son, Myat Po's little brother, was lying on a mat in the bamboo hut, dying. He had been stricken with a fatal disease, one of those tropical fevers which, like a strong, hot breath, comes without warning, causes the little flame of life to flicker and glow brilliantly for a moment, and then snuffs it out.

Finally the sorrowful father made his way through the paddy to the little village.



"Myat Po's Little Brother Was Lying on a Mat in the Bamboo Hut, Dying"



There he unyoked the buffaloes and tied them to the post of his hut. He heard a voice within, and, ascending the ladder, lingered at the door to listen. He could see the spirit altar with its vase of flowers and offerings of food. He surmised at first that the mother was muttering a prayer while offering a sacrifice, but the voice came from the other side of the room.

"Mother," it was the dying boy who spoke. "He died for you, this loving Jesus. The devil tried to keep Him in the grave, but he could not. Great God, the Father, raised Him up, and now He is building a great and beautiful city where all will live happily, where no one will be sick or

die, where no floods will ever carry the houses away. I am not afraid to die, because He has promised those who love Him a home there. I am going there, mother. And I shall be happy to die, for it only means going to sleep for a little while. Then He will come and get me. You want Him to take you to heaven, too, don't you? But you cannot chew betel nut, and smoke opium, and worship the spirits, if you want to go there. Won't you put these evil things away and learn to love Him as I do, so that I will see you there?"

The woman bowed her head as the lad looked pleadingly at her with his hand pointing upward. She brushed a tear from off her cheek. Could

she disappoint him? The father entered silently. Going slowly to the bedside, he knelt down, and, taking the lad's hand, said sorrowfully, "My son, I heard what you asked your mother. That is a very hard thing to promise. We are old now, and it would be too difficult for us to give up all these habits. We would die. Nevertheless, I will tell you what I will do if it will please you. The little schoolhouse which you attend is very old, too small, and meagerly equipped. I will promise to build a new and fine schoolhouse for the boys and girls."

The lad clasped his hands in ecstasy. His eyes filled with tears, and, looking up at his (Turn to page 10)

# A High School of EXPERIENCE

(A PERSONAL TESTIMONY)

*By S. Christoffers*



ONE of the profound lessons contained in the wonderful story of the visit of Jesus with Mary and Martha in their quiet little home in Bethany, is, it seems to me, that God must minister to us before we can efficiently minister for Him. Moreover, I have found that when we enter into the service of God, it is He who renders the greater service. This was my experience in the colporteur work.

When I entered high school at the age of ten, I did so with the definite purpose—as definite a purpose as a little chap of ten years can have—of preparing for the work of a medical missionary. Three years later I asked for baptism, and on that occasion I dedicated my life to Jesus, my Friend, with the whole zeal and enthusiasm of youth. It was not long before I felt that my love for Jesus had given way to grave doubts. I very seriously engaged in my studies; and secular science, as the theory of evolution, and the philosophical ideas of the classics, together with the influence of worldly companions, by and by undermined the firm conviction of my former years. To be sure, outwardly I kept up to my ideals and stuck to the principles of our faith; in my soul, however, I struggled with doubts and questioned even the existence of God.

Nobody knew about my spiritual state when, at the age of nineteen, I

left the home of my parents to take up colporteur work in order to earn a scholarship for the Friedensau Missionary Seminary in my country, Germany. With my last money I had bought a suit of clothes and a suitcase and paid for my ticket; and there I was, at my destination, with some few coins in my purse and but little courage in my heart. At that moment I felt for the first time my utter dependence upon the God of whom I was not sure. I knelt down and prayed, asking Him to let me have the personal experience that would make me know that He really existed and that He cared for me.

The field secretary who worked with me during the starting days provided me with the packages of books and periodicals with which to begin work. From the first I felt that the Lord was with us, going side by side with me, and when the field secretary left me after a week, I had sufficient means not only to pay him for his books and periodicals, but for my living, and had ordered my own packages of literature for my future work. Furthermore, at the end of the month I could send a certain amount of money to my parents, who saved it for me, and month after month on exactly the same date I forwarded the same sum to them. At the end of the summer I had my full scholarship and, in addition, a motorcycle to facilitate my work. There was no

longer room for my doubts. I well remember many a night during those months when, tired from the strenuous work of the day, I returned to my modest room, my heart overflowing with thankfulness to God, who had so abundantly revealed Himself to me, and went down on my knees to pray, "Lord, I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee."

But I had won more than this new attitude toward God. Again and again, as I visited the homes of the people, I found those with afflicted hearts, or met souls who were longing for an understanding of the problems of the time and asking for the real import of a seemingly desolate life. Sometimes I hesitated for a moment to engage in a long conversation; for I had a definite goal that I wished to reach that day; but before long the inspiration of my own experience with God swept away all paltry considerations, and I testified for the third angel's message which made my life worth living. I never shall forget the joyfulness with which I continued my work after having prayer with such longing souls and leaving with them the seed of the gospel. When I later enrolled at the missionary seminary, I had, besides a solid financial basis, the better spiritual foundation of knowing how tenderly a loving Father in heaven cares for (Turn to page 13)



# Old-Age Security . . .

(Continued from page 6)

breath caught away by the matchless majesty and grandeur of Niagara. We have been hushed into speechlessness by the sudden view of some entrancing mountain lake. The beauty of forest, and stream, and flower, and sky, and sea, and mountain, are many times, even here, entirely beyond description.

There are also entrancing melodies to hear in this old earth. God has given the gift of music to some of His creatures here to a surpassing degree. What would this world of sin and wretchedness be without it? We have listened to music that was haunting in its sweetness, so moving in its beauty and its delicate charms as to bring quick tears and the choking sob. Such music makes the invisible world seem nearer. Thank God for music.

But entrancing as these things are, it yet remains true that human eyes have not seen, or human ears heard, or the human heart imagined, the things of the new earth. Nothing we have seen or heard or thought here can bear any comparison with the splendors of the coming kingdom. They will surpass our highest thought. They will exceed our most extended imaginings. They will go beyond all we know, or have heard, or even dreamed. The things which God has prepared have not entered into the heart of man.

The earth will be made new. It does not take long to say it. But think what it means! A new earth! All the misery, wretchedness, and sin of this earth gone forever.

John was shown this new earth in inspired vision. He thus describes it: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:1-4.

The Holy City, New Jerusalem, will be on the new earth. God Himself will be here. Christ will be with His redeemed people. The capital city of the universe will be on this planet. The Ruler of the universe will govern all the extended parts of His universal kingdom from the new earth. This earth will become the center of creation.

No more tears, sorrow, crying. No more pain. No more death. Sin and the curse are gone forever. The former things are passed away.

