

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

## Life Says: "I DARE YOU"

By HARRY MOYLE TIPPETT

THE dial was set on my favorite station, and the song was currently popular, but its sentiment was wrong, and I turned the radio off just as the singer was crooning her nasal best. Perhaps I could have endured it if I had not heard, just a few days before, the young woman who composed the song tell how she came to write it. The circumstances were admittedly tragic. Her young husband, a musician, had died after a brief illness. The few months of unalloyed happiness that had been theirs made the grief more poignant. Out of the broken wheel of experience

came her song, something about never smiling again until she could smile at her deceased lover somewhere off in the mystic tomorrow.

The song represents the kind of sentimentalism that rouses the admiration and emotion of the average romantic youth, but its inferences are based upon mistaken ideas of loyalty and an incomplete philosophy of life. As a matter of fact, although the prophetic office ill becomes me, this girl widow will smile again, and we

hardly need the Gallup poll to substantiate my contention. She will smile again, because she is a normal young woman who has keenly felt grief, and it is out of the soil of human emotions that the sweetest smiles come. She will smile, because it is her duty in a sorrow-laden world to help dispel its gloom with all the smiles she can muster. To parade one's heart sorrow is mock heroism. To smile and carry on in face of defeat is richly courageous; it is the militant response to life when that stern disciplinarian issues the challenge: "I dare you."

Life dared Fanny Crosby with a siege of lifelong blindness, but she turned it to good account by composing six thousand gospel hymns that have brought comfort to countless souls. Life tossed the slums of London upon William Booth's heart, and, with a deep recognition of his personal need, he cried, "God shall have all there is of me," with the result that thousands of England's underprivileged felt the warmth of his transformed life. Again, life turned the calcium light of surgical fame full upon the young Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, but he waved it aside to devote his energies to bringing the light of hope into the faces of the obscure folk of Labrador.

To the one, life offered a handicap, and it proved an impetus; to another, poverty, indignity, obscurity, and they stirred a deeper devotion; to still another, fame and fortune, but they proved the price of sacrifice for love of humanity. None of these sought fame or eminence, except in service, but, like Solomon, who asked not wealth or fame, but only wisdom to rule, they were granted honor through humility.

We boys in the (Turn to page 3)



"Out of the Broken Wheel of Experience  
Came Her Song. . . But From the Soil  
of Human Emotions Spring the Sweetest  
Smiles"



# LET'S TALK IT OVER

**B**OGTONG, young chief of one of the Dyak tribes, had brought his hungry people to fish in the waters off one of the small islands in the far reaches of the Philippine group. While the rank and file of the tribe sought food, the best divers were organized into a team to collect conch shells, which could be traded for much-needed fishing implements.

Toward noon of the first day they were out Bogtong realized that Etem, his first assistant, was missing. The alarmed group suspected the presence of a giant octopus, and they straightway unsheathed their knives and dived down into the deep green water in search of their missing comrade.

They found him dead, his hand held by the huge jaws of a giant *Tridacna* clam. With the aid of ropes, the men hoisted Etem's body and his murderer into one of the canoes.

In that locality a death must be explained to the authorities, and Bogtong determined to take the boy, just as they had found him, with his right hand still gripped by the giant shell, to Panglima Pisi, the Mohammedan chief who acted as notary public for the island and was his good friend. He would sign an affidavit absolving Bogtong and his companions of any blame.

Three hours of hard paddling brought them to Panglima's house. After greeting them, the old man viewed the body, wrote out the paper, and then asked: "Will you please give me the giant clam that caused the death of your companion? I would like to keep it here on my porch to remind me of my pearl-fishing days."

His request was granted.

Several days passed, and the aged Mohammedan chief ordered his men to remove the meat from the shell of the great clam. As he watched them work, he suddenly saw an enormous pearl! Seizing it in his hands, he examined the surface and was amazed to see there the image of a turbaned face, formed by nature upon it. In this image he thought he saw a startling resemblance to Mohammed. Then, as his awed servants stood looking on, the old man prostrated himself before the pearl and began to pray. This precipitated a real Mohammedan celebration which lasted the remainder of the day.

Meanwhile Wilburn Dowell Cobb, doing archeological research in the vicinity, heard of the giant clam that had killed a man, and was anxious to see it. So he hired Bogtong to act as his guide. They arrived at

Panglima Pisi's home just as the celebration was in full swing. Bogtong went to investigate, but the white man felt that it would be safer for him to stay under cover. Late in the evening the Dyak returned with the news of the pearl. This only made Mr. Cobb the more eager, not only to see the shell, but to glimpse the pearl with the image of a turbaned face.

The Panglima received them graciously the next morning. In telling of the experience, Mr. Cobb says:

"He called an attendant, who placed the pearl before us on the table. There lay the largest pearl ever beheld by human eyes! *It weighed fourteen pounds, one ounce!* It was nine and one-half inches long, five and one-half inches in diameter, and glowed with a satiny sheen.

"I asked my host to name his price, and I was kindly but firmly told that the pearl was not for sale. 'It would be a sacrilege for me to part with this pearl,' he said. 'A pearl with the image of Mohammed, the prophet of Allah, is earned by devotion, by sacrifice, not bought with money. I may not be a millionaire, but I defy the richest man in the world to show me a similar pearl. Please excuse my words, but the satisfaction of owning the largest of all pearls is to me worth more than mere money.'"

Mr. Cobb returned to Manila soon after this, and two years passed before he returned to Boligay Creek. He had no more than arrived when Bogtong brought him word that Pula, the Panglima's son, was mortally stricken with malaria, and that he wished the white man's help. Mr. Cobb hurried to answer the call, accompanied by Bogtong, who carried his first-aid kit.

They were met by the heartbroken father and led into the room in which the sick boy lay, almost at death's door, burning with a severe malarial fever. Mr. Cobb saw at once that if they continued the usual quinine treatment, the lad would be dead within a week. "There is only one remedy, known to science," he told the father, "and that is the drug atabrin."

"But my son will be dead before we can bring it from Manila," the father cried.

"I have a large quantity of the compound with me," Mr. Cobb told him, whereupon the old man knelt before him and pleaded that he would help his beloved son, promising anything he owned in payment.

Mr. Cobb bade him rise, and agreed to undertake the boy's treatment

on condition that he would not be interfered with by the medicine men, and his terms were gladly accepted. Realizing fully the danger of his position, and that if Pula were to die under his treatment, he would surely be held responsible and forfeit his own life, he went to work. For five days and nights he did not leave the bedside of the sick lad. Then the fever broke, and in due time Pula was entirely well.

When Mr. Cobb's work drew to a close some months later, and he was preparing to return to Manila, the Panglima desired to know how much he owed for the treatment of his son. Mr. Cobb assured him that he owed nothing.

The surprised old chief was silent for a moment; then he called a servant and gave a whispered command. The man left the room and returned with the largest pearl in this world, which he placed in the Panglima's hands. The old man spoke thus:

"Mr. Cobb, one week before you came I knew that my son was mortally ill. Quinine was the only remedy that we know, and that seemed to do no good. I was helpless. That night, holding this pearl in my hands, I prayed to Allah for help, and vowed that however much I valued it, I would willingly give it to anyone who could save my son. As though to test my sincerity you came.

"Mr. Cobb, this pearl was dearly paid for with the life of a young man. Now you have bought the pearl from me with the life of my only son as your payment. What more could a father ask? You have saved my son, and you have earned your reward. Here, my friend, claim this, your pearl."

**T**HERE is another priceless pearl—the rarest treasure in all the universe—that cost a Life, and by this means made life possible for all mankind.

Salvation! Discovered through the death of God's "only-begotten Son;" given to you and to me when we, His sons and daughters hopelessly sin sick and doomed to die, surrender our hearts to His keeping, die to self, and find thereby peace "which passeth all understanding" in this world, and eternal life in the world to come.

Shall we not reach out and take it—this gem beyond compare or price, which is etched with the matchless face of the Man of Calvary?

*Lora E. Clement*



(Continued from page 1)

neighborhood gang of which I was a member in the last generation of youth, often played the daring game of follow-the-leader. Such foolish hazards we used to take, each trying to outdo the others in physical prowess or agility! I sometimes wonder how we all survived to voting age. In accepting the challenge of the leader we were continually led to commit acts of sheer folly. We thought we were showing our heroism, when it was only a demonstration of egoism.

One time, jealous because a chum was attracting what I thought was more attention than he deserved, I climbed to the roof of a two-story house and essayed to make a parachute drop with an umbrella. I still thank the kind Providence that brought me timely paternal advice frantically wigwagged to me from the ground; and though crestfallen, I chose a more conventional descent, or someone else might be filling my space in this paper.

No, life in its truest intent never dares to folly.

Too often the voice of inexperience, pride, or vainglory leads us to accept ill-considered challenges which we mistake for the tide that leads on to fortune. Alas, the fatal choices that have been made! Maupassant, who wielded one of the most brilliant pens of French literature, closed his career to the best, that he might cater to the worst. He might have dipped his pen in the sunlight of high idealism, but he corroded it in the mire of sensualism. "The French Academy would condemn me to virtue," he exclaimed, "but there is plenty of time for virtue." Hardly had he finished writing his boast when that melancholy madness that destroyed his mind came upon him in the midst of his excesses, and his light went out in disgrace and dishonor.

But if life does not dare us to folly, does it ever dare us to do something apparently foolish? In view of the preponderance of evidence, the answer is in the affirmative. There was the poor woman in the Bible story who loved Jesus so much for what He had done for her that she poured over His feet the contents of a costly jar of spikenard that she could scarcely afford. The practical-minded folk around the Master were censorious and critical of the apparent waste, but Jesus knew that the act was doing something for the woman's spirit,



PHOTO BY RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION, ROTHSTEIN

## The Drouth

By ETHEL M. HARTZELL

**C**LOUDS of dust:

The moon peers dim

Above the dull horizon's rim.

A shapeless, choking, smoky dusk—

Of springtime eves the withered husk—

Settles with its dead man's pall

Of unreleasing gloom o'er all.

While cornstalk specters, gaunt with pain,

Mouth their wordless prayers for rain.

and He commended her for it. We, also, sometimes do apparently futile deeds, but Heaven gives credit for the motive back of the deed. Besides, to attempt heroic accomplishments in the face of censure or derision when we fail to reach our objectives, does something to our spirits, too.

In my adolescent years, as I was returning from church one very rainy night, I was attracted by the wailing of a kitten out in the middle of an unpaved street. A sea of slushy mud reached from one side of the road to the other, and the poor little animal was almost submerged. A Chinese laundryman, in his silken gown and beaded slippers, stood on the opposite side, calling to the cat. I hesitated a minute, calculated the improbability of restoring the bedraggled animal to its owner without risk to my good clothes, and then waded to the rescue. No "strong east wind" provided a Red Sea crossing for me; it was purely a humanitarian impulse that inspired me.

