

The YOUTH'S

LIBRARY

INSTRUCTOR



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

"Take What God Gives, O Heart of Mine,
and Build Your House of Happiness Today"

way down, and the coyotes kept getting the turkeys, till my small brothers—you know, the twins—started herding them this summer. And the price on turkeys is so low that we never thought we'd make it. And now, to be here! Actually to *be here*, studying, with all the books I could ask for at hand—" She broke off suddenly, and once more the quick smile crinkled her nose and showed a wide row of shining teeth. "Why *shouldn't* I pinch myself?" she demanded.

Edna was to remember that conversation a month later. By that time she had gathered additional information about Mary's home. "I want to wear these stockings as soon as I can," Mary had confided one night as she bent over the washbasin. "I've only three pairs of silk hose to my name. Ann—you know, the one who's fourteen, and a freshman in 'high'—Ann gave me one pair of them. Aunt Ann sent them to her for her birthday. I didn't want to take them. In fact, I told her I wouldn't, but when I unpacked, there they were, where she had slipped them in. Even the baby contributed. Sue is seven, but

SCRAPS

By MARJORY BAKER

IN her gaily curtained room at Sussex Hall, Mary Larsen sat before a study table piled high with reference books. Mary was far from pretty; her nose was decidedly snub, and the freckles which had been aided and abetted by the sun and the wind on her father's Wyoming homestead, still stood out plainly. But her eyes were clear and sparkling, and she had a fresh, scrubbed look—shining, one might say.

Suddenly her roommate, who was lying flat on her stomach in the middle of the bed, reading, burst out laughing.

"Mary Larsen," she said, "do you know what you did then, or are you too deep in that physiology to be conscious?"

Mary's nose crinkled in an answering smile. "I know what I did," she said. "I pinched myself. Don't you ever pinch yourself?"

"Not deliberately," Edna answered. "And not till it leaves a black-and-blue spot. Penance went out with the Dark Ages. Or maybe it was with the nineteenth century. Anyway, it is definitely out now."

But Mary's face was suddenly serious. "It's not penance," she explained. "I just wanted to be sure I was awake. All through high school and the two years after I was graduated, I *dreamed* about college. And we worked and planned and saved—all of us—so that I could come. First came the drouth which destroyed the wheat crop; then cattle prices went

she is still our baby." Going to her handkerchief box, she drew out a vividly printed Mickey Mouse handkerchief. "See? She said she wanted to put something in my 'hopeless trunk.'"

"Hopeless trunk!" Edna gasped.

"Gerry named it that," Mary laughed. "Mother heard him explaining to Gerald one night that 'hope chests' were for getting married. A girl accumulated spoons and dish towels and pillowcases if she were planning to be married. But since I was planning for school, and not to be married, mine must be a 'hopeless trunk'!"

In fact, Edna had learned a great deal about that Wyoming ranch in the month before the telegram came to Mary.

(Turn to page 3)

LET'S TALK IT OVER

I*T is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."*

These eleven words mean little as they stand in cold print, but translated into concrete experience they live, and speak with an eloquence that challenges attention.

IT had been a hard day. The young man in the cockpit pulled his helmet closer and shrugged his padded leather jacket to fasten the last clasp beneath his chin. It was cold on patrol duty up there above the white clouds. Some sailed the blue of the sky like graceful, carefree pleasure boats flitting here and there in the summer breeze; others rode the ether waves like grim, giant battleships in formation. Hour after hour he had cruised about, every instant keeping a sharp lookout for enemy planes. Three times he had found them below, above, around him and zoomed to attack. Twice his accurate gunfire had sent his adversaries scurrying away toward their home bases and comparative safety. Once he had watched while the pilot who had made every effort to outshoot and outmaneuver him fell earthward with his plane in a burst of flame.

But in the fourth fight he had been wounded. His brain seemed to cease functioning for an instant, and then it reeled in sheer agony of the hurt and the realization that this was the end for him. He had been shot through the eye. Never could he fly his beloved "bird" again!

In the anguish of the moment, he decided to let the plane crash and end it all then and there. But a second, soberer thought held his hands on the control levers. True, he would never fly that ship again, but another pilot could if it were landed safely on the airdrome field. And how desperately king and country needed even this *one* plane to defend the cause of liberty and democracy!

Half blinded, and suffering excruciating pain, he put forth an effort that took the full total of his strength and self-control, and turned his craft toward squadron headquarters. As he circled the field, he told his story to anxious officers and comrades, and received the "bale out" order. All was in readiness. The ground crew were at their stations. An ambulance awaited him.

But again the insistent thought of his responsibility for the costly machine which had been entrusted to his care intruded itself. If only he

could land it right side up and unharmed! There was one chance in a hundred. But if he should jump, the plane would surely crash into a pile of twisted, tangled junk.

Anxious watchers on the field saw the great air bird circle above them once—twice—three times! He was not going to jump! He was coming down! Closer — closer — closer! What a perfect landing!

When they opened the cockpit, they found a limp, bloodstained, unconscious pilot slumped over the controls. He had made a supreme effort to keep faith—and had won!

Perhaps this courageous youth of the R. A. F. had never heard those eleven words from Holy Writ which picture his heroic action, but he lived them!

"It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

ON a beautiful plateau in a far land across the sea stood the plain, substantial, attractive buildings of a Christian college. It was an industrial school, operated for the training of hand and heart and head. A vanguard of earnest, industrious, practical missionaries had laid the foundations of this institution, so that the youth in this corner of the Orient might obtain a Christian education, and be prepared to go out among their fellow countrymen to preach not only by precept but by example the loving-kindness of the true God. Its products were well known, and there was a wide demand for them in the business world within the not-small sphere of its influence. A busy, happy, prosperous community was this spot of Christendom in a heathen land.

Then war clouds gathered. Suddenly the storm of shot and shell broke miles away. But gradually the limits of the battlefield widened until an invading army occupied the town at the foot of the plateau and the villages round about.

Hurriedly the foreigners on the campus packed what necessities they could carry as hand luggage and made ready to leave. The nationals—students and teachers alike—had vanished—that is, almost!

The school buildings, the industrial plant, and the surrounding homes were closed and locked. The principal, anxiety and concern written in every line of his expressive face, was speaking with two young men who had volunteered to stay by the plant and if possible save it for the mission

and for their people. He placed the keys in their hands, gave them a few words of counsel, knelt with them in earnest prayer, and then, with a "God bless you," was on his way. A strange, unusual quiet settled down over the moonlit, tree-shaded grounds.

Came morning, and unwelcome visitors. They were a law unto themselves. They recognized rights of neither owners nor guardians. They asked everything—and at last they took it at the point of gun and bayonet. The two young men did their best by Christlike persuasion to keep the special trust which had been committed to them—"even unto death."

Again the meaningful words of the apostle Paul have been lived—not merely spoken—

"It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

IF you do not marry me, I shall kill you."

The angry youth flourished his gun and explained in picturesque Spanish that this was no idle threat.

"But I am a Seventh-day Adventist, Tonio," the calm, steady-eyed girl explained. "And unless you, too, accept Jesus as your Saviour, share my hope of His soon coming, and keep His commandments as they are written in the Bible, I cannot become your wife."

"But you promised, Maria."

"Yes, Tonio, but that was before I knew Jesus."

"I shall go away for twenty-four hours; then I shall come again. If you have not decided to give up this seventh-day Sabbath and marry me, I shall surely kill you."

"My answer will be the same tomorrow, Tonio, as it is today. My life is not my own to give away; it belongs to Jesus. I must keep His command not to be 'unequally yoked' with those who do not obey His commandments."

Unafraid, entirely trustful, Maria lived the last day of her life—for Tonio kept his word.

Oh, yes, friend o' mine, "*it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.*"

WHAT kind of steward are you? Am I? Are we keeping the treasure of our lives, and the special message which God has entrusted to us for the world today, as faithfully as we should? As we will wish we had kept it when the Master comes to claim His own?

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

The telegram was direct, frugal. Even in the midst of overwhelming tragedy, father had kept within the ten-word limit.

"Come. Accident. Mother killed. Sue not expected to live."

Mary did not weep. She sat stunned. It was Edna who ran for the dean, and, sobbing, laid out Mary's suit and Ann's birthday hose, and packed the Mickey Mouse handkerchief in the "hopeless trunk."

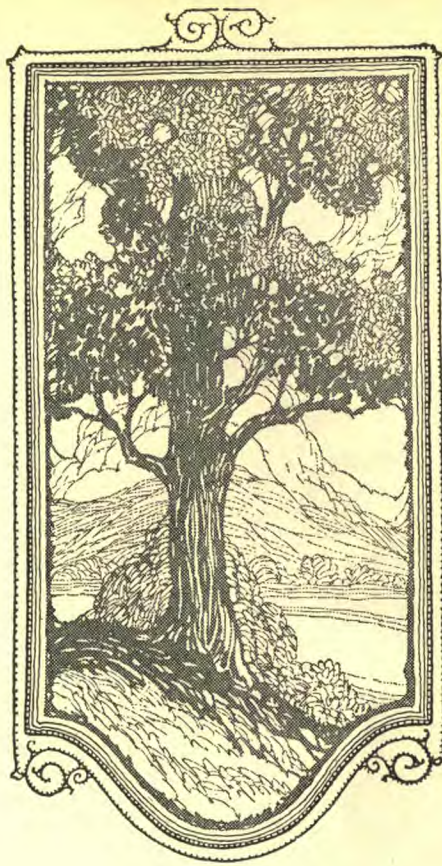
Mary could never remember clearly the trip home, or the funeral, or even the long weeks of nursing Sue to as near health as she would ever know again. Mother had always been there, in the background, quiet and steady, like—why, like the mountains! Mary thought one day as she looked toward the west. And now mother was gone. Father went about his work more quietly than ever, and Sue would always limp.

But the months passed slowly, and the numbness vanished, but there came to Mary a despondency such as she had never known. She had always loved school, and books, and learning. Those few months at college had been perfect! Now it was over. Before her lay nothing but the dull routine of dishes and cooking and patching, stretching out, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—churning—sweeping—packing lunches—counting the pennies—

And mother was gone!

Mary tried to be kind to the others, but the drabness pressed down, enveloping her. Sometimes she felt that she must scream, or that unless she ran, she would be smothered. And often before she knew it she had spoken sharply to her father or to Ann. Sue was fretful and hard to please. Once Mary slapped her little crippled sister, hard. And then they both cried—Sue because she wanted mother, and Mary because she remembered the laughing, dancing little girl who had given her treasured Mickey Mouse handkerchief. Had it been only a year ago? It seemed ages. Gerry had named the trunk better than he knew when he said "hopeless," she reflected bitterly.