The earth has been desolate during the thousand years of the millennium. Its cities were broken down at the second coming of Christ. Their ruins have been the scenes of Satan's captivity. Now the fires which have destroyed the wicked consume all this wreckage, and these flames purify the earth, burning sin and sinners out of it.

The people of God have been in heaven during the millennium. They come back to earth with the New Jerusalem. And "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for

them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." Isa. 35:1.

The face of nature will be renewed. Verdure will spring forth over all the ruined earth, now to be glorified. Even those places which have been desert and waste and dreary are to be beautiful. There will be no barrenness in the new earth, for "it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." Isa. 35:2.

From the earliest times Lebanon's forests have been synonyms for stateliness and beauty and grace. Carmel's springs and brooks and vines, together with its oaks and pines, its laurels and olives, have entered into the songs and stories of God's ancient people as they have endeavored to describe the glories of the earthly Canaan, which was but a type of the heavenly Canaan. Sharon's roses and a rich profusion of other flowers, together with its fertility of soil, created one of the beauty spots of the earth. The charm and entrancing beauty of it all are to be used to make the new earth glorious.

And this is to be the dwelling place of God's people forever. In this land of glory "they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." Isa. 65:21, 22.

How satisfying this language is! How real it makes the glories of the world to come! We are to be real beings, with real bodies, doing real things, living in real houses, partaking of real food, and in a very real world.

Here man's work does not endure. There it will abide. Here men build and soon pass away, and others take their dwellings. There we shall long enjoy the works of our hands. Here men plant, and others eat the fruit of

their labors. There it will not be so. Truly, there labor will be a delight and a blessing. And such a world, with such conditions, will be Paradise indeed.

There will be nothing there to molest or alarm or make afraid. Sin and all of sin's consequences have gone forever. There cannot enter there anything to cause the slightest uneasiness or depression. There are no evil men; there are no ravenous beasts; there are no venomous reptiles; there is no disease or pain, no feebleness or infirmity; there are no calamities, no blasting or mildew; there is no more curse. (Jer. 30:10; Eze. 34:28; Micah 4:4; Zeph. 3:13.)

The animals in the Garden of Eden were docile and harmless, friends of man. Their nature was harmless. So it will be in the new earth. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord." Isa. 65:25.

The ravenous nature, a consequence of the curse, will be removed from the animal world in the new earth. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." Isa. 11:6.

The infirmities and the decay of man will also be at an end. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Isa. 35:5, 6.

No more feebleness of the physical powers. No more dreaded oncreeping of old age will impair our faculties. Abounding health, thrilling vigor, unimpaired strength, more abundant life, as the millenniums roll on and on, and the abiding confidence that it will always be so.

Eyes that have been blind here, opened. Ears that have been deaf here, unstopped. Tongues that have been dumb here, unloosed. Limbs that have been crippled here, made whole. Thank God for His kindness in revealing some of these things to us. Truly the ransomed "shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. 35:10.

It will not be difficult then to exclaim: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Ps. 16:6.

To God, who has prepared it all for His people, we shall sing: "In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." Ps. 16:11.

The capital of this glorified new earth is the New Jerusalem. To this city from their homes in various parts of the earth, at different times, "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isa. 35:10. There they will engage in the joyous worship of the King of kings.

And what a city it is! Nothing that the earth has known can be compared to it. Turn and read the description of it in Revelation 21:9-27, a description that there is no reason to understand in any but a literal way.

A city fifteen hundred miles (twelve thousand furlongs) in circumference, three hundred and seventy-five miles on each side, or an area nearly equivalent to that of all the British Isles, or larger than the States of Ohio and Illinois together.

The nations of the saved are to walk

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## The Secret

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

**THE** raindrops chatter on the roof.  
They talk of things I'd like to know;  
I think they tell how pansies grow,  
And how, with sunbeams for a woo,  
They weave the rainbow, prism bright;  
How clouds are made, some white, some  
gray.  
And others rose; I think they say  
How dews come drifting down at night.

Curled up in bed, I listen well;  
What makes the thunder's mighty crash?  
The lightning's vivid, blinding crash?  
The raindrops know. I think they tell  
Why mists are light, and fogs are deep,  
Why breezes sigh and cyclones roar;  
But somehow always just before  
They tell me things, I fall asleep.

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in the light of it. The kings of the earth are to bring their honor and glory into it.

A wall will surround it, running for fifteen hundred miles. This wall is pierced on each side by three gates, twelve in all. John says of the gates, "The twelve gates were twelve pearls: every several gate was of one pearl." The streets are of pure gold, transparent as glass. "The city" itself is "pure gold, like unto clear glass." The towering, translucent wall is of jasper. "The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones."

Twelve of these are described: jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst—four of a green or bluish cast, two red or scarlet, one yellow, three of lighter green, and two of an intense red—all the glories of the rainbow flooding through this transparent city.

And when we remember that in that glorious land "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days" (Isa. 30:26), making all this magnificence, together with flower, field, forest, sky, and everything else there, strike the eye with sevenfold beauty, we begin to realize that the sense of beauty must literally permeate and suffuse our very beings.

Another feature of this overwhelming city is described in Revelation 22:1, 2: "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Flowing out of the throne of God and of the Lamb is the river of life, crystal clear. Forming a magnificent arch over that living stream is the tree of life which was once in the Garden of Eden, now restored to man. Bearing twelve kinds of fruit, and yielding its fruit every month, this tree is for the healing service of the nations.

Man had access to its fruits once. Sin caused its removal. Now he may eat of its fruit forever. And eating of it will cause the saved to "grow up" (Mal. 4:2), or be restored to that stature and condition in which the race was originally created in the Garden of Eden, a stature and condition lost by sin.

And these glories, privileges, and pleasures will continue, and increase, and become more enjoyable as the ages roll. They will never be removed. And our own immortality will enable us to participate in them through the ages.

"For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before Me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed and your name remain. And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord." Isa. 66:22, 23.

Not only the new earth, but also God's people, will remain. And their chief joy will be in worship. Sabbath after Sabbath—that original, seventh-day Sabbath ordained by the fourth commandment, which the Papacy has endeavored to set aside by substituting Sunday observance, but which has never been changed or altered by God—they will come from their homes to worship before the Lord, uniting in praise and profound gratitude for His goodness and mercy in bringing them into the peace, the safety, the



The initials of the following names spell an incident in the life of Christ which indicates more impressively, perhaps, than any other, His perfect humanity.