The cat clawed me with its muddy paws, and the mud oozed over my shoe tops and spattered my trousers. The pleasure and gratitude of the Oriental were plainly manifest, and his thanks were profuse. My appearance at home scandalized me in the eyes of my mother, for, as may be imagined, my personality quotient just then

was at a low ebb. Yet I am counting on the assurance that every reader of this article has done something equally impulsive for which he was not ashamed. As for me, I never think of the incident but I still find the warm glow of that impulsive, unnecessary, yet kind, deed suffusing my heart. It provides a sort of small mount of vision for me when I need perspective to see my way through puzzling problems of relationship to other people. It is when we respond heroically to life when it challenges us to unpublicized bits of altruism that we knit the sinews of strong character.

Let us think again about that popular radio song and the girl composer who will "never smile again." What would happen if we accepted all of life's bludgeonings of adverse circumstances in that way? Fortunately, examples are few, but the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne furnishes an instance. Upon the death of her husband, when Nathaniel was but a youth, she lived

henceforth a life of effacement from society, withdrawing from the world as an expression of her grief, and even eating her meals in retirement from the family. The gloomy old household went about almost literally on tiptoe, and the environment provided that mantle of melancholy in the writings of Hawthorne which even his most ardent admirers today could wish were lifted.

Let us not suppose, however, that this emphasis upon cheerfulness means that there is no place for grief, for tears of tenderness and sympathy. There are occasions upon which wealth, power, influence, and all other considerations fail to provide what only the tears of sympathetic hearts can adequately convey in meeting some of life's challenges. With the power of the resurrection at His command, Jesus, in one of the rarest manifestations of His humanity, wept with Mary and Martha over Lazarus.

Again, life dares us to be kind in a world of insane greed and selfishness. It dares us be kind when others are rude, crude, or too self-important. It dares us be kind to the underprivileged even when they abuse us. It pays, too, as I had opportunity to observe just recently in my own home. A transient came to our door, begging food. He sat at our table and greedily ate (Turn to page 13)





KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

"The Radio Is the Greatest Demonstrator of the Power of Naked Words That the World Has Ever Seen"

## Words May Be DYNAMAMITE

By H. A. VANDEMAN

**W**ORDS, words, words—watch your words; they may be dynamite. There are written words, spoken words; there are frivolous words, words of wisdom; shallow words, words of depth; thoughtless words, words carved out by thinking; harsh words, words that are kind; cutting words, words that heal. There are words that break down, words that build up; there are words that curse, words that bless. Out of the same mouth they all may come: they may originate in the same brain—but back of the brain is the man, that living personality that directs production. It is to the man behind words that this message is directed today.

Byron says:

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

A striking example of the power of written words is found in the story told by Dr. S. D. Gordon, who wrote "Quiet Talks on Prayer." A colporteur left a portion of the Bible in the shop of a blacksmith who was an unbeliever. When he found it, he read it curiously, and then with a

start he said, "There's a *man* in the book." The words were alive.

As we peruse the little book, "Imitation of Christ," we read between the lines and discern a man in this book also. Yes, it took a Thomas à Kempis to write this book, whose words have helped form character in thousands of lives.

In "Pilgrim's Progress" we see human frailties and virtues standing out in living characters. A master sculptor has carved in words. Bunyan wrote this book in the old Bedford jail in England where he was confined for his reactionary religious views. He was a man of meager education, just a tinker and the son of a tinker. He died two hundred fifty years ago, but his words live on and build men.

We remember the words we read or hear. They tend to either make or break character. Job wrote, "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever!"

Here are words that have been ringing in my ears for more than fifteen years: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Just a quotation from the book of Proverbs, you will say. But these words were quoted

by Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes as we waited one night for a train in a railroad station in New York. They were indelibly stamped in my memory because of the outstanding qualities of the man who quoted them.

A striking story is told of the raising of a monument many years ago. The king had decreed that no one was to speak a word while the great pile of carved marble was being set. The tackle blocks came together before the monument was quite in place, and as a deathlike silence pervaded the crowd these three significant words rang out on the air from the lips of an old sailor: "Wet the ropes." This was done, and the monument swung into place. The unusual circumstances under which these words were spoken caused them to be forgiven and remembered.

Now let us examine some outstanding sentences in the history of the United States of America that we shall ever remember because of their brevity and fullness of meaning.

"Give me liberty, or give me death," cried Patrick Henry.

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," declared Charles C. Pinckney, when United States ambassador to the French republic.

"Don't give up the ship," pleaded Captain James Lawrence in Boston Harbor.

"Remember the 'Maine,'" was the slogan of the Spanish-American War.

Watch your words. Remember, "Brevity is the soul of wit," as Shakespeare says. A statement from the Apocrypha advises, "Sum up thy speech. Many things in few words."

Here are some examples of much in few words: The ten commandments comprise the equivalent of a law library filled with books, but they contain only 297 words. Two hundred seventy-six words are required to tell Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the image in Daniel two, but 143 words give the interpretation, and they outline world history for twenty-five hundred years. The famous Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln comprises only 269 words, but it occupies a large space in American history's hall of memory.

Watch your words; they are dynamite. Words may be likened to waters held in check behind a dam. The shallow water at the surface is easily washed over the top and does no good. The water drawn from the bottom, one hundred feet below the surface, comes with such force and power that there is forty-five pounds of pressure behind every square inch. So it is with words that wash over easily—they have no depth. But draw from the "think pit" after meditation and careful weighing, and you have words that are worth speaking. As Shakespeare bluntly declares, "Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

Powder unconfined in a pile, when ignited, goes up in (Turn to page 10)





# A Garden in a Plot of Winter

By CORANELL HUNT

**D**IRTY tenement houses, taverns, theaters, and the incessant flow of pleasure seekers made me wonder if there could be *anything* uplifting in the presence of such a demoralizing atmosphere. I was on my way to visions of beauty which it was hard to imagine could exist in a city of drizzling, gray, foggy dampness such as that in which I found myself this winter day in Chicago.

The answer to my doubts was a definite, "Yes," when I stepped inside the revolving doors of Garfield Park Conservatory. For a moment I was held motionless in awe—so great was the contrast with the out-of-doors. It seemed as if I were breathing the air of a different world—and I was. The rich green of the palms and the delicate clouds of orchids met my hungry eyes. Other spectators were exclaiming with delighted surprise, but I could only gaze in mute admiration that was too deep for expression. Soft pinks, brilliant pinks, delicate blues, yellows, greens, lavenders, fiery reds, and deep purples and golds—the playful trickling of water, the scent of orchids, and damp spring earth—these surged like a tide over my senses.

Orchids—just banks and banks of them—not clusters, but mountains of them, were here! Did you know that most of the orchids are epiphytes, or air plants that do not grow in the earth or water, but are supported in the air by trees or other objects, and receive the moisture required for their development chiefly from the air. No other flowers can compare with these gorgeous, velvet-petaled gifts of God.

Two graceful statues, "Idyll" and "Pastoral," the work of Chicago's renowned sculptor, Lorado Taft, add charm to a small goldfish pool and frame a long vista through tropical foliaceous growth to the Fernery. This room must be Mother Nature's palace; it contains one hundred and eight palms, fittingly called by Linnaeus, the famous Swedish botanist, "princes of the vegetable kingdom."

The winding path to the right

brings surprise and interest. First a banana tree arrests the attention. At the end of a stem about three feet long is a large, waxy red blossom, and nearer the base of the stem is a bunch of green bananas. These will be very tempting in a few days. Just across the path is the cabbage palmetto. Its natural habitat is the rich riverbanks of Florida, where it grows to a height of fifty feet. Fine club moss and African violets form a brilliant green-and-purple velvet carpet for this chamber of the palace.

A little farther on, many species of bamboo reminded me of Izaak Walton's essay, "The Compleat Angler." Besides providing material for fishing poles, this bamboo has many other important uses. That heavy-looking one over there is a magnificent species that attains a height of eighty to one hundred and twenty feet, and a diameter of ten to twelve inches. It flowers when thirty years of age and dies soon after the seed has matured. In the Orient young shoots of bamboo are cut and eaten as asparagus is eaten here, while heavy stems are used for bridges and houses; single sections of the stems are used for buckets, flowerpots, and many other utensils. This bamboo is extensively grown in the gardens of India, because of its ornamental qualities.

With eager anticipation I pushed a massive door open and found myself literally afloat in a sea of flowers. This was the Show House, and, oh!

surely there has never been, before or since, such abundant beauty, such marvelous luxury of bloom, in one place. Just to the left was a throng of happy faces. The pure white of hyacinths and the dainty lavender of primroses gave the appearance of beautiful brides with their colorful attendants. The center spot of this gorgeous display was dressed in quiet pastel shades that are as satisfying and restful as a shady nook on an August day. The sides of the room shone in glamorous contrasts. Huge tulips of brilliant red, gleaming golden marigolds, and bright-pink primroses drew their lines alongside patches of deep-blue and purple blossoms.

In this showroom each season of the year displays its own pride. At Easter time the exquisite and fragrant Easter lily reigns in its supreme beauty and has more admirers than any queen of earthly courts could ever hope to attract. During July and August the midsummer show is staged, and the flashily marked rex begonia and fancy-leaved caladium in sixty or more varieties give a fascinating effect. During November comes the greatest of the four major annual exhibits; chrysanthemums varying in size and shades of coloring stand in stately array before thousands of admirers. Such colorful and impressive effects as they give are never to be forgotten by those who once have the privilege of seeing them. At Christmas time poinsettias have their fling before throngs of holiday visitors.



"If Such Exquisite Loveliness Is Possible  
in This World of Sin, What Must the  
Glories of Heaven Be?"



These Yuletide flowers vary; those with fiery tongues of scarlet are softened by their lovely pink and snowy-white poinsettia sisters.

Opening off the Show House to the right is Horticultural Hall. This is one of the finest exhibition houses in the world. Its immense size makes it possible to design actual outdoor gardens of formal and informal designs. In the background of this fairyland, on a verdant, rolling knoll and covered with thick, luxuriant baby tears (fern), a Chinese garden house adds enchantment to the surrounding charm of tiny lawns; flower beds of various sizes, designs, and colors; and invitingly embowered garden seats. Linger, with desires in my heart that cannot be granted

on this earth, I thought of Keats' words, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And I was glad that though we cannot live with such loveliness as this continually before us, at least pictures of such scenes can flash on the screen of memory for future pleasure.

Still another section of this plant conservatory is the Aeroid House. Here are the most unusually attractive plants imaginable. A plant which looks very much like a huge fan whipped in the wind is called the traveler's tree. A small sunken pool in the middle of this room represents an extinct volcano that has been filled with water through the years. Climbing vines of *Philodendron* border it. A mass of queer, cordlike hanging

roots attract our attention, and they prove to be roots from the curtain vine which is growing on the ceiling; they seek moisture in this odd manner.

