

The YOUTH'S Instructor



In Spite of the Wreck and Ruin Left in the Path of the Air Raids, Britain's Missionary Volunteers Are Courageous

"When the Sirens Sound, We Go to the Best Air-Raid Shelter We Can Find. It May Be a Public One or a Steel One in the Garden"



BRITISH COMBINE PHOTOS

"Look Up
and
Carry On"

By H. W. LOWE



HELLO, Missionary Volunteers everywhere!

So you really would like to know how our Missionary Volunteers are faring in the battle for Britain.

Well, here comes what you are waiting for, and it ought to be first-hand information, for this article is actually being written in an underground shelter while an air raid is in progress.

First of all, our Missionary Volun-

teers in Britain would not like to have you think of them as suffering great hardships. Actually, up to August 18, no one in Britain, except those in certain coastal areas, had any cause to talk about the hardships of war. Since then air raids have increased, but even now the people of the London area are still comparatively calm.

In some cases our Missionary Volunteers have come under fire, and others have indirectly felt war con-

ditions. All in all they are a fine lot of brave, calm young people, as you shall see.

You'll want to know what happens when a raid warning comes. Sirens sound a rising and falling note, which weird sound has led to their being nicknamed "Wailing Winnies." Any Missionary Volunteer who is inclined to be a bit more spoilsport than Missionary Volunteers should be, will very likely hear the (*Turn to page 12*)

Let's Talk It Over

WHILE the East shivered under the first snowfall of the season, a balmy breeze blew in the "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes," and a warm sun smiled down on St. Paul, known, with its twin city, Minneapolis, as the great flour center of the Western Hemisphere, when the Autumn Council delegates gathered for the first business session.

Representatives were present from five continents and from all forty-eight States of the United States, as well as from every province in Canada. Old friends and new friends found pleasant fellowship together as they greeted one another and compared experiences; then they joined in the hymn:

"Let us sing a song that will cheer us
by the way,
In a little while we're going home;
For the night will end in the everlasting day,
In a little while we're going home."

The chief purpose of the Autumn Council of the General Conference Committee, which is held each year, is to work out the budget for the next twelve months, and to make appropriations from the funds which come into the Treasury from various sources to the different divisions of the world field in proportion to their needs. Therefore the Finance and Budget Committees have heavy work to do. The Committees on Nominations and Distribution of Labor also swung into action this first day of the meeting, to consider various items of policy and personnel.

The evening session each day was devoted to reports from the various division presidents who were in attendance. Exigencies of war made it impossible for three of these to come from overseas, but the other nine world leaders were there, and interesting, thrilling, and inspiring were the stories they had to tell. Every report sounded a note of courage and good cheer. In face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties the work of God is making steady progress.

J. F. WRIGHT brought greetings from 32,127 baptized members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Southern Africa. He told us that in addition to these there are 27,000 studying in baptismal classes in that field, and in their 910 Sabbath schools there are more than 60,000 "black diamonds being mined for the Master."

I have always wished that I might attend a camp meeting in this continent in which David Livingstone pioneered the way for the gospel. Seventy of these gatherings were held there this year, and 150,000 people attended. Twenty thousand present was the record for one camp. The teachers came from the missions and the outschools accompanied by those whom they had brought to Jesus. As those who were in charge at the Gitwe meeting looked out over the hills and valleys on Sabbath morning, they could see them coming from every direction—9,021 by actual count—singing as they journeyed, "Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim It," "He Hideth My Soul," "Bringing in the Sheaves," and the camp meeting song chosen this year for Nyasaland, "In a Little While We're Going Home." How thrilling it must have been to hear not-long-ago heathen voicing these familiar songs of Zion.

And these native converts are true as steel. Some of them are called upon to endure fierce persecution and severe trials, but their faith does not falter.

From South America N. P. Neilsen brought to the Council greetings from "the highest Sabbath school in the world," more than 16,000 feet above sea level; from the "Sabbath school farthest down south," on the Straits of Magellan; from the Amazon country, where it seems that a special outpouring of God's Spirit is bringing a real Pentecost; and from 32,000 baptized church members, as well as from other thousands who are attendants at Sabbath schools scattered through the length and breadth of the Neglected Continent.

It has been said that South America is a country where "there are many crosses, but no Christ." Today, however, the light of the gospel is shining through the darkness, illuminating the way of life not only for the educated, cultured residents of its republics, but for the Indians on the high Andean plateaus and down in the jungles which border the longest river in the world.

Here, too, in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, Bolivia, and Peru, believers in the second advent are singing, "In a Little While We're Going Home."

The Northern European Division has been disrupted by war, and while much of their territory is lost to them, a part of Finland, and Sweden

and England, as well as its great African mission field, are still free, and the people are carrying on.

W. E. Read, president of that division, told us that our people in England are making a revised version of the ninety-first psalm these days. As the planes zoom overhead, and bombs crash, and anti-aircraft guns roar, they read: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the air-raid shelter of the Almighty. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid of the bombs by night; nor of the torpedoes by day. . . . Because thou hast made the Lord . . . thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, . . . for He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

And often during the air raids when it is impossible or impracticable for them to go into the shelters, they go quietly and trustfully to bed and to sleep with this prayer upon their lips: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Harvest Ingathering has been finished in record time with a record offering received; our printing plants are busy; our colporteurs are busy; our evangelists are preaching to serious capacity audiences; and our food factory at Watford, which when war was declared it seemed must surely close, is working overtime to fill its orders.

Yes, over in Northern Europe the advent believers, too, are singing, "In a Little While We're Going Home."

And from Southern Asia, Inter-America, China, the Far East—in fact, from every corner of this troubled old world—comes an echo of the same glad chorus.

The high point of the Council came when the Budget Committee reported appropriations amounting to \$4,600,000, and the presidents of the divisions, most of them in voices choked with emotion, expressed their appreciation for the generous amounts allowed them, and told what urgent calls these funds would enable them to answer.

SO another Autumn Council closed—with what song? "In a Little While We're Going Home."

And may each one of us be ready for that glad day!

Lord E. Clement

We Give Thee Thanks

By SANFORD T. WHITMAN



H. M. LAMBERI

The Spirit of Thanksgiving Is a Fine and Commendable Thing; Its Theme Is Most Lofty, Its Purpose Most Worthy

THANKSGIVING! Joyous, festive occasion! Happy gatherings of relatives and friends. Reunited family circles. The season of completed harvests and bounteous feasts. A time of looking back, of special thought and meditation upon the care and blessing which God has bestowed upon us during the year that is drawing to a close. One of the most colorful and one of the most noble celebrations of the whole year. Thanksgiving!

The farmer looks back on the completed season. He sees the harvests of his fields and orchards, the increase of his herds and flocks, the store of fruit and vegetables put away for the winter season. He is mindful of the daily sunshine, the nightly rest, the falling shower, the ripening wheat, and the dormant rest of winter. In all these things he sees the kindness and wisdom of an all-wise heavenly Father, and in his heart there wells an overflowing sense of gratitude.

The businessman looks back over the year's dealings and counts the success that has been his. He notes the amount of his sales, the expansion of his trade, the difficulties which have been met and overcome.

And all men, in whatever walk of life they may be, take stock of the health and strength and joys that have been theirs, and give thanks that the passing days have been so kind to them.

Could there be a finer and more commendable thing than the spirit of Thanksgiving? The theme of this

annual event is most lofty, its purpose most worthy. That its celebration often descends into pleasure-mad revelries and orgies of indulgence, is regrettable. No day, indeed, no moment, passes without its blessing. How great, then, are the accumulated blessings of an entire

year! And how full and sincere should be our gratitude!

For we do have much for which to be thankful! We have life. That is much, certainly. We have a degree of health, most of us a good degree. This is another priceless blessing. Then we have homes, and friends, and hopes, and—yes, accomplishments, even though they may be few and minor.

In addition to these we have many of the higher and nobler things of life, such as a knowledge of the principles of honesty, truthfulness, kindness, and the other virtues. When we stop to think, and to count our blessings, we are surprised at how many and how great they are. We do, in truest fact, have much for which to

be thankful, although some things may not be just as we would wish them to be.

But while we have many blessings to call forth our gratitude *every year*, there are certain things which have assumed special importance in these strange days in which we are now living. Of these blessings we should be particularly conscious, and for them we should be especially grateful.

These special blessings are many and diversified. Nevertheless they can be roughly classified under two heads: the prophecies of the Bible and the promises of God.

"Oh," I hear you say, "I know about them. They are important, all right. And I am thankful for them. But why should I single them out and place them above all my other blessings?"

Well, why should you? Why should I? Why should anyone? Let us consider this point for a moment.

For many years Seventh-day Adventists have preached with special emphasis the teaching of the Bible that great trouble and change are coming upon our world. It is not correct to say any longer that trouble and change are *coming*. Trouble and change are *here*. Trouble, change, upheaval, destruction—all are with us today in their dreadfulness.

Life as we have known it in the past is at an end. Change in the forms of governments, change in the conduct of governments, change in the boundaries of governments, change in the lives of the people governed—they are all here.

Everywhere great and violent changes are sweeping the world, crushing out the hopes of whole nations, of whole races of people. Violent death is spreading seemingly everywhere. War is leaving an ever-lengthening and ever-widening trail of want, suffering, confusion, and anguish. The specter of famine is daily growing and spreading its fear over a steadily increasing area of the earth's surface. Never in the history of our troubled world



has there been such fear, such despair, such dreadful foreboding as grips our world today.

In such a time as this the prophecies of the Bible stand out in bold relief as never before. In a world of change and confusion they are the only things which remain unchanged and secure. They are the "sure word of prophecy" spoken of by the apostle Peter in his second epistle, "whereunto ye do well that ye take heed."

They are the word of God. In them is the power of God. Amid change they remain unchanged. Amid confusion they remain clear and steadfast. Amid darkness they remain as unfaltering beams of light, giving direction and meaning to these new conditions.

While all else is failing, they continue steadfast. War, famine, pestilence, disaster, and the forces which are overwhelming all else earthly, only strengthen their position. Like great landmarks on the horizon, they point the way through the present storm to a peaceful and happy day soon to come.

In these times of such universal insecurity and fear, how comforting to have one thing in which we can confidently place our trust, one truth which is without shadow of error, one guide post which is set to be eternally true, one rock of safety which will never be moved.

In striking detail the prophecies have foretold the very conditions which trouble our world today. But the prophecies do not end with this. They are in no perplexity over world conditions. Instead, they declare with greater emphasis than ever before just what the future has in store.

And this prophetically revealed future is so gloriously bright! What days are coming! Our world will not always stagger under its load of trouble. Justice is yet to reign. Peace will yet prevail. In that bright day joy and happiness will be everywhere. In spite of all the current talk of the beginning of a new dark age,

all is yet to be well—and well in God's own way.

And what of the promises of God? How marvelously abundant and assuring they are! Let us notice a few of the most precious.

Do you fear, as some do, the establishment of tyranny in a single, world-embracing empire?

Then listen to these words of prophetic assurance: "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." Dan. 2:44.

Are you distraught and troubled by all the present confusion and distress?

"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord." Isa. 54:10.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." Isa. 41:10.

"There shall be a time of trouble. . . . And at that time Thy people shall be delivered, everyone that shall be found written in the book." Dan. 12:1.

Do you fear bodily harm? Physical want?

Take your Bible and read Luke 12:4, 5; also Matthew 5:11, and 6:31, 32.

Is sin in your life troubling you?