1. A town where Peter performed a miracle, and afterward saw a vision, the object of which was to teach him that he must preach the gospel to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews.
2. Naomi's husband.
3. David's fifth son.
4. A king who served God during the early part of his reign, which was consequently prosperous, but who, becoming self-confident, fell into error and was severely punished.
5. One whose house was said to have been the first fruits of Achaia.
6. One of the names of Christ.
7. David's oldest brother.
8. The birthplace of Rachel.
9. The father of Abraham.

(Answers on page 13)

gladness, and the salvation of His glorious land.

"Blessed" indeed "are they that do His commandments," washing their robes in His righteous, precious, and saving blood, "that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14.

### "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

(Continued from page 8)

parents with solicitude, he said, "Just one more request."

"What is it, son?"

"Will you promise me that you will attend the morning worship held in the new schoolhouse for the villagers every morning, and attend Sabbath school there on Sabbath each week?"

"Yes, yes, boy, we will promise you that, if it will make you happy," answered the father readily, and was gratified as he saw the tears of joy that welled in the eyes of Myat Po's little brother, whose cheeks were flushed, and whose eyes shone with feverish brilliancy. Although his emaciated body writhed in pain and the cruel fever snatched at the slender thread which held his life, yet his face wore a smile of peace and contentment which the silent, heartbroken onlookers could not understand.

"When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, eternal, bright, and fair;

When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

The words rang out in the Karen language from the attractive new schoolhouse on the hill. It was Sabbath

morning. Palm trees fanned the windows with their shady leaves. Giant bamboos lifted their lacy arms higher and higher, timidly trying to hold their own against the swaying breeze, tangling their trembling fringes around each other, striving to be the first to touch the clouds. Gnarled ropes of cane twined about the slender waists of coconut trees, hanging from their curved forms in great coils, wriggling in and out among the roots like long, sleek snakes. Monkeys chattered to each other in the clusters of leaves above the schoolhouse in which the teacher was leading out in the hymn. There was plenty of room for all the children, and the villagers, too; and as the voices of young and old blended in joyful praise to God, tears came into the eyes of an old man in the back of the room. From time to time he passed his hand across his forehead as if to brush away some thought which saddened him. He looked out across a shady clearing to the bamboo jungle where the sorrowing group of heathen school children with the Christian teacher had carried his little son, Myat Po's brother who had died, buried him, and left him there alone. Thara, the missionary, could not be present at the service. They had never had a Christian funeral before, but they had learned to pray in the little mission school, and the teacher helped them dig a grave between the twining cane and the clumps of bamboo roots. It had all been so quiet; there were no dancers, no mourners, no pomp or ceremony; and when they put him in the grave, he still wore that quiet, confident smile. Only a lone post marked the spot, but the jungle growth of feathery palms and wild bananas, with the great clumps of giant bamboo intertwined with vines and creepers, made a grave more beautiful than that of many a king!

Months had passed, but the old man had kept his promise. He with his wife had attended morning worship and Sabbath school faithfully. Suddenly something stirred within him. He had the feeling of a parched and thirsty man who had come upon a spring of clear, cool water. He raised his eyes toward heaven, and as the last words of the chorus rang out, he joined in singing with his whole heart, making the words, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," a pledge.

Two more members were added to the little baptismal class, and Myat Po's heart rejoiced on the beautiful Sabbath day when he saw his parents bury their vile and sinful lives in baptism, and enter upon a new life of peace and happiness.

A wonderfully calm and quiet smile rested on the face of Myat Po's father as they wound their way home through the paddy after the service. "I understand," he kept muttering; "I understand."

Myat Po looked bewildered. "Understand what, father?"

"The smile, son, the smile of your little brother, when he went to sleep."

### The Book

(Continued from page 1)

of gold, the story of three beings, a Father and His Son, and the Representative of both.

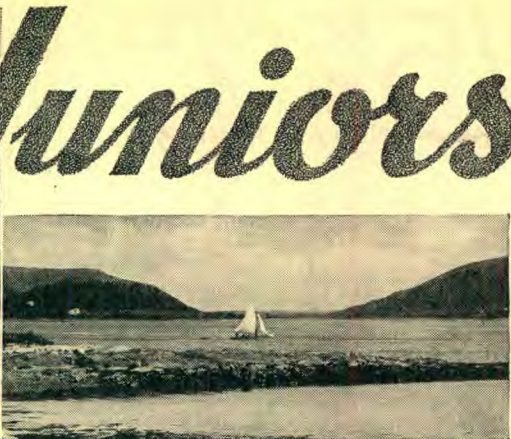
In this book may be read the most thrilling romances ever written, biographies more interesting than any that come from any modern printing press, passages more dramatic than any contained in the works of Shakespeare, songs and lyrics more beautiful than any found in today's poetry.

(Turn to page 13)





CY LA TOUR AND E. J. HALL



# Juniors

## How the Gospel Seed Grew

By WALTER MURRAY

**A**WAY out on the south side of the equator, a bright-eyed boy thirteen years old entered one night a meeting hall in which a Seventh-day Adventist evangelist was holding meetings. He was not alone; for where you find one boy, you find more than one. Every night this little juvenile congregation came. They vied with one another for a good place on the front bench. Even after all reasonable space was taken, a late arrival would force himself into a space narrower than his body, much to the discomfort of the others. Boys they were in every sense of the word—curious, interested, and lively, drinking in all that was of interest in the happenings of the evening. Some were well dressed, and some were poorly dressed, but all were boys. Some were large, and some were small.

But of all the boys, our little bright-eyed lad paid the closest attention. While the others had a passing interest in the things which were new, there was one who had an interest born of a deep desire to know the truth. He fixed his eyes on the preacher during the meeting, and the moments after the meeting during which he could direct some question to the minister were treasured. He got a Bible and meditated on the truths taught from it in the successive sermons. For him the attraction to the streets and the urge to play were replaced by the attraction of the meeting hall. The center of this young life had been his companions and the pleasures of youth, but now there was a change. The gospel was fast becoming the center of his interest and activity.

As the meetings went on from night to night and from week to week, the preacher asked frequently for a show of hands of those convinced of the truth of the subjects presented. Among the hands that were raised on these occasions the hand of the little boy on the front seat was conspicuous among the few in his section. On a Friday night an invitation was given to all who desired to come to the meeting hall on the morrow and celebrate the Sabbath as explained in the Bible, to attend Sabbath school and hear some more preaching of the gospel. The next day the interested lad of the front row was present, all dressed in his best. Imagine the joy that

must have been his as more and more of the privileges and opportunities of the gospel were explained and thrown open to him. In reality he began to live a new life.