The months passed, and it was the fall of 1940. Norway, Belgium, Holland, and France had fallen—victims of war. A ruthless foe battered at England with hordes of bombing planes. The United States was in the midst of the most dramatic Presidential campaign in nearly a century. The Larsens did not take a daily paper, for news was no longer news by the time the mail carrier reached their out-of-the-way homestead. Their electricity, supplied by a wind charger,



Prayer

By HELEN FRANCES SMITH

**Oh, God, I am so newly come
Upon this path I walk with Thee;
I am so strange; my feet
So unaccustomed to this way.
If my heart should falter toward
despair,
My eyes forsake Thy light,
Grant Thy love may bear me up,
May set my erring feet
Serene and sure upon the far
ascent
Until I rest in Thee.**

was not too dependable; so the radio was often silent, and most of the power was hoarded for the news broadcasts to which the entire family looked forward eagerly.

But it was not yet news time when Mary dropped down before the radio one October day. The children were in school, and her father, joining the other ranchers in the fall roundup, had gone to the summer ranges higher to the west. His absence made extra work, and Mary was tired than usual that day. Tired and lonely, so lonely that she said recklessly to herself as she turned the dial, "I don't care if we *can't* spare the electricity! I'm going to hear someone talk!"

She turned aimlessly for a while—market reports—transcribed dance music so tin-panny that it sent a shiver down her spine—a Denver woman running a gauntlet of ques-

tions about this, that, and the other, for a pair of movie tickets. Then there came, as she turned, this scrap of poem—

"Take what God gives, O heart of mine,
And build your house of happiness today.
Perhaps some have been given more,
But many have been given less—"

Mary heard no more. Quickly her mind flashed to pictures she had seen of war refugees. Tired children—old people—homeless—struggling forward into the unknown with their pitiful possessions.

"But many have been given less."

Mary turned off the radio. She had let the fire go out, and the room was chilly. She brought a folded quilt from the room which she shared with Ann, and stretched out on the couch in the living room. The cushions under her head were soft. She remembered the day they had picked the geese for feathers for those cushions. Gerald, the solemn twin, had watched the vehemently protesting old gander for a time, and then announced, "Mother, he doesn't approve;" and the laugh wrinkles had gathered around mother's eyes as she replied, "No, he quite evidently does *not* approve."

Mary snuggled deeper into the pillows, pulled the quilt up under her chin, and relaxed on the familiar old springs. When you are tired, it is good to rest. But suppose you could not rest; suppose—of course, it could never happen here—but suppose you lived where you could not rest—where any minute might bring a siren's warning of an approaching air raid.

—"many have been given less!"

But—

"Take what God gives, O heart of mine,
And build your house of happiness today."

Mary lay there a long time, and when she rose, rested, there was a new strength in her heart, a new light in her eyes. The washing and the ironing had been done earlier in the week, and she went to the sewing box and took out Sue's dress material. She had had little time to sew during the summer, but it was fun to lay the small pattern on the red-checked gingham, to rummage in the piece bag for a scrap of white broadcloth for collar and cuffs. Perhaps, if she hurried, she could finish it tomorrow, and Sue would have it new for Sabbath school.

Sabbath school. That started a new train of thought. The superintendent had asked her only last week to take the class of junior girls. When Mary hesitated, he suggested that she think it over. She thought it over now. Surely people, *everyone*, needed strength today. (Turn to page 13)



EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

"Yes, You Are in the Army Now, but You Are There With God; You Are There for a Purpose. Find That Purpose and Fulfill His Plan for You"

You're in the Army Now

By CARLYLE B. HAYNES

Part III

ALL men may have this conviction of the divine calling which we have been discussing. There is something very solemn about it when we believe God has a plan for our lives, that He has marked out some special thing for each man to do, which it will most certainly be the chief glory of his life to accomplish. It makes a man straighten his shoulders and lift up his head.

How it changes life when we so look at it. You belong to God. God is with you. He is with you in the Army. He has something for you to do in the Army, and it will be the chief glory of your life to accomplish

this thing which God has marked out for you.

Things do not happen by chance. God has a definite life plan for His children; He prepares each one for some exact thing. Most of us never think that God has a definite outline for our lives. "That may be true of others," we say, "but not of us."

Life has no meaning to many people. They feel themselves to be too humble for God to have a special work for them. They are creatures of chance. This thing happens, and they sway this way. That thing happens, and they sway that way. They are moved, and pulled, and pushed

here and there by conditions. They are creatures of conditions, and allow conditions to mold them.

How it would change their lives if they would but believe this truth as it is revealed in the Scriptures! God declares that He has given "to every man his work." Moreover, He gives talents to every man—to some few; to some many. There are those who have but one talent, but regardless of the number, all talents are given to fulfill God's purpose and plan arranged beforehand. No matter where you are, no matter how obscure or how lowly you may be, God has a plan for you.

Do you remember what Christ said about Himself and His purpose in the world? He was speaking to Pilate, just before His crucifixion. The record is: "Pilate therefore said unto Him, Art Thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world."

That which Christ said of Himself you can say with equal positiveness of yourself. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." There is a definite, marked-out purpose for your existence.

How often this truth is emphasized in the Scriptures. Think of Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees. He was surrounded by idol worship, and all his family were idolaters. Yet he was called out away from his home with a plan all arranged, which he would discover only by following God's direction step by step. Abraham did not know where he was going when he started. He did not know what it was all about, but he followed God's call, and God opened His plan to him as he followed.

Think of Joseph with those childhood dreams revealing his marked-out, prearranged destiny, so that when it was all worked out and he was prime minister of Egypt, he could say to his brethren, who had done him terrible injustice and sold him into slavery, "Be not angry with yourselves. It was not you who sent me here, but God."

It is wonderful to be able to look back and see such a truth as that. It is more wonderful to be able to look forward and believe that God has you in His keeping and that everything that happens to you happens in accordance with a well-arranged plan that God has for you. God has the ordering of your life. Do you believe that? If you do, you will face your duties in the Army in an altogether different way from that in which you would otherwise. You will be searching to find God's plan for you, and seeking to carry it out.

Every circumstance of life has its mission from God, and fulfills for you some part of His plan. Look for a moment at these words which Paul wrote in his Roman letter, and consider their (*Turn to page 12*)

Not by Bread Alone

By MARIE PFEIFLE

NEWSPAPERS and magazine advertisements, billboards, radio sales talks, and window displays continually urge the modern man to purchase various products, which are guaranteed to increase his health and efficiency. Indeed, the average American has become so vitamin-conscious and calorie-conscious that the present era might be termed the Health Age. Nor has the efficacy of exercise in the pursuit of vigor and vitality been overlooked. Some men have spent hours on the golf links, the baseball diamond, or the bathing beach, while others have followed systematic programs of calisthenics.

This emphasis on biological efficiency has tended to promote the development of physical giants, who, too often, are mentally undernourished. Although physicians quite readily diagnose bodily malnutrition, they are unable to recognize a deficiency in the mental dietary. Mental malnutrition, although somewhat intangible, is nevertheless as real as that of the physical organism. Moreover, each person can check his regimen to ascertain whether he is securing adequate food.

For physical sustenance, proportionate amounts of protein, fat, and carbohydrate, as well as of vitamins and minerals, are essential to well-being. For the maintenance of a healthy mind, a well-balanced diet of relative materials is also necessary. For example, the person who limits his reading to magazines and newspapers may be compared to the man who considers bread and potatoes the sole necessities in his daily diet.

In the building of the body, protein is first in importance; it is the material used in the construction of new tissues, hormones, and enzymes, and in the reparation of worn-out cells.

Foremost in the making of a healthy mind is the study of the Bible. Only the Scriptures have power to rebuild tissues that have been diseased by sensuality and self-seeking. The study of God's word "expands the mind, sharpens the perceptions, and ripens the judgment. The study of the Bible will ennoble every thought, feeling, and aspiration as no other study can. It gives stability of purpose, patience, courage, and fortitude; it refines the character and sanctifies the soul."

Comprising a large percentage of the physical food, carbohydrates are the principal source of fuel and energy for the body. Similarly, literature may be considered mental carbohydrates, because it furnishes a great deal of material for the intellectual processes. Just as this class embraces so many varieties of foods, such as bread, sugar, potatoes, so this mental dietetic element includes many types of literature.

Biographies provide wholesome intellectual food. The recorded lives of great personages inspire youth and stimulate them to do and to dare. From the story of courageous men and women, young people gain a desire to emulate the moral and the spiritual achievements of their characters.

Likewise, cheap, unwholesome literature is also a potent influence in character building. But it may be compared to candy in that it destroys the appetite for more wholesome nutriment, and creates a taste only for itself.

Books on nature reveal the wonders of plant and animal life, while volumes of description and travel disclose many interesting facts about the earth and its inhabitants, and, according to Alexander Pope, "the proper study of mankind is man." In the observations of travelers, the reader lives among men of other countries, toils with them, notes their aspirations, exults in their triumphs, sympa-

thizes with them as they suffer, and glories in their victories.

In fact, whoever touches a book touches a man. This is especially true of essays and poetry, for in this type of literature one can become acquainted with many charming personalities, as well as assimilate many delectable morsels of truth.

Besides elevating the moral virtues, the poet and the essayist frequently point out the glory of common things. And the renowned physician, Sir William Osler, has said, "Nothing will sustain you more potently than the power to recognize in your humdrum routine, as perhaps it may be thought, the true poetry of the commonplace, of the ordinary man, of the plain toilworn woman, with their loves and their joys, their sorrows and their griefs."

The re-creation of the past is the province of history, and from it the student may gain much food for thought. Of course, the mere perusal of chronological events is essentially of little significance. Only as the reader visualizes the hand of the Omnipotent in the interplay of nations do annal and chronicle become true mental pabulum.

As another source of fuel and energy for the body, fats are necessary for physical growth. Since both music and art contribute material for the growth of the understanding, they may be designated mental fat. Goethe once said that, next to literature, music is the most important element in human culture. Indeed, as part of the great cultural treasure accumulated by the human family, both art and music are important in the attainment of cerebral vigor and vitality.

The preparation and the serving of music in such forms as jazz and swing, make it injurious to the listener, just as the cooking process spoils some



TRIANGLE

Wholesome Mental Food Is Just as Necessary to Our Well-being as Wholesome Physical Sustenance

foods. Not only is music an emotional stabilizing force, but it also enables the common man and woman to visualize a more triumphant manner of living. The attentive listener to Handel's "Messiah" knows that his Redeemer lives, and that through Christ, he, too, may have eternal life. The beauty and power of the music change him and make of him a better man.

Music presents eternal values. Thus, it is more difficult to assimilate than some foods. Meditation upon musical themes is analogous to the mastication required for some foods. The overtones and the spiritual warmth induced may be like the flavor and the caloric value of food.

Art is a new sensation for the person who has fed only on literature. He becomes aware of new things and new possibilities not only in his own life, but also in his environment. Art is a revelation of beauty. It is the artist's interpretation of life. For example, Millet's painting, "The Gleaners," is an intimate insight not only into the occupation of the humble peasants of his age, but into their very soul experience. He has accurately pictured the vital drama of labor, the "cry of the soil."