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

Do the threats and boasts of evil men terrify you? Turn to Revelation 6, and read verses 14 to 17.

Is there a trace of doubt overshadowing your life? Read Ephesians 3:20; also Hebrews 10:37.

Do you feel the need of a comforting, sustaining, indwelling presence in your daily life?

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you,

and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. 11:28, 29.

Are not these words of promise something for which to be thankful? And how scarcely do they scratch the surface! Well did the apostle Peter speak of them as "exceeding great and precious promises." In truth they *are* great. In truth they are precious. In all their fullness they reach out to every detail of life, and include everyone, whatever his position may be. None can say, "Those words are for others only. They do not apply to me."

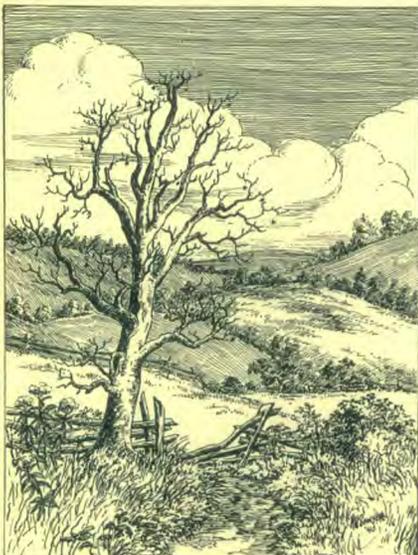
For the usual blessings of life and health, and the necessities of our daily existence, let us continue to be truly grateful.

In addition, let us recognize in their place of present importance the special blessings which are ours today: the revealed foreknowledge of God found in the prophecies of the Bible, and the promises of His all-sufficient help in time of need.

For this confidence amid universal dismay, for this positive and unhesitant leadership amid the confusion of our present world, and for the hope and assurance which are ours in the promises of God—for these let us reverently bow our heads and in full sincerity pray:

"Dear Father in heaven, for these special blessings of leadership and help, we give Thee special thanks. How many and how great are Thy mercies! They bring us light in the place of darkness. They furnish us food in the barren land. Amid panic and chaos, they remain ever calm and orderly. Though all else may diminish and fail, they remain bounteous and sure.

"Accept, we pray, this earnest gratitude. May we ever remain submissive to Thy gracious leading. May our trembling hands ever be stayed upon the sure rock of Thy word. And may Thy will to save us in Thy coming kingdom be done in all its marvelous fullness. In Jesus' name, we pray. Amen."



Autumn Thanksgiving

By M. HOPE SAWYER

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

I THANK Thee, Father, that this late-mown hay
Blends thus so sweetly with the dying leaves,
Which, moved and rustled by the evening wind,
Send forth a fragrance that my very soul now breathes
In ecstasy; and I forget the pain
And all the sadness that I know is here,
And revel in the fragrance of the end
Of beauty. And my thoughts of death
Grow gently comforting. I fear it not.

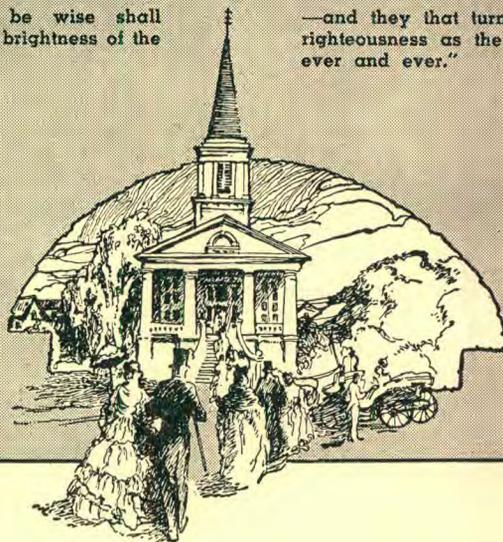
It may be in the spring when all is new,
I shall be moved to greater depths of love.
When rain is misty on the little leaves,
And creeks go singing through the fresh-sprung grass;
It may be then that I can thank Thee more;
But now I worship Thee with all my heart.
It is enough, the blue, blue hills of fall,
And the white trunk of that bare sycamore.

He That WINNETH SOULS

By Josephine Cunningham Edwards

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament:

—and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."



OFF TO COLLEGE

AS the months passed there came a terrible day in the little soddy on the prairie, when mother's worst fears were realized. Baby Bonnie, an apple-cheeked little maid of two, who was her father's joy and delight, sickened and died. First she had a stubborn low fever, which mother treated with the simple home remedies that had always been effective before. Then followed a raging fever, and father galloped off in the night to get a doctor. Before he returned, the baby was dead.

To know that she might have been saved if medical help had been more readily available was too much for the heartbroken father. After the burial the sad days passed one by one. Suddenly the dry farm, the soddy which he had erected with backbreaking toil, grew hateful to him. Even the tiny enclosure where the tumbleweeds piled up around the little grave seemed to reproach him day and night. He was like a mad man. He could not work, he could not sleep, he could not eat.

Then, like a bolt out of the blue, a grizzled old pioneer came along and offered him cash for his holdings.

Father jumped at the chance, and moved his family, lock, stock, and barrel, into the straggling mountain city of Denver, Colorado. There he erected a building and opened a real-estate office. He was a personable man, and people liked him; so he prospered and made a comfortable living for his family.

After the deep solitude of the prairies, the noise of the city seemed thunderous to the Mann family. Herbie could not get used to the wonders of the horsecars. He examined all the subterranean workings of the cable cars. He knew by name the driver of every car in that particular part of town, and the horses as well. And the men would notice him, and wave at him when they went whizzing by at the "breathless speed of the 'go's."

And so, in the beautiful city of Denver, Herbie became "Herbert" to his grammar school teachers and "Herb" to his associates. He could pitch "fast ones" on the ball diamonds, and no one "picked on" the wiry, muscular youngster. In the parlance of the day, Herb Mann "packed a wallop," and he was one of the "gang."

He went through common school, and, to his utter disgust, his father insisted that he attend high school! And that in a day when only girls and sissies were interested in higher education! His outbursts of wrath availed him nothing, however. He could have managed a paper route or had a job as errand boy at Benson's grocery. But father would rather have him studying dry Latin, and algebra, and physics, than earning good money—a pure waste of time, according to his boyish estimate. Then, to add to his misery, his mother arranged for him to take lessons on the fine new organ that sat in state in their parlor. If Herbert could have looked ahead and seen the use to which he would put that musical knowledge in later years, he might have been more reconciled to his lot. But at the time he thought he was harshly used. Herbert lived, however, to thank both his parents many times for their firmness and farsightedness in the matter of his education.

When he had finished high school, a few of the business houses began to put in the "new-fangled" incandescent electric lights. Very few private homes had them, and most people doubted that they would ever come into general use. They were too fantastic to even think about. Old grandpappies would slap their knees in derision, and, in high old cracked voices, jeer at the possibility.

"Dangerous, too," one of them would shout into the dull ear of a confederate. "I heard tell how them things will bite, or 'shock,' they calls it. Ketch the women usin' 'em. Have to wait fer their men to come to light the lights. A perty kettle of fish!"

So with much tut-tutting and wary prognostications, the oldsters fought progress as they have done ever since the beginning of time. But to no avail. New inventions came in and took their place in the changing drama of life in spite of them.

But Herbert Mann was all excited about every new thing. And because his father was farsighted and saw a future in this new-fangled electricity, he brought home a calendar one day from the Michigan State University at Ann Arbor.

"See here, Herb!" he called out excitedly, "they *teach* electrical engineering at the 'U' as one of their regular courses. The one who gets in on the ground floor in electricity and learns all there is to know about it, is going to be in demand one of these days, I can tell you!" And Father Mann seemed just as interested as if he, instead of Herbert, were going to Ann Arbor to take the course in electrical engineering.

But as it happened, even Herbert did not go that year. The depression of '93 broke, and the bread lines in the big cities lengthened. Mr. Mann's real-estate business netted him absolutely nothing. But he would not hear

of his son's quitting school. He insisted that he go back to the "high" and take post work, just to keep in "trim." But the young man was enterprising. He went on a search for work, and got two horses and two cows to care for. This enabled him to supply the family table with milk and cream, and also provided him with pocket money for small expenses incidental to schoolwork. His father was deeply gratified at the lad's efforts to help.

The next year Mr. Mann was still unable to pay Herbert's expenses at the "U." So Herbert worked in a wholesale coffee and cereal firm. They handled some fruits on the side. His task in the big shipping room was to cart around great manila bags of odorous coffee beans from far-off Brazil, and tea from India, and huge white bags of flour, exuding a puffy powder, from Minneapolis. Then the next summer he handled hundreds of baskets of large blushing peaches from the South and the west coast.

Every penny of money that he could spare went into the savings bank for school, and by the fall of 1898 he was ready to help himself. Also his father's business had recovered sufficiently so that he could stand behind him in an emergency.

It so happened that he greatly admired a girl who lived next door. She was pretty in a doll-like sort of way, but seemed to be utterly void of initiative and ambition. Herbert

interpreted this to be shyness and timidity. He had taken her to ice-cream socials in the basement of the Baptist church, to picnics out at the Epworth League grounds, and to an occasional band concert. None of these treats had elicited a comment, favorable or unfavorable, from the young woman, and he was becoming much disturbed by her silence and indecision.

"She will surely say something besides monosyllables, now that I'm going so far away to college, and will be gone so long," he told himself as he prepared to pay his last visit to the demure Dorothea. There was a concert at Eagle's Hall, and he was going to take her.

But though they walked slowly all the way home, not by word or by glance did the adored one indicate that she was either glad or sorry that he was going away.

At last, when they parted at her door, she handed him a sealed letter and begged of him in her soft, musical voice that he refrain from reading it until he was on the train speeding toward the college.

He put the envelope in his pocket. His heart pounded with joy. Surely in this precious little missive the shy girl had declared her love and adoration for him in such a way as she dared not do verbally.

The next morning he could hardly wait for the train to pull out of the depot, so that he could read his letter.

Already he was picturing what certain phrases might be. "I have long admired you in silence, and now I feel that I must speak," or, "My heart will go with you, and I will be here waiting when you return—"

At last his valises were stored away in the overhead rack, and the train backed out of the station, increasing its speed eastward every minute. The city of Denver had not yet faded from view when, with trembling fingers, he tore open the envelope. There in black and white were the words. But not the words he had expected. They were cold words, tinkling with icicles. She had "given him the mitten" in no uncertain terms. He stared at the paper unbelievably for a long moment. His spirits sank down to zero, and congealed. Then his fighting blood came up. He dashed away the tears of disappointment that had filled his eyes, and became once more a young university student on his way to Ann Arbor to study electrical engineering; but quite suddenly he had grown up! Within half an hour his interest in Dorothea seemed silly and trivial. He was through with "women"! They were too fickle!

Ann Arbor is located in the southeastern part of the beautiful State of Michigan. It is built on hills, and the country roundabout is rolling and picturesque. Nearly every foot of the soil is tillable, and the whole countryside is checkerboarded with rich, productive fields, orchards, and vineyards. To the north is the valley of the Huron River, and in the heart of the city are the beautiful buildings of the University of Michigan.

It was to this city, teeming with college life, that Herbert Mann came, his heart still intact, in the year of our Lord 1898. He had hardly arrived until his attention was attracted by the shouting of a hazing party down at the foot of the street. Thus college life burst upon him. Before he knew it, he was a throbbing, vital part of it.