When an appeal was made to the people of the congregation to fully surrender their lives to God and be baptized, among the large company who answered the appeal was this interested little boy. "Will it not be difficult, almost impossible, for you to fully obey the precepts of the gospel, with your parents against you?" asked the preacher. The lad answered that he had thought about this and the possibilities involved in making a public profession and sealing it with baptism. During the weeks of thought he had decided that the truths presented were really from God, the fountain of truth. Not to accept the gospel is to refuse God's mercy; to accept it means the receiving of all the advantages and privileges offered so freely. His final decision was that he would go through with the public profession and baptism, cost what it might. After one makes his decision in favor of the gospel he is the recipient of special joy and power. That was definitely so in this case.

What would have been the joy of his boyish heart if his father and his mother, those ordained of God to be the counselors of childhood and youth, had been there to lend him a helping hand in support of his decision to be baptized! But they were not. He went through the valley of decision alone. Alone? Oh, no! He had a Mighty Helper with him.

Finally came the day for his baptism, and our front-seat boy stood on the shore of the little stream ready to take the step which he had so happily anticipated. There he stood with bowed head. One after another of his fellow candidates was taken down into the water and placed beneath it, and rose to "newness of life." Finally it was the turn of our little brother. How happy must have been the minister's heart to see the results of his efforts in this significant conversion! How he must have rejoiced to see this youth give his heart to God, and thus open possibilities for a long life of Christian service!

Adversity makes some men and breaks others. The lad's joyful experience was soon to have some serious aspects. His father talked to him just a few days after his baptism and told him that inasmuch as he had taken a new religion, he would be required to pay for his board and room if he wished to stay longer in his father's house, and would have to buy his own clothes and pay all his personal expenses. Here he was at the crossroads; which way should he go? How was he to relate himself to this elimination, as it were, from his own home on account of the new faith which he had accepted?

The Christian confronted with difficulties turns to God in prayer as naturally as the flowers turn to the sun. From time immemorial, when God-fearing men have been faced with problems, they have gone into the closet, into the field, into the woods—somewhere—to pray. Prayer is a fundamental of any Christian experience. And how soon this young convert had learned to rely on the arm of the Almighty is shown by his procedure, for he left his father and wended his way to the meetinghouse. There are some who believe that prayers made in the church are more effective than those made in any other place, and this was the conviction of our little brother. He entered the door of that meeting hall in which he had first heard the gospel news, knelt down by the side of the little table before the pulpit, where the Sabbath school officers presided, and there, with his face buried in his childish hands, he poured out his heart to his new-found God. He prayed for the conversion of the father who had just disowned him, and for the mother whom he longed to see accept the precious hope which he enjoyed. He prayed for his brothers and his sisters. He told God of his consecration, made a fresh surrender on the very threshold of this trying experience, and pledged his willingness to die, if need be, rather than give up his faith in Jesus Christ. From this little Gethsemane the lad went forth a victor.

Out into the street he went, armed with an idea, a positive way of solving his problem. Prayer changed things for him. "I'll go to a friend and borrow five pesos, and with that I'll buy a little stock of trinkets and notions. I'll peddle these about the town to pay my board, and I will live the third angel's message before my parents," he said to himself. He met the friend, and within a few short minutes he was again on his way to buy that little stock of merchandise, which was to be such an important factor in his experience.

He obtained a little wooden tray which he swung from his shoulders with a strap, and in which he displayed his notions. He went to places where there were gatherings of people whom he knew did not have the best ideals and with whom he would not have chosen to associate; but in the plan of God some must venture to save others. I wonder if





these people did not remark to their friends about the manly conduct of this youth in paying his board in his own home. For he lived in a small town where everybody knows everybody else. They must have noted his absence from the streets and public places on Sabbath days. Some must have known of his plight—that he had been disowned. They watched his daily life very closely; he was always faithful. And you know a consistent Christian life is the most powerful sermon that can be preached.

For weeks, yes, months—yes, for two whole years—this lad sold his notions, paid his tithe into the church which he loved, paid for his board and room, and bought his clothes. It is said that dropping water wears away the hardest stone. And one day his father told him that he and his mother had come to a decision. "We're going to attend your church," said he. So the next Sabbath day to the meeting hall they went. Sabbath after Sabbath they heard the gospel which had transformed the life of their young son. They were drawn to what they would not even tolerate previously. How inconsistent it is to resist the truth, for in a great many cases the greatest opposers of it are its most ardent advocates a little while hence. Soon the father and the mother were baptized, following the path which their boy had trod, alone. Soon all the brothers and sisters of our little lad, eight in all, accepted the truth which had been taught to them so forcibly by his life.

The gospel is like a seed. It grows. It contains a power which no one can fully evaluate and describe. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow." So it was with our little brother. The seed of the gospel sowed in his heart as he sat on that front seat grew into a strong Christian life plant and yielded missionary service. For after he brought the gospel to his own father and mother, he was eager to win others to Jesus, and soon he began to make efforts for the people to whom he sold his trinkets. Then he decided that he must seek a larger field, and he chose to become a gospel colporteur. Up and down the whole countryside he has traveled, placing Bibles and Christian books in the homes of the people. I wonder if we cannot legitimately imagine him telling the story of his conversion many, many times for the encouragement of others. I wonder if he has not sought to stimulate young people to accept Jesus Christ by telling of how he found the Saviour. Today our little brother has grown to be a man and is one of our best gospel colporteurs in one of the largest South American capital cities.

From a curious, bright-eyed boy on the front bench of an evangelistic service to a zealous, interested listener; from a convicted sinner to a baptized Christian; from an interceder for souls to a missionary notion seller; from a practicing Christian to a colporteur evangelist! Trace the experience of this young man for yourself, and be thankful to God that the gospel news is impressing young people all over the world, and that they are gladly accepting its appeal.

Be assured, Juniors, that there are many other boys and girls in the remote corners of this old world who are shining lights for Jesus in the daily affairs of life. Take courage from the fact that God is moved by the first step of a boy or a girl to accept Him. As Jesus Christ stood faithfully by the side of the lad of this story, He will stand faithfully by your side in the trials of the Christian way.

We have a wonderful Saviour, and He knows just how to help us in every experience, for He once lived on earth and overcame temptation.

# 15 MINUTES a day READ WITH PROFIT

Have you ever felt a wave of uncertainty pass over you concerning whether or not you would be able to stand through the time of trouble? Then ask yourself the question, Am I standing now? How thankful we should be that we still have opportunity in which to prepare for "those scenes of affliction and distress described by the prophet as the time of Jacob's trouble." Read chapter 39 in "The Great Controversy," and then test yourself by these questions:

*False or true:*

1. When Jesus ceases His intercession in the sanctuary, every case will have been decided for life or death.
2. Satan stirs up the wicked to destroy God's people in the time of trouble.
3. Satan does not have an accurate knowledge of the sins which he has tempted people to commit.
4. In that time the fear of separation from God is greater than the dread of persecution.
5. The people of God cease praying, because they know they are without an intercessor.