The message of Michelangelo's "Jeremiah" is that of a lamenting prophet. Here Jeremiah has the impressiveness of strength—the back that has carried burdens, the hands

that have labored, seemingly in vain, for his nation. This figure typifies the artist. Michelangelo was watching his beloved Italy falling under the weight of her own shortcomings and the advance of foreign armies. Like Jeremiah's, his life and work were protests against the existing evils of society. Consequently, we may say, "whoever touches a picture touches a man," for each artist has painted his messages. From the study of a masterpiece one may gain a new conception of his place in society, and a changed philosophy of life.

And that leads us to idealism. All the mental foods—the Bible, literature, music, and art—are permeated with high ideals—the vitamins of the mental diet. Honesty, courage, faith, love, self-control, patience, loyalty, and integrity, which are the vitalizing elements in literature, music, and art, enable a person to resist the bacteria of cynicism, egotism, sensuality, and self-complacency. The joy of unselfish service and the blessedness of doing one's humble task exist in the mental fare, just as proteins, fats, and carbohydrates furnish vitamins for physical salubrity.

These elements are conducive to mental health, but the mere digestion and assimilation of food does not ensure health. A person who eats, but neglects to exercise, would soon grow corpulent and sluggish; his muscles would finally atrophy. Like-

wise, to keep the mind lithe and supple, one must exercise it. Meditating, problem solving, imagining—mental calisthenics—put the mind to the stretch and keep it actively alive.

Meditation usually leads to action, and the premeditated deeds of men have changed the world. Let us consider the work of a Scotch factory boy who was annoyed by the expression "unexplored" which he found in many places on maps in his geography reader. He pondered, especially about Africa. Why is Africa unexplored? Are there factories there? Suppose someone went to an unexplored place. It would be unexplored no longer. Perhaps *he* could go. If the people had no schools, he might be able to teach them. He would heal the sick. But first he must study to be a doctor. Very well, he would study medicine.

Thus the boy David Livingstone meditated, and from these contemplations came the governing objective of his life. After meditation there is action. And the man Livingstone acted. Slowly he removed the word "unexplored" from the map. Not only was he a great explorer and zoologist, but he was also a great missionary—the apostle to Africa.

Thus we conclude that food without exercise does not promote health. The reverse is also true. Death would be inevitable for the man who attempted to become healthy (*Turn to page 12*)



It is not the advantages of birth that give one a brilliant or an extraordinary mind. Hordes of men in whose veins coursed royal blood have trodden this earth's crust and passed on to oblivion, while others have become great because they had the courage to start out upon their own initiative and DO, while the multitude stood by in mouth-stretched awe. Having observed that much of what "people know" is not so, they have sought to have open and inquiring minds and have read books. There may have been no great men around them, but in books they found the best thoughts of the world's greatest men on the issues of life.

Experience is usually considered to be a safe mentor. It is, however, a slow way of learning, and only those "extraordinary young men who never ripened," those who seem wonderfully satisfied with their own great stock of knowledge and natural wit, dare ignore the cultural value of books—these lighthouses erected in the great sea of time, which offer us on every subject a larger view and a broader range.

It was Lord Essex's opinion that one had better "go a hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town," and yet we have learned with discouraging certainty that every dunderhead thinks he already has a full share of brains. You cannot market common sense, for nearly every fellow you meet is sure he is not short in this

respect, no matter what are his other deficiencies. They are like the sweet girl graduate who wondered how one small head could contain so much.

It is difficult for us to think of the aged as having once been young, and we make an egregious blunder when we refuse to be guided by their counsel and old-fashioned philosophy. The young person is quick to make sweeping positive statements, but the man who has lived long in the world usually makes very cautious, specific statements. Knowledge makes man humble. True genius is always modest. It has been so down through the ages. The greatest and wisest were also meekest and humblest. Socrates made no profession of knowledge except of his own ignorance. Epictetus, the great Roman Stoic philosopher, declared that he had "not even touched the hem of philosophy's robe." Sir Isaac Newton discovered the laws of gravitation, improved the telescope, found the reasons for the tides, learned the paths of the comets, studied mathematics and theology, and did many other useful and wonderful things, but with all his knowledge and honors he was a very humble man. Just before his death he said, "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

Shipwrecked?

By BEN HOLDER



If We Trust Him, Jesus Will Pilot Us Through the Hazardous Channel of This Life to the Port of Heaven and Home

A SUDDEN, crunching thud, and motion ceased; our ship had struck. Confusion and disorder reigned. A steward and a few helpers ran down the corridor, shouting as they ran. Order among the passengers must be maintained at almost any cost; else a stampede might result. Women's screams were silenced by the comforting words, "We're not sinking; we're just aground." It was a frightening situation! Not even the pilot knew exactly where we were. But we were soon to find out.

A warm tropical wind blew over the deck, from which members of the crew were taking depth soundings. The ship ordinarily drew twenty-two feet of water, but here she was in only sixteen feet. Two great rocks held her fast. For an hour the propellers churned forward and backward, but the ship made only a quiver of a movement, even though the breakers beat heavily against her sides.

The shrieks and cries on board ceased little by little as order was restored. In response to signal lights, foghorns, and wireless S O S signals small crafts crept from the shore, closer and closer to the ship. In the early morning light, land appeared not more than three hundred yards away. But the wind steadily increased in velocity until it was unsafe for the smaller rescue boats to venture out to the open sea.

Down the side of the ship went a gangplank with a rope ladder attached to the lower end. "All ashore," was the captain's order. Bags and baggage were left on board; each passenger took his most personal necessities and

valuables with him. One by one they climbed down the gangplank, then to the end of the rope ladder that dangled precariously in the wind and the driving spray. When a wave swept a small boat close enough, a passenger would jump by faith into what had been blank emptiness a moment before, and what would

be open sea again in another moment. But each one landed safely. There were only a few of the rescue boats, and several trips were required by each to take us all ashore. Up and down over mountainous waves the boats bobbed until everyone was landed at a rickety old pier, rotted and cracked by time and weather. "Watch your step," was the repeated warning as each person walked along the loose planks that formed the pier floor.

We had guessed that we must be on the west coast of Mexico, but no one was sure. We found ourselves in a typically Spanish town. Mazatlan welcomed all its "visitors" cheerfully, but with curious eyes. Why should a ship stop out in the open sea and send ashore a swarm of passengers to overrun the town?

We learned now, for the first time, that early the previous evening our crew had celebrated some special occasion, and liquor had been freely passed and drunk. The man at the wheel had unfortunately attended the party before going on duty. The result was shipwreck in one sense of the word.

The town in which we had landed was like a hundred others in Mexico, with cobblestone streets, unkempt children, and an odor of beans and fried meat in the air. Two or three "hotels" were booked to care for the newcomers. The plain rooms with spacious windows were already in possession of a variety of occupants, but they were also to be our quarters for we knew not how long. In the courtyard, or plaza, the beauty spot of this town, hung huge baskets of

colorful flowers and a multitude of orchids of various kinds.

Our stay there lasted for seven days, during which a storm howled along the coast. Our hotel was located about three blocks from the waterfront, along which ran the Inter-American Railway. The morning of the fourth day, when going out of doors seemed reasonably possible, we took a hurried walk down to look at the ocean. The sky was still overcast, but the rain and the wind had ceased. In the middle of the railroad tracks that skirt a ten-foot breaker wall, stood a huge boulder, thrown there by the waves. It was estimated to weigh fifty tons.

Such a sea, combined with an exceptionally high tide, made something more than child's play for the few crew members who stayed aboard the "Columbia." The elements worked for, as well as against, the ship, and finally loosened her from the rocks. The crew took her one hundred and fifty miles out to sea, after she was loose, so that there would be no danger of encountering more rocks. The only damage she suffered was the loosening of a few large iron plates on her side.

The next day, Sabbath, we went for a walk up on the mountain behind the town. A beautiful sight met our gaze. In the distance lay the blue expanse of the Pacific Ocean. On the horizon we could see our ship. She was coming in from the sea, and before long we would again be on our way home. Above, a few fleecy, white clouds floated in the warm breeze. At our feet grew many shrubs, flowers, and different grasses. Mixed in great quantities in the sand were myriads of sea shells—little white ones, pink ones, flat ones and round ones. All shapes, sizes, and colors they were. Just how they got there is a problem for the archeologist. Far in the distance the quetzal, the national bird of Mexico, sang its weird song. Aside from this and the sounds of a few small birds which quarreled near by, all was quietness and peace, the rightful peace of the Sabbath. As the sun sank low in the west, our hearts turned to our Maker in thankfulness for keeping us from a greater misfortune than that which we had experienced.

Our seventh day at Mazatlan dawned clear and (*Turn to page 14*)

QUAINT TREASURE

By IRENE L. BUTLER

DISCARDED shells of sixteen "katyids" piled neatly in an old paper ice-cream cup! These were lovingly presented to Mary Lee one morning during the first week of school. The adorable little giver was Claire, one of her new "cherubs" in the first grade.

"I picked them off the trees all by myself," Claire explained proudly, as she put them in her teacher's hands. Mary Lee was delighted, and enthusiastically admired the gift. "Thank you so much, dear," she exclaimed, and poured them out on her desk where she could see them all. Then she questioned the little girl regarding where she had found them, much to the youngster's delight and satisfaction. Other first-graders gathered around the teacher's desk to see, admire, and handle the "shells."

In a few more minutes each child went quietly back to his own seat to await the opening of school. Mary Lee sat at her desk, thinking. It gave her a little thrill, this strange gift, a sort of swelled-up feeling in her heart, as if someone had just told her how very much she loved her. Quaint little gifts like this always gave her the same thrill—like the time Bobby

gave her that little basket he had made from a chain which he had knit on a spool; or the Christmas picture Floyd had given her in the middle of September; or the tooth David had pulled during recess and wanted her to have for a keepsake. She wondered if all teachers felt the same way about these little things.

Mary Lee looked across the room. Her eyes rested on Claire's head, bent over her book. Then they drifted to the window. Not that she saw anything outside—she was lost in her thoughts. Only the dried-up shells of sixteen insects, which had shed their coats for newer ones! Yet this paper cup with its treasures inside sat in an honored place on her desk. They were a gift of love from a little girl to her teacher. Only sixteen insect shells—yet they had been a treasure to the child who had given them, and her teacher saw them in that light.

As Mary Lee pondered, the thought drifted into her mind that this experience was much like her relationship to God. Through six years of teaching she had been working to bring the hearts of "her children" to the Saviour. They were only the hearts of little children; but what treasures!

His heart of love rejoiced when they were brought to Him.