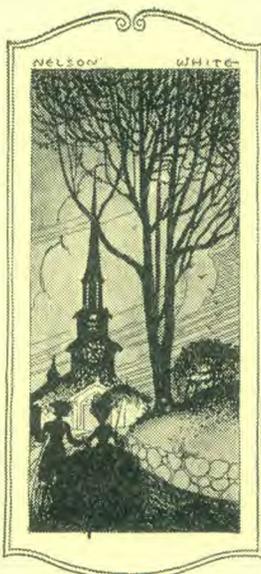
Everything seemed strange to the young man that first day, but he made haste to matriculate in the course that he had chosen. That done, he went out to look for a boarding place.

Several blocks from the university campus he found an old-fashioned rambling yellow house with a wide veranda. Planted in the yard was a neatly painted sign: "Rooms for Students." Investigation proved this place to be satisfactory, and he even consented to tolerate a roommate in order to lessen his rent. A farmer boy from Flint, who had enrolled in the agricultural course, shared his quarters. He was a fine young man, but awkward and uncouth. Herbert took it upon himself to acquaint John with the intricacies of social life, but it was labor lost. Table manners and social graces did not interest this son of the soil!

(To be continued)

We Thank Thee

By GRENVILLE KLEISER



GOD of men of gentle grace,
God of men of radiant face,
God of men of valiant race,
We thank Thee!

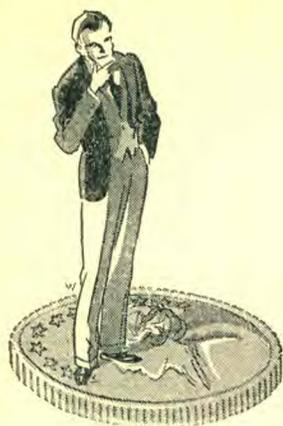
God of men of lowly birth,
God of men who till the earth,
God of men of sterling worth,
We thank Thee!

God of men who do and dare,
God of men who burdens bear,
God of men who freely share,
We thank Thee!

God of men who light the way,
God of men who serve today,
God of men who watch and pray,
We thank Thee!

God of men who combat wrong,
God of men who labor long,
God of men who cheer with song,
We thank Thee!

God of men who truth proclaim,
God of men of selfless aim,
God of men who love Thy Name,
We thank Thee!



That Money Question

By MAY COLE KUHN

MARCH blew up cold and rainy, that is, cold for west of the Rockies. Dean Linden's porch chair stood unoccupied. The dean herself sat inside the house huddled on the living-room couch, swathed in shawls, while a brisk fire crackled merrily. In one hand she held a thick letter, which she perused intermittently. Between times she watched the brook at the foot of her hill.

The stream was racing over its rocky bed, widening as each hour passed. A contributing branch, really a series of waterfalls, added jubilation to the voice of the brook until a veritable roar ensued; and still the rain fell in sheets.

"We shall have plenty of wild flowers this year," she thought. "Last year was too dry." Her mind went back to the letter. She reread it. "My dear friend:

"How lovely of you to write me such fine things about our Sydney's friend, Rhea. Of course we think she is a charming girl, but we spent only a week or so with her and do not know her well. However, we receive repercussions of her personality. She seems thoroughly unselfish and makes no demands on the family treasury, which, to tell the truth, is far from full these days. A boy in medical school costs money, and we intimated to her that he couldn't spend a great deal of money on gifts and entertainment right now. Somehow she seemed to understand our situation. She said, when we casually mentioned our circumstances,

"'Oh well, the best things don't cost money.'

"Of course, we have had a great deal of sickness, and with both of our boys in college we are only able to remember her in simple ways."

Dean Linden looked across the room toward a little Chinese censer, and sniffed appreciatively. "The scent of Maine woods pine," she mused. "Rhea certainly was thoughtful to bring me some of that incense Sydney sent her."

"I want you to share in a bit of my happiness," she had smiled. The dean turned again to her letter.

"You can imagine what a load it lifts from our hearts to have you

write that Rhea understands the value of money, and that she will be willing to live simply until Sydney can provide her with more of the luxuries of life; though to tell the truth, our family has always lived simply. We find that we are happier that way.

"Do you know how much money we started with? Sixty-five dollars a month! But we kept out of debt, saved a little each month, and now we own our home as well as thirty acres of fine land. We have a good car, and we can take a vacation once in a while.

"Then, too, we have reared four children. All of them have either finished college or are on the way to graduation.

"It is such a comfort to us to learn that Rhea will be a good manager even if she is talented, and beautiful, and good! It isn't often that all these attributes congregate in one little person. Of course, we have taken her into the family heart, mentally, and will welcome her, oh, so gladly, next summer.

"Sydney is working earnestly. He thinks it is rather hard to have to be at one extreme of the continent while Rhea is at the other; but it is a test of their sincerity in this affair.

"Thank you again for your letter. I wish we could sit down and have a good chat; but this is next best.

"You know the financial problem is one upon which many homes are wrecked. It isn't always the woman's fault, but she can usually direct things favorably if she takes the trouble to study and plan.

"Write when you can, and tell us more about yourself.

"Your old friend and schoolmate, "Frances."

"H'm-m," said the dean to herself. "I ought to know Rhea. I've watched her for years. She is unselfish; moreover, she has something that will keep her that way—a Christian outlook. I'm sure that she and Sydney will make a success of their life together."

Her mind flew back to another girl, whose propensities for absorbing and spending money had created an impossible situation both before and

after her marriage to John Saxe. The question was a source of continual strife, which ended first in family division and then in divorce.

"She always wanted to go places," John had confided to the dean, "and they were expensive places. I could not earn money enough to satisfy her, although I put in extra time at night. I honestly tried."

"Strange," mused the dean, "that money makes so much difference; but it does. The handling of finances, or the mishandling of them, makes or breaks a home."

Just then Angelo, the gardener, came scuffing across the lawn, wagging his head and talking to himself.

"Come in, Angelo," she called. "It is too wet to work today."

The old fellow wiped his feet, doffed his hat, and took a seat by the fire. The dean eyed him curiously. He was evidently disturbed.

"What is the trouble, Angelo?" she queried. "Isn't the world treating you right?"

"O, yessa," he replied. "Da world iss good. He treata me fine; buta dees girila of my Tony, dat Carlotta, she maka my worra in da heart. She can spenda da mon lika—wat you say? —waterfall!"

He twiddled his fingers through the air.

"She spenda so moch mon lika da bottomless pit," he added. "Now why don'ta dees boy catcha da girl like Lisa Buonarotti, who sava da mon? She only buy what she needs. She don't letta dat Carlo Petruchi waste da mon on her. I tella you,

Lady Dean, you spenda da mon, and it don'ta come back. Eef my boy marry weeth dees Carlotta, den—wat you call? Poverty come in by da door and love flya out da window."

"So you have your problems, too!" ejaculated Dean Linden. "Well, you had better talk to Carlotta."

Angelo threw out his hands helplessly.

"Then my son he say I maka da trouble. So I justa say, 'Boy, you see dat Carlo? He and Lisa have sava da mon already for da car.' But Tony, he don't care. I think dat boy iss humbug hees brain."

Dean Linden laughed.

"I think you have diagnosed not only his situation, but that of several others," she replied. "But I am afraid it will take a wiser person than either you or I to correct the ailment. It would make people happier and life easier if girls would be contented with inexpensive pleasures and gifts, and fewer of them; but most of them live for just the present moment instead of looking ahead."

Angelo plodded out through the rain toward home. (Turn to page 14)



"Remember Now Thy Creator"

By MARVEL BEEM, M.D., F.A.C.S.

IF it were necessary for me to give a reason for the expression of the thoughts that I shall transmit to you in the next few minutes, I would be forced to admit the gradual crystallization of my hopes concerning a few simple truths in a world where it is not always easy to know truth, and an ever-increasing consciousness of need on my own part for the establishment of those truths in my daily life.

Perhaps it is that I am but now arriving at that time in my sojourn when the perspective of twoscore years gives me cause for sober reflection. Perhaps in the swift pyramiding of national and international tragedies in what seems to be the dissolution of the civilization that appeared a few months ago to be more or less permanent, I sense the imminence of divine events in which the whole universe is concerned. Ahead, the beckoning light is constantly brighter, but there are still about me the ghosts of old mistakes, and temptations beset my path, so that I am repeatedly brought to the conclusion that it is well to ponder my ways and consider whether I am still obedient to the heavenly vision or whether I have made me other gods to worship.

In retrospect, my conscience is assailed by a barrage of a thousand searching questions. Have I been kind to those in need of kindness? Has my thoughtlessness meant long hours of heavy sorrow for those whom Providence has placed within the sphere of my influence? Have I betrayed in the least step those who trust in me, whose very souls may hang upon my purposes and my faithfulness?

The fact that bursts upon me in vivid reality today is that time still lingers for us to repair the altars of our courage, the mark is still set for us to press toward, it is not too late to renew our covenant with truth; the ark may be pitched and ready for the flood, but the door of opportunity is not yet shut.

Mankind is not in need of bigger and better pensions; armies and governments cannot steady the flickering pulse of this sick generation. What the earth needs today is the same thing it needed in the days when Cain slew Abel, the thing it needed in the days when Esther was queen at the court of Ahasuerus, and stood breathless between her people and utter annihilation, the things it needed when Pontius Pilate was governor of Galilee and all the land clamored for the life of one Person to maintain the established order—it needs men of immovable character who know that faith, hope, and love are still the signposts on the road to Paradise.

In my mental search for phrases and words to make more articulate my daily resolutions, I have kept returning for some unaccountable reason to the first words of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, and constantly my mind slips off into a contemplation of their author and his life.

It was almost three thousand years ago that there was born in the Eastern Mediterranean world this prince of great power and enormous riches. Upon every sea and every road merchant armadas

and dusty caravans brought the wealth of the world to his throne. His retainers were attired in the most gorgeous of vestments, and the women of his court and his harem were the most beautiful the sunlight had ever shone upon. In the stalls beneath his palaces were quartered a thousand chariots, and out through the villages and towns, where his banners flew upon the bastioned walls, regiments of men at arms waited, his slightest wish their command. Petty kings from numerous surrounding principalities paid him annual tribute in gold, spices, and slaves, and the most distant nations had heard of his power and his glory.

This man was a dictator; his word was life or death to those who waited, breathless, for his edicts. Surrounded by oriental splendor, with not an ungratified whim to chafe his delicate desires, this potentate was withal wise beyond the discretion of ordinary kings. So great was his fame for clarity of vision and understanding of the human mind that he is called the wisest man of all history. For three long millenniums his sayings and his advice have been handed down from generation to generation, and in the bound volume of the best seller of all time, his writings occupy a central spot, like Orion in the starry sky. Not all the persecutions of all the despots of history could blot his name from the scroll of fame.

Four years ago last March I stood within the Temple of the Rock on Mount Moriah in Old Jerusalem, sometimes called the Mosque of Omar, and saw the sunlight filter through the famous stained-glass windows upon the spot where, so many years before, Arunya the Jebusite had threshed his wheat. Here it was that the great David had offered sacrifice to his God, here Abraham had in faith offered his son Isaac, and here Solomon the magnificent had built the most fabulously glorious building of all time.

Here stood also the temple restored by Herod, and upon this ancient hill the blood of the recalcitrant Jews had run down the temple steps like water when the Roman troops set fire to the sacred edifice. Off to the east I saw the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, while below me scarce half a mile was the brook Kidron. A thousand memories came rushing in to stir my heart with scenes of the sins and the glories, the victories and the defeats, of the chosen people of God, all now passed away.