*Fill in the blanks:*

6. "Those who delay a ——— for the day of God cannot obtain it in the time of ———, or at any subsequent time."
7. "The season of distress and anguish before us will require a faith that can endure weariness, delay, and hunger,—a ——— that will not faint, though severely tried."
8. "Those who exercise but little ——— now, are in the greatest danger of falling under the power of satanic delusions and the decree to compel the conscience."

## Experiment in Service

*(Continued from page 4)*

and medicines, too. There is compensation during the illness comparable to the length of service, and meals are provided during this time.

"We are a group all working together on a level," the man is wont to say. "I have one vote like the rest of them, and all I ask is that they always listen to my side of the question. Then they may vote to do whatever they think is best for everyone—rehire someone who has been dismissed, increase their wages, or whatever it may be."

The singing waiters and waitresses not only receive bonuses for the degree of voluntary participation in the entertainment of the guests, but are given vocal lessons by an instructor hired by Mr. Clinton. Often some listener sees promise in the singer and gives him an opportunity to advance in the musical world.

"I'm always glad to have their talent recognized, and if they don't make good in the new venture, they can come back to their old jobs at Clifton's."

Wholesome recreation is a part of the scheme, too. In the cafeteria buildings are clubrooms, bunk rooms, ping-pong tables, and game and reading rooms. It is Clifton's pleasure to bring happiness to its associates.

In a little leaflet written for them, Mr. Clinton passes on the key to his own joy in living. "The secret of life is to give, and that giving comes before the getting. We cannot take money from the bank until we have put some in.

No more can we take the profits from life—happiness, success, peace—until we have built the qualities which will produce for us that condition, or until 'we have put something in.'"

That is the philosophy of service according to Clifford E. Clinton. It is Christianity in business. And it works to the happiness of his guests, his associates, his community, and himself.

He takes no credit. His father before him had the giving spirit. No mission board sent the elder Clinton as a missionary to China. He went himself and supported himself and his large family with a business in San Francisco. When the business waned, the father came home and put it back on an earning basis, so that he could once more go to the China that needed him. Perhaps that same spirit flows in the blood of the son.

Perhaps his unflagging zeal to do the right is urged on by the encouragement and inspiration of Nelda, his wife and counselor. Perhaps it is the set of his own jaw, the determined glint in his own eye. Perhaps, yes, it is all of these forces which combine to make him the Clinton of Clifton's who does what other men say cannot be done.

A man of dignity, soft spoken, easy mannered, a Christian, I felt the fire of his determination when I clasped his hand in greeting one day—it was firm with purpose!

And I knew then why his motto is, "Don't say, 'It can't be done.'"

Because it can!

## Does He Answer?

*(Continued from page 5)*

four papers sold. Usually I sold fifteen in a little more than three hours.

"Perhaps I should have attempted to get dinner myself, but I was too dejected. I just lay down on the bed and wept.

"Even the ticking of the clock registered gloom and discouragement. Each minute seemed like an hour. I began to wonder whether mother had met with some accident. It was strange for her to be away from home for so long.

"Then I thought of the prayer I had made on Sunday, and began wondering.

"Half an hour later mother came in. Her arms were full of packages which contained cooked food that she had procured at a near-by restaurant. She rushed in, hastily put the things down, and came over to the bed.

"Guess what letter arrived this morning," she said, as she beamed at me.

"The letter containing the thousand dollars!" I joyfully exclaimed.

"That's right. We didn't get the full thousand, because the company deducted fifty dollars for some sea-soaked and moldy goods which we did not salvage, and the lawyer demanded two hundred dollars; but we received seven hundred fifty dollars."

"What a rejoicing there was! We celebrated by getting the things we needed most. Mother gave me my share of the money.

"During the next few days there was much bustle and confusion. It was nearly time for school to begin, and I was not fully ready. The hours flew by. It was time to leave before I realized it.

"That Saturday night found a group of excited young people at the home of one of them whose parents were to take us to Collegedale. We tried to sleep, but it was impossible.

"Early the next morning nine of us started on the trip. We rode all day, but retired early, and the following morning started on again.

"Bad roads, flat tires, and getting lost



were the chief difficulties encountered on Monday. We rode all day and all night, and arrived at Southern Junior College at two o'clock Tuesday morning. We awakened the preceptress, and were soon settled for the remainder of the night.

"Surely the Lord does answer our prayers, Jennie. He led me to school and gave me an opportunity to prepare myself for work in His vineyard.

"Of course God expects our cooperation, and we cannot expect an answer to prayer if we entertain sin in our heart. We must realize that we cannot use God, but that He wants to use us. We cannot take the lead and expect Him to follow. Unless we are willing to merge our will with the Divine, and to face trials and disappointments, and even defeat if He so wills, we are unworthy to be called the children of God."

The younger girl was thoughtful. "Thank you for telling me that experience, Miss Durham," she whispered. "God knows that I also want to prepare to work for Him. I am sure He will open the way for me, too."

And He did.

## A High School of Experience

(Continued from page 8)

me and how precious it is to work for others.

One more experience in connection with the colporteur ministry which deeply impressed my mind waited for me at the seminary. All the students who had planned to spend their five-week Christmas recess in the colporteur work had agreed to set aside some minutes every noon for earnest prayer for their fellow students who were engaged in the same work. I was surprised to find that after the noon recess, day after day without exception, I sold a book. There were days when the harvest was exceedingly rich; but sometimes I worked the whole morning without visible success. Yet never a day passed but after my fellow students and I had prayed during the noon hour, I sold a book for cash. It was as if God were encouraging me for the rest of the day. This experience was striking evidence to me of how wonderfully the Lord answers prayer.

Looking backward, I thankfully realize what I owe to the colporteur work. God Himself ministered to me. The secular high school almost robbed me of my faith; the high school of colporteur ministry, however, bestowed upon me a threefold realization that God lives, and lives for me, that there is no nobler work than that of soul winning, and that prayer is a tremendous power and moves the arm of God.

## The Book

(Continued from page 10)

On its pages are descriptions of scientific triumphs of our day written thousands of years ago. There are histories of Greece and of Rome, written while these countries were still waste and savage. The swiftness of Alexander's conquest and the iron might of the Caesars, are both faithfully depicted. And modern scenes are described by men who were dust long before America was discovered. The struggle between capital and labor, between war and peace, is unfolded and its end foretold. The crime and unrest of this age are strikingly delineated; as well as the attitude of men toward the book itself.