The minute hand of the busy clock on the schoolroom wall swept steadily around to the hour. Nine o'clock. Mary Lee stood beside her desk, and the children rose to sing their morning prayer. She led as they sang, "Father, we thank Thee," while a silent petition rose from her heart to the throne of grace. "Loving Father, help me ever to realize what priceless treasures these little ones are, and to bring them to Thee in love," was her earnest petition.

Prayer was over, and Mary Lee glanced again at the quaint treasure on her desk. She smiled as she began the regular classwork. "Teaching is the most delightful occupation in the world," she mused.



Could It Be You?

By KATHRYN HAGSTROM MUELLER

I DON'T believe it pays to take out these tracts. If people do happen to read them, I am sure they put them aside and forget them almost at once. I don't know why I always let myself be persuaded to distribute them," said one of the girls who had volunteered to take out tracts one Sabbath afternoon.

I overheard this remark, and stepped up to my fellow worker and said, "I'm looking for someone, and I'm wondering if it could be you."

"I?" she queried. "I don't know what you have reference to."

"If you will allow me to walk along with you, I will tell you the story," I answered.

"Come along," she replied. "I'm always ready to help if I can, and I don't usually grumble this way," she laughed.

"Well, ten years ago we were living in an apartment over a fairly large grocery store which my uncle, with

whom I made my home, was managing. There were several other business places in this same block; among them the C & C Market, Brom's Secondhand Furniture Store, and Nate's News Agency.

"My aunt and uncle both worked in the store, and they always kept it open until eleven o'clock on Saturday nights because so many of the people who went to the theater in the next block used to stop in for bread and cheese or milk or cream or something for a midnight snack. After the folks came upstairs, we had a cup of coffee and a sandwich while we figured up the day's receipts and closed the books for the week."

"One Saturday night, after the two children were in bed, and sandwiches for our late lunch were prepared, I decided that I would go down and get a candy bar to eat and a magazine to read while I waited.

"I selected my candy bar and told uncle that I was going to Nate's for something to read. He picked up a small paper-covered book that was lying beside the cash register.

"Here; why don't you read this?" he laughed, and handed it to me. "Someone must have left this here by mistake this afternoon. I don't know who it was, as I was busy with a customer. I thought that it was some sort of advertisement at first, but when I discovered it to be a book, I thought surely the owner would come back for it. But no one has called."

"The Marked Bible,' I read, as I thumbed through the pages. 'I don't know what it's all about, but I might as well find out,' I remarked. 'It will save me a trip to the corner, anyway;' and I took it upstairs with me.

"Well, I read that booklet, and I was surprised to find it intensely interesting. I wish that I could say that it was the turning point in my life right then, but while it impressed me as being a clear, strong, conclusive argument, the letter I received from my husband the following Monday relegated it to the background of my mind. He had (*Turn to page 12*)

IT was the large crowd gathered around that drew my attention to the man as I came out from getting my new automobile license plates. I could tell that he was selling something; and though I arrived after the little sales talk had begun, I soon had the general idea.

"You know," he was saying, "some razor-blade companies advertise their products on the radio; others, in magazines. Either of these means is very expensive, as you can readily understand, and the consumer, when he purchases one of these advertised products, is in reality paying for the advertising instead of for merchandise.

"My company has a new plan. They have sent me out as one of their personal representatives to introduce their product to the public. They are going to give to the consumer the money they would otherwise use in advertising. Here with me I have some beautiful men's wrist watches. When I count three, the first seven men who raise their hands holding a quarter, will receive not only a package of these surgical-steel razor blades, but also one of these wrist watches."

With this, he counted three. I was interested to notice that he did not limit his sales to the first seven, but sold more than twenty packages of razor blades with accompanying wrist watches, for a quarter each, in the next few minutes. He naturally had some confederates who were keeping the right psychology in the crowd.

However, this could not last long, for soon a man came up and said, "Sir, this watch doesn't run."

"Run?" the salesman questioned. "My good man, have you ever seen a watch even walk?"

In time the men were convinced that they had been swindled into buying little worthless toy wrist watches, and went their way, and the crowd dispersed. The supersalesman was left alone.

I approached him with, "How long have you been doing this?"

"Too long," he confessed. "If I could find something else to do, I'd do it in a minute and quit all this."

"What do you do if the customers give you any trouble?" I questioned.

"I generally give them another package of razor blades, and if they are too hostile, I give them back their quarter."

Almost a year passed, and every time I saw a man selling something



EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

You Can't Get Something for Nothing—Either in This Life or in the Life to Come

And Heaven, Too

By CARLOS NICOLAS, JR.

on the street I thought of the razor-blade supersalesman. Even at that, none of them seemed to have the finesse of putting their articles across to the crowd that he had demonstrated.

Then one day I accompanied a friend to mail some Christmas packages. I immediately recognized the salesman who was standing in front of the post office. This time he was selling little toy dogs. They could be wound, and when released could wag their tails. Apparently they barked, too.

However, there was a man helping him wind the dogs. He was in a crouched position, and I observed him closely for a while. He was a ventriloquist, and he, and not the dogs, was doing the barking.

As we watched we noticed that people were buying the toys with great enthusiasm. We went into the post office, and while we waited in line, I told my friend that I would meet him, when he had finished his business, near the salesman and the ventriloquist on the street, as I was much interested in them.

But I was too late, as a policeman was already escorting them away.

The salesman and his helper were really putting up a good story, and to my amazement they succeeded in convincing the policeman that they would leave town if he would allow them their freedom.

Again I walked up to them when they were on their way. "Arguing yourself out of jail is the best piece of selling I've seen you do yet," I said to my old acquaintance. "The last time I saw you, you were a personal representative of a razor-blade company."

He laughed, "Yes, that was a close call. You know I've sold many things that weren't worth a cent, and no one ever bothered me; but now that I'm trying to peddle something that's halfway legitimate, I encounter all kinds of trouble. We just got out of jail this morning." With this he ran for a streetcar.

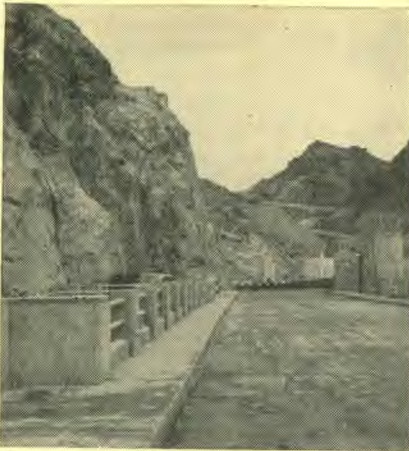
After each of these experiences I have been led to think of a time-worn slogan that I have heard many legitimate merchants use: "You can't get something for nothing." But this urge to get something for nothing seems to be as strong a psychological law as the law of self-preservation. You see people trying it on every side.

I was particularly impressed with this some weeks ago when I went into a lamp store in which everything was advertised as being sold for half price. At one of the counters I saw a woman buying a little trinket. It had been marked four dollars, and she had bought it for a dollar ninety-eight. She was having it wrapped as a gift.

"Leave that price tag on it," she requested the clerk. "Margie will think I spent more for it than I did."

I smiled to myself to think that the misguided woman was willing to knowingly commit a breach of etiquette in order to impress her friend with how much she had spent. But it seemed worse to me to see her nourish her ego with the belief that she was getting something for nothing or at a price much less than its value. After all, she had no reason not to believe that the original price had been raised to make the selling price look more attractive. In my amusement I wondered if she thought she would get four dollars' worth of appreciation from her friend for only a dollar ninety-eight.

At one time or another we are all guilty of yielding to the urge to try to get something for nothing. We can see it every (Turn to page 14)



The Road Across the Top of Boulder Dam Is Paved With Gold Ore, and the Romantic Adventures of the Prospector Are Woven Into Every Foot of It



Mead Lake From Lookout Point Stretches Away and Away Into the Distance

This Is What the Visitor Sees From the Top of Boulder Dam Today



PHOTOS BY ELTON A. JONES

HIGH up in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado a small stream gushes from an icy spring and rushes down a steep gulch to find its way by sparkling Quartz Creek into the winding, tumbling Gunnison River. As a part of this new stream, the waters of our icy spring now flow through placid mountain meadows and burning, broken desert until they join the mighty Colorado, thus becoming a part of a still greater body of water.

Flowing one third of the way across our continent, this, the second greatest river in the United States, travels westward, bringing life and freshness to the arid lands of the Southwest. On its journey this turbulent, roaring river plunges its way through the greatest of gashes on this old earth, the awe-inspiring Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and flows into tranquil Lake Mead, which backs up 115 miles behind Boulder Dam. And so the ancient river has at last yielded to a mighty mass of concrete and steel, which may well hold a place with the greatest of engineering achievements of all time.

The span of this massive bulwark is one and one-half times as long as the side of the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Its height is more than four times that of the renowned Niagara Falls, and the thickness at the base is six hundred fifty feet, or almost the length of two ordinary city blocks.

Five million barrels of concrete were used in the construction of the dam. If these were placed end to end, they would reach a distance of 3,106 miles, or approximately the driving distance between Los Angeles and New York.

Behind this tremendous bulk of material lies a silent stretch of azure

water, which reflects the colorful cliffs of a dry and sweltering desert. These cliffs have for many years watched the old river winding its way ever westward, never dreaming that someday man's fantastic scheme would come true, and the water from this river would lap at their very bases. Now this fantasy has become fact, and around their dry and parched feet splashes the cold, clear water of the greatest of man-made lakes. When entirely filled, this immense lake will be 115 miles long, and will have a maximum width of about eight miles. It will contain about 30,500,000 acre-feet of water, or enough to cover the whole State of New York to a depth of one foot. This new man-made lake has recently been set aside by the United States Government as a National scenic playground, and is under the administration and control of the National Park Service of the Federal Department of the Interior.

Here many types of recreation may be enjoyed, such as boating, swimming, and sun bathing on the sun-

warmed desert beaches. Of these enjoyable features, boating seems to be the most popular, and is indulged in by a great many visitors and sight-seers. All the boating on the lake is supervised by the Boulder Dam-Grand Canyon Tours Inc., which has arranged various pleasant and profitable tours.

But just to create pleasure is not enough for our small stream and the many other small streams which have now been united into one great river; together they must go to work. One of their major tasks in being forced through great generating units is to create power and electricity which is to be used in a large metropolis many miles distant.