Shortly we left the Moslem temple and followed our guides to the stables beneath the floor of the temple area, the stalls in which Solomon quartered his horses and chariots. What ghosts of antiquity haunt these musty chambers! How these vaults used to ring to the revelry of the sons of Israel's nobles! What triumphs were celebrated within the walls of this old city! What scandals were whispered in its secret closets. There is no other place on earth that so links the Christian to the human side of his faith as this much-besieged, much-destroyed, much-sung, and much-loved city.

He died at fifty-eight, this mighty king, leaving behind him a legend that has few equals in the annals of mankind. He was at once the preacher and pro-

genitor of the Faithful, the magnificent monarch who walked the ways of every longing. Nothing known to men of his day but he tried for some period of that mad fifty-eight years, and they called his reign a reign of peace. He took to himself of all the fascinating women whom he met, no matter whether or not they were believers in the true God. He tasted of the pagan worship of these daughters of Belial who were his concubines, and he offered human sacrifice in the sacred temple area where David had humbled himself before Jehovah. And when the end was near and his race with sin and the devil was on the home stretch, and to even the close observer would have seemed almost a photofinish, he set down his memoirs and left a legacy of sage advice that has had no peer, with the exception of that embodied in the sermons of the Man of Galilee.

And in all the multiplicity of words and admonitions which he gave his sons, the greatest of all, to my mind, is the clarion warning found in Ecclesiastes. Resounding from age to age, from captivity to captivity, like the brass serpent in the wilderness, this phrase is calculated to resurrect hope in the heart of the persecuted, to recall to his senses the war lord, to reassure the desolate, and finally to usher in the Messiah; and these few words, like a signature from a broadcast out of the dead silence of antiquity, burst upon us in profound solemnity—

"REMEMBER NOW THY
CREATOR."

The days of his youth were gone. Regret lay heavy upon him, and he doubtless realized that his penitence could never atone for his waywardness, and so into that last writing went all the hope and effort of a man who had at times forgotten God and who knew the ways of sin. I hold no brief for Solomon. I think he was a waster and a tyrant. Out of the oppression of Israel he made gold to be like stones in Jerusalem. The kings of the contiguous territories were terrified when his legions appeared at their gates. But nevertheless when he had wandered far from the teachings of the prophets of Israel, he knew the way back, and ever before him, to save his soul from the utter blackness of the pit, was the all-powerful attraction to his God, the urge to "remember now thy Creator."

All this took place, mind you, while Central Europe was still a wilderness. This was a thousand years before Julius Caesar led his Roman cohorts into Gaul and subjugated the barbaric German tribes; this was two thousand five hundred years before men dreamed there was a Western Hemisphere, or that the earth was a sphere at all; this was three thousand years before the world should so totally forget God that the chief occupation of governments would be the amassing of armaments, the beating of plowshares into swords and of pruning hooks into spears, lest they be destroyed by neighbor nations.

Attila, Genghis Khan, and even Nero were amateurs compared to the war lords of our day. When before did the sky rain death and mutilation on defenseless women and children? When before did vast nations bow in abject slavery before the edicts of highwaymen who pose as their leaders? I have seen the garments worn by the first Napoleon when he was crowned in Notre Dame,

An address to the West Los Angeles (California) Rotary Club.

and I have stood at his tomb in the Invalides in Paris. That was only fourteen years ago, and even then men did not vision the cumulative terror of these intervening years. Communications and transportation have shrunk this world, much as the secret formulas of certain South American head-hunters have shrunk the heads of their captives, until I can push a button in my car at fifty miles an hour and hear Gandhi berate from India, or push another button and get London or Berlin or Paris with the progress of the second world war. And out of all this hopelessness and the futility of human effort to stop the increasing momentum that would carry us to the ultimate chaos, I hear a voice from Jerusalem, "Remember now thy Creator," and it seems to me that the emphasis is on the word NOW. There is no tomorrow or yesterday; there is only now.

I have wondered sometimes why it was that Solomon said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Perhaps he was trying to undo the mischief of his later years, when he forsook the God of his father David and went after Ashtoreth and Chemosh, whose altars built by him polluted the Mount of Olives for generations. The record says that in his youth he served God and championed the ways of righteousness, but when he grew older and tasted the fruit of wickedness, he fell farther and farther from his own teachings until he was all but lost, and at

length out of the abyss he cried to God and then sat down and wrote his last warning to those who should follow him, "Remember now thy Creator."

When is a man old? Is twenty or twenty-five or thirty or forty or fifty the end of youth? Ask the physician, and he will tell you that it varies with the individual. Moses was young at a hundred and twenty, and Solomon was old at fifty-eight. Someone told me the other day that he felt that the Christian religion is an old man's religion. I am reminded of a motto on the wall of a schoolmate of mine in the academy, "Make love in thy youth, and in thine old age attend unto thy salvation." Not so. This is not merely an old man's religion; it is also a young man's religion. I call you to witness the nobility of youth in the hall of fame of our God. There was Moses in Egypt, long before the dreary decades in the wilderness with the sheep, or at Sinai, during those busy, stirring days at the court of Pharaoh. Listen!

"The world was at his feet,
But overhead the stars!
From Luxor's roof he saw their light
on pillared Karnak fall,
And knew what gods and lines of monarchs
alien to his blood
Kept guard among the shadows there.
Upon a temple's roof at Thebes the
young man Moses stood
In commune with his dreams,
A kingdom at his feet,

Fostered of Pharaoh's daughter,
And a prince in Egypt;
In statecraft, priestcraft, lifecraft,
skilled;
Wise in his youth and conscious of his
powers;
Dowered with the patience and the passion
that are genius;
Ambitious, favored, subtle, sure, and
swift,
Already prince in Egypt!
And later anything he willed.
He mused, and for an infinite moment
All the world passed by him in a mist;
Cities and ships and nations,
Temples and armies, melted to a mist
and swirled past beneath the stars;
And a faint tumult filled his ear, of
trumpets and the clash of brazen
arms,
The wind and sound of empire;
And he felt the mighty pulse of his
own thought and will
Transmuted to the tread of marching
hosts
That shook the granite hills,
And saw chained kings cringe by his
chariots, lion drawn,
And felt himself on Seti's throne and
crowned with Seti's crown;
And all the iron delight of power was
his.
For one measureless moment this vision
moved and glittered,
Rushing by.
Master of men he knew himself; he
thrilled;
There lay an empire at his feet,
But overhead a God."

And many a young man like him who seems now to be part and parcel of the ordinary enterprise of this world, will be found the counterpart of Moses when the great decisions of these coming momentous days are made. God will have leaders for His people when the sandals of their feet are dipped in Jordan. He will not desert them to march ungeneraled around the walls of Jericho. A new Joshua will arise to lead them to the Land of Promise.

Who is this Creator? Why, He is the Babe of Bethlehem, He is the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night (even to His wayward people). He is the one who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He is the mighty counselor, He is the fourth man in the fiery furnace. He is the gentle rebuker of the harlot Mary of Magdala, He is the friend of Zaccheus the publican, He is the healer of the blind, He is the one upon whose word the order of the universe depends—this universe whose outer fringe we measure in terms of light-years.

And how near is this Creator to us? During the wee sma' hours my telephone rang. I automatically answered it. A voice at the other end said, "One of our nurses is sick with an acute abdomen. We think it is a pelvic tumor with a bowel obstruction, and have sent her to another hospital. We wish you would see her there, since it is against regulations for us to care for her here." In a few minutes at the hospital I held the hand of a woman forty-six (how many would say she was old?), and verified the history and the diagnosis. Forty minutes later we operated and found cancer of the peritoneum! Two weeks from then I told her of her disease, and that nothing but a miracle could see her through more than a few weeks or months of life. And then I reminded her of her Creator and of the hope which was hers in an ever-present Saviour and soon-coming King. A short while later

P. D. GENDREAU, PHOTO

The Time of Youth Is a Time of Consecration and Preparation for Service in the Master's Vineyard



I prayed with her for the last time, and pulled the sheet up over her still lips and sightless eyes.

More than once when I was visiting her in those few weeks the thought flashed through my mind that her plight might have been mine. How would I have faced it? I wonder. How would you face it? Do you think, then, that you shall escape? To every one of us the moment will come when we must stand face to face with the Judge of the universe. And yet we go from day to day with this destiny at our very doors and forget our God.

While I am on this trend, there is a thought that I have wanted to express for a long time. I hope it has some comfort. And it is this—it is not hard to die. Most deaths are not attended by much pain. A kindly God has so organized the human frame that before much of suffering ordinarily takes place, the nervous system—that distress-signal wiring of the human body—gives out and refuses to relay the sense of pain to the brain center. Then comes a gentle anesthesia—we call it coma—and the slumberer progresses to that deep sleep from which nought but the resurrection trumpet shall arouse him. The thing that makes dying difficult is the remorse and regret of the years that have gone. The thing that makes it easy is the hope of the eternity to come. And the men who die hard are the men who have not the latter. This is why Solomon said, when he saw the end approaching, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

But times have changed since Solomon wrote those words; they have changed even in the last ten years. There is a mounting incidence of swift death among us. The story of catastrophes is old to us. The newspapers and the newsreels have caloused our time and generation. War, pestilence, and famine stalk beside the migration of fleeing multitudes; and still the world rolls on, and God stays in His heaven and men and women seek the pleasures of life and shun the house of mourning. The cocktail lounges and the amusement centers are filled from dawn to dawn, and Christians move in and out in these treacherous, thrilling days, and some remember their Creator, and some seem to be trying hard to forget Him.

The story of the "unsinkable Titanic," written by Hanson W. Baldwin and condensed from *Harper's Magazine*, illustrates what I have in mind.

The White Star liner "Titanic," the largest ship the world had ever known, sailed from Southampton on her maiden voyage to New York on April 10, 1912. She was believed to be the safest ship afloat; she had double bottoms, and her hull was divided into sixteen watertight compartments, which made her, men thought, unsinkable. She had been built to be, and had been described as, a gigantic lifeboat. She moved out to sea with 2,201 persons aboard.

Occupying the empire bedrooms and suites of the first-class accommodations were many well-known men and women—Colonel John Jacob Astor and his young bride; Frank D. Millet, the painter; H. B. Harris, theatrical manager, and Mrs. Harris; Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus; and J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star line. Down in the plain cabins of the steerage class were 706 immigrants to the land of promise.

Sunday in mid-Atlantic dawned fair and clear. The purser held services in the saloon in the morning. At 9 A.M. a message from the steamer "Caronia" sputtered in the wireless shack:

"Captain, 'Titanic,' Westbound steamers report bergs, growlers, and field ice in 42 degrees N. from 49 degrees to 51 degrees W.

"Compliments—Barr."

In the afternoon Marconi Operator Bride, earphones clamped on his head, was figuring accounts; he did not stop to answer when he heard a near-by liner, the "Californian," calling the "Titanic." The "Californian" had some message about three icebergs; he didn't bother to take it down. About 1:42 P.M. the rasping spark of those days spoke again across the water. It was the "Baltic," warning the "Titanic" of ice on the steamer track. Bride sent the messages up to the bridge. The bearded master of the "Titanic," Captain E. C. Smith, read the message as he was walking on the promenade deck, and handed it to

15 MINUTES a day READ WITH PROFIT

When we speak of the laws of nature, do we think of nature as a great machine once set to go and regulated by these laws? Or do we think of nature as a great organism sustained moment by moment by infinite power? Your ideas of Christ, of God, and of life will take on new meaning as you read "Ministry of Healing," pages 395-418.