The next room is the Cactus House. The variety of size and shape and the strangeness of coloring of these plants make a weird sight when they are viewed en masse. A few on the desert are one thing, but these regiments of stalwart, stiff green soldiers are another. This collection represents twenty species of century plants, and all are natives of hot desert regions of the New World. They are most abundant in Mexico, where the natives use them for food and drink. It is highly improbable that any of these plants live for a century. During its life the (*Turn to page 13*)



## Good Investments

By **ARDIE WHEELER, R.N.**

**P**UT money in the bank," is a slogan we often see in advertisements today. But I should like to see it read, "Put money in yourself." This is the better investment, I think, provided you use judgment in the money spending. It is still smart to be thrifty, but there is something more to life than bulging bank accounts and well-filled pocket-books. Of course, money helps to solve many of our problems and difficulties, but there are other investments which contribute much to our true happiness.

Invest money in good food; put in this all you can afford. Plan a nutritious, well-balanced, and easily digested diet which shall include enough variety to stimulate the appetite, and plenty of fruits and vegetables in season. Also, be sure to provide for every meal the foods that appeal to the taste and the eye. "Food that is relished is half-digested," was one of the sayings of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine. To put thought and money into the right diet is one of the best ways to use both.

Put money in fresh air and sunlight. Have them served in generous amounts. God sends sunlight down for a blessed purpose. That purpose is to promote growth, to give strength, to impart color, to gild with beauty,

to inspire good thoughts, and to ensure light hearts and cheerful faces. There are many devices on the market today which are of immense help in automatically regulating the ventilation, temperature, and moisture of the air in our homes. It is not right for anyone to live or work in a room in which, when one enters from out-of-doors, the air is found to be perceptibly different in sweetness.

Maintain good physical health. No one can be mentally healthy until he comes to realize and put into practice the rule that we owe it to the world, to our friends, to ourselves, to have the best physical health that nature, aided by medical science, can give us.

Walking in the open air systematically, for a given time each day, whether it rains or shines, is excellent exercise, and costs nothing but the time. It may even mean a saving of carfare and gasoline.

Do not let walking be your sole exercise in the fresh air. Gardening is delightful and joy bringing, if you have the taste and opportunity for it. No one is too busy to take a few minutes each day from business and domestic cares to devote to some pursuit in which he finds pleasure. No investment of time pays better, for, as Herbert Spencer said, "The first requisite for continued success is that

man should be a good animal." To keep the play spirit alive, to unbend and limber up, will make one fifty per cent more valuable in his work.

Find employment in which you are happy, and then give yourself to it wholeheartedly. Extremes both of idleness and of overwork should be avoided, however. Enlarge the position you already occupy, put originality of method into it, devise new modes of operation, and master the details. Do not merely fill your place, but do better than is expected of you. Go the "second mile," as the Bible aptly expresses it, and the reward invariably is a better place or a larger pay check. A real desire to help others will bring one more love, loyalty, and popularity.

Put variety into your mental bill of fare as well as your physical. It will pay rich returns. Read the best classics and authors, and thus share in the thoughts of the world's great minds. Make the reading and study of the Bible a daily habit. In it you can hear the voice of God and learn His will. It is a wonderful Book to guide, comfort, and cheer. Then, too, take up different courses of study and make yourself as interesting as possible. Opportunities for self-improvement are many today—free libraries, the radio, night schools, religious books, religious periodicals and magazines.

There are other investments that one needs to make now. Pleasant memories stored away are a great help in later years, our elders tell us. Travel, church attendance, music, inspiring lectures, family fun—these all stay with us and add to our well-being now as well as later in life.

And the greatest investment of all is a Christian character. Christianity has given us our knowledge of God and Jesus Christ. It offers to whoever will receive it, the highest type of joy and true happiness. The more abundant life is the possession of the Christian, and in the world to come he will have life that is everlasting.



# The Surveyor's Cook Boy

## A Story of the South Seas

By JAMES E. CORMACK

### A Brand From the Burning

THE dry-leaf homes of Molatiro provided the best of fuel for the hungry flames. The heat was intense as the humble dwellings were reduced one by one to patches of smoldering ash. The village was in ruins; its people were homeless. White man's justice had been meted out to them as a recompense for their faithfulness to the rites of a cruel heathen religion.

The last house on the outskirts of the settlement had just been fired, and soon it would be gone as were the rest. The district officer in charge of the government patrol turned toward the path that led to the water's edge where his ship was waiting to bear him home. But what was that! Sounded like a child's cry. He stopped and listened. Yes, there it was again—a cry of terror. There was a child in that house, the child whose cry a few minutes before had brought a loving mother back to her death. And who could resist the plea of a little child, no matter what its color? The district officer quickly gave orders for the rescue of the little one, and after a desperate battle with the flames a police boy carried him from the burning building and laid him down at a safe distance where he would be easily found by the returning villagers. Here Rore was left alone among the smoldering ruins of his village—an orphan a little more than three years of age, truly a brand plucked from the burning.

Alone among ashes! His heart-broken sobs were unheard as he wandered about the enclosure where a short time before a flourishing village had stood under the tropic sun. The heat scorched his naked body, and smoke caught in his throat, while small flames flickered in mockery from charred uprights which stood specterlike over the smoldering ruins. Little Rore soon became exhausted and laid himself on the grass and sobbed himself to sleep.

Erelong the village folk returned to the site of their ill-fated homes, very sorry for the consequences of their misdeeds, but in nowise wroth from the devilish customs to which they were bound by ties stronger than government force and more ancient than Christianity. Such displays of tactless activity served only to create a brooding desire in the hearts of the

natives to rid the islands of the South Seas of the white intruder. By strength of arms and fear of punishment the heathen may be controlled, but not won. They are made more cunning, more treacherous, and they learn to distrust all friendly overtures.

There is one power alone that will change the heart of the heathen and cause him to desire to sever his connections with all that is devilish, all that has bound him through the centuries. That power is love—the love of an uplifted Saviour and the kindly ministry of noble men and women constrained by the love of Christ. That power alone has worked wonders in the islands of the Pacific, transforming cruel and savage tribespeople into quiet, happy men and women who serve the true God. The history of the civilizing of cannibal islands has been written, not by government force, but with the blood of Christian martyrs. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth," said the Saviour, "will draw all men unto Me."

It was not long before the returning villagers found Rore sleeping peacefully near the site of his ruined home. A council was held, and it was decided that he should be cared for by his grandmother, who soon became a second mother to him. Under her tender attention he grew and developed and was soon able to join in playing the games of the older boys and girls. Oh, yes, the boys and girls of the South Seas love their games just as do children in the homeland. Many of their games resemble

those of their fairer-skinned brothers and sisters, but they do not go to the store for their toys. Nature provides their balls, and they do not lack for boats, for boatbuilding is second nature to them. They even make their own air guns, using a hollow stick as the barrel in which is inserted a wad of leaf or a berry; another wad is inserted in the other end, and this is rammed with a small stick till the air between the two wads becomes compressed and shoots out the first one with some force and a loud report. These boys are also adept at the use of the bow and arrow, with which they shoot birds or fish. And then they have their own version of marbles, ninepins, and other games which closely resemble those known to white children.

Being a goodly child and demonstrating qualities above the average, Rore was soon the accepted leader of the children as they engaged as warriors in protecting their newly built village at Boro against imaginary foes. He delighted to lead the young braves in fishing expeditions, in swimming, canoeing, and other sports. Proud was the day when he came home with his first wild pigeon, shot by an arrow from his own bow.

And then came school. It was not a college of classical learning that Rore entered, but rather a military academy. Warriors may be born, but the islanders did not trust the natural fighting instincts of their young men. Instead, they put them through a rigorous course of training before they could take their place on the field of battle. The young cadets of Dovele were first of all instructed in the use of the spear. Sticks took the place of the real weapon till the embryo warrior became proficient;



These Two Pictures Show the Marked Contrast Between a Christian Village and a Heathen Village in the British Solomon Islands



# BOOK TALKS

Without a love for books  
The richest man is poor.

By J. D. Snider

**A**NCORA IMPARA" (still learning) was Michelangelo's motto until the day of his death. He found no short cut to success. His eagerness to keep on reading and studying about his work was what made him an artist instead of an artisan. In that respect his life was not different from the lives of all other great men. No man who did not continue to learn after he left school ever made his mark in the world. Jesus spent eighteen years more in preparation for His brief ministry after He had already acquired greater wisdom than was possessed by the learned doctors of His day. The best in every department of life is gained only through arduous toil. It is often sought but never found in other ways. The short cut to success has eluded all attempts at discovery.

The same is true in the field of literature. There are no short cuts to a knowledge of the best in books. "Ancora Impara!" There you have it. Learn something new every day of your life. When Gladstone was nearly ninety years of age—in fact, to the very day of his death—he always carried a book in his pocket, that he might employ every spare moment in adding a portion of some other man's knowledge

and thought to his own. And yet at school Gladstone was a disappointment to his parents and a nuisance to his teacher. He learned, however, this one simple lesson, that the knowledge that men have accumulated is left as a legacy to succeeding generations, written on the pages of books; and he learned, too, the secret of transferring that knowledge to his brain, and that is the greatest thing a university can teach.

When it has taught me to take a volume and glean from its pages the message the author would have me learn, I have no need further of a university, except a university of books. Gladstone learned that and practiced it all through life. That is why he always carried a volume with him in his pocket. If someone with whom he had an appointment were five or ten minutes late, he did not fret and scold, but took out that book, memorized some choice bit of poetry, worked out some new principle of philosophy, or gathered some statistics for future use. And when he entered the British Parliament he made use of all that learning. It enabled him to hold the members spellbound and influence them to do almost anything he wanted done.

then he was graduated to the true spear. This weapon is from eight to ten feet in length and is made from a hard palm wood. Some tribes used the bones of flying foxes or a human shinbone for the spear tip, which was often dipped in the blood of a dead man to ensure a fatal wound in time of battle. Throughout most of the group, decorations were not considered necessary and were not used. However, on Bougainville, the weapons were works of art, and were more formidable as well. Armed with a series of bone barbs, these spears were ornamented with brightly colored bands of plaited material as well as various carvings. The Solomon Islander used the spear both as a hand weapon and as a missile.

Having mastered the art of spear throwing, the cadet received instruction in the use of the club and the battle-ax, the chief weapons used in a head-hunting raid. Wickerwork shields, exquisitely designed, were used as a protection in hand-to-hand fighting. Then came lessons in maneuver and strategy, or shall we call them by their right names—cunning and treachery, without a knowledge of which the warrior would be useless. Having now completed his home training, the young man was required to continue his training right on the battlefield, not as a participant, but as a pupil observer. Here he gained the fine points which were essential in successful campaigning. At last came the day when the young adventurer would be given

the opportunity to try his prowess against the enemy, and proudly would he bear home his first head—if his own head was not already being prepared to adorn the shelf in the house of a more successful foeman.