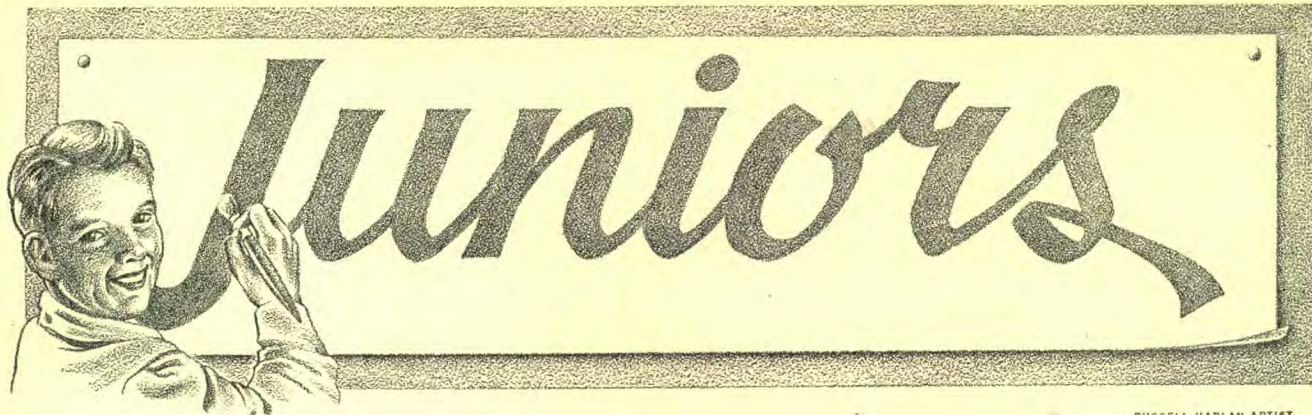
The powerhouse in which these giant generating units are assembled will finally be equipped with fifteen units of 115,000 and two of 55,000 horsepower capacity. A battery of eight of these big generators, the largest ever manufactured to date, and one of the smaller ones, are now in operation. The first complete unit of the powerhouse has a capacity of 1,835,000 horsepower. The operation of the powerhouse is under the control of the city of Los Angeles and the Southern California Edison Company.

In addition to the giant power line to Los Angeles, there is a smaller one which carries approximately 230,000 volts, to operate five pumping plants that are located 237 miles away on the Colorado River Aqueduct.

In order to maintain the required flow of water in the river below the dam, agreed upon by the various States and old Mexico, a system of penstocks and tunnels has been constructed in order to by-pass enough water. These tunnels have been built through the mountains on each side of the dam, and connect with the intake towers behind the dam. At the outlet end of the tunnels there are six needle valves which measure eighty-four inches, or seven feet, in diameter. These tunnel outlets are located one hundred sixty feet above the level of the river, and are so far from the top of the dam that, from that position, they appear to be about the size of an ordinary automobile tire.

After the water has passed around the dam and into its ancient course, it flows on southwestward into the gulf of California.

But, before the river is let free, it is detained. (Turn to page 13)



RUSSELL HARLAN ARTIST

God's Care for His Children

By EDITH LEON

WELL, another week's washing is done," exclaimed mother as she entered the kitchen. "How's dinner coming?"

"Almost ready," answered my older sister.

I had been trying to help my sister get dinner, although I was only about seven years of age. I thought that my help was necessary, for mother wanted dinner over as soon as possible, so that she and father could get an early start for town.

After dinner my mother said, "You children will have to stay at home today while father and I go to town, because we may not get back in time to do the chores."

This was anything but pleasant news to us, for we considered it a privilege to go with our parents to the town about ten miles distant. But we were willing to stay at home, because we knew that there would be some special treat for us when they returned. Soon they were ready to leave, and we went outdoors to wave good-by to them.

"Now remember to start the chores early, and be careful with the lamps," were their last words to us as they drove away.

We girls turned back to the house to wash the dinner dishes. Soon we were through; and, after tidying the kitchen, we ran outdoors to play.

"Let's play hide-and-peek," suggested one of our brothers. It was no sooner said than we all ran for the clump of elm trees about a half block from the house. Soon we were having a merry time hiding in and out among trees. Father's red two-wheeled trailer was the goal.

Finally we grew tired of playing hide-and-peek and sat down in the trailer to rest and think of something else to do. That little red trailer had seen camp meeting with our family as many times as I had, and we were indeed proud of it, since our father had made it.

As we played various games, the afternoon passed, and soon we noticed that it was about time to bring the cows in from the pasture. Off we started, holding hands. It wasn't very often that we girls got to go with our brothers after the cows. It was necessary to cross a small river to reach the pasture. The crossing was quite shallow, and several stepping-stones marked the way. In this river, a branch of the Missouri, we used to spend many happy summer hours, fishing, wading, and swimming. In winter we would spend the afternoons skating.

After crossing the river, we climbed

the small hill on the other side and started down the path. When we reached the other end of the pasture, the cows were not in sight. After searching among the trees and the brush near the river, we finally found them nibbling at the fresh green leaves and enjoying the cool shade of the trees. They were not very anxious to go home, since they were so comfortable; but, after a few switches were applied, they decided they had better go, after all. Off they started down the path, single file, just as though we had told them to be sure to walk that way. They did this because the path was wide enough for only one animal, and they all liked to walk in the path.

After descending the little hill into the river, they stopped to drink of the cool water, and then, refreshed, started up the opposite side toward the barnyard. Each one knew its place and immediately entered the corral. As we started for the house, we noticed that the sun was getting rather low. Suddenly my sister remembered that the kerosene lamps were dry.

"I think I shall fill the lamps first, while I can still see to do it," she said. "Oh, but the kerosene can is empty," I put in. "Let's look for it; it may have at least a little in it."

After a quick search, my older brother cried, "Here it is, and it isn't empty either!"

"Good," said my sister, bringing out the lamps; "I'll have them filled in no time; and I think I'll light one of them"—she was speaking to me—"so that you and little brother won't have to be in the dark while we are milking."

She tried to light the lamp, but with very peculiar results. At first it would not light; and, when a flame did appear, it changed to a variety of different colors, first orange, then blue, and then some indescribable shades. Then it fluttered and nearly went out, and all the while we heard little peculiar noises in the lamp. We were very much frightened, and wondered what would happen next.

We all looked to my older sister for a decision. But little did we know that she, too, was frightened, and that she sent up a silent prayer for help. She tried to blow out the flame, but each time she would blow, it would flare up, as if threatening us. Not knowing what else to do, we stood and watched with frightened eyes. Then she turned it lower and blew again, and the blue flame really disappeared. There was a sigh of relief as we stood there in the dark room trembling, half expecting the

flames to appear again. But they did not.

"I guess we'll have to do the chores in the dark," sister said to our older brother, "and you," addressing my little brother and me, "will have to sit at the door until we are through." They had to go about a block from the house to do the chores, and by this time it was very dark. We sat in the doorway and stared into the darkness. Neither of us felt like talking, and, besides, we were still frightened.

Finally, my little brother broke the silence with, "Let's find the flashlight." After a blind search, we found it, and, again seating ourselves at the doorway, we flashed it on and off. When my sister in the barnyard saw the light, it startled her for a moment. How was she to know but we were trying to light the lamp again? However, after she looked at it once more, she realized that it was only the flashlight.

There we sat in our lonesomeness, wishing over and over that mother and daddy would come home. Suddenly we heard a rumble and a squeaking of brakes, and the yard was immediately lighted up. At last they had come! Forgetting all else, we ran to greet them; and, in my childish way, I ran to the car and put my nose up to the shining headlights. I had forgotten all the fright of the early evening and was rather surprised when my father jumped out of the car and clasped me in his arms.

Why did they act so strange, I wondered, and why were mother's eyes misty?

When my older brother and sister returned to the house, the story of the lamp was told. Mother said that as it grew dark they remembered that the kerosene was all gone, and that we would be in the dark. Then the terrible thought dawned on her mind that while she was washing that morning, she had put gasoline in the kerosene can! They were sure that we would try to fill the lamps, and, not knowing what she had done, would fill them with gasoline!

Immediately leaving their shopping, they had rushed to the car and started home, praying all the way that God would protect their children from the



great disaster which they were almost certain would happen, unless Providence intervened. As they prayed, they looked for the flames, which they half expected to see from the burning home. They never once thought of looking at the speedometer. What difference did that make?

Now for the first time we realized how near death we had been. "Why, daddy," I exclaimed, "just think, our piano would have burned up!"

"Never mind the piano!" And he hugged me close. "We could always have bought a new piano, but never another of you children!"

This incident happened many years ago, but I remember it as though it were only yesterday. It has impressed me greatly and strengthened my faith in the God who answers the prayers of His children in times of trouble.

You're in the Army Now

(Continued from page 4)

profound meaning: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."

That surely indicates that God has a predetermined plan for some lives. How many lives? Am I included? Are you included? Does He have a predetermined plan for your life? Does He have some exact thing He intends for you to do? In all seriousness I say to you that this is true of you regardless of any choice of your own.

The following inspired words plainly indicate that God's purpose with reference to you is formed even before you are born, before you have done anything good or evil, even before you have made any choice whatsoever: "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth."

Plainly God has something for you to do, and He is guiding in every detail of your life. Believe that, and it will make your life different. There is no place for discouragement in such a life. We live in the thought of God. God is thinking of you. All that comes to you is for a purpose.

Think of that shepherd lad tending his sheep on the hills of Judea, knowing nothing of the plan of God, just doing his simple day-by-day duty of caring for those few sheep. He killed a bear and a lion. He was just a ruddy-faced shepherd boy. He had not the faintest conception that long years before his birth God had chosen him to be king over His people Israel. His name was David.

Think of that plowboy plowing up the clods of earth behind his oxen, a simple farmer boy whose name was Elisha, knowing nothing of God's purpose for him. But God had a plan for his life.

Think of that cupbearer in the court of the king, whose name was Nehemiah.

Think of that simple, plain, hard-working housekeeper, wife of Elkanah, whose name was Hannah.

All these were humble and lowly; yet theirs were God-planned lives.

How it glorifies life to believe the things which we have been considering. The things which happen to us do not surprise God, any more than the things which are happening in the world surprise Him. The little things of daily experience, the little contacts you make, the ten thousand circumstances of the hours as they fly by, are all ordered by God.

There is no human being, and no experience that comes into your life, that does not present an opportunity and that does not have a mission, which in turn

has a bearing upon God's eternal plan for your life. The things which happen to us do not come by chance. They do not come as any surprise to God.

God might tell us beforehand what His purpose is for our lives. He thinks it best not to do so. We are to trust; we are to be alert. Each event, each incident, each occurrence, each experience—bright or dark—has its mission from Him.

How restful life may be, how strong it may be, how assured it may be, when we believe this great thing. With what courage we can face life, knowing that God has gone before and has ordered all the experiences of life in accordance with His own will.

The secret of finding God's plan for your life is just to follow step by step, opportunity by opportunity, taking advantage of every occasion, with the thought in mind, "God sent this to me. God opened this opportunity for me. I am in this situation because God wants me here. He has something for me to do here. Dear Lord, show me what I am to do."

Finding an answer to that, and doing it regardless of consequences—what a difference that will make in our whole outlook! What different lives we will live! How restfully, peacefully, calmly, assuredly, and certainly we shall confront our experiences, whether good or bad, whether bright or dark, if we know that we are always in God's hands, and that He is moving and shaping things all about us in order to accomplish His own purpose, fulfill His own plan, for our lives.