One wrote in this book that the earth was round, ages before Columbus was



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Norma Miller, Crescent City, California, U.S. 199, (junior, 1,000 stamps), would like to hear from collectors in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. She offers U.S. commemoratives, recent issues, and some Canadian and foreign stamps in trade.

John Love, Oakwood Junior College, Huntsville, Alabama, (junior, 687 stamps), would like to correspond with collectors outside the United States.

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Henry Allen, R.D. 1, Pulaski, New York, (senior, 1,000 stamps), has stamps of Germany, France, Australia, Japan, Belgium, England, and Netherlands which he would like to exchange for some of South America, Newfoundland, or any other countries not mentioned above. He promises to answer all correspondence.

Dale Clymer, Box 324, South Lancaster, Massachusetts, (junior, 1,000 stamps), would like to trade with collectors in England, South America, and Australia. He has for exchange stamps from Canada, United States, and China.

## Album Progress Again

A FEW weeks ago we mentioned that the Scott Company had issued some of its popular-priced albums in loose-leaf form. Now they are liberalizing the policy regarding their specialty series. Until recently these albums and the pages that fill them have been available in groups of countries. In only a few cases could one buy the pages for a single country. Now these pages are being made available by single countries. So far, 160 have been announced. If you are interested in this kind of loose-leaf album, which enables one to specialize in the country of his choice, and which can be kept up to date with the new sheets issued yearly, do not hesitate to write. We shall be glad to give more information.

born; and another of the crime and greed of this generation, millenniums before the word "gangster" was heard in the earth. It was foretold by a prime minister of ancient Babylon that this present age would be an age of marvelous increase in knowledge and speed.

This book is a treasure house of knowledge, a literary masterpiece of the purest and best type, a scientific manual

of the utmost accuracy, an authentic history of the world, an art gallery of priceless word pictures. It is an education in all these. And more than that—it is a spiritual education.

Earth's greatest men have humbly studied this book, and have commended it to their fellow men. Through its influence savages have become civilized; the weak have become strong; the filthy and the ignorant have become clean and well bred. It has been the inspiration for all that is good and beautiful and worth while in the world; rejection of its precepts is the source of all things ugly and evil, of all sorrow and misery.

The words of this book are not mere printed words on a white page; they are spirit and they are life. They enlighten the mind and purify the heart; they ease heavy burdens and comfort deep sorrow; they heal diseases and enrich the soul; they lift the load of remorse from yesterday; they satisfy today's longings; they supply hope for tomorrow.

The words of this book have traversed this globe from north to south, from east to west. No sea is too wide for them to span, no mountain too lofty for them to climb; no dungeon is too deep or noisome, no prison too strongly barred, for their entrance; there is no vaulted hall, no humble cot, where they refuse to enter and abide. They walk upon battlefields, and pause by hospital beds, and kneel by open graves. Nor is this all. They tear away the impenetrable veil of death from the face of the future and show what lies beyond.

I commend this book to your careful reading, your sincere study. It is a complete and interesting book, a beautiful and satisfying book. Indeed, it is the most wonderful book that has ever been written. IT IS GOD'S BOOK.

## Answers

J-oppa ..... Acts 9:36-43; 10:9-15  
E-limelech ..... Ruth 1:2  
S-hephatiah ..... 2 Sam. 3:4  
U-zziah ..... 2 Chronicles 26  
S-tephanas ..... 1 Cor. 16:15

W-onderful ..... Isa. 9:6  
E-liab ..... 1 Sam. 17:28  
P-adanaram ..... Genesis 28  
T-erah ..... Gen. 11:31  
("Jesus wept." John 11:35)

## Sabbath School Lessons

### SENIOR YOUTH

### III—Abraham, and the Gospel of Righteousness by Faith

(July 20)

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 6:15.  
LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 125-131, 145-155.

### THE LESSON

#### Called Out of Heathenism

1. What did Joshua say concerning the environment of Abraham before God called him out of his country? Joshua 24:2.

NOTE.—Abraham's father "served other gods," and Abraham, dwelling at Ur, had grown up in the midst of heathenism. Abraham, however, steadfastly worshiped the true God.

2. Whom was Abraham asked to leave? What promises were made on condition of obedience? Gen. 12:1-3.

NOTE.—"In order that God might qualify him for his great work, as the keeper of



the sacred oracles, Abraham must be separated from the associations of his early life. The influence of kindred and friends would interfere with the training which the Lord purposed to give His servant.—“Patriarchs and Prophets,” p. 126.

3. How did Abraham show his trust and faith in God? Heb. 11:8.

NOTE.—“Abraham’s unquestioning obedience is one of the most striking evidences of faith to be found in all the Bible. To him, faith was ‘the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.’ Relying upon the divine promise, without the least outward assurance of its fulfillment, he abandoned home and kindred and native land, and went forth, he knew not whither, to follow where God should lead.”—*Ibid.*

4. How quickly did Abraham obey God’s call? At what place did they stop? How long did they remain at Haran? Gen. 12:4, first part; 11:31, 32.

5. When Abraham came into the land of Canaan, what promise did God make to him? Although Canaan was occupied by an alien race who worshipped false gods, what custom did Abraham follow in his worship of the Creator? Gen. 12:5-8.

6. Why did Abraham go down into Egypt? How did he lose faith in God’s keeping power? What was the result? Verses 10-20.

NOTE.—“During his stay in Egypt, Abraham gave evidence that he was not free from human weakness and imperfection. In concealing the fact that Sarah was his wife, he betrayed a distrust of the divine care, a lack of that lofty faith and courage so often and nobly exemplified in his life. . . . No deviation from strict integrity can meet God’s approval.”—*Id.*, p. 130.

7. When Lot separated himself from Abraham, of what was the patriarch again assured by God? Gen. 13:14-18.

8. In a vision, what comforting word came to Abraham from God? Gen. 15:1.

9. How was Abraham reassured of the certainty of God’s promise? What was his attitude? Verses 2-7.

NOTE.—Abraham’s “mind was so oppressed by forebodings that he could not now grasp the promise with unquestioning confidence as heretofore. He prayed for some tangible evidence that it would be fulfilled. . . . Then he was led outside his tent, and told to look up to the unnumbered stars glittering in the heavens; and as he did so, the words were spoken, ‘So shall thy seed be.’ ‘Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.’”—*Id.*, pp. 136, 137.