Can you match the following?

1. Missionary training
 2. A manifestation of God
 3. The highest of all sciences
 4. Christ's first human teacher
 5. Heaven's appointed source of education
 6. The essential knowledge
 7. Eternal life
 8. The laws of nature
- The Scripture, nature, life's experience
Life
True education
A knowledge of God
God's instruments
The science of soulsaving
Mother
To know God and Jesus Christ

Which of the following are true, and which are false?

1. The continuous round of nature's activity is an evidence that God placed within nature an inherent power.
2. The beating heart, the throbbing pulse, every nerve and muscle in the living organism, is kept in order and activity by the power of an ever-present God.
3. True scientific investigation can explain creation.
4. God's handiwork in nature is not God Himself in nature.
5. Transformation of character, purity of life, efficiency in service, adherence to correct principles, all depend upon a right knowledge of the natural sciences.
6. The Creator of all worlds loves those who give themselves to His service even as He loves His Son.
7. The work of the worldly school is an effective supplement to the work of the Christian home.
8. The company they (the youth) keep, the principles they adopt, the habits they form, will decide the question of their usefulness here, and of their future, eternal destiny.
9. The parent's first and most important work is to feed the child so that it may grow strong.
10. Christ lived in a peasant's home, bore household burdens, learned a trade, wore the garb of a common laborer, and did the part of an obedient son.
11. Life is the manifestation of God Himself, the source of all life.
12. Of all the created beings, man is the noblest of His created work.

Learn the following memory gem:

"God has given us His plan for our life, and He desires us to reach the highest standard of development."

Mr. Ismay without comment. Ismay read it, stuffed it in his pocket, told two women about the icebergs, and resumed his walk. Later, about 7:15 P.M., the captain requested the return of the message, so that it might be posted in the chartroom for the information of officers.

In the wireless room, where Philips, first operator, had relieved Bride, the buzz of the "Californian's" set again crackled:

"CALIFORNIAN:" "Say, old man, we are stuck here, surrounded by ice."

"TITANIC:" "Shut up, shut up; keep out. I am talking to Cape Race. You are jamming my signals."

Then a few minutes later—about 11:40—

Out of the dark she came, a vast, dim, white, monstrous shape, directly in the "Titanic's" path. For a moment Fleet doubted his eyes. But she was a deadly reality. Frantically he telephoned the bridge:

"Iceberg right ahead!"

Bells clanged the first warning in the engine room. Danger! The indicators on the dial faces swung around to "Stop!" Then "Full speed astern!"

There was a slight shock, a brief scraping, a small list to port. Shell ice—slabs and chunks of it—fell on the foredeck. Slowly the "Titanic" stopped.

Captain Smith hurried out of his cabin. "What has the ship struck?"

Murdoch answered, "An iceberg, sir; I have closed the watertight doors."

A few lights switched on in the first and second cabins; sleepy passengers peered through porthole glass; some casually asked the stewards, "Why have we stopped?"

"I don't know, sir, but I don't suppose it is anything much."

In the smoking room a quorum of gamblers were still sitting round a poker table. They had felt the slight jar of the collision and had seen an eighty-foot ice mountain glide by the smoking-room windows, but the "Titanic" was "unsinkable;" they hadn't bothered to go on deck.

But far below in the forward holds and boiler rooms, men could see that the "Titanic's" hurt was mortal. All six compartments forward of No. 4 were open to the sea; in ten seconds the iceberg's jagged claw had ripped a 300-foot slash in the bottom of the great "Titanic."

On deck, in corridor and stateroom, life flowed again. Men, women, and children awoke and questioned; orders were given to uncover the lifeboats; water rose into the firemen's quarters; half-dressed stokers streamed up on deck. But the passengers—most of them—did not know that the "Titanic" was sinking. The shock of the collision had been so slight that some were not awakened by it; the "Titanic" was unsinkable; the night was too calm, too beautiful, to think of death at sea.

In the radio shack the blue spark danced, calling for assistance: "CQD—CQD—CQD—"

The sea was surging into the "Titanic's" hold. At 12:20 the water burst into the seamen's quarters through a collapsed bulkhead. Pumps strained in the engine rooms, men and machinery making a futile fight against the sea. Steadily the water rose.

The boats were swung out—slowly; for the deckhands were late in reaching their stations, there had been no boat drill, and many of the crew did not know to what boats they were assigned.

12:30 A.M. The word is passed: "Women and children in the boats." Stewards finish waking their passengers below; life preservers are tied on; some men smile at the precaution. "The 'Titanic' is unsinkable." The "Mt. Temple" starts for the "Titanic;" the "Car-

(Turn to page 13)

JUNIORS



H. A. ROBERTS

Wanted---A Home

By ESTHER LUM

OUR neighbors worship the white man's god," I said to my sister. "Yes, some Chinese like to imitate the West," she replied; "you go offer your incense before the family altar for your mother's spirit."

We had so many gods—gods of the earth, gods of the floods and sky, of the trees and flowers. The most important god was the god of the dead spirits. I worshiped religiously before the little family altar every morning.

On festival days or holidays we all offered chicken, pork, oysters, sweets, and tea to these idols. The lamp was kept burning before the altar throughout the day.

The Bible says that a little child shall lead them. Yes, a little child led me. The new neighbor's little boy stood watching me hang the clothes on the line. His sweet smile attracted me.

"Hello, Sonny, what's your name?" I asked.

He was too bashful to reply, but his mother came to the window and spoke, "You are early with your wash today."

"I must hurry, for I have to go to the school to do the janitor work. Our family is large, and we must all work."

"I am sewing. Couldn't you make more money sewing than doing janitor work?" she asked.

"I cannot sew, for I never learned. I left school when I finished the sixth grade. You know Chinese girls don't need book education. Sewing is taught in the seventh grade, but I never went that far."

"When you have time, come over, and I'll teach you to sew," the good Chinese woman said.

I found time. Every moment that I could, I would slip into the house next door. If my older sisters called me, I could hear them, for those little houses are so close together that we could practically hear all our neighbors' conversation.

It was not only sewing that this good woman wished to teach me. She told me all about the mission school that her children attended. To me it seemed

foolish for a poor Chinese to send her children to a private school—private schools in Hawaii charge tuition. There are so many public schools that do not cost a cent. Why did she not send them to the public school?

"You see, I have given my children to God. They are going to work for Him. I must send them to the mission school, so that they will learn how to work for God," she explained.

How queer that Chinese woman was. I had never seen a Chinese like that before. I began to ask questions. She was happy, for now she saw that she had my curiosity aroused.

"Wouldn't you like to learn more about the Bible?" she asked me.

It was strange and new to me, but I answered, "Yes, I would."

Arrangements were made for the Bible worker to come to Mrs. Liu's home to give me Bible lessons. After that first study, I was thrilled. How could I wait for one whole week before I should hear more about the white man's God! After I had taken one study, I determined to be a Christian.

How was I to keep Sabbath, since I was doing janitor work in one of the public schools? I took my troubles to Mrs. Liu.

"You must tell the principal that you cannot work on Saturday, the seventh day, which is the Sabbath," she admonished me. "First we shall pray that God will touch his heart."

The very next Sabbath I walked two miles to church instead of going to work. Saturday night I was notified not to re-

turn to work. My prayer had not been answered as I wished. Later I found that God had a purpose in not granting my request.

The time of the Chinese Moon Festival had arrived. I was preparing the food for the annual feast when I heard my sister, who was on the porch, say to my father, "Meu Chinn is going to join the Jesus religion! You stop her!" Her loud, angry voice frightened me. Where had she heard that? Surely I had been most secretive about my intentions. My father was stunned by this shocking news. Before he had time to answer, I rushed out and said, "How do you know? Who told you?"

She was so angry that she couldn't speak. Finally she calmed herself enough to say, "Today I was sitting at the machine sewing when I felt the presence of someone. Looking up, I saw mother. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she said, 'Meu Chinn is going to be a Christian; you had better stop her if you can; then she vanished.'"

I knew what that meant, for already I had learned that the devil brings up our loved ones to deceive us. Mother had been dead more than a year.

"I am not a child. I am old enough to know right from wrong! I have chosen to be a Christian," I said calmly, but firmly.

"You can't worship that blue-eyed man's God!" she yelled at me, and left the house.

When I returned from church on Sabbath, my five sisters were waiting for me.

"Where have you been?" snapped the oldest.

"I went to church."

"Can't you realize what you are doing?" said another.

"Yes, I know what I am doing. I am telling you right now that I am going to be a Christian."

"Get out of this house at once," my oldest sister said. She then gave me a terrible scolding, which ended by her telling me that if I would give up the Christian ideas, I could remain at home.



"She Told Me All About the Mission School That Her Children Attended"

I went to my room and began to gather my clothes. Where was I to go? What should I do? Still I kept on sorting out my clothes. I was so dazed I hardly knew what I was doing. My sister came into the room. Seeing that I was gathering my clothes, she realized that I had decided to leave rather than give up my church.

"You leave those things alone. Get out of the house! *Get out now!*" she yelled at me.

I ran out without a thing except one dollar which I had in my pocket.

My good neighbor heard all the shouting, and she came out to meet me.

"We shall go and see the Bible worker. I know that she can find a home for you," said Mrs. Liu. The good Bible woman did find a place for me.

The second Sabbath at church I saw my brother as I was leaving. At first I was frightened, but he spoke kindly to me. He is more sympathetic toward me.

"You come home and do the work. You can keep your Sabbath and do just as you please, if you will only come and do the housework," he said. In the Oriental home the older brother is the boss. I was homesick and was happy to go back.

My sisters told me of how I had worried them. They were afraid that I had gone off to kill myself. Daily they looked for my spirit to come and haunt them. They had gone to the Chinese temple to ask the priest to go through his rituals to find out where I was. He took his box of bamboo sticks and shook them furiously till some fell out. From these he read that I was at a Chinese home. He told them to go home and burn the candles and incense. He sold them some papers that they were to burn in the yard. All this would appease the wrath of the gods—and, incidentally, it gave him a little extra cash. That priest made a mistake, for I was at an American home.

Everything went along smoothly at home, for they all were happy to have

me back to do the work, and to know that my dead spirit would not persecute them.

But the devil does not forget us, for soon after I was baptized, I became ill.

"Now you are being punished because you do not bow to the images," my sister said. "The gods are angry with you."

My sickness lingered too long. One day my sister said, "You are no help to us. You eat, but you do not work. Go away; then there will be one less mouth to feed."

My good neighbor Mrs. Liu nursed me till I was well. Then my new Christian friends helped me to find work.

I was happy, but I felt that I must prepare to do my part in the Lord's vineyard. What could I do without an education? I determined to go back to school. Many students were working in homes and going to school. So when registration day came I went to see the principal to ask if I could enter the sixth grade. He looked at me, and I could tell by his face that he did not have confidence in me. He did not think that I would remain in school.

That was six years ago. All these years I have worked in homes and made all my own expenses. Now I am a junior. How happy I am that God loves even me. Occasionally I visit my sisters at home, but it is not my home. God is building a home for me by the sea of glass in the land of everlasting happiness.