Yes, you are in the Army now, but you are there with God. You are there for a purpose. Find that purpose and fulfill God's plan for you.



Every young man desires in some degree to be a true gentleman; every young woman, a lady. Can the cultivation of outward proprieties make of one a refined person? You will find the answer in the reading assignment for this week, "Messages to Young People," pages 420-442. Another subject which is helpfully discussed is true love, engagement, and marriage.

1. "The golden rule is the principle of _____."
2. True-false: Lack of dignity and refinement among Sabbathkeepers makes the truths of the third angel's message "unsavory."
3. "Meditation upon holy things will elevate and refine the _____, and will develop Christian _____ and _____."
4. "God is _____ every youth."
5. True-false: Some persons are miserable unless there is something to excite them in the way of amusement.
6. "The family tie is the _____, the most _____ and _____, of any on earth."
7. Each step of a marriage alliance should have the following four characteristics: _____, _____, _____, _____.
8. What questions should a girl ask herself about the man she plans to marry?
9. True-false: Engagements should never be broken.
10. True-false: One should never attempt marriage while his character is undeveloped, his judgment immature.

Could It Be You?

(Continued from page 8)

secured the work that he had gone to see about, and we could reestablish the home that we had been obliged to give up when he had lost his job some months before.

"I had firmly intended to keep the book and have my husband read it, as he was a Catholic and I was a Protestant. I admit that I was not a very faithful church member, and I could not understand why my husband found it necessary to go to church every Sunday. Since the book did not seem in favor of Sunday observance, I hoped that it might change his mind about its importance.

"In the excitement of getting settled in our new home, I forgot about the book until the woman who lived downstairs, and who was a very strict Sundaykeeper, scolded me for scrubbing down my front steps one Sunday afternoon.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself for breaking the Lord's Sabbath?" she asked.

"The children had been particularly mischievous that day, and my husband had overslept and so had not gone to church. His mother had called up to find out why he was not there, and—oh, everything had gone wrong! I was in no mood to be scolded.

"I don't know that I'm so very wicked," I retorted. "It seems to me that the Bible says that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and according to my calendar that was yesterday." You see, I hadn't forgotten what I had read.

"She immediately undertook to show me that I was wrong, and since she knew more about the Bible than I did, I realized that I needed some outside help; so I began to search for that book. The very tone of her voice expressed the horror that she felt that I, an intelligent person, should believe such an unheard-of thing.

"I never found that copy of 'The Marked Bible,' but whenever an agent came to our house selling religious literature, I always asked him what day is the Sabbath, in the hope that I could find another one of those books.

"Needless to say, one day a copy did come, and my husband and I and our two children are all happy in this blessed third angel's message; but that is another story. We have several copies of 'The Marked Bible' now, and we have given away many of them; but I still wonder who left that first copy in my uncle's store that Sabbath afternoon.

"Yes, I am looking for someone—a very special person—and I'm wondering if it could be you."

Not by Bread Alone

(Continued from page 6)

by running several miles a day without eating anything. Both nutrition and physical action are necessary for life. In the same manner, a person who tries to follow a strenuous program of mental exercise without intellectual refreshment would not be able to sustain cerebral life. He, as well as the one who surfeits himself, is destined to carry a dead weight on his shoulders.

However, one need not die. If, after checking his program for mental health, any person finds it inadequate, he can plan a new, well-balanced dietary and outline a systematic routine for exercise. Thus he will gain mental vigor to match his physical vitality.

From Spring to Spigot

(Continued from page 10)

This time it forms a much smaller lake behind a much smaller dam. Parker Dam is located about fifteen miles north of the small townsite of Parker, Arizona. The dam is three hundred forty feet high, or about half the height of Boulder Dam.

Behind Parker Dam is formed Lake Havasu, which has a capacity of 717,000 acre-feet. This lake is to be used to supply the Metropolitan Water Company of Los Angeles, and is the beginning link in an immense chain of reservoirs and lakes.

This system of canals, lakes, siphons, and reservoirs extends through desert wastes and beneath lofty snowcapped mountains the entire width of California. The surveys and studies for this part of this immense project of reclamation were started in December, 1932. On January 7, 1939, the first water was delivered into the intake pumping plant at Parker Dam. As there were two or three smaller reservoirs along the route of the canal to be filled before the main line was to be put into use, the pumping was actually started before the whole of the aqueduct had been completed; but by October 14, 1939, the last bit of concrete had been placed, and the structure was finished. At this time the water was turned into the main line and was on its way a little farther westward, only to be stopped again at Cajalco Reservoir on November 19, 1939.

This reservoir is the largest and the last major lake in the main line. It is located in the low foothills near the city of Riverside, California, and about sixty miles east of Los Angeles. Here at Lake Cajalco begins the distribution of the water to the thirteen golden cities which are to benefit by this project.

The great aqueduct which brings the water to Lake Cajalco from Parker Dam is 255 miles in length and along the route of the aqueduct there are thirty-eight tunnels, totaling a distance of 108 miles, and sixty-three miles of concrete-lined canals. The remainder of the distance is made up of concrete conduits and inverted siphons.

The water flows into Lake Cajalco at the rate of 270,000 gallons a minute. The lake capacity is 100,000 acre-feet. The main dam, which forms the west boundary of the lake, is 210 feet high, or about a third the height of Boulder Dam, and is a third of a mile thick at the base. The dike on the north shore of the lake is ninety feet high and one and one-half miles long.

In January, 1941, the water was delivered to the thirteen major cities of Southern California. From Lake Cajalco there are 134 miles of distributing mains to these large cities.

And so the little spring which bubbles up at the foot of Old Baldy peak in the far-off Rocky Mountains at last reaches its destination in the spigots of thousands of homes in a great metropolitan area many hundreds of miles away.

Scrap

(Continued from page 3)

If she could persuade the girls to study those Sabbath school lessons, dig into them as they dug into their algebra and their Latin, surely that would bring strength! Also the class could form a club—raise money for foreign missions, for home missions, for the perennially shoeless little O'Briens—and read to poor blind Mrs. Farley.

The afternoon sped, and before Mary knew it, it was time to start supper.

They had no fruit on the homestead, but only a few days before, her father had bought a supply of apples from a Colorado trucker. Mary made a deep-dish apple pie for supper, and turnovers, brown and fragrant, with apple and cinnamon and butter, for the next day's school lunches. While they baked she lugged the largest laundry tub in, filled it with water from the reservoir, and indulged in a hot bath. She took special pains with her hair, and put on her prettiest house dress. It was reward enough when the bus came at five to have Gerry sniff with ecstasy and then announce, "Apple pie!" Gerald appraised her, and then announced seriously, "Mary, you're not pretty, but sometimes you're almost!"

After supper Ann needed help with her English and Gerry with his physiology, and Mary worked awhile longer on the checked gingham. As she finally folded it away, and prepared for bed, she reflected that it had been an unusually short afternoon.

The next morning at breakfast Mary suggested, "Suppose we all save our pennies together and see if we can't get enough by Christmas time to get a new leather jacket for father."

"What pennies?" demanded Gerry, practically.

"I know there aren't very many," agreed Mary, "but I can save a little out of the household money, and help you that way. We have two months. Let's try. I'm sure we can make it." That was how the jacket fund in the empty cocoa tin came to be started.

On Sabbath Mary started in earnest with the Sabbath school class. Standing before them, the sun striking through the window on her shining hair, she made an earnest plea for more diligent lesson study.

"Suppose," she said, "suppose that you lived back a hundred years and that you learned of a land far to the west, a fresh, new, land, a land rich in mineral resources and agricultural possibilities—a land that was all-desirable. You know"—Mary's sudden smile flashed for a moment—"there'll be apples on each tree in Oregon! Suppose that in that land you had a friend who was building a home for you, an enduring home of wondrous beauty.

"Can you imagine how eagerly you

would watch for letters from that friend? You would need to make preparation before you could go to that home, definite preparation. It would be a long journey, possibly a desperately hard journey. You would not dream of making it without studying the route your friend mapped out for you—would you?"

Mary paused a moment before she continued quietly, "Jesus said, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Do you see the parallel?"

They did.

That afternoon the girls took the three-mile horseback trip back up the trail and sang some of the old hymns for Mrs. Farley. Her gratitude was pathetic.

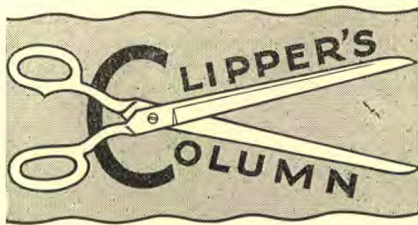
"Why can't we do something like this oftener?" the girls asked Mary as they rode home through the nippy October dusk. And she was happier than she had been for months as she answered, "We can."

So Mary gathered up such scraps of happiness as she could find at home. The smell of freshly laundered clothes. The glint in Sue's brushed hair. The satisfaction her family showed over a hot, tempting supper. Fudge and popcorn and apples on Saturday night. The bowl of narcissus. The breath-taking beauty of the first snow. Christmas plans. And again the days passed. But their feet were no longer leaden. They had wings!

Perhaps when another autumn came there would be money enough so that she could enroll for that Home Study Institute course in history, but until then—why, she would be happy in the hope!

Mary and Ann started working on the wedding-ring quilt which had lain untouched since their mother's death. If they hurried, they might have it finished for grandmother's birthday in February. It was while Mary was working on the quilt one evening that Gerry observed, "It's funny, how nice a thing you are building there, out of scraps."

Mary's needle paused for a long moment in mid-air. Gerry, of course, was seeing a wedding-ring quilt. But Mary saw a house, a shining house of happiness. Her smile flashed as her needle returned to the quilt, but she only said quietly, "Gerry, that time you said something!"



So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

"THE greatest happiness in the world is the knowledge that one belongs to God."

"IN the last analysis, the only things a man possesses are those things he has given away."

It is not so much the things that come to you in life that matter, but the spirit in which you meet them.—*Lloyd George.*

"LET every dollar that you can spare be invested in the bank of heaven."

"ADVERSITY is the diamond dust with which heaven polishes its jewels."

"A MAN finds true riches, not in his bank account, but in himself."

"EACH new day brings a fresh opportunity to begin once more the kind of life that you should be living."

"STILL, as of old, man by himself is priced.
For thirty pieces Judas sold himself, not Christ."

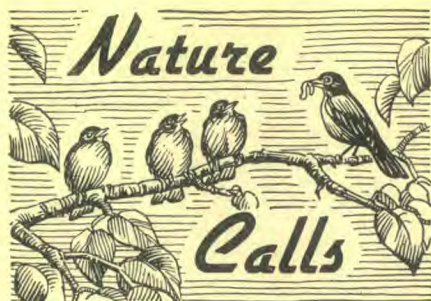
"THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed.
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

"If a task you have begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can!"