But Rore did not travel very far along the road to military honors. In fact, the whole course of his life was changed before he had even begun the elementary lessons in spear throwing. It so happened that about this time a coconut planter came along, and, having impressed the Dovele natives favorably, had succeeded in obtaining suitable ground near their village for a plantation, and they found that their employer treated them kindly. At this time Rore began to feel an urge for something better than village life could offer. Here was his opportunity to launch out. Why not take a job on the plantation? And so it came about that at the age of fourteen he made his first contact with Europeans and European ways.

Three months of service for the planter passed quickly, for Rore put his best into the work and enjoyed it. There was much to do on this new plantation. Scrub had to be cleared, and holes dug for young trees; and sometimes it was necessary to blast a way through rock. What a thrill it was to see the white man's way of digging a hole! That mysterious black powder that made such a terrific noise as it shot the dirt and large pieces of rock sky-high was marvelous. It was fun, too, to join in the

scamper for safety. "The white man knows too much," was Rore's only explanation of this and other wonders with which he became acquainted.

Sometimes he was permitted to join in the making of copra. The coconuts that have ripened and have fallen to the ground are gathered and denuded of their outer covering, and after the hard shell is removed, the white fleshy kernel is placed on a rack and dried over a smoky fire. The dried article is copra, which is shipped to other lands to be used in the manufacture of high explosives, soaps, coconut oil, and many different commodities. The manufacture of copra is the chief industry of the Solomon Islands.

It was on the plantation that Rore learned his first lesson in organized work. He found that it was not a case of work when one feels like it and a siesta when the inclination happens to be against work, which, by the way, was fairly often in village life. Definite hours were set for work and for time off. How different from the free-and-easy village life where the motto was, "Never do today that which can be conveniently put off till tomorrow." It was a proud day for the lad when he bore home his first wages at the end of the quarter. Fifteen shillings for three months' work! But he had gained more than wages; he had acquired an experience in the ways of a white man, an experience that was to help him in fitting into greater service later.

About this time, (Turn to page 10)



# Called to Service

By A FRIEND

THERE was a rap on the door of the old ranch house. It was past the hour of midnight. Father, naturally a sound sleeper, awakened by another member of the family, was soon downstairs greeting the nocturnal visitor, who replied to his questions in a low voice, but with a decided tone of earnestness and finality. He had come to "counsel" with my father regarding his "next move."

A grave crisis had been reached in the life of this young man, a recent convert to the advent faith. In addition to the pressure of disapproval being applied with increasing intensity over a period of some weeks by the members of his irate family, his betrothed had a few hours before declared in no uncertain terms that their ways must part unless he should abandon those recently acquired "silly religious notions," which had led him to unite with the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Needless to say, he was almost beside himself with anxiety and grief. The decision of his dearest earthly friend was the proverbial "last straw," the "capsheaf" on a stack of troubles which had been pyramiding ever since his conversion, until now something definite must be done to

preserve the equilibrium of a mind habitually peaceful.

In fact, only a few weeks had passed since the Friday afternoon—I remember it well, although I was only a lad at the time—when Gordon Rohlman, the district road overseer, had reminded my father, who was working out his poll tax on the right of way along the west side of our ranch, that he could feel at liberty to leave early, and remarked in explanation that he knew father's "Sunday" would begin at sunset that evening. Father thanked this thoughtful young friend and neighbor, but, as the sun was yet quite high, suggested that he would be able to help with a few more furrows before "knocking off" for the day.

At the end of another long furrow as Gordon dragged the heavy road plow from the matted sod and laid it on its side, father drew up the sturdy draft team for a pause to "wind," and said, "You know, Gordon, I have just been thinking. Here we are, you and I both professed Christians, and each claiming the Good Book as our guide; but in just a short time I shall begin the observance of the day I believe to be the Sabbath, while you will continue to work another whole day be-

fore beginning your weekly rest. Have you ever wondered about the why of this difference in belief?"

Gordon Rohlman, an inherently sincere young man and a member of one of the most prosperous and influential families of the community, answered, "Yes, I have wondered about that very thing, and I should like to know the reason for it."

This, as my father readily recognized, was the golden opportunity for which he had long hoped and prayed. The invitation to come to our home for the evening meal, and a Bible study following, was readily accepted. I have often thought how little that neighbor realized the far-reaching consequences of that visit.

To expose an honesthearted, sincere soul to the mighty truths of the Bible is not unlike exposing a boy or girl with a system susceptible to the disease to one of the well-known childhood maladies. The result in either case is almost inevitable. So it was in the experience of Gordon Rohlman. Not until far in the night did that first study end, and many of the evenings that followed found an intensely interested young man in our home diligently searching the Scriptures with the help of my father.

In due time a strong conviction led him to take a firm stand for the truths set forth in the Book of books. It was then that the troubles began which eventually led him to decide to leave his once pleasant and happy home, and seek refuge in a less belligerent atmosphere. Hence the post-midnight visit I have mentioned.

Finally father, knowing of Gordon's desire for a better education to fit him for more efficient service for the Master, suggested that he go to a Seventh-day Adventist college located in a village near the capital city of the State in which we lived. To this suggestion, however, he answered a very emphatic "No." His family knew this college town as an Adventist community, and, in the interests of a possible future reconciliation with them, it would never do to have his letters home bear the postmark of that village. Therefore another denominational school located in another State was chosen, and not many days hence our young friend was ready, with all personal belongings packed, to board the train which would separate him from loved ones, earthly possessions, and friends. Not unlike the call of the ancient patriarch, Abraham, was the call of Gordon Rohlman from the home of his childhood to a strange land.

Nor could he, although greatly oppressed and persecuted by those of



H. A. ROBERTS

"At the End of a Long Furrow Gordon Dragged the Heavy Road Plow From the Matted Sod, and the Sturdy Draft Team Stopped to Wind"



his own household, fail to realize the great apparent sacrifice his departure would entail. For his newfound faith he would forfeit his position as the managing head of one of the community's largest and most prosperous grain and stock ranches. A veritable miniature empire it was, consisting of many hundreds of acres of fertile farming and grazing land and a fine herd of well-bred Hereford cattle of which he owned a share jointly with an aged mother, two brothers, and four sisters—a family of energetic, hard-working, thrifty folk, accustomed to looking to Gordon as the directing head in a common enterprise. Nor was their confidence in his ability as manager misplaced, for had not the record of the past several years shown an almost continuous acquisition of property both personal and real? Farm had been added to farm, and every convenience needed to assure the success of a large agricultural enterprise was amply provided.

To the casual observer the forsaking of such a setup for the sake of religious convictions seemed little short of mad folly. So thought many of Gordon's neighbors and friends. But their opinion was of small consequence to the youth before whose eyes a vision of eternal realities was gradually unfolding. In the Book so recently become the guiding light of his life he had read a promise from the lips of the Master. "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

During the months that followed, as he pursued his course of training for service a great desire to devote his life to the uplift of those needy and long-neglected peoples of the Southern mountains seized upon him, and in his need for a companion in this noble line of work for the Master, he in due time united his life interests with those of a very fine young woman whose European parents had lived in Africa, where she had been born and from which land she had come to the American college to complete her training.

The ceremony which united that missionary-minded couple took place, as I well remember, in our home on the old ranch in the very room in which Gordon, with father's help, had sought and found the Saviour. Two happier people I have never seen, and, strange as it may seem, in time Gordon's family—those who had forsaken him and adjudged him insane when he accepted the advent faith—became entirely reconciled to their "wayward" son and brother. His subsequent visits to the old home, accompanied by his companion, were greatly enjoyed by all the kinsfolk.

Into the South they went, secured a plot of land, and began by precept and example to bring to a fine, courageous, but backward and needy, people a better understanding of the art of living. They tilled the soil, helped the poor, cared for the sick, taught principles of health and sanitation, preached the message of salvation, and truly dedicated their lives to the service of the Master.

By frequent letters, during the years that passed, my father was kept quite well informed about the work which that consecrated couple were doing in their chosen field of labor. Often photographs accompanying the letters served to portray in a very vivid manner the results of their work as missionary farmers, as well as to give an insight into the many problems and difficulties encountered.

One photograph I shall always remember, and one which my father prized very highly, was that of our friend



Did you know that—

Religion is a business?  
Habits of thought can be changed?  
There is value in trials?  
Union with Christ is one of "attachment" as well as "detachment"?  
There are limitless possibilities for good?

The book "Messages to Young People" gives definite advice on how to be a Christian?

Read pages 111 to 136 of "Messages," and then give yourself this test.

1. "We are not to trust in our —, but in the — of God."

2. True-false. The assurance of God's love can be obtained without earnest effort on our part.

3. "— is a daily work."

4. "— is as essential to growth in grace, . . . as is temporal food to physical well-being."

5. "Sanctification is a progressive work." Eight steps are mentioned. What are they?

6. "The — of life are God's workmen, to remove the — and — from our characters."

7. There are (8, 5, 3) questions to ask yourself as you examine your heart in its relationship to God.

8. Match columns for correct statements.

( ) "Present the promise of God, and then"

( ) "Do not wait to feel special emotions before you"

( ) "Walk humbly and"

(a) "think the Lord answers"

(b) "believe without a doubt."

(c) "keep moving forward."

9. "If the heart is right, your —, your —, your — will all be right."

10. "The highest evidence of nobility in a Christian is —."

Gordon holding the handles of a plow which was being drawn, not by a beautiful pair of fine draft horses, but by a small Southern cotton mule and the family milch cow hitched together! The contrast between this sort of farm equipment and that of former days when, as manager of the home ranch, he used only the very best and most up to date, was startling; but it revealed the self-sacrificing spirit which had characterized the man since his conversion.

So reads the very brief life sketch of one who resolved to cast his lot with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of the world, and such were his labors until they were cut short by an untimely death which resulted from a train-automobile accident. His work has ended, but the results of those self-sacrificing efforts will live on through time and eternity.

## The Surveyor's Cook Boy

(Continued from page 8)

the government surveyor had business to attend to along the Dovele Coast, and in coming in contact with Rore, he saw in him a promising lad. As he was on the lookout for a boy to train as his

"cook," he induced Rore to accept the position. This would be a further opportunity for the ambitious young islander to extend his experience.

The farewells were said with trepidation, for what was this new venture to bring forth? Never had Rore been away from his home island, and now he was launching out on a journey that would take him across the sea to another land, to the white man's community, with all its wonders. Tulagi, the government headquarters, and port of entry to the British Solomon Islands, was to be his future home. Many of his friends strongly urged him to give up the project, for the European was still held in awe and suspiciously regarded by these primitive people. Others were proud that a Dovele son had been so favored by the government official.

And thus it came about that fifteen-year-old Rore found himself on the high seas for the first time in his life, tossing in a strange craft that needed no propelling by hand paddles, but was driven by a strange and noisy "something" that kept a vibration running through his swimming head. Yet this strange white man's canoe was much faster than the frail native ones in which he was accustomed to cruise along the coast, and soon he realized with a start that his native shores were rapidly dropping behind.