"Look Up and Carry On"

(Continued from page 1)

latest reproach hurled at him: "Now, John, don't be a Wailing Winnie!" Whenever the siren goes, the boys call out a laconic, "There she goes!" Then, if it is at night, we slip out of bed and begin to dress in the dark in old, warm clothes. If you methodically placed your clothes close at hand when you went to bed, you will have no trouble; but if you did not—then you will learn a lesson. The boys seem to need more lessons than the girls!

Sometimes brother cannot find his pants (because he *will* hang them on the floor if mother does not watch him!), or sister cannot find that latest idea of a woman's loose one-piece suit that zips to in a second. Then father bumps into the bedpost, the while poor mother tries to get her family collected decently and calmly. Wonderful how mothers generally keep calm and think of everything beforehand! Those who do not are the poor, nervous ones, who, mercifully, are in a pitiful minority.

Father marshals us all by night with the aid of his torch, and off we go good-humoredly to the best shelter we can find. By day mother is left to do her best without father's help. The shelter may be a steel one in the garden, in which case the juniors will most likely have improvised beds, so that they will not miss too much sleep. Or it may be a public shelter, properly lighted and with seating accommodations, where everybody is friendly and helpful. The brave encourage the timid, and the cautious restrain the foolish, thus setting up a balance. In many homes beds for babies and juniors are made under the stairs, or, better still, the whole family goes into the basement or cellar, if they are fortunate enough to have one.

The shelter I am now in is of the underground zig-zag-trench type, and has electric lights and seats. At either end there is a room, in which deck chairs can be fixed for the grandmas and the children.

By day the women and girls knit, sew, or darn (brothers do provide useful work sometimes), and, of course, talk!

The boys read, play games, build electrical sets, and tease each other in between times.

At night we try to sleep wherever we can. I have become quite accustomed to sleeping on the ground floor, with my own junior Missionary Volunteer beside me, and almost feel like scorning the soft bed upstairs. I think I can do with an hour less of sleep on a hard floor. It is not bad to be tough in some ways!

Across from my office window is a tall tower above our food factory. When the siren has warned us by day, we never run to the shelter. We always look at that tower before we go underground. Up there stands one of our senior Missionary Volunteers scanning the sky, his ears wide open. Meanwhile, all the factory workers carry on with their work. If the lookout man rings a bell, indicating that enemy planes are approaching, the workers then quickly take cover. This plan is followed all over the country. It has given rise to a new catch phrase: "Look up and carry on!" That is a good one for Missionary Volunteers, is it not? We must have ears and eyes alert to God's voice, which warns us of the enemy's wiles; and so long as we keep our eyes and ears open Godward, we can carry on undauntedly with the task of living for God on earth.

A few days ago I was attending a youth's rally in one of our largest churches. It was Saturday evening about six o'clock, and I was due to speak. The siren warning had sounded a few minutes before. As a large gathering of our young people were already in the church enjoying a song service, I thought I would slip round to the front of the church to make sure that nothing dangerous was about. A roof-top watcher across the street pointed, as I reached the front of the church, to a place in the sky about one third of the way down from the zenith to the horizon. Sure enough, an air fight was in progress. I watched with a group of senior Missionary Volunteers, and saw a machine come down in flames. It was so thrilling that I forgot the time till I heard the group inside singing the opening hymn: "Stand Up for Jesus!" I walked onto the platform and told the large assembly of Missionary Volunteers what had happened, and then we went on with the meeting, though the "all clear" had not sounded. That shows the spirit of these brave young people. It was perhaps one of the very few Missionary Volunteer rallies to be held anywhere in the world with actual fighting going on overhead.

By the way, a large-scale aerial fight is the last word in thrills. The machines look like a flock of wheeling, circling, screaming sea gulls in a winter's gale. We watched one overhead recently (though it's not a wise thing to do). The machine-gun cartridges fell empty around, reminding us of the terrors and tragedies which modern man has brought on himself.

Listen! Bombs in the distance! Down in this underground shelter I notice that all our Missionary Volunteers grow quiet, and there is the slightest trace of apprehension in the eyes of the juniors. But in a few seconds it is gone, and they smile and chatter in their buoyant, happy way.

Our senior Missionary Volunteers find endless avenues for service these days. Many have voluntarily joined the Government Air Raid Precautions Scheme, and have qualified as "wardens," which means that they patrol a certain beat during raids, ready to handle incendiary bombs, fight fires, render first aid to the injured, and generally help the population in any emergency. I have often seen these men and women at dead of night with their steel helmets and gas masks, patrolling, watching, and marshaling people into shelters. Calmly, efficiently, they move about in great danger, risking their



1. What is charity called?
2. How do we know that angels are interested in the conversion of men?
3. How was Christ strengthened while suffering in Gethsemane?
4. For what must men give account in the judgment?
5. How does Satan deceive so many people?
6. What role do Satan's agents assume?
7. What is the final destruction of the wicked called?
8. What does Christ say will befall those who do not repent?
9. In what condition was man created?
10. Before leaving His disciples, what command did Christ give them?
11. What countercommand did the Jewish Sanhedrin soon afterward give them?
12. In what condition are those who commit sin?

(Answers on page 14)

lives in order to serve those in need. That is surely the true spirit of the Master. These are days when Christians who may not want to take life must, nevertheless, risk themselves to save others.

Ah! There is "Winnie," but this time she gives a long, sustained note, which we welcome—the "all clear." "There she goes!" shout the juniors, and we stream out of the earth back to our normal lives in God's fresh air and sunshine.

If all our British Missionary Volunteers could send you a personal message, I know exactly what the sentiment of each would be—"Hello, M.V.'s everywhere! God is with us! Look up and carry on!"



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

Exchange

Use Commemoratives on Your
Exchange Letters

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

Roscoe Kelly, Edgecliff Sanatorium, Spokane, Washington, (senior, 1,000 stamps), would appreciate hearing from other stamp collectors. He has United States stamps, and some foreign. He promises to answer all letters.

That Stamp Drawer Again

TODAY we are going to pull open that magic drawer again, and see what we can find. In the drawer where the 10-cent packages of stamps are, we miss some of our accustomed friends. Albania is gone; and so are Finland, Poland, Tannu Tuva, Ukraine, and Württemberg. But new faces are making their appearance—Alexandretta, Cook Islands, Falklands, Fiji, Italian East Africa. And so the picture changes as world events make some stamps hard to get and others common.

In the approval drawer we find many new sets. There's the Persia Royal Wedding, Liberia Triangles (picturing wild animals), Bulgarian Railroads, Mexican Centenary of the First Stamp, British Centenary of the Penny Black, New Zealand Health Stamp for 1939, Papua 1939 Airpost Commemorative, etc. One of the most desirable recent additions to the list is the Ceylon George VI pictorials from 2 cents to 30 cents, used, for only 20 cents.

And of course we find the old stand-bys—British colony pictorials. Some of the U. S. Constitution stamps from South and Central America are left, as well as some World's Fair stamps, and the more recent Pan American Union stamps from the Western Hemisphere. Then there are the New Zealand Centennial sets.

This isn't an advertisement, but we do wish to remind you that these sets are sent out on approval.

"Remember Now Thy Creator"

(Continued from page 10)

pathia," with a double watch in her stokeholds, radios, "Coming hard." The CQD changes the course of many ships—but not of one; the operator of the "Californian," a dozen miles away, has just put down his earphones and turned in.

12:45 A.M. Murdoch, eyes tragic, but calm and cool, orders boat No. 7 lowered. The women hang back; they don't want to boat ride on an ice-strewn sea; the "Titanic" is unsinkable. The men encourage them, explain that this is just a precautionary measure: "We'll see you again at breakfast." There is little confusion; passengers stream slowly to the boat deck. In the steerage the immigrants chatter excitedly.

A sudden sharp hiss, a streaked flare against the night. A rocket explodes, and a parachute of white stars lights up the icy sea. "Rockets!" The band plays ragtime. No. 6 goes over the side. Only twenty-eight people in a lifeboat with a capacity of sixty-five.

1:00 A.M. Slowly the water creeps higher; the fore ports of the "Titanic" are dipping into the sea. Rope squeaks through blocks; lifeboats drop jerkily seaward. Through the shouting on the decks comes the sound of the band playing ragtime.

The rockets fling their splendor toward the stars. The boats are more heavily loaded now, for the passengers know that the "Titanic" is sinking. Women cling and sob. The great screws aft are rising clear of the sea. Half-filled boats are ordered to come alongside the cargo ports and take on more passengers, but the ports are never opened—and the boats are never filled. The water rises, and the band plays ragtime.

1:45 A.M. The foredeck is under water, the great stern is lifted high toward the bright stars. Below in the stokeholds the sweaty firemen keep steam up for the flaring lights and the dancing spark. Stokers slice and shovel as water laps about their ankles. Safety valves pop; the stokers retreat aft, and the watertight doors clang shut behind them. There are about 660 people in the boats, and 1,500 still on the sinking "Titanic." On top of the officers' quarters men work frantically to get the two collapsibles stowed there over the side. In the radio shack, Bride has slipped a life jacket about Phillips as the first operator sits hunched over his key, sending. A stoker, grimed with coal, mad with fear, steals into the shack and reaches for the life jacket on Phillips' back. Bride wheels about and brains him with a wrench. The band still plays—but not ragtime—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee—"

A few men take up the refrain; others kneel on the slanting decks to pray. People are leaping from the decks into the near-by water—the icy water. A woman cries, "Oh, save me, save me!" A man answers, "Good lady, only God can save you now."

The water creeps over the bridge where the "Titanic's" master stands; heavily he steps out to meet it.

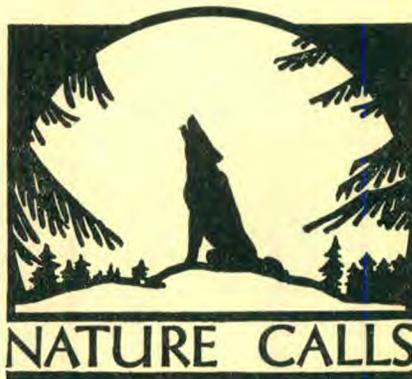
2:17 A.M. "CQ—" The "Virginian" hears a ragged, blurred CQ, then an abrupt stop. The blue spark dances no more. The lights on the ship flicker out.

2:18 A.M. Men run about blackened decks, leap into the night, are swept into the sea by the curling wave which licks up the "Titanic's" length. The great stern rises like a squat leviathan. The forward funnel snaps and crashes into the sea; its steel tons hammer out of

existence swimmers struggling in the freezing water. The "Titanic" stands on end, poised briefly for the plunge. Slowly she slides to her grave—slowly at first, and then more quickly—quickly—quickly.

2:20 A.M. The greatest ship in the world has sunk. From the calm, dark waters, where the floating lifeboats move, there goes up, in the white wake of her passing, "one long, continuous moan."

Listen, my young friend, you and I are today afloat upon a more deadly sea than ever the "Titanic" knew that fateful Sunday in the mid-Atlantic. Our lives move swiftly to their destiny through a night more fraught with menace than that which held the cold, green, murderous icebergs. All about us are the hidden destroyers to send us screaming into the deep. But through the thickening silence of the darkness that surrounds us comes clear and reassuring the warning—CQD—CQD—CQD—from the sanctuary in heaven, "Remember, remember, remember, NOW thy Creator."



The Glider

AMONG the most remarkable of all furred acrobats is the flying phalanger of Australia. An attractive little animal, with a silky fur coat of a grayish-black color on top and white underneath, the phalanger is noted for its magnificent tail, which any Persian cat might envy.