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"OH, may I gaze on beauty,
And hold it in my heart,
Yet never swerve from duty,
Nor scorn my humble part!"



Insect Crime Protection

BY RAY MONTGOMERY

CIVILIZED nations employ an army of police, detectives, watchmen, and guards to protect the citizens, their property and their lives. Observers agree that certain insects are more successful in this than man. The insects are faced with a horde of robbers and assassins which are ready and eager to rob them of the fruits of their labor and to kill. The honeybee, which has such a rich store to protect, carefully guards the hive from any and all trespassers, and is ready at all times to use two methods of crime prevention: arrest and the poison dagger.

Moths that attempt to enter the hive and lay eggs and live at the expense of the hard-working bee, are often arrested at the entrance of the hive, like a spy sneaking across some international boundary line. In some cases they are stung to death; in others, their wings are chewed off or otherwise mutilated, and they are thrown aside to live or die as chance may be. Some are successful in gaining entrance to the hive, only to be stopped, and since they are large and bulky and therefore hard to remove, they are fastened to the floor and completely covered with wax, and thus suffocated. They are so perfectly sealed up in the wax that although the body may rot under the coating, disease cannot spread from it.

So determined are these winged guardians of the honey vaults that they will kill even mice who invade the hive and incase them in wax also, to prevent the pollution of the whole colony, since a mouse's body is much too large to remove.

Drones are treated as enemies when too many develop. They are taken from the hive and hustled by main strength to the edge of the hive base; there their wings are clipped, and they are then shoved overboard to shift for themselves.

COUNSEL CORNER

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

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

I have submitted a question to the Counsel Corner, and although I did not sign my name, I expected to see it ap-

pear in the Counsel Corner columns of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. However, it has not appeared. Why is this?

At the present time we have in our office a number of letters which have been received, but to which no name has been signed. These letters contain earnest requests for counsel, but are in most cases of a personal nature—requiring a personal reply—and are therefore not suitable for publication.

You will notice at the head of this column the instruction—"When writing, please sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected."

Therefore, if you have sent in a letter and have not signed your name, we would suggest that you write in again, attaching your name and address, and you may be sure that your request for counsel will receive prompt and careful attention.

COUNSEL CORNER COMMITTEE.

Loss and Gain

By Eleanor Anne Nelson

He lives in vain who lives to gain
Upon this earth a treasure.
The harvest will be reaped in tears,
Though it be sown in pleasure.

For soon the night will take its flight
And end this life forever,
What he hath builded on the sands
Will profit bring him never.

Build on the Rock, the solid Rock,
In heav'n lay up your treasure.
Eternal life to you will bring
Eternal wealth and pleasure.

Shipwrecked?

(Continued from page 7)

beautiful. Not a cloud was to be seen anywhere. Only a gentle zephyr rustled the palm leaves and the flowers. We had visited the market place and bought what souvenirs we needed to draw our collection a little nearer completion, and now all of us were eager to be gone again. The purser's face was beaming as he notified the passengers that the ship would sail at exactly three o'clock in the afternoon. With our trinkets and the few clothes we had with us packed, we again made our way down toward the pier site. Only a dozen or so of the piles remained; the rest were doubtless scattered on a lonely beach somewhere, or floating aimlessly about. Again the sea had conquered man's handiwork. A makeshift gangway was constructed, down which we climbed into a waiting boat. Happy hearts and easy swells banished thoughts of seasickness from the minds of all but a few. Back safely on board the "Columbia" again, all of us hoped and prayed that no more serious disaster would come to us for the rest of our journey. And our prayer was answered in that we had clear skies and glassy waters until we at last disembarked at Southern California's metropolis.

As I recall this experience I realize that we are all on a voyage across the sea of life. Hidden rocks and dangerous shoals lie on all sides. Occasionally a storm breaks over us. Do we succumb to its onslaught and run on the rocks, or do we hold straight to our course,

keeping our eyes steadfastly fixed on the compass and charter which our Saviour, the Master Pilot, has given us?

The story is told of a captain whose duty it was to pilot ships through a certain narrow, rocky channel. While he was at the wheel one day a passenger accosted him with these words, "Sir, you must know every rock in this vicinity."

"No," was the reply, "I do not know the rocks; I know the channel."

It is not necessary for us to know the ways of sin to be able to avoid it; but if we know the ways of truth and right, we need have no fear of the wiles of the tempter. Jesus will pilot us through the hazardous channel of this life to the port of heaven and home.

And Heaven, Too

(Continued from page 9)

day of the year, everywhere we go. But the most serious phase of it lies in the fact that we do not confine our urge to material things. We go on from day to day laboring under the illusion that we can gain salvation in about the same manner, that it takes no effort on our part!

That to gain eternal life will surely require our utmost effort is certainly plain, if we stop to consider the matter seriously. The One who gave His all, who made the greatest sacrifice ever made that our salvation might be possible, exploded this idea of getting salvation without an effort when He said: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Answers to Current Events Quiz

1. John G. Winant succeeds Joseph P. Kennedy. 2. (a) Cape Gris Nez is on the French Channel coast opposite Dover, (b) Cape of Good Hope is on the southern tip of Africa, (c) Cape Clear is on Eire's southern coast. 3. (a) Ernest Wetter is president of Switzerland, (b) Fulgencio Batista of Cuba, and (c) Ismet Inonu of Turkey. 4. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 5. (a) Tripoli belongs to Italy, (b) Bizerte, to unoccupied France, (c) Cartagena, to Spain, (d) Bengazi, to Great Britain. 6. "Primitives" are works produced by artists in the development period between the decay of classic art and the full flowering of Italy's national art. Giotto, Duccio, and Cimabue are so classified. 7. A strike caused by rival unions disputing the right to represent a particular group of workers or their right to perform certain work. 8. Marian Anderson. 9. No, this salute is not required according to recent United States Army announcement. 10. Randolph Field is in (c) Texas, Maxwell Field in (a) Alabama, and Moffett Field in (b) California.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

V—Paul at Jerusalem: Arrested in the Temple

(May 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21:18-40.
MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 5:10.
LESSON HELP: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 399-408.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

THE LESSON

1. With whom did Paul meet the day after his arrival at Jerusalem? What did he declare to them? Acts 21:18, 19.

2. How was Paul's report received? What did they say concerning the new believers in Jerusalem? Verse 20.

NOTE.—The brethren glorified the Lord, not Paul. The gifts made by the Gentile believers had been brought to the leaders of the church. These gifts were an evidence of their love for the Jewish believers, and of their desire to be one with them. All could see that the Lord had greatly blessed Paul in his labors among the Gentiles.

3. What report had come to that city concerning Paul? Verses 21, 22.

4. What advice did the elders give him? Verses 23, 24.

NOTE.—Paul "had been welcomed to the city by the Christian leaders, who rejoiced to learn of his success among the Gentiles. These leaders, however, knew that many members of the church in Jerusalem, which was composed wholly of converted Jews, believed the false report, that Paul not only admitted Gentiles to the church, but compelled Jews who accepted Christ to give up their national customs and to forsake the law of Moses. To disprove the false reports, to bring perfect unity into the church, even to conciliate the mad hatred of the unbelieving Jews, Paul was advised to accept the Nazarite vow and to observe its exacting ritual. This advice Paul accepted."—*"The Acts," Charles R. Erdman, p. 145.*

5. How did Paul yield to their demands? Verse 26.

NOTE.—"He [Paul] felt that if by any reasonable concession he could win them to the truth, he would remove a great obstacle to the success of the gospel in other places. But he was not authorized of God to concede as much as they asked."—*"Acts of the Apostles," p. 405.*

6. What did some Jews from Asia do when they saw Paul in the temple? What did they cry out against him? Verses 27, 28.

7. What caused them to think that he had polluted the temple? Verse 29.

NOTE.—Jews from Asia where Paul had preached saw him in the inner court which the Gentiles were not allowed to enter. As he was a Jew, he himself had a right to be in the temple, but they had seen Gentile Christians with him in the city, and they assumed that Paul had brought a Greek into a place from which Gentiles were excluded. Paul had not done the things of which they accused him.

8. To what extent did the excitement spread? What was done with Paul? Verse 30.

9. What was the purpose of the people? Who heard of the disturbance in the city? Verse 31.

10. How did the chief captain quell the tumult? What command did he give? For what information did he ask? Verses 32, 33.

11. What kind of replies did he receive with respect to the cause of the trouble? Verse 34.

12. How was Paul rescued from the violence of the people? Verses 35, 36.

13. What request did he make as he was about to be led into the castle? What surprised the captain? What inquiry did he make? Verses 37, 38.

NOTE.—"In the midst of the tumult the apostle was calm and self-possessed. His mind was stayed upon God, and he knew that angels of heaven were about him. He felt unwilling to leave the temple without making an effort to set the truth before his countrymen. As he was about to be led out into the castle, he said to the chief captain, 'May I speak unto thee?'"—*"Acts of the Apostles," p. 408.*

14. What did Paul say regarding himself? What permission did he ask? How did he secure the attention of the people? In what language did he address them? Verses 39, 40.

NOTE.—"The Roman captain at whose order Paul was being placed under arrest was greatly mistaken as to the character of his prisoner; he supposed him to be a notorious Egyptian outlaw, impostor, and desperado, who some time before had led an insurrection and had escaped when defeated. He was much surprised when Paul addressed him in Greek, with an accent which betokened a man of refinement and culture. He was still more surprised to learn that Paul was a citizen of Tarsus, a city which had been shown high favor by the Roman government. For this reason

he was ready to grant Paul's request for the privilege of addressing the people, and the more so because he was moved by the hope that such an address might give information which would be useful to himself."—*"The Acts," Charles R. Erdman, pp. 147, 148.*

JUNIOR

V—Destruction of Jerusalem; Signs of the Coming of Christ

(May 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 24:15-31.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 13:14-27; Luke 21:20-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Matt. 24:30.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 630-632.

PLACE: The Mount of Olives.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples.

Setting of the Lesson

Jesus continues His talk to the disciples in answer to their questions concerning the destruction of the temple and the end of the world.