10. What evidence did God give Abraham of the sureness of His promise? Verse 18.

11. When Isaac was a young man, what supreme test came to Abraham? Gen. 22:1, 2.

NOTE.—“It was to impress Abraham’s mind with the reality of the gospel, as well as to test his faith, that God commanded him to slay his son. The agony which he endured during the dark days of that fearful trial, was permitted that he might understand from his own experience something of the greatness of the sacrifice made by the infinite God for man’s redemption. . . . The sacrifice required of Abraham was not alone for his own good, nor solely for the benefit of succeeding generations; but it was also for the instruction of the sinless intelligences of heaven and of other worlds. . . . God desired to prove the loyalty of His servant before all heaven, to demonstrate that nothing less than perfect obedience can be accepted, and to open more fully before them the plan of salvation.”—*Id.*, pp. 154, 155.

12. In obeying God’s command, what did Abraham’s faith lead him to believe God was able to do? Heb. 11:17-19.

13. What great gospel truth is set forth in this experience of Abraham? Rom. 4:3, 20-25.

NOTE.—In verse 3 it is stated that “Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.” “Abraham took the only way by which a fallen man can be justified,—believing, accepting God’s promise. He believed God, and God reckoned Abraham’s faith for righteousness.”—“*Studies in Romans*,” p. 45.

“We have no righteousness of our own with which to meet the claims of the law of God. But Christ has made a way of escape for us. . . . If you give yourself to Him, and accept Him as your Saviour, then, sinful as your life may have been, for His sake you are accounted righteous.

Christ’s character stands in place of your character, and you are accepted before God just as if you had not sinned.”—“*Steps to Christ*,” p. 67.

## JUNIOR

### III—The Daughter of Jairus; The Afflicted Woman

(July 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 5:21-43.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matthew 9:18-26; Luke 8:41-56.

MEMORY VERSE: “Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole.” Matt. 9:22.

STUDY HELP: “The Desire of Ages,” pp. 342-348.

PLACES: The seashore, the home of Jairus in Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; the multitude; Jairus and his daughter; the afflicted woman; hired mourners.

#### Setting of the Lesson

“Returning from Gergesa to the western shore, Jesus found a multitude gathered to receive Him, and they greeted Him with joy. He remained by the seaside for a time, teaching and healing, and then repaired to the house of Levi-Matthew to meet the publicans at the feast. Here Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, found Him.”—“*The Desire of Ages*,” p. 342.

The afflicted woman had been pronounced incurable. “Her hopes revived when she heard of the cures that Christ performed. She felt assured that if she could only go to Him, she would be healed. In weakness and suffering she came to the seaside where He was teaching, and tried to press through the crowd, but in vain. Again she followed Him from the house of Levi-Matthew, but was still unable to reach Him. She had begun to despair, when, in making His way through the multitude, He came near where she was.”—*Id.*, p. 343.

#### QUESTIONS

1. After healing the demoniacs of Gadara, where did Jesus return? Who had gathered to meet Him? Mark 5:21.

2. What ruler came to Him? What great humility did he manifest? What great sorrow had come to Jairus? What did he ask of Jesus? Verses 22, 23.

3. How did Jesus respond to this request? Who followed Him? Verse 24.

NOTE.—When Jesus was on earth, none were ever turned away empty who came and asked help of Him. He deeply sympathized with this father in his trouble, and responded at once to his request for help. Jesus is just as willing today to help those who are in trouble and who call upon Him in faith, as when He walked the shores of Galilee.

4. What poor woman was in the throng that followed Jesus? How long had this woman been ill? How had she sought for relief? With what result? Verses 25, 26.

5. What did she succeed in doing in spite of the crowd? What did she say to herself? What blessing came to her through the touch of faith? Verses 27-29.

NOTE.—“It is not enough to believe about Christ; we must believe in Him. The only faith that will benefit us is that which embraces Him as a personal Saviour; which appropriates His merits to ourselves. Many hold faith as an opinion. Saving faith is a transaction, by which those who receive Christ join themselves in covenant relation with God. Genuine faith is life. A living faith means an increase of vigor, a confiding trust, by which the soul becomes a conquering power.”—“*The Desire of Ages*,” p. 347.

6. What did Jesus at once know? What question did He ask? Verse 30.

NOTE.—The American Revised Version reads, “And straightway Jesus, perceiving in Himself that the power proceeding from Him had gone forth, turned Him about in the crowd, and said, ‘Who touched My garments?’ Though she was unnoticed by men, the Saviour recognized the touch of faith from this poor woman. It is even so now. The touch of faith still brings healing from disease, healing from sin.

7. What reply did the disciples make to this question? For whom did Jesus look?

What did the woman do? What did she tell Him? Verses 31-33.

8. What words of comfort did Jesus speak to her? Verse 34.

9. What message came to Jairus as Jesus was delayed on His way to the ruler’s home? How did Jesus encourage him? Verses 35, 36.

10. Who only were permitted to follow Jesus into the house of Jairus? What custom of the Jews was being observed in the home? Verses 37, 38.

NOTE.—It was customary among the Jews to hire persons to weep aloud, wail, and play mournful dirges on musical instruments, to denote great grief at the death of one who was rich or great or much beloved.

“Christ heard piercing shrieks, and loud, prolonged quivering wails of mourning. At the very moment of death, one of these wild shrieks, by whoever is nearest the dead, announces the fact of the death. This cry is taken up and repeated by friends of the family near and far. Every sympathizing woman friend who hurries to share the mourning over the dead announces her approach to the sorrow-stricken home by the conventional shriek, and then adds her voice to the mourning chorus.”—*Trumbull*.

11. What did Jesus say when He had entered the house? What did He say of the maiden? Verse 39.

NOTE.—“Jairus pressed closer to the Saviour, and together they hurried to the ruler’s home. Already the hired mourners and flute players were there, filling the air with their clamor. The presence of the crowd, and the tumult, jarred upon the spirit of Jesus. He tried to silence them, saying, ‘Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.’ They were indignant at the words of the stranger. They had seen the child in the embrace of death, and they laughed Him to scorn.”—“*The Desire of Ages*,” pp. 342, 343.

12. How were His words received? What did He do with those who were unbelieving? Whom did Jesus allow to go with Him into the room where the child was lying? Verse 40.

13. What did Jesus say to the maiden? What response did she make to His words? How old was she? How were those who were present affected? Verses 41, 42.

14. What charge did Jesus give concerning the miracle? What command did He give? Verse 43.

NOTE.—The Lord here gives us an example of how He desires to cooperate with us in helping others. He raised the girl to life; this was something the parents could not do. He might have given her food also, but this He asked them to do.

#### Can You Tell—

How Jesus recognized the touch of the woman as different from that of those who touched Him as they thronged about Him?

Why the woman was healed by touching the garments of Jesus, when many others touched Him without being healed?

When Jesus’ power to raise the dead will again be manifested? 1 Thess. 4:16; John 5:28, 29.

## The YOUTH’S Instructor

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✱ Six muscles of the eye rotate the eyeball right, left, up, and down. According to scientific estimates, in half an hour of reading the average reader moves his eyes more than 100,000 times.

✱ THE Labrador duck became extinct in 1870. No scientist realized how near the species was to annihilation, and when their number was close to the disappearing mark, housewives were still buying the ducks in the market for only a few cents apiece. Today the skin of a single specimen is valued at \$8,000.

✱ A TIRE tube that seals itself against bullet punctures is being produced for the United States Army. During tests, the tube was shot twenty-nine times with army rifles, and lost only a fraction of its sixty-pound air inflation. It also retains the ability to seal itself at temperatures as low as 39° below zero Fahrenheit.

✱ THE Bible societies have issued a pocket Bible for the Chinese soldiers similar to the one prepared by Oliver Cromwell for his Ironsides. The demand is so great that a fourth edition is being printed, and it is impossible to fill orders. So imperative are these orders that Bibles are being sent by air mail for 600 miles and on for 1,500 miles to reach the men behind the trenches.

✱ BUTTONS are so commonplace and necessary today that it is hard to believe that they were worn for centuries as ornaments. In fact, people went around for approximately 4,000 years wearing buttons, but no buttonholes. History reveals that the button was used in ancient Egypt at least 2,500 years before the Christian Era, but it was not until the fifteenth century A.D. that someone awoke to the fact that in conjunction with a loop of cloth it would fasten clothing.

✱ No matter where you turn in the deep South, from eastern Virginia down to Key West and along the Gulf Coast to Texas, you see Spanish moss trailing from trees, clotheslines, and telephone wires. Travelers stare from car and bus, yacht and train, at the scenes made melancholy by the shrouded trailing moss, and never dream that they are sitting on it; for no matter how you travel, the chances are that you will sit on a seat stuffed with this "trailing hair," which is really tanned Spanish moss. Unless you are extremely rich or very poor, you probably sleep on a mattress that is made partly of this moss. The living-room furniture, the cushions, the children's dolls, all have moss inside, and most men owe their broad shoulders to little pads of moss. Spanish moss, *Tillandsia usneoides*, is one of nature's conundrums. In spite of its name, it is not Spanish, and it is not moss. Although its blossoms are less than an inch long, it is kin to some of our most beautiful orchids. It has no spines; yet it is a cousin of the pineapple. It attaches itself to trees; yet it is not a parasite. Although it is found only in the tropical and subtropical regions of North and South America, it was first described and classified by the celebrated Swedish botanist, Elias Tillandz.

✱ THE United States War Department has under construction a bomber with a wing span of 210 feet which will weigh 125,000 pounds, as compared with the wing span of the Atlantic clippers of 152 feet and weight of 82,500 pounds. The huge sky craft will have four 2,000-horsepower motors, will carry a 37-millimeter cannon, many machine guns, and twenty tons of bombs. It will have a cruising radius of about 6,000 miles.

✱ SOFT drinks from a candy straw are the latest invention in the field of thirst quenching. There has been placed on the market a "straw" in the form of a tube half an inch in diameter and nine inches long. Made of candy, the tube is filled with a mixture which it is claimed will turn plain water into pleasantly flavored soda water as it is sipped through the straw.

✱ ON May 6, 1840, in Great Britain, the first adhesive postage stamp was put into governmental use. Known as "Penny Black," it carried a profile likeness of Queen Victoria and was the result of a campaign for the establishment of a cheap universal postal rate. The centennial of the issuance of this stamp is now being celebrated.

✱ RECENT experiments made on 130 hay-fever victims revealed the fact that eating capsules of ragweed pollen relieved hay fever in 63 per cent of the cases. It is almost as effective as vaccination treatments and much more comfortable.

✱ LAST April the twenty-eight millionth Ford automobile rolled off the assembly line of the Edgewater, New Jersey, plant of the Ford Motor Company.

✱ THE greatest milk drinkers in the world are the Swiss, who consume an annual average of 232 quarts a person.



## QUEER THING—

but we always think every other man's job is easier than our own. And the better he does it, the easier it looks.

—Eden Phillpotts.

✱ MEDICAL authorities report that prussic acid is the only substance more poisonous than nicotine.

✱ BEFORE it became extinct, the great auk was said to be the swiftest and strongest diving-and-swimming bird in North America. All that remains of it today is about eighty mounted specimens and seventy museum eggs.

✱ So far as is known the only railroad whose charter forbids the transportation of intoxicating liquor is the one which operates between Due West and Donalds, South Carolina. The line has run on Sunday only once, and then to rush a woman to the hospital.

✱ AUSTRALIA boasts of kangaroos that roost in trees. They are clumsy climbers, but they offset this shortcoming by their jumping powers and tenacious grip. Like their brothers who bound over the ground, they carry their young in pouches. A family of tree kangaroos will frequently use one tree for their permanent abode.

✱ THE art of totem-pole carving among Alaskan Indians, after near extinction, is now being rapidly revised, according to a recent statement by the United States Department of the Interior. Poles which had fallen into decay are being restored with faithful historical accuracy, and old skilled native carvers are being employed to give technical directions and to instruct the young Indians in the art. This is one of the projects of the native Indian CCC workers. Some of the poles are five feet in diameter and sixty feet in height.

✱ MASSIVE bronze doors give entrance to the rare-book collection in the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. On white-tiled shelves in air-cooled vaults, 9,000 priceless volumes are stacked. Choice items include a first edition of "Paradise Lost," and a 1550 edition of "Piers Plowman." This bibliophile's haven is presided over by Arthur R. Houghton, Jr., who is an enthusiastic rare-book collector and has a private collection which is said to be the largest in the world. He owns the Gutenberg Bible, a Shakespeare portfolio, and manuscripts and letters of Pepys, Boswell, Lord Chesterfield, and the Brownings. Even the Library of Congress cannot equal Mr. Houghton's collection of Keats, Spencer, and Lewis Carroll.

✱ IN the English panel system of heating, the walls of a room are warmed either by hot-air ducts or by electric coils. The result is that heat tends to flow from the walls to cold bodies in a room—metal objects, lamps, picture frames, tables. With this method it is possible to have a room temperature of not more than 60° F. and still be comfortable. The body does not lose its warmth as fast as with ordinary radiators or fireplaces. This process has also been reversed to keep a room cool in summer. The walls are covered with corrugated and embossed aluminum foil and with two black panels. Hidden pipes cool the foil and panels to 50° F. The corrugated aluminum foil reflects most of the heat that strikes it to the black panels, by which it is absorbed. There are no drafts.