The creature is rarely seen in the daytime, which it spends sleeping in the trees, but as soon as darkness falls it begins to feed, "flying" about from tree to tree in search of fresh young leaves and berries.

The animal does not really "fly," but glides, and is the most amazing glider in the animal kingdom. It has a loose flap of skin which connects its fore and hind legs with the flanks of its body. When the limbs are outspread, the loose skin flap is stretched taut, and the animal can glide for upwards of 100 yards. The long, pendulous tail acts as a rudder and balancing organ.

When a phalanger wants to "fly" from one tree to another, it simply climbs to the highest branch of the tree it is in, then leaps out into space and glides swiftly downward, alighting safely on the trunk of the other tree. When near its objective, the phalanger checks its speed by a quick and graceful curve upward, and makes a clever "landing" on the tree trunk, to which it clings easily with its delicate, fine claws. Then it immediately climbs up into the branches.

In the Australian bush the haunts of the phalangers are easily discovered because of the many scratches on the bark of the trees where the animals' sharp claws have repeatedly torn the surface when "landing" after "flights."

On moonlight nights the blurred image of these agile creatures shooting through space is a wonderful sight.—
Ewen K. Patterson.

Your Career

Questions concerning the choice of a vocation and the occupational opportunities of Seventh-day Adventist youth will be answered from time to time in this column.

Send all questions to Your Career, Care Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.

Do you think it is advisable for a Seventh-day Adventist young man to study law? Is this a suitable profession for our people?

In the study which we made some two years ago in regard to the occupations of our Adventist people in the United States, we found only a few lawyers. However, this should not be interpreted necessarily as meaning that it is impossible for an Adventist to be a successful lawyer. We have several examples in the denomination of devoted Seventh-day Adventists who have been and still are at the present time successful practicing attorneys.

One of the reasons why we have so few Adventist lawyers is that the denomination has not in the past put the same emphasis on this type of training that it has on such lines as medicine, nursing, teaching, the ministry, etc. In the earlier days of the message our leaders felt that, as occasion demanded, it was possible to employ lawyers who were not Adventists, but that it was absolutely essential that we train our own ministers, teachers, nurses, and doctors. In more recent years, however, it has become apparent that our institutions and conferences cannot employ all our youth. Our people have come to recognize that many of our youth must prepare for occupations not directly connected with the church; and many who have given study to this matter feel that it is proper for some of our young men to study law.

There is no question but a thoroughly consecrated Seventh-day Adventist lawyer has unusual opportunities for rendering some services to the church that cannot be performed by any other group. In these days when personal and religious liberty is being restricted in many lands, it is becoming apparent that consecrated Adventist lawyers may play an important role in the closing scenes of this world's history.

There are still certain perplexities. One is that no arrangement has been worked out so far whereby Adventist students can be given special opportunities in one of the law schools such as has been worked out in the case of dentistry. Perhaps no such arrangement can be made unless and until there is a sufficient number of applicants to justify such an arrangement.

Another problem is, of course, the fact that very few students of law are consecrated young men, and an Adventist student would find himself surrounded by those with no interest in his religious beliefs.

Still another factor that the prospective Adventist lawyer must take into consideration is the fact that he will necessarily close his office on Sabbath, which is often a profitable day for attorneys. Our Adventist lawyers are finding it perfectly possible to arrange their affairs so that they can be free on Sabbath, but they do so at considerable personal sacrifice so far as their income is concerned. It is perhaps in place to quote here a statement made to the writer a few days ago by one of our leading Adventist attorneys. His statement was to the effect that the Adventist youth planning to be a lawyer must be more consecrated than the one who plans to be a physician.

In the practice of medicine the physician often feels justified in taking care of some cases on Sabbath because they represent emergencies; whereas, in the practice of law the only safe plan seems to be for the attorney absolutely to refuse any position that would involve him in Sabbath duties. Only a man thoroughly consecrated to the Lord would be able to withstand temptations of this nature which would arise.

T. M. STEEN, PH.D.

That Money Question

(Continued from page 7)

"He is a nice old man," thought the dean, "faithful in his work and kind to his family. I don't know what we would do without him."

Her mind ran back forty years to the days when she herself was young.

"Nothing expensive," she pondered. "I hadn't thought about it before. A book or two; some flowers. Once it was just one big beautiful rose, just one! And that arbutus. Hm-m! I found it pressed in an old music book a while ago, a faint fragrance still clinging to it. Three decades—four? I guess girls aren't satisfied with natural, beautiful things any more. Well, I can't solve it all, but I do feel sorry for Tony, with a 'gold digger' trailing him."

Her head sank down on her pillow. Once again she was walking underneath pine trees, toward a carpet of pink arbutus flowers.

Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column under the supervision of the Young People's Department. The answers are not to be taken as a denominational pronouncement, but rather as good, sound advice in harmony with the principles and practices of the church. While each answer appears over the signature of an individual, it has been carefully considered and approved by the Counsel Corner Committee. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your problems. When writing, please sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.

Should young people who have been good friends and who have learned to love each other marry when their hearts are not in sympathy with God's word, and they speak lightly of religion although they are members of the church and even take part in religious services? Is love sufficient? Would it be better for the one who wants to do right and be a worker for God never to marry than to marry someone who might influence him to turn from God and the truth? Should we not know that the one we think of marrying is a genuine Christian before we take this step?

Aside from a person's personal relationship to God, the choice of a life companion is the most important decision that one is called upon to make throughout his life experience, since no doubt that life companion will mold and influence his life more than anything else.

The Scriptures give us very definite instruction regarding our friendships. A few texts applicable to this subject are here cited for your information and help: Prov. 4:14, 15; 22:24, 25; 1:10, 15; 2:

20-22; 2 Cor. 6:14-18. As a direct answer to your inquiry, I am quoting from pages 266 and 267 in the book, "Messages to Young People."

"I am sorry to see that many youth who profess religion do not have any knowledge of a change of heart. There is no transformation of character. They do not realize that it is a solemn thing to profess to be a Christian. Their life is entirely inconsistent with a religious frame of mind. If they were of that number who are indeed the sons and daughters of God, they would not be filled with nonsense and pleasantries and trifling; neither would the foolish remarks and conduct of others awaken the same in them. A mind that is intent upon having the prize, upon securing heaven, will reject with firm, determined purpose every attempt at wit and jest concerning religious things.

"There is great danger in indifference upon this subject; no folly is so subtle as thoughtlessness and levity. On every hand we see youth of a frivolous character. All young people of this class should be avoided, for they are dangerous. If they profess to be Christians, they are the more to be dreaded. Their minds have been cast in an inferior mold; and it will be far easier for them to bring you down to their level than for you to bring them up to elevated and ennobling thoughts and a correct course of action. Let your companions be those who observe decorum in words and deportment."

You will find much other helpful comment in the book "Messages to Young People," on pages 390, 391, 401-466.

You will also find it helpful to read the new book by Dr. Belle Wood-Comstock, entitled, "Is Love Enough?"

C. LESTER BOND.

Answers

Treasure Trove:

1. "The bond of perfectness." Col. 3:14.
2. "There is joy in the presence of the angels . . . over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:10.
3. By an angel. Luke 22:43.
4. "Every idle word." Matt. 12:36.
5. He "is transformed into an angel of light." 2 Cor. 11:14.
6. "Ministers of righteousness." 2 Cor. 11:15.
7. The second death. Rev. 20:14.
8. They shall all perish. Luke 13:3.
9. "A little lower than the angels." Ps. 8:5.
10. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.
11. They were told not to speak or teach in the name of Jesus. Acts 4:18.
12. They are the servants of sin. John 8:34.

Current Events:

1. The Victoria Cross, established by Queen Victoria, is given for military valor. The George Cross was established by the king primarily to honor civilians (not military men) for wartime gallantry.
2. Copra is dried coconut meat, from which comes coconut oil.
3. Westminster Abbey (Church of England) is a national shrine where Britain's kings are crowned. Westminster Cathedral (Roman Catholic) is a modern place of worship, built in Byzantine style.
4. Singapore, called the "Gibraltar of the East" because of the great British naval base there.
5. The equinoxes, vernal and autumnal, occur when day and night are equal the world over.
6. Thaddeus Kosciuszko (1746-1817) was a Polish patriot and hero whose devotion to liberty led him to fight in the American Revolution.
7. Secretary of Commerce, and Federal Loan Administrator.
8. No. "Trainees," depending on their aptitudes, may be assigned to various branches, such as tank, artillery, medical, and engineer services.
9. The Dominican Republic.
10. 3,879.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

IX—Stephen's Sermon Before the Council

(November 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 7:1-29.
MEMORY VERSE: 1 Corinthians 10:11.
LESSON HELP: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 99, 100.

THE LESSON

1. What false charge had been made against Stephen? Acts 6:11, 13, 14.

2. At the beginning of the trial, what question did the high priest ask Stephen? Acts 7:1.

3. How did Stephen address the council? Verse 2, first part.

4. With the history of what patriarch did Stephen begin his defense? Where did Abraham live when he was called by God? Verse 2, last part.

NOTE.—"Stephen began with the history of Abraham because his accusers claimed to be the children of Abraham. He showed that Abraham did not receive the promise while living, and must, therefore, be raised from the dead to receive his promised inheritance. If he had been permitted to finish his line of argument, he would have shown that Christ is the promised 'seed,' the One through whom the promise to Abraham will be fulfilled."—*McKibbin*.

5. What was Abraham commanded to do? Verse 3.

6. How did he respond to the call of God? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"Abraham's unquestioning obedience is one of the most striking evidences of faith to be found in all the Bible. . . . 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."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 126.

7. How much of the Promised Land did Abraham receive? What was foretold regarding the experience of his descendants? Verses 5, 6.

NOTE.—"Abraham had no possession in the earth, 'no, not so much as to set his foot on.' He possessed great substance, and he used it to the glory of God and the good of his fellow men; but he did not look upon this world as his home. The Lord had called him to leave his idolatrous countrymen, with the promise of the land of Canaan as an everlasting possession; yet neither he nor his son nor his son's son received it. When Abraham desired a burial place for his dead, he had to buy it of the Canaanites. His sole possession in the Land of Promise was that rock-hewn tomb in the cave of Machpelah."—*Id.*, p. 169.

8. What promise of deliverance was given them? Verse 7.

9. To what patriarchs did Stephen refer in his defense? Verse 8.

10. What caused Joseph to be sold by his brothers? How did God overrule this experience, that His promise might be fulfilled? Verses 9, 10.

NOTE.—"Joseph was faithful to God, and his fidelity was a constant testimony to the true faith. It was to quench this light that Satan worked through the envy of Joseph's brothers to cause him to be sold as a slave in a heathen land. God overruled events, however, so that the knowledge of Himself should be given to the people of Egypt. Both in the house of Potiphar and in the prison, Joseph received an education and training that, with the fear of God, prepared him for his high position as prime minister of the nation. From the palace of the Pharaohs his influence was felt throughout the land, and the knowledge of God spread far and wide."—*Id.*, p. 332.

11. How did Jacob and his sons come to be located in Egypt? Verses 11-16.

12. What occurred at the time of the deliverance of the children of Israel drew near? Verses 17-19.

13. Who was born to deliver God's people from their oppression? How was he educated? When he was forty years old, with what was he impressed? Verses 20-23.

NOTE.—By rehearsing the story of Moses in the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage, Stephen showed his full belief in the divine appointment and in the work of Moses, embodying, as it did, many of the historical facts and principles of the Jewish religion.