As the westerly sun applies his magic brush to the low-hanging nimbus clouds, transforming them into pictures of gold, then pink streaked with crimson, the mauve-velvet hills of Dovele faded into the darkening sea. With a strange pang at his heart, Rore placed his sleeping mat on the deck of the boat and was soon curled up in deep sleep.

(To be continued)

## Words May Be Dynamite

(Continued from page 4)

a flash of fire and a puff of white smoke—that's all, no noise, no power. But dynamite drives down and to the side in all directions when confined. Give us words that have weight, and drive down, breaking the rocks in pieces. A friend of mine who was an expert in mine dynamite blasting decided to remove a stone from his cellar. It was directly under his wife's bed, and she was ill. He knew just how to drill the hole and tamp the charge. The rock came out with no damage to the building or to the sick woman. If men would only control their words as carefully! Did you ever watch the steam hammer at work? The operator controls that tremendous pressure with a slight lever arm, stopping it at any point he desires or bringing down the full blow on the iron or steel beam that he is shaping.

Of Jesus it is said: "They were astonished at His doctrine: for His word was with power." "Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord," says Jeremiah; "and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" And Job observes, "How forcible are right words!"

"A word out of season may mar the course of a whole life," says a Greek proverb. "Sometimes words hurt more than swords," declares a German sage. Swinburne writes: "From sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit." Moral—Watch your words.

F. A. Stahl, veteran missionary to the South American Indians, once said that if he had lost his temper a single time in dealing with these primitive people, it might have required three months for them to regain their confidence in him. Sometimes we wonder if that is not more than true in the case of civilized peoples as we deal one with another.

(Turn to page 14)





COURTESY, SWISS OFFICIAL INFORMATION BUREAU

# David Thompson's Victory

By ZULA MYER SIMPSON

**D**AVID THOMPSON and John Cook had been busy as beavers.

Besides their many chores, there had been ball games, picnics, swimming, and their "special job" of earning money for the missionary whom their Sabbath school teacher, Miss Ross, often told them about when they met every two weeks for special sessions at her home.

There had been many consultations under the fine old oak tree in the Thompson's back yard before the boys had decided just how they could earn some money. Whatever they did, it would be done together, for they had been "pals" since their first-grade days, and when anyone in Woodburn saw either of them, he was surprised if he did not see the other, too.

The minister had given John the new name of Jonathan, and Miss Ross had told them the beautiful story of the Jonathan who had loved his friend David "as he loved his own soul."

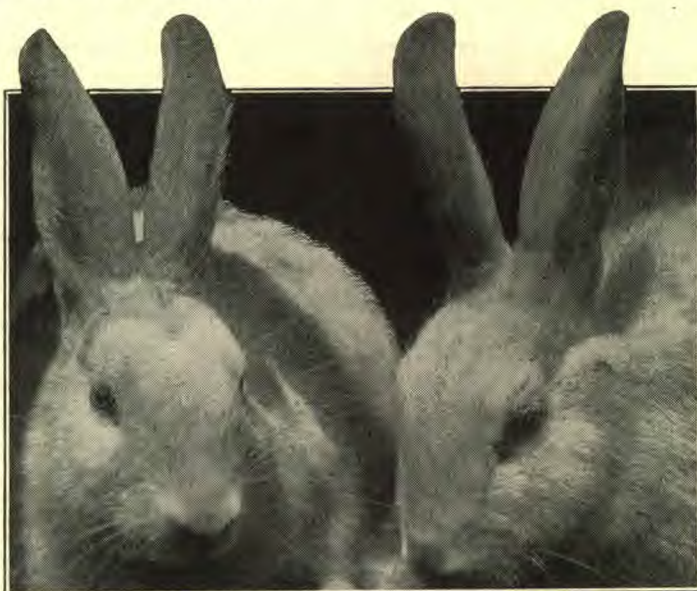
John had been deeply interested, and seemed well pleased thereafter if anyone called him Jonathan. Many did so.

It had been David's plan that they raise rabbits for sale, and Jonathan had suggested that they also make a garden and sell vegetables.

David's parents had gladly allowed the land for their garden and their rabbit pens. Jonathan's home was a very small house on an adjoining lot on which every available spot must be used for berries or vegetables.

After deciding what they would do, the friends were soon busy under the old tree in the back yard, with saw, hammers, and nails. They were happy when the rabbit hutch and pen were completed and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit were at home there.

After that the boys worked early and



ROTOGRAPH CO., N. Y.

"The Boys Were Happy When the Rabbit House and Pen Were Completed and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit Were 'At Home' There"

late with spades, rakes, and hoes until their missionary garden was planted. To be sure, they had weary backs and calloused hands as a result, but how the garden did grow! And how proud they were when almost every seed planted found its way out of the ground and up to the sunlight!

It was not long then until they were selling lettuce, radishes, and onions.

And the rabbits were growing fast also. Everything was "just right" all summer, they agreed as they talked it over.

But "now it will be different," said David to himself, as he kicked a clod on his way to the rabbit pen one morning. He really could not have told you just why things should be different. But he scowled a little when he saw Jonathan hoeing popcorn, which was not at all like David. He did not wish to see Jonathan, but there was no good reason for this, and he knew it.

The trouble was only with himself. He had not slept well. He had been

fighting a battle with the enemy, Satan, and had not been victorious. He had hoped that Jonathan might not come to the garden as usual, and had lingered about the house, which was so unlike his usual way that his mother had said, "What is the matter this morning, David? Why don't you do the chores and feed your rabbits?"

It was like this: A revivalist had come to town to hold a meeting in the little church. The boys were busy in their garden when Jonathan said, "Let's go to the meeting tonight, David. The minister was at our house today, and I like him a lot."

David replied, "We have been working so hard today. I'm too tired to stay in a hot old church and sit on a hard bench. Let's go swimming or sit out here under the tree where it is cool."

"My parents won't want me to go swimming instead of going to meeting," said Jonathan; "but if you are too tired to go, maybe we can stay out here under the tree."

So the friends stayed under the old tree until bedtime.

The next evening David was even more tired. All day Jonathan was very quiet and thoughtful and did not always hear what his friend said. After David had repeated several remarks for

Jonathan, he asked, "What's the matter with you, John? What are you thinking of, that you don't hear me?"

And Jonathan had answered, "Oh, I don't know, unless it's because I keep thinking of how grandma looked at me when I stayed home from church last night."

"How did she look—cross?" asked David.

"Oh, no, it wasn't that," said his friend. "But somehow she made me sorry that I wasn't going. I don't know why, but I am so sorry, and I am going tonight!"

That evening David reluctantly went with his pal when he called for him.

The next evening he made several excuses, but decided to go when he saw that Jonathan would not stay at home with him. The boys sat together, and a thoughtful little cooling breeze blew in at the open window near them. David was not really uncomfortable, but for some reason he was disturbed as he watched Jonathan's face. His pal was



listening intently to the clear voice of the speaker, whose text was, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Joshua 24:15.

At last the sermon was over, and the people were singing a beautiful invitation song. Some were making their choice to accept Jesus as a personal Saviour, and going to the altar. Suddenly Jonathan leaned nearer and put a hand on David's. A little startled, David turned to look at him, and Jonathan's dark eyes looked straight into his blue ones as he whispered, "Come, David; go with me."

Minutes passed, and Jonathan's eyes pleaded with him while David listened to conflicting voices within. They seemed to be saying, "I will!" "I won't!" "I will!" "I won't!"

"I won't!" clamored louder and louder until the sweet words "I will" became very faint. Then David shook his head, pushed Jonathan's hand away, and moved nearer the wall. Jonathan's eyes were downcast and sad as he waited a little longer. The last words of the refrain were being sung when he rose and went alone to the front.

A few minutes later David hurried home alone without speaking to anyone, and went to bed at once. He was not happy the next morning as he went down the path to the garden and the rabbit pen. He hoped John did not see him.

But he did, and came running, hoe in hand, calling eagerly, "Good morning, David! How are you?" His brown eyes were shining, and his new-found happiness radiated from his face as his eyes met those of his friend with a loving smile.

David's eyes were turned away as he muttered, "Good morning! I'm all right."

Jonathan looked surprised. And suddenly a barrier seemed to be between them such as had never been there before. Carefully David avoided Jonathan's eyes as he cared for the rabbits.

Jonathan lingered near and made several attempts at conversation, about the weather, the rabbits, the garden, or what they had planned to do that day. David's replies were so brief that he was perplexed, and at last asked, "Why, David, what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter with me!" was his only reply as he walked away, leaving John quite bewildered and distressed.

Matters had gone on like this for more than a month now, and the boys were never seen together.

Jonathan kept wondering how it had happened or what he had done to offend David. David had a new friend now—Jack Mills—and they rode about a great deal on their bicycles, while the weeds grew in the garden.

"I've tried just everything I can think of," John sadly confided to Grandma Cook one day, "but it's of no use. He doesn't like me any more."

"Never mind, laddie," answered Grandma, wisely. "It's not you that he is fighting against. It's something that you represent—since you have enlisted as a soldier of Jesus. Just hold fast and keep up your courage, and it will be all right someday. Wait and see! There are people praying for him, you know."

Jonathan knew that she was right, but he was hurt again when he looked out one morning and saw David nailing up the gate in the fence between their yards which had been their own private passageway for so long.

"He didn't have to do that," he thought, sadly. "I'll stay home if he doesn't want me over there." But strange to say, this was one of those "all things" that we are told "work together for good" to those who love the Lord, although they may seem hard to bear while they work.

A few days later Jonathan was thinking it all over and feeling very lonely for David, when he heard a great disturbance in the Thompsons' back yard. Knowing that the family had gone away soon after noon, he ran to the fence where he could peep through.

The rabbits were out of their enclosure, and a dog was barking and chasing them wildly about.

Jonathan dashed to the old gateway before he remembered that it was closed. It was a long way around to the other gate; so he found a board to lean against the fence and hastily tried to climb over. He reached the top safely, but in his excitement caught his foot and fell heavily to the ground, striking a small pile of brick near by. When he tried to rise, he felt a sharp, sickening pain in his right arm, and also discovered the blood trickling down from a bad cut on his nose.

But somehow he managed to call to the dog, "Stop that! Get home," and the intruder ran off toward the road in front of the house, while the frightened rabbits huddled together in the fence corner.

Just then David came on his bicycle, for he feared that he had left the door of the hutch open when he gave the rabbits their morning care, and he was very anxious. Jonathan tried to tell him what had happened, but suddenly—for the first time in his life—he fainted, and knew no more until he found himself on the couch in his own home, and the

doctor was entering the door. David, dear David, sat on a chair near him, blinking very hard to keep back the tears. And David would not leave him, but stayed there during the painful process of having the broken bone set and a few stitches taken in his nose.

David did much thinking in the weeks that followed, while his friend's arm was healing. As he watched Jonathan's patience and kind forgiveness toward him, who alone was to blame for his misfortune, he gained a new confidence in his pal and what he represented. He did not have such a good opinion of himself. He was ashamed and sorry, and never again was there a break in their friendship.

He thoroughly enjoyed tearing down the boards he had so unkindly nailed across their gateway, and he was a happy boy when Jonathan could again walk through the gate and sit with him under the old oak tree.

Jonathan's cup of joy seemed running over when a little later David said, "Say, John, that preacher is coming back, I hear. Do you suppose you will be able to go to church with me then? I—I—want you to. I've been thinking a lot about what he said that night you asked me to accept Christ with you, and I'd like to make another choice this time."

That is just what happened, and a little later both boys were baptized.

Choose you this day whom you will serve!

## STAMPS

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.)

AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Vivian Fish, Mount Light, Hyman, South Australia, has stamps of Australia to trade for stamps of other countries.

Michio Fujimoto, P.O. Box 477, Brawley, Colorado, (junior, 1,500 stamps), would like to trade duplicates with other collectors.

### First-Day Stamp Sale at Pitcairn Island

THROUGH the courtesy of D. D. Fitch, Glendale, California, we are able to publish this interesting letter concerning the new Pitcairn Island stamps. Mr. Fitch has been active in helping the dwellers on that lone isle get some of the comforts of civilization, and he hears from them frequently.

"Pitcairn Island, October 19, 1940.

"DEAR MRS. FITCH:

"The most notable day since the ar-

rival of the 'Bounty,' as far as Pitcairn Island is concerned, must have been the fifteenth—last Tuesday. It was then that our post office was opened, Mr. Fuller, the postal official from Fiji, being in attendance to sell the first of our new stamps.

"Previously we have used New Zealand stamps. Our post office was really only an agency for New Zealand. The money obtained from the sale of stamps will be placed in the Pitcairn Island Fund, which will be administered from Fiji by the high commissioner. Sales for the first-day covers did not amount to as much as was expected—about £20,000—only some £4,000 being received, of which amount Pitcairn Island itself was responsible for more than £140. Of course, this included orders that had come in from numerous friends. It took many hours of work to fix up these orders. We had the privilege of preparing some orders for friends of ours, and several nights we were up till after midnight.

"One thing that gave us a good deal of pleasure was sending a set of the stamps on a first-day cover to the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. With some hand lettering, the envelopes contained as well some of the New Zealand stamps—last day of use.

"Not having a sufficient supply of covers, some of the islanders made some envelopes from white paper and brown. We used a few tiny containers that had held Seameal Custard powder. I'm sure Mr. Fuller must have grown very hungry when he detected the beautiful aroma of vanilla custard as he handled the mail! It was good, anyway, that some of those who wrote for first-day covers sent along envelopes with their order. Several orders for envelopes, put in months before, had not arrived at Pitcairn on account of irregular shipping facilities.

"Some of the addresses on the envelopes in which we received orders were interesting. Some wrote to the 'Schoolteacher,' one letter was for the



'Director of Education,' and one gentleman addressed Fred as 'The Reverend Priest in Charge.'

"It was great fun to buy stamps in such large numbers. We bought more stamps on the fifteenth than we had bought at any time in our lives before. We bought them by the sheet—twenty-two sheets of penny stamps and sheets and sheets of other denominations, decreasing in numbers, of course, as we neared the half-crown ones. It was good that Mr. Fuller lent us a 'stamp lick.'

"Of the hundreds of orders that came in for first-day covers, many are still unfilled. Supervised by Mr. Fuller, three or four men are still working away at them. The new stamps have certainly brought a great day for Pitcairn Island.

"MYRTLE."



## Our Life

BY S. C. ROCKWELL

**M**ANY people today do not believe that there is a God. And yet if matters are rightly understood, in this highly scientific age there is more evidence of His existence, and greater reason to believe in Him, than at any previous time.

Among the few who do believe in a God there are still fewer who believe that He has anything to do with the lives of people individually. Many feel that they personally are not noticed by the Majesty of heaven. But if God has nothing to do with us as individuals, then why bother about questions of right and wrong? "A personal Saviour" becomes an empty, meaningless phrase.

Let us see if there is any scientific reason for the feeling that we are independent of God. Chemistry teaches us that our food is oxidized in the body and as a result we have energy. This is true. The digested food is carried to the muscles by the plasma of the blood, and the oxygen from the lungs is also carried by the red corpuscles of the blood to the muscles. In the muscles, oxidation takes place. The nerve impulse acts like the spark plug of the automobile when the electricity jumps the gap, causing the oxygen to combine with the gasoline.

So, in this particular, the question of the energy derived from the food we eat is a question of why, either in the body or outside it, oxygen combines with certain elements and not with others. Stated in a more generalized way, the question is, Why do the elements behave the way they do, or why do they have certain properties?

Years ago, the alchemists tried to change the common things like lead into the rare, valuable elements like gold, but without success. Later, as chemistry became better understood, the alchemist's problem was considered to be an impossibility. At that time the chemists spent much time trying to discover why the elements have certain properties or characteristics of behavior. They thought that the properties were inherited in the elements as personality traits are in human beings.

Much study was given to the behavior of compounds in relation to the properties of the elements in the compounds. No relation could be found. In the case of salt, which is composed of sodium and chlorine, both of which are poisons, while the compound salt is not a poison, the properties of the salt apparently have no relation to the properties of the elements of which it is composed. So again this problem was thrown aside. The logical conclusion was that the behavior of matter is not inherent.

Now again the problem has been changed. Scientists have found out that all matter is composed of electricity. Everything that we see or have to do with—even our own bodies—is made up of exceedingly small particles of both negative and positive electricity. There is every reason to believe that this is so. And it is a very remarkable vindication of a certain truth stated in the Old Book. Electricity is energy. Energy cannot be seen, but everything is composed of the form of energy which we call electricity.

The Bible says, "Things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

So the very rocks and elements are declaring that God still exists; they exist by virtue of the fact that He exists and is causing His plans to be carried out. "By Him all things consist."

All forms of matter not only consist or exist by virtue of God's power, but their behavior is the result of His having a plan and causing that plan to be carried out.

Truly our God is a great God; He is clothed in majesty. His power controls and maintains not only the mighty host of heaven, but also the particles of matter so small that the microscope cannot reveal them. Surely we should praise Him in whom "we live, and move, and have our being."

## Life Says: "I Dare You"

(Continued from page 3)

the meal my wife had prepared for him. While doing so, he asked what my occupation was, and then launched into a bitter attack upon the middle class and their absorption of the wealth of the country. He confessed that he was in hiding from a group of fifth columnists who were seeking his life in a near-by city. Here was a chance for a sharp argument in which I was confident I could show him the folly of the queer communistic philosophy which he said he himself had constructed. But "No," I thought, "he is my guest for an hour;" and I talked kindly to him. His excitement abated, his bitterness subsided, and he went away with the coin I had given him for work in the garden, promising that he would find honest labor somewhere and renounce his former companions. Perhaps it was only a momentary vision for him of a more satisfactory life—I do not know. Possibly he lapsed from his resolution the next day, but I had the satisfaction of seeing him go away blessing instead of cursing me, as might have been the case.

In a world which is daily growing more tumultuous with violence and the obscenities of war, life dares us to be quiet. The serene soul is bombproof, because it is fearproof. Noise and clamor are exhibit "A" for the powers of evil. The mighty, beneficent forces of nature, like gravity, capillary attraction, and molecular activity, are silent. Likewise, the graces of an integrated personality are gentleness, meekness, and a quiet spirit. "Be still, and know that I am God," is a formula for spiritual fulfillment too little understood even by professed Christians long in the way.

As a corollary to the challenge of a meek and quiet spirit, life dares us to be honest and careful in our speech. In an age when honesty is flouted as impractical, and lying propaganda is crowned with the success of military glory and political preferment, life dares us to face reality with barehanded truth. If we are soon to speak the pure language of heaven, we had better begin learning its vocabulary here. Specious modern philosophies are underwritten with the signatures of the gods of this world, but, clear and insistent, the voice of the lowly Nazarene rings with the challenge of eternal life over the decadent systems of men: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Let these words rule our conversation and our daily ministry to humanity.

"Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult

Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'"

## A Garden in a Plot of Winter

(Continued from page 6)

century plant stores up food material in long, large leaves, which contribute to the formation of flowers and fruit. By the time the plant is fully ripe, it is exhausted, and the leaves are withered and dead. Three times during the summer the Queen of the Night, a very large cactus, opens her two hundred flowers of immense size at ten o'clock at night and closes them in the early morning hours. The giant cactus attains a height of fifty-four feet, and the Ferocactus is shaped like a mammoth barrel and is ninety per cent water.

The habitation of the plants of commercial value is called the Economic House. The olive tree was interesting to me in a special way because of the many references to it in the Bible. It has been cultivated since remote antiquity in many warm countries. The average life of the olive tree is seven hundred years, and some now living are supposed to be a thousand years old. Here in the Economic House is also a specimen of the chewing-gum tree, cultivated for its delicious fruit, its juice, and also for its timber. It is sometimes called the "wood of eternal life" because of its extreme durability. There are several perfumery plants from which are obtained some of the most delicate and pleasing perfumes. The sweet scent of the jasmine flowers, which cannot be imitated, is here faintly discernible in the air.

I passed through the Warming House and observed the remarkable pitcher plant and at last arrived at what Lorado Taft once said was the most beautiful room in America. This is the Fernery. Here winding walks permit the observation of one hundred and seventy-five species of the Pteridophyta, or fern family. Overhanging ledges of layer rock are covered with thick green club moss. Sparkling clear water trickles down over the rugged, jutting surfaces of these, and at the foot is the Wishing Pool, from which a streamlet runs through broken rocks to a lily pond. At the Wishing Pool flowering tropical water lilies revel in the glory of their reflected beauty in the peaceful water which is their home. The shores of this pond are graced with long, hanging fronds of Boston ferns and colorful leaves of tropical plants.

Oh! if one could stay forever in this atmosphere of peace and beauty! But if such exquisite loveliness is possible in this world of sin, what must the glories of heaven be, for, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."



In this crisis hour, then, while the nations are holding rendezvous with death, let us heed the challenge of life. If the governments of this world must maintain their existence with hate, a divisive force, let us not forget that God builds His kingdom on love, a constructive force. If modern defense calls for conscription of armies, let us remember that Christ will have none but volunteers. Whatever glory there may be in a cross of war given for prowess on the battlefield, enlistment in the army of Prince Immanuel calls for meekly sharing His cross of shame. For protection against possible betrayal, we fingerprint our aliens; for a guaranty of eternal security, Christ calls us no longer aliens, but friends, and engraves our names in the palms of His hands.

In whatever land we live, to whatever flag we owe allegiance, for whatever government we pledge our service, life's challenges are the same. We have been thinking of life as an animate thing, and rightly so, for God is its author. He is the great personality who issues the summons to do and to dare. All His biddings are enablings, and they lead, in every land, out of war into understanding, out of confusion into tranquility, and out of defeat into high achievements in the realm of the spirit.

## Words May Be Dynamite

(Continued from page 10)

Let us remember that "soft words win hard hearts." The psalmist pictures another thought: "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords." Gray speaks of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and Cowley tells of "words that weep and tears that speak."

Faulty diction! For so many men this has spelled defeat.

Let us consider thoughtfully the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Speak clearly if you speak at all; carve every word before you let it fall."

## Current Events Quiz Answers

1. An Albanian mountain fortress recently captured by the Greeks. 2. The Duke of Windsor, accompanied by his Duchess. 3. Libya. 4. The 149th anniversary of the incorporation of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the United States. The quotation is from Article I. 5. Captain Cook, New Zealand; General James Wolfe, Canada; Lord Robert Clive, India; Earl Kitchener, Egypt. 6. Caesar made this statements; and the phrase, translated, reads: "I came, I saw, I conquered." 7. The "Silver City" is the Albanian town, Argyrokastron. The "Golden Horn" is an arm of the Bosphorus about five miles long which forms the harbor of Istanbul. 8. Dail, Eire; Diet, Japan; Sobranje, Bulgaria. 9. One. General George C. Marshall, chief of staff. 10. Dallas, (b) Cotton Bowl; Miami, (c) Orange Bowl; New Orleans, (d) Sugar Bowl; Pasadena, (a) Rose Bowl. 11. Richard Strauss, Igor Federovich Stravinski, and Jean Sibelius. 12. Captain Johnson might choose the Johnson rifle which he designed and which is being tested for possible use in the Marine Corps. Mr. Garand might choose the rifle he designed, which is standard equipment in the army.

# COUNSEL CORNER

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer  
Department of the General Conference

*I am a student in one of our academies, and I need all the time possible to study. What do you think of my studying my Bible lesson on the Sabbath?*

Study of the Bible is highly appropriate on the Sabbath day. That is one of the purposes of the Sabbath. Read "Education," pages 250 to 252; "Testimonies," Volume VI, page 359. Bible study which reveals God to us more fully and draws us nearer to Him is a due part of Sabbath observance.

But your question suggests a possibly different motive. You have a heavy school program; perhaps you are working your way in part; your time is limited, and you think you might save some time by preparing one of your lessons on the Sabbath, since that lesson is in Bible. Put to yourself the question: "What is my motive? Is it to commune with God through His holy word? or is it to get some scholastic credit? If the latter, would I be using Sabbath time for its proper purpose? Should I carry so heavy a school load as to make a trespass upon the time God has set apart for rest and refreshing and communion? Would that course be beneficial to me, or make me more helpful to my friends and acquaintances, or more appreciative and understanding of my heavenly Father?"

The Sabbath is not a burden. It is meant to be the climax of a week of communion with God, of growing in the knowledge of God. Because our six days are burdened so heavily with duties and cares, "God's love has set a limit to the demands of toil. Over the Sabbath He places His merciful hand. In His own day He preserves for the family, opportunity for communion with Him, with nature, and with one another."—"Education," p. 251. Throughout the week we are constantly to seek and gain lessons of truth from our study of nature, of one another, and of the Bible. Then the Sabbath day, with its greater leisure, affords opportunity for us to meditate and to study more deeply the problems and questions that came up in our week's life. Let us measure the capacity of our working week, and suit the load to it; then on the Sabbath day let us be free to commune quietly and in peace with God, with nature, and with one another. A. W. SPALDING.

*I am employed as a dishwasher in a hotel. I have the Sabbath off with the exception of Friday night, when I have to work. The kitchen steward said that he could not consider giving me Friday evening. Is it allowable to do that work in order to keep my job?*

I appreciate your difficulties, but is not this a plain question of whether you will obey God or man? We know that the Sabbath begins at sundown on Friday and ends at sundown on Saturday. Lev. 23:32. The whole of the Sabbath is sacred time, and none of it is to be given to secular business. "We should jealously guard the edges of the Sabbath."—"Testimonies," Vol. VI, p. 356. It is clear that if you are to keep the Sabbath you cannot use the first part of the Sabbath day, Friday evening, in doing secular work.

It is possible that you might lose your job if you insist on having free the beginning as well as the end of the Sabbath day, but "the Lord is able to give thee much more than this." 2 Chron. 25:9. "Our heavenly Father has a thousand ways to provide for us of which we know nothing. Those who accept the one principle of making the service of God supreme, will find perplexities vanish, and a plain path before their feet."—"Ministry of Healing," p. 481.

I pray for you God's blessing and grace as you take the straight road and endure the test. A. W. SPALDING.

P.S. The above counsel was sent to the young man before publication here, and the following word has been received from him in reply: "I spoke to the kitchen steward, and he said: 'Well, I think it will be all right.' He thought it over, and later he came to me and said, 'Yes, it will be all right. I don't like to see a fellow down and out. I know that Saturday is the right day to keep. My wife used to be a Seventh-day Adventist.' So, as time goes on, I feel more and more convinced that our heavenly Father takes care of those who are faithful to Him." A. W. S.

# SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

## SENIOR YOUTH

### VI—Beginning of Paul's First Missionary Journey

(February 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13:1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: Psalms 1:6.

LESSON HELP: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 160-171.

## THE LESSON

1. As prophets and teachers ministered before the Lord at Antioch, what message came to them? Acts 13:1, 2.

2. How were Saul and Barnabas set apart for their work? Verse 3.

NOTE.—"Both Paul and Barnabas had already received their commission from God Himself, and the ceremony of the laying on of hands added no new grace or virtual qualification. It was an acknowledged form of designation to an appointed office, and a recognition of one's authority in that office. By it the seal of the church was set upon the work of God."—"Acts of the Apostles," pp. 161, 162.

3. By whom were these men really sent on their mission? To what place did they go? Verse 4.

4. Where did the apostles first preach on the island of Cyprus? Who is mentioned as being with them to help in the work? Verse 5.

5. Crossing the island, whom did they find at Paphos? Verse 6.

6. With what prominent officer was this sorcerer connected? What did the deputy desire to hear? What did Elymas seek to do? Verses 7, 8.

NOTE.—"Not without a struggle does Satan allow the kingdom of God to be built up in the earth. The forces of evil are engaged in unceasing warfare against the agencies appointed for the spread of the gospel; and these powers of darkness are especially active when the truth is proclaimed before men of repute and sterling integrity. Thus it was when Sergius Paulus, the deputy of Cyprus, was listening to the gospel message. The deputy had sent for the apostles, that he might be instructed in the message they had come to bear; and now the forces of evil, working through the sorcerer Elymas, sought



with their baleful suggestions to turn him from the faith, and so thwart the purpose of God."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 167.

7. By what name is Saul henceforth called? How was Elymas punished for his wickedness? Verses 9-11.

NOTE.—"The sorcerer had closed his eyes to the evidences of gospel truth; and the Lord, in righteous anger, caused his natural eyes to be closed, shutting out from him the light of day. This blindness was not permanent, but only for a season, that he might be warned to repent, and seek pardon of the God whom he had so grievously offended. The confusion into which he was thus brought, made of no effect his subtle arts against the doctrine of Christ."—*Id.*, p. 168.

8. What impression was made on the deputy by this experience of the sorcerer? Verse 12.

9. When the apostles left Paphos, to what place did they go? Who left them there? Where did he go? Verse 13.

NOTE.—John Mark was a nephew of Barnabas. His mother was a Christian, and it was at her home that the disciples had met to pray for the deliverance of Peter. Barnabas "felt anxious that Mark should not abandon the ministry, for he saw in him qualifications that would fit him to be a useful worker for Christ. In afteryears his solicitude in Mark's behalf was richly rewarded; for the young man gave himself unreservedly to the Lord and to the work of proclaiming the gospel message in difficult fields. Under the blessing of God, and the wise training of Barnabas, he developed into a valuable worker."—*Id.*, p. 170. (See 2 Tim. 4:11.)

10. Why should one not fear opposition to the truth of God's word? 2 Cor. 13:8.

NOTE.—"The efforts made to retard the progress of truth will serve to extend it. The excellence of truth is more clearly seen from every successive point from which it may be viewed. Error requires disguise and concealment. It clothes itself in angel robes, and every manifestation of its real character lessens its chance of success."—*Testimonies*, Vol. V, p. 454.

11. To what place did the two missionaries next go? What invitation was extended to them by the rulers of the synagogue? Acts 13:14, 15.

NOTE.—"Though Paul and Barnabas were on a special mission to the Gentiles, yet they availed themselves of every opportunity to offer the gospel to the Jews first. 'The rulers of the synagogue.' Those were persons who had the general charge of the synagogue and its service, to keep everything in order, and to direct the affairs of public worship. They designated the individuals who were to read the law; and called on those whom they pleased to address the people. . . . Seeing that Paul and Barnabas were Jews, though strangers, they sent to them, supposing it probable that they would wish to address their brethren."—*Barnes*.

## JUNIOR

### VI—The Rich Young Ruler

(February 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 19:16-30.  
PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 10:17-31;  
Luke 18:18-30.

MEMORY VERSE: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Matt. 19:17.

STUDY HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 518-523; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 390-396 (new edition, pp. 397-402).

PLACE: Probably in Perea, beyond Jordan.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; a rich young ruler.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Jesus and His disciples were traveling along the east side of the Jordan toward Jerusalem. The rich young man who came running, in his earnestness, to Jesus, was no doubt the ruler of one of the synagogues of the country.

#### QUESTIONS

1. While Jesus was walking along the way, who came to Him in haste? What question did he ask? Matt. 19:16; Mark 10:17.

NOTE.—This young man regarded himself as a commandment keeper, but he seemed to fear that something might be overlooked. He wanted eternal life; and here was the Great Teacher, who perhaps would make his duty still clearer, or would at least commend his commandment keeping. So he ventured the question.

2. What question did Jesus ask in return? What did He say concerning God? Matt. 19:17, first part.

NOTE.—"Jesus desired to test the ruler's sincerity, and to draw from him the way in which he regarded Him as good. Did he realize that the one to whom he was speaking was the Son of God? What was the true sentiment of his heart?"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 518.

3. What did Jesus tell the young man he must do if he would be saved? Verse 17, last part.

4. What did the young man then ask? In replying, what commandments did Jesus repeat? Verses 18, 19.

NOTE.—There were so many man-made laws, rules, and regulations at that time, concerning the washing of hands, the observance of the Sabbath, and all the other forms of religion, that it is not surprising that the young man should ask which of the commandments Jesus meant.

5. Of what law are these a part? Ex. 20:3-17.

6. What did the young ruler claim to have done already? What also did he want to know? Matt. 19:20.

NOTE.—In outward form, the young man had made the commandments his rule of life. He could remember no special act of disobedience. But he was not satisfied, or he would not have come to Jesus for help. He lacked heart devotion, the supreme love to God and his fellow man which would enable him to keep the spirit of the law as well as the letter.

7. What test of his earnestness and love did Jesus then place before him? Verse 21.

NOTE.—"Christ looked into the face of the young man, as if reading his life and searching his character. He loved him, and He hungered to give him that peace and grace and joy which would materially change his character. . . . Jesus saw in this ruler just the help He needed if the young man would become a collaborer with Him in the work of salvation. If he would place himself under Christ's guidance, he would be a power for good. In a marked degree the ruler could have represented Christ; for he possessed qualifications, which, if he were united with the Saviour, would enable him to become a divine force among men. Christ, seeing into his character, loved him. Love for Christ was awakening in the ruler's heart; for love begets love. Jesus longed to see him a coworker with Him. He longed to make him like Himself, a mirror in which the likeness of God would be reflected. He longed to develop the excellence of his character, and sanctify it to the Master's use. If the ruler had then given himself to Christ, he would have grown in the atmosphere of His presence. If he had made this choice, how different would have been his future!"—*Id.*, p. 519.

8. How did the young man meet this crisis in his life? Verse 22.

NOTE.—The way in which the young ruler rejected the counsel of Jesus proves that he had not kept the commandments as well as he thought he had. "He showed that riches were his idol. He could not keep the commandments of God while the world was first in his affections. He loved the gifts of God more than he loved the Giver." He lacked the very spirit and life of all the commandments—unselfish love for God and man.

"Christ gave this man a test. He called upon him to choose between the heavenly treasure and worldly greatness. The heavenly treasure was assured him if he would follow Christ. But self must yield; his will must be given into Christ's control. . . . The choice was left with him. Jesus was yearning for his conversion. He had shown him the plague spot in his character, and with what deep interest He watched the issue as the young man weighed the question. If he decided to follow Christ, he must obey His words in everything. He must turn from his am-

bitious projects. With what earnest, anxious longing, what soul hunger, did the Saviour look at the young man, hoping that he would yield to the invitation of the Spirit of God."—*Id.*, pp. 519, 520.

9. What did his turning away from Christ and eternal life cause Jesus to say concerning rich men? Verse 23.

10. When the disciples were astonished, with what change did Jesus repeat these words? Mark 10:24.

11. How did He still further emphasize the hindrance of great riches to one who would enter the kingdom? Matt. 19:24.

NOTE.—By a "rich man" is doubtless here meant one who loves his riches, makes an idol of them, trusts in them. While one cherishes this feeling it is literally impossible for him to be a Christian.

12. What question did the disciples ask? How did Jesus answer? Verses 25, 26.

13. Why is it difficult for the rich to enter into the kingdom of God?

Answer.—"Why is it so difficult for the rich to enter into the kingdom of God? (1) Because they feel that they have so much to give up to Christ; (2) because of the tendency to trust in riches, and not to feel the need of a Saviour; (3) because riches are apt to engender pride that will not stoop to the humble service of God; (4) because rich men are apt to be allied in business and socially with many who are not Christians, and it requires great courage and faith to break away; (5) because in many cases they will have to restore ill-gotten riches, to change their business or methods of business and sources of gain, which are not truly Christian."—*Peloubet*.

14. What did Peter ask concerning himself and the other disciples? Verse 27.

15. What was promised to them in the world to come? What was promised in this life? Verses 28-30.

NOTE.—If the young ruler had decided to surrender all for Christ, even in this life he would have received a hundredfold. A few years after his rejection of Christ he suffered the ravaging of his possessions by the Roman legions, whereas Christ's disciples introduced on earth a new and blessed kingdom, the influence of which has widened all down the ages. The young ruler might have had a part in this great work, and rejoiced in its triumph. In the world to come he would have received the eternal life he so much wanted, but refused to accept. Now his name and influence are unknown and unfelt.

#### Choosing

Who besides the young ruler must choose between his own way and the way of God?

What is the possible effect of one right choice?

What is the possible effect of one wrong choice?

What is the effect of many right or many wrong decisions?

Is there any way to avoid choosing between right and wrong?

## The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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# THE LISTENING POST

★ NEARLY 100,000 factory workers in Japan were permitted to return to their homes in the country for ten days at harvesttime to assist in gathering 1940 crops.

★ HERR VON RIBBENTROP of Germany knows no Italian, and Count Ciano of Italy knows no German; so when the two hold council, they use English, which they both can speak.

★ BECAUSE of soap rationing in Germany, manufacturers of electric razors are finding it hard to meet the demands. Among popular substitutes for soap for various purposes is finely ground white sand.

★ THE War Department's statistics show there is a bit of every one of the forty-eight States of the United States in each of the flying fortress bombers which are being manufactured by the Boeing Aircraft Company.

★ SCIENTISTS at the Smithsonian Institution say that green fields and forests give off a ghastly red light. Though this is invisible to human eyes, except with special instruments, it is of fundamental importance in the study of the basic physical processes of life on earth.

★ THE British Board of Trade in London has rejected the plea of the British corset manufacturers' association to reconsider a recent order cutting home sales of corsets and women's foundation garments 50 per cent of last year's volume as a war measure. The manufacturers argued in vain that corsets are a necessity, not a luxury. Their plea was denied in connection with the board of trade's statement that British corsets consume 3,000 tons of steel annually.

★ THE Live Oak Society of Indiana is unique among American organizations. Dr. Edwin Lewis Stephens, who founded it, is the only human member; the society's other members are venerable Louisiana live oaks. There are about 120 of them listed on the rolls of the society, each one more than 100 years old. Oaks less than 100 years of age are eligible in the "junior league." Each tree's owner watches over it and collects yearly dues—twenty-five acorns to be planted for saplings for Louisiana State highways.

★ THE United States Army Medical Library recently announced the acquisition of 62 medical manuscripts, most of them in Arabic, but a few in Turkish and Persian. These date, variously, from the nineteenth century back to 1094 A.D. Literally refugees from the European wars, these 62 volumes were permitted to leave England by special permission of His Majesty's government, only with the understanding that they would be purchased for the famous Army Library, largest of its kind in the world. They represent 40 years of arduous, painstaking collecting on the part of their former owner, an unnamed scholar who bargained for them with sultans, sheiks, and tribesmen from North Africa to Suez and beyond. All the books are handwritten. The most precious of all the collection is the chief work of Razi, or Rhazes, "The Arabian Hippocrates," which was written in 1094, when the Battle of Hastings was still the topic of conversation. This manuscript was in the possession of one family in Mesopotamia (Iraq) for almost 600 years.

★ THE old Spanish custom of eating late and staying up still later has been forbidden by government decree from Madrid. Spaniards must now be through with lunch by two-thirty in the afternoon, and with dinner by nine-thirty in the evening. Theaters must close by midnight, and night clubs and bars by 1 A.M. Private home parties cannot continue later than one o'clock. This will conserve fuel and electricity.

★ MRS. BERNARDINE RATHMELL, of Effingham, Illinois, has a unique hobby. In the past year she has assembled ten thousand buttons. She chooses her specimens by age, and refuses to accept anything less than fifty years old.

★ LACK of oxygen at the high altitudes attained by modern war planes often increases the "blind area" in a pilot's field of vision. Scientific tests show that this blind area can be reduced by putting strychnine drops in the eyes.

★ THE intensified gun barrage which the English are putting up against invading planes is so terrific that the birds in the trees are falling dead by thousands.

★ It is said upon good authority that 1,000 wells are drilled each month in the United States in seeking for oil. These run from a few feet to two miles in depth, and the cost is estimated at \$250,000.

★ IN response to an appeal by Lord Beaverbrook, minister of aircraft production, British housewives have donated tons of aluminum pots and pans—enough, in fact, to make 500 fighter and bomber planes.

★ TREASURE ISLAND, dredged from San Francisco Bay to provide a site for the Pacific Golden Gate International Exposition, is being considered as a location for a new United States naval base and a municipal airport.

★ AND now we have the silenced airplane. The Piper Aircraft Corporation has announced that an exhaust muffler is to be fitted on all its new planes. This development may prove extremely important because of its effect upon the mental comfort of pilots, flight students, and passengers.

★ CANADIANS must get along without passenger automobiles and a variety of processed foods, clothing, and luxuries usually imported from the United States for the duration of the war. This is brought about by import license and taxation, to prevent dissipation of needed foreign exchange for nonessential commodities. A ban on the importation of passenger automobiles will end a trade which was valued at more than \$8,000,000 for the first nine months of last year. A number of periodicals were also placed on the list of prohibited imports.

★ STUDENTS in social-science classes in the Georgetown School of Pennsylvania were arguing on the relative merits of dictatorship and democracy. Said one of the group, "Democracy is inefficient. We would have better classes if there were dictation by the teacher and less student participation." Accepting the challenge, the instructor operated the class on a totalitarian basis for two weeks as an experiment. He prescribed all classroom activities, made all decisions, and even appointed two students to act as secret police. At the end of two weeks the students voted unanimously to return to democracy.

★ THE Columbia Broadcasting System recently put into effect a new policy which bars from its "sustaining" or noncommercial programs all music controlled by the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. This association controls the copyright on approximately 90 per cent of the music played over the radio in the United States. By the new policy which CBS has adopted, it takes the initiative in a music price war, since the five-year contract between station owners and the A.S.C.A.P. has expired and must be renewed if the music they control is to be played. Their terms for renewal would double their present income. The broadcasters have set up a rival organization under the name of Broadcast Music Incorporated, which will be under their own control.



1. What and where is Argyrokastron?
2. What member of the British royal family recently visited the United States?
3. War bulletins speak of the "Cyrenaican frontier zone." Where is it?
4. These words, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," were recalled at a recent anniversary celebration. What was the occasion?
5. These "empire builders"—Captain James Cook, General James Wolfe, Lord Robert Clive, Earl Kitchener—helped Great Britain gain control of the following places: India, Egypt, New Zealand, and Canada. Match the man with the country with which his name is most often associated.
6. Who said at the close of a successful military campaign, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," and what do these words mean?
7. Speaking of the Balkans in geography, can you identify: "The Silver City" and the "Golden Horn"?
8. Dail, Diet, and Sobranje are the names for parliaments in the following countries: (a) Eire; (b) Japan; (c) Bulgaria. Match the country with each parliament.
9. How many full generals are active in the United States Army?
10. In these cities—Dallas, Miami, New Orleans, and Pasadena—the football championships of (a) the Rose Bowl; (b) the Cotton Bowl; (c) the Orange Bowl; (d) the Sugar Bowl were played on New Year's Day. Match each city with its stadium.
11. The "three B's" of classical music are Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Can you name the "three S's" (all living) of modern music?
12. Suppose for the sake of illustration that Captain Melvin Johnson and John C. Garand fought a duel. What weapons do you think each might choose?