"Jesus did not answer His disciples by taking up separately the destruction of Jerusalem and the great day of His coming. He mingled the description of these two events. Had He opened to His disciples future events as He beheld them, they would have been unable to endure the sight. In mercy to them He blended the description of the two great crises, leaving the disciples to study out the meaning for themselves. When He referred to the destruction of Jerusalem, His prophetic words reached beyond that event to the final conflagration in that day when the Lord shall rise out of His place to punish the world for their iniquity, when the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain. This entire discourse was given, not for the disciples only, but for those who should live in the last scenes of this earth's history."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 628.*

This lesson begins with a reference to the destruction of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS

1. What reference did Jesus make to the destruction of Jerusalem? Matt. 24:15.

NOTE.—Jesus refers to the armies that should surround Jerusalem as the "abomination of desolation" standing "in the holy place." This holy place means a limited space around the city. Just as soon as the people of God should see the Roman army before the walls, they should flee to the mountains. To delay, or even to hesitate, would mean their death. History tells us that when the Roman general came to attack the city, he pitched his camp opposite the strong positions of the palace and the temple. Then suddenly he suspended operations, gave up his advantage, and withdrew from the temple wall. It was an act so difficult to account for, that naturally it was ascribed to a higher power than man. The people of God recognized the sign Jesus had given them, and left the city, and not one who did so perished. It was about two years before the Romans returned, and renewed their siege under Titus. But during all that time the city was the prey of contending factions intensely jealous of each other, and at no time during that period could the Christians have safely left the doomed city.

2. When this event should come to pass, what were God's people to do? How urgent was the need of haste in escaping from the city? Verses 16-18.

NOTE.—The roofs of the houses in Eastern countries were flat. People often went up on them to pray or to rest, and from them could flee down the outside stairs to the gates in the wall surrounding the city.

3. For what did Jesus say the Jewish people should pray? Verse 20.

NOTE.—In every trouble, and wherever they went, Jesus wished His followers to remember to keep holy the Sabbath day. He knew how the little children and the mothers would suffer if they were obliged to leave their homes in the cold of winter; so He told them to pray that their flight might not be in the winter, nor on the Sabbath.

4. What still greater time of trouble did Jesus then foretell? Verse 21.

NOTE.—From speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, Jesus passed on to the events that should take place before His second coming. The "great tribulation" referred to is a period of 1260 years, known as the Dark Ages, when millions of the people of God were cruelly put to death.

5. For whose sake were those days of trouble to be shortened? Verse 22.

6. Against what does Jesus warn His followers? Verse 23.

7. What kind of deceivers will arise? What will they be able to do? How very deceiving will they be? Verse 24.

8. Why should we not be deceived? Verse 25.

9. What particular sayings are we not to believe? Verse 26.

10. How did Jesus describe His second coming to earth? Verse 27.

NOTE.—The second coming of Jesus cannot be counterfeited. Jesus comes in person with the glory of His Father. He is accompanied by all the holy angels, who come in all their glory. It will be impossible for Satan to imitate the coming of Jesus as outlined in these words of Scripture. Thus none need be deceived by false teaching concerning the coming of Christ. Jesus has forewarned His people, so that none need be in ignorance concerning this important event.

11. What signs of the coming of Christ were to be seen in the heavens? When were they to begin to be seen? Verse 29.

NOTE.—The period of 1260 years ended in 1798. A little before that date the persecution of the people of God ceased. On May 19, 1780, the sun was darkened, and the following night the moon did not give light as usual. The event known as the falling of the stars took place on November 13, 1833. So the first of the signs that Jesus gave of His coming took place long ago.

12. After the heavens are shaken, what sign will then appear? What effect will this have upon the people of the earth? Verse 30.

NOTE.—In describing the coming of Jesus, the messenger of God says: "Soon appeared the great white cloud, upon which sat the Son of man. When it first appeared in the distance, this cloud looked very small. The angel said that it was the sign of the Son of man. As it drew nearer the earth, we could behold the excellent glory and majesty of Jesus as He rode forth to conquer. A retinue of holy angels, with bright, glittering crowns upon their heads, escorted Him on His way. No language can describe the glory of the scene."—*"Early Writings," p. 286, new edition.*

13. How will the angels herald His coming? What work will be given them to do? Verse 31.

NOTE.—The "elect" are those who have loved and obeyed the Lord, and they are then gathered from every part of the earth to be with Jesus evermore.

Other Signs of Christ's Coming

What signs will be seen among the people? Luke 21:25, 26.

How is this fulfilled today?

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THE LISTENING POST

❖ IN a London park there is a great mound of bricks and stone already twenty feet high and fully a hundred yards in diameter—millions of fragments of masonry gathered from the ruins of countless homes in which royalty, gentry, and the common folk of London have lived for generations. And this mound is growing daily. Trucks laden with debris roll up almost continually to this melancholy mound. It seems inevitable that this will be the future site for a memorial to those men, women, and children who have been killed in the bombing of this world's largest city, which has destroyed also "mellowed buildings that gave charm, if not beauty, to the great metropolis."

❖ NEAR Ellensburg, Washington, in a thinly populated ranch country, live the Borrowed Timers, probably the world's strangest organization. Each one of them has been given up by doctors and should have died from one to four years ago. But since the colony started in 1936, no one has died. They are paying their own way by their work, and are caring for one another, and the group of fifteen doomed invalids are really lighthearted. These Borrowed Timers have adopted, so it seems, a life-preserving philosophy. By accepting fate, by resolving to make their last days useful, by discovering the self-helping outlet of helping others, they extend their own lives.

❖ A NEW variety of fly has been discovered which traps spiders in its webs and eats them. Dr. B. N. Fulton of North Carolina State College says in regard to this fly that it is carnivorous only in the larval stage. Besides spinning webs, it is equipped with blue headlights and taillights, which it turns on at night to lure unwary insects, including spiders, into the web. After it turns from a larva into a fly, it may itself become spider bait.

❖ AT the beginning of the Pontificate of Benedict XV in 1914, there were but a handful of diplomatic representatives at the Vatican and only fourteen states had concordats with Rome. Today there are thirty-six nunciatures and twenty-four apostolic delegates, and at Rome there are thirty-seven ambassadors and ministers to the Holy See.

❖ SPARE time has produced a six-room house. Bob Leigh of Winston-Salem, N.C., working in his spare time over a period of five years, has built a two-story, six-room cabin. He had the beams installed and the roof constructed by hired artisans, but otherwise the structure is entirely his own handiwork.

❖ TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR guard duty has been assigned for the United States Capitol. Heretofore guards have been on duty from eight A.M. until midnight. The added precaution has been taken because of unsettled and tense world conditions.

❖ A SAN FRANCISCO judge requires violators of traffic rules to memorize section 543 of the State Vehicle Code, entitled, "The Importance of Yielding the Right of Way," and to write a 250-word essay on the subject.

❖ ALTHOUGH the stopping of the heart for five seconds may cause unconsciousness, life can be restored after the heart has stopped beating for 15 minutes.

❖ TIME has mellowed the tone of the world-famous Mormon Tabernacle pipe organ in Salt Lake City, Utah, and now, after seventy-three years of playing the world's best music, it is undergoing major repairs to remove the creak of age from its melodious voice. Pioneer Mormon craftsmen began the construction of the organ shortly after the close of the Civil War. Materials that went into it were hauled from the forests of southern Utah by horse and oxcart, as there were no railroads. One hundred men worked for a year carving out wooden pipes that range from five eighths of an inch to 32 feet in length until 6,868 of them had been installed in the organ. The work was completed in 1867, and since that date the instrument has been in constant use. The repair workers found upon investigation that 650 of the original pipes are still in use. Those that are worn out will be replaced and others will be installed to bring the total number up to nearly 8,000.

❖ WAITRESSES at a Wellfleet, Massachusetts, restaurant now present customers with their meal checks enclosed in an envelope on which is printed, "Here is 'he bad news.'"



1. Name the present United States ambassador to the Court of St. James. Whom does he succeed?

2. Locate the following capes: (a) Cape Gris Nez, (b) Cape of Good Hope, (c) Cape Clear.

3. Name the countries of which the following men are president: (a) Ernest Wetter, (b) Fulgencio Batista, (c) Ismet Inonu.

4. Prime Minister Churchill in a recent speech quoted some lines which began: "Sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!" Who wrote them?

5. What countries have naval bases at the following places: (a) Tripoli, (b) Bizerte, (c) Cartagena, (d) Bengazi?

6. In the new National Gallery of Art, recently opened in Washington, D. C., are many Italian "primitives." What are Italian "primitives"?

7. As the newspapers set forth the distressing labor situation in the United States at the present time, the term "jurisdictional strike" is frequently used. What is a "jurisdictional strike"?

8. A contralto singer, daughter of a Philadelphia laundress, recently received the Bok Award of \$10,000, the highest honor that the city of Philadelphia bestows. What is her name?

9. Are soldiers in uniform off post required to salute their superior officers?

10. The three great basic flying fields in the air-training program of the United States Army are Randolph Field, Maxwell Field, and Moffett Field, which are in (a) Alabama, (b) California, (c) Texas. Pair the field and the State.

❖ MOST immigrants when they arrive in the United States are joyful because of the freedom and the opportunities offered them, but somewhat fearful of a new language, new customs, and a new government. Realizing this, Louis Gartner, a native of Hungary and now a naturalized American, decided to do something to help his fellow immigrants, and he is the founder of the unique Free School for American Citizenship in New York City. Since the school started more than 1,000 immigrants have enrolled. Many of them did not know a word of English, but they have been given free training in United States history and government and the Constitution, and devotion to democratic ideals has been taught and fostered. None of the class has ever failed to qualify for citizenship. Mr. Gartner is the operator of a steamship company, but he spends most of his time and money and energy in conducting this school.

❖ WHEN the price of hothouse roses went up to 90 cents a dozen, an ant problem arose in the Bronx Zoo in New York. Two years ago a few hundred parasol ants were brought to the United States from Trinidad, and the colony, which now consists of 10,000 ants, refuse to eat anything but hothouse roses. When the ants were deprived of roses and given fallen petals instead, they began to consume one another. By the end of the first day 1,000 ants were dead. The ants are one of the most popular exhibits at the zoo, and more have been sent from Trinidad to form a colony to be held in reserve against future "strikes."

❖ THE popularity of the compact, easy-to-handle products has opened a wide market for pocket-sized low-cost reprints of best-seller books. According to Pocket Books, Inc., publishers of these reprints, sales have zoomed to 5,000,000 copies in the last two years, and are still going up.

❖ MORE and more retailers in the United States are designing window displays to attract the window shopper on wheels. Sears, Roebuck and Company, for instance, reports that all of its store windows are now being dressed to stop the motorist as well as the pedestrian.

❖ IT was recently stated by Dr. Aloysius J. Hogan of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., that since the inauguration of the order, 16,000 Jesuit authors have written and published more than 115,000 books.

❖ AN airplane that is half automobile (four wheels, two seats, and drives like a car) will soon fly into the American market. Priced at only \$2,000, it may open the skyways to the average man.

❖ GOOD matches are scarce in Japan these days. Restrictions by the government on raw materials have so limited manufacturers that they cannot produce matches that burn.

❖ RAGE and fear are hard on human sight. Experiments by scientists prove that vision is not as keen when one is under an emotional strain as it is when he is relaxed.

❖ FROM Christmas Eve to the end of Christmas Day last year the national death toll from automobile accidents in the United States was 307.