"Moses remained at court until he was forty years of age. His thoughts often turned upon the abject condition of his people, and he visited his brethren in their servitude, and encouraged them with the assurance that God would work for their deliverance."—*Id.*, p. 246.

14. What caused Moses to be reproached by one of his own people? Where did he then go to live? Verses 24-29.

JUNIOR

IX—Warnings and Instruction: Parable of the Rich Man

(November 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 12:1-21.
MEMORY VERSE: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Luke 12:34.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 252-259.

PLACE: Uncertain.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; a great multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

This lesson seems to be a continuation of the incidents of the last lesson. The people no doubt heard of the severe rebuke given by Jesus to the scribes and the Pharisees, and the multitude increased in size, and in desire to hear Jesus.

QUESTIONS

1. What shows the great interest of the people in Jesus and His work? Of what did He instruct His disciples to beware? Luke 12:1.

2. How fully will all hypocrisy be exposed? What is said of words spoken in secret? Verses 2, 3.

NOTE.—The expression "proclaimed upon the housetops" is suggestive of the custom of the governors of the country districts in Palestine. The public crier ascends a high roof, and lifts up his voice in a long-drawn call upon all faithful subjects to give ear and obey. He then announces, in a set form, what is the will of their master, and demands obedience thereto.

3. Of whom need they not be afraid? What is the worst an enemy can do? Whom should they fear? Verses 4, 5.

4. What two illustrations were given to show God's care for us? Why need we have no fear? Verses 6, 7.

NOTE.—A farthing represents two different Roman brass coins. One is worth a cent and a half, and the other, about four mills.

5. What is promised to those who confess Christ before men? What experience awaits those who deny Him before men? Verses 8, 9.

6. What terrible warning is given to those who continually reject every good influence? Verse 10.

NOTE.—We have the promise of Jesus, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

It is possible to drive the Spirit from us, so that His pleading voice cannot be heard. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," for "the sin against the Holy Ghost is the sin of persistent refusal to respond to the invitation to repent."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, June 29, 1897.*

7. At what time do the disciples of Jesus not need to worry about what they shall say? What special help is promised to those who are brought to trial for their faith? Verses 11, 12.

8. What request was made of Jesus by one of the company? How did He answer it? Verses 13, 14.

NOTE.—"Through Moses, God had given directions concerning the transmission of property. The eldest son received a double portion of the father's estate, while the younger brothers were to share alike. This man thinks that his brother has defrauded him of his inheritance. His own efforts have failed to secure what he regards as his due; but if Christ will interpose, the end will surely be gained. He has heard Christ's stirring appeals, and His solemn denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees. If words of such command could be spoken to this brother, he would not dare to refuse the aggrieved man his portion. . . . Jesus could have told this man just what was right. He knew the right in the case; but the brothers were in a quarrel because both were covetous. Christ virtually said, 'It is not My work to settle controversies of this kind. He came for another purpose, to preach the gospel, and thus to arouse men to a sense of eternal realities.'"—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 253, 254.

9. What warning did Jesus give? In what does satisfaction in this life not consist? Verse 15.

10. In the parable which Jesus gave to illustrate His teaching, what troubled the rich man? Verses 16, 17.

11. What did he decide to do with his goods? What did he say to himself? Verses 18, 19.

12. What did this rich man forget?

Answer.—"This man had received everything from God. The sun had been permitted to shine upon his land; for its rays fall on the just and on the unjust. The showers of heaven descend on the evil and on the good. The Lord had caused vegetation to flourish, and the fields to bring forth abundantly. The rich man . . . did not think of God, from whom all his mercies had come. He did not realize that God had made him a steward of His goods, that he might help the needy. . . . The situation of the poor, the orphan, the widow, the suffering, the afflicted, was brought to this rich man's attention; there were many places in which to bestow his goods. . . . But he closed his heart to the cry of the needy."—*Id.*, p. 256.

13. What did God say to the rich man? What question did He ask him? Verse 20.

14. Who are like the foolish rich man? Verse 21.

NOTE.—It is not a sin to have worldly possessions. The Lord expects us to be diligent and saving, so that we may not only support ourselves, but be able to help the needy and to give liberally to His work. The use we make of what we have in this selfish, covetous age is a good test of our Christian experience. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." The picture is true for all time. You may plan for merely selfish good, you may gather together treasure, you may build mansions great and high, as did the builders of ancient Babylon; but you cannot build wall so high or gate so strong as to shut out the messengers of doom."—*Id.*, pp. 258, 259.



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The Listening Post

✦ A NEW electric iron holds a pint of water, which, when it turns to steam, emerges through small holes near the point of the iron, dampening the material before it presses, thereby eliminating the necessity of sprinkling or using a damp cloth before pressing. It can also be used for steaming velvet.

✦ AFTER all these years the peach is to have a shave. The barber is Dr. Fred W. Hofman, in charge of horticultural research at the Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, who announces the development of a fuzzless peach. It has a smooth, waxy complexion, is as large as the standard varieties, and just as delicious. Also it is highly resistant to brown rot, a destructive peach disease, and it has a high degree of frost resistance. The fuzzless peach is the result of forty years of intensive research, and will soon be distributed among commercial nurserymen for planting.

✦ It may be surprising to those who have tried to split a walnut shell without a nutcracker that even this substantial overcoat is not sufficient covering during autumn frosts in California. When the temperature reaches the danger point, walnut growers turn on orchard heaters which are stoked continually with burner oil. Great care is given to a walnut grove, although it does not produce in commercial quantities until it is at least six years old, and does not become full bearing until it is sixteen. After that, given proper soil, climate, and care, it will produce indefinitely. In California the first trees, planted about seventy years ago, are still in good condition.

✦ THE human eye cannot take the strain of modern life. Mankind, and many times to a less extent, womankind, is having to take to spectacles. No census has been taken, but it is estimated that 15,000,000 people in Britain have faulty sight; in the United States about 45,000,000 are spectacle wearers; in Germany there are 18,000,000; and in Japan, 20,000,000. On the average the Latin races have better sight. In Britain there is only a small minority of people over forty-five who are able to dispense completely with glasses. The increasing amount of work and play performed with the aid of artificial light has had its effect on the eyes, which are much more sensitive to the yellow light of lamps than to the spectrum blend of daylight.

✦ THIRTY miles northwest of Boston, Massachusetts, stands one of America's most famous preparatory schools—Groton—where it is said that 90 per cent of the students are "pedigreed New Englanders and New Yorkers." For the first time in the fifty-six years of its existence, Dr. Endicott Peabody, its founder, was absent when this year's session opened. The eighty-three-year-old headmaster retired last spring. His successor is the Reverend John Crocker, a graduate of Groton and Harvard who has been connected with Princeton for the last ten years. Groton's purpose, as expressed by Doctor Peabody, is to cultivate "manly Christian character, having regard to moral and physical as well as intellectual development." The education offered is classical in emphasis and religious in tone. The school life is austere.

✦ BESIDES electric hotbeds, many farmers are using electrical soil-heating equipment for cold frames and open-soil heating. One Californian prepared open-soil heating for one-tenth acre of cucumbers. In forty-one days, the time necessary to mature the crop, he used 2,400 kilowatt hours of current, which cost \$40; but twice as many cucumbers were harvested from the heated plot as from the cold field, and the cucumbers grown on the heated plot were larger and were marketed before the ones on the unheated plot were ready to pick.

✦ PREMIER MUSSOLINI of Italy recently pushed two levers and thereby changed the course of the Tiber River, a job that Julius Caesar planned to do, but never accomplished. The levers set off a blast of dynamite which changed the course of the river into a shorter channel, eliminating a three-mile horseshoe curve. The old channel will be used as a seaplane base—something Caesar doubtless never thought of.

✦ BRAZIL, the largest state in South America, began as a colony of Portugal, and it is the only nation in the Western Hemisphere in which Portuguese is the prevailing language.

✦ FLORIDA has the longest seacoast of all the States in the United States—2,276 miles. New Hampshire has the shortest seacoast, with only 14 miles.

✦ THE United States Treasury now holds more than \$20,000,000,000 worth of gold, the greatest hoard of the metal ever accumulated.

Current Events Quiz?

1. The Victoria Cross and the new George Cross are both British decorations for valor. Why might a British soldier, cited for bravery in the field, expect to be eligible for the first decoration, but not the second?
2. Mexico recently offered to exchange its oil for Australia's copra. What is copra?
3. Speaking of air raids on London, can you tell the difference between Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral?
4. Where would you go if you wished to see the "Gibraltar of the East"?
5. What is meant by "equinox"?
6. In New York a few weeks ago a bridge named for Thaddeus Kosciusko was dedicated. Who was he?
7. What two important United States Government posts are held by Jesse H. Jones?
8. Will all "trainees" called into service under the 1940 military-training act go into the United States infantry?
9. After thirty-five years the United States recently relinquished control of the customs of a Latin-American republic which divides an island with another nation. Name the republic.
10. How many years are there between January 1, 1940 A.D. and January 1, 1940 B.C.?

(Answers on page 14)

✦ IN the Church of San Nicola, Treviso, Italy, hangs the first known painting of a person wearing spectacles. It is a portrait of Cardinal Ugone which was painted in 1360.

✦ If it were not for a layer of ozone about thirty miles up that surrounds all the earth's atmosphere, the deadly part of the sun's ultraviolet-ray radiation would cause all animal and plant life on the earth to wither and die.

✦ DUTCH dogs and cats will hereafter get a touch of the effects of war—and not much else. Food cards are being issued for them. Rated by size, dogs will receive six to twenty-five pounds of dog food a month; cats fare worse, with only three pounds a month.

✦ A NEW German industrial triumph is a mosquito-proof stocking, which is said to completely baffle the largest and most vicious mosquitoes in existence. One of the oldest hosiery factories in the Reich has been working on insectproof and rainproof numbers for several years; now they announce that they have been able to split fiber, which, when woven into hose, resembles silk and is insect-proof.

✦ A MAJOR menace to airplane pilots is not a shell or a bomb or a head-on collision, but a bird. Feathered fliers occasionally crash into an airplane, with disastrous results to themselves and great damage to the plane. With the plane traveling 200 miles an hour and a bird speeding 70 miles an hour, the rate at which they will approach each other is approximately 400 feet a second. If the bird weighs four pounds, its impact is 10,000 foot-pounds. Impact tests made in the National Bureau of Standards with rubber balls simulating birds, smashed layers of cellulose acetate half an inch thick and tempered glass one and one-fifth inches thick.

✦ Science, official journal of the American Association for Advancement of Science, announces the discovery that pantothenic acid turns gray hair dark in rats. This acid is one of the numerous factors of vitamin B, and has recently been made synthetically by the University of Texas, with the result that for the first time enough has been available to carry forward certain diet experiments. For three years dietitians have reported that something in vitamin B has the ability to turn gray hair darker. The announced experiments have all been on animals, but there have also been some unpublished tests on human beings which have proved the efficacy of this product.

✦ A SMALL patch of Ozark Mountain land in an area once rated by soil conservationists as suitable for only a game preserve, will yield \$3,300 cash this year to two energetic Arkansas farmers, Lewis Dowell and his 23-year-old son, Frank, taking a tip from the Indians who once roamed these hills, are cultivating one of the largest goldseal crops in the United States, under artificial shade, on one and a fourth acres of their farm. Goldseal is a medicinal herb used by drug manufacturers in standard prescriptions. It is native to the Ozarks, and has been gathered in its wild state and marketed for generations. This is the first effort, however, to cultivate the plant on a large scale.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR