



# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

**T**RIBULATION!" In his mind Melvin heard again this word of the speaker as it had come to him in Senior camp last August. He remembered how tired he had been that evening—yes, really tired. For he had returned only a few moments before from the long, arduous hike to the headwaters of the sparkling mountain stream which flowed past the camp.

How well he remembered the occasion! He was seated on the ground between two spreading roots, with his back against the rough bark of a large pine tree. There was no breeze, and the air was fragrant with the pungent odors of the forest. Twilight had nearly faded into night, and the only sounds to be heard as the speaker rose were the snapping and crackling of the bonfire which burned near by, and the murmur and babble of the creek which came out from the shadows that shrouded its course.

"Tribulation!" The speaker's voice was clear and firm. "T-r-i-b-u-l-a-t-i-o-n!" He spelled out the letters slowly, then with greater emphasis pronounced the word again, "Tribulation!"

"What is tribulation?" he asked. Answering his own question, he continued, "The word 'tribulation' is defined as 'severe affliction, deep sorrow, acute trial.'"

He asked another question. "Do you ever meet anything in your individual life, or see anything in the lives of your friends, which might be called a tribulation?"

The question brought a chorus of vigorous assents from the assembled young people. Melvin remembered that he, too, had joined in the reply. And now, back home, with this experience at camp but a memory, it was this subject of tribulation that was in his mind.

The particular tribulation which troubled him now had been caused by a conversation he had just had with a retired merchant who lived next door. This elderly man had for some time taken an active interest in Melvin; and the two had often talked of the young man's ambitions and ideals. Today, the merchant had held up Mel-



CAMERA TRAILS PHOTO BY BETH KELLER

No Matter How Great the Stress of Life, Heaven's "Peace That Passeth Understanding" May Be Ours

## "Ye Shall Have Tribulation"

By SANFORD T. WHITMAN

vin's fidelity to his convictions of duty to considerable rather sharp ridicule.

"You know, Melvin," the merchant had said, "you people who keep Saturday for Sunday haven't a chance of success in the business world. Once in a while, under unusual conditions, one may succeed for a time, but as a general thing you are destined to failure before you open your doors for business. In the business world, Saturday is the most important day of the week. In fact, many shop owners say that Saturday is the day in which they

make their profits. That is, what they make through the rest of the week merely covers the expenses of the routine business.

"Then you place so many restrictions upon yourself. You refuse to handle any kind of meat, tobacco, tea, coffee, or alcoholic drinks of any sort. You do the same with certain spices. These lines are among the most profitable to be found in the business world. Some businesses, such as gas stations, restaurants, campgrounds, and garages, must be kept open to the public every day to succeed well; and when you insist on closing on the best business day of the week, you destroy much of your chance to succeed.

"It is the same with work. Go to any large firm, or a smaller one for that matter, and ask for a job with Saturday off, and Friday evening off in the winter months, and what do you get? Usually nothing. Shortened working hours and fewer days a week, such as we have today, may make it possible for you to secure employment in some instances. Yet even under these conditions the probabilities are against you.

"And socially your restrictions are even greater. You don't patronize the movies, theaters, dance halls, or card clubs. You remain apart from lodges and fraternal orders. In just about every way possible you cut yourself off from every possibility of both social and economic success."

There had been much more said, both by the merchant and by his young friend. Melvin had attempted to explain why he held to these principles in spite of the loss which they undeniably caused. However, when they parted, the young man feared he had failed to make his neighbor fully understand his viewpoint.

What troubled him now, as he thought of the merchant's words, was that they were largely true. By holding to their convictions Seventh-day Adventists *did* bring on themselves very stringent restrictions, with consequent loss of social position and business opportunity. (Turn to page 12)

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

FOR surely someday we shall have war," the friendly Frenchman who sat facing me in a *Nichtraucher* compartment of the train which was roaring along the beautiful countryside toward Bern, Switzerland, admitted in his careful English. "But my country is no more anxious. We have our Maginot Line; it is like stone; it is impassable; and then we have our fine army. We are ready."

In those fateful years just preceding 1940, the world shared this Frenchman's confidence. The Maginot Line was a twentieth-century synonym of strength and security, a defense system acclaimed to be as nearly impregnable as military genius and money could make it. In and behind its massive fortifications of steel and reinforced concrete, which extended mile on mile below as well as above the ground, where the latest in massive, long-range guns stood on guard, waited approximately six million men, making up what was believed to be the world's finest, best-trained army—an army which was unconquerable.

Small wonder, then—is it?—that forty-two million Frenchmen went on with their ordinary pursuits in cheerful unconcern, even after Czecho-Slovakia and Poland had been "occupied." They trusted "The Line." They laughed and dubbed the war a "sitzkrieg" as month after month passed and the enemy made no definite move against them. And soldiers played cards, smoked, drank, and danced the time away, doubting that a siege would ever materialize.

Then one day the unexpected came to pass!

With breath-taking suddenness the enemy's highly mechanized forces swarmed out from their Westwall battlements by thousands upon thousands. They had discovered one or two weak points in the Maginot Line during those months of quiet, watchful waiting, and there they made their attack. First there was a bend in the supposedly impregnable Line, then a bulge, then an open break that became wider and wider as the invaders swept through like a mighty avalanche. And today France lies prone under the grinding heel of her conqueror.

All because she trusted in the Maginot Line—in a Line bristling with fortresses and with heavy long-range armament that she believed to be more than a match for anything her enemy might bring against her. But, alas, the Line fell!

HOW easy and how human it is for us as Christians to put our trust in the Maginot Line of the church, for instance, and settle down to take our ease and comfort, all-forgetful of the stern fact that living, for those who would inherit eternal life, is "a battle and a march" every moment of every day.

We attend services—oh, yes! Sabbath school, church, midweek prayer and missionary meeting, and have a part in Missionary Volunteer activities. We pay a faithful tithe, we Harvest Ingather, we give generous offerings, we help the poor and minister to the needy and distressed. Zealous in good works, we feel safe and secure behind our battlements, and our attitude is decidedly off guard. We give small heed to the enemy who is patiently waiting to discover a weak place in our Line which will enable him to attack, invade, conquer, and enslave us.

If we depend on this Maginot Line for safety, we will surely find ourselves defeated in a surprise attack. For we cannot work our way into heaven—not any of us. All these "things" that we do by way of service are right and praiseworthy, but they do not take the place of the all-essential, on-guard watch which we must maintain constantly in order to keep intact our armament of a close, heart-to-heart fellowship with Jesus Christ. In just the proportion that we preserve this, the heart becomes the strongest or the weakest point in our whole line of defense.

Every now and then we are shocked when a life suddenly goes to pieces. A person appears to be doing well; he enjoys the confidence of friends and of business associates. Then the newspaper carries a headline featuring a case of embezzlement; or an unexpected turn in business affairs catches him off guard, he is ruined financially, his good reputation vanishes, and perhaps he faces a prison term. A love of money, little dishonesties that were allowed to grow up in his dealings with others required lies to cover them up, a false pride forced him to keep up appearances—secret faults all of them; yet they finally accomplished their deadly work.

A desire to appear to be what we are not, a longing to get something for nothing, jealousy, envy, impurity, selfishness—any or all of these sins may be at work in a life, and the casual observer never would guess

their existence. But the character of the one who allows them to gain a foothold in his heart gradually undergoes a change. It becomes weak, and the fine concrete of uprightness which forms the foundation of his Maginot Line gradually wastes away. Then a sudden attack by the enemy, and what appears to be a sudden downfall.

Time and again, as the tale of the years is penned by time's relentless hand, we see men and women who hold positions of responsibility and influence in our own denominational work crash—suddenly, so it seems. But we may be sure that criticism, doubt, self-love—*something*—has been allowed to have place in the heart and weaken the Line, so that in a moment of sudden temptation—or attack—they are overcome by the enemy of souls.

AN ancient but familiar Greek legend tells how Thetis, the mother of Achilles, dipped her son in the river Styx, to make him invulnerable to his enemies. She held the lad by the heel, which part, being left out of the water, did not share in the safety of the charm. Therefore, it came about in the Trojan War that an arrow from the bow of Paris found the unprotected spot in Achilles' heel and ended the hero's life. What a striking parallel of life!

For there is an "Achilles' heel" in every one of us—a place of special hazard. Arrows of temptation may smite one without damage at a score of points. But somewhere there is a joint in the armor, an unprotected place where Satan can attack and overcome us.

The apostle Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews, left on record a solemn warning of the major peril in "the sin which doth so easily beset us." There is no person living but is aware of that sort of weakness against which he must be continually on guard.

HOW is your Maginot Line, friend o' mine? Are you inspecting your defenses carefully day by day and praying with the psalmist, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults"? You may know all *about* Christ, but do you *really know* Him as your own personal Saviour?

France trusted in a Line—and it fell!

Will yours stand the coming test?

Lora E. Clement

# The Way of the World

By KATHRYN HAGSTROM MUELLER

I'M getting sick and tired of it! sick and tired of it, I tell you! You can't do *this*, and you can't do *that*. What in the world do you expect me to do—sit here at home until I'm a moss-grown old maid? Well, I won't! I'm not going back to that church—not ever! And one of these fine days I'm going to break every rule I ever heard of!"

"R-r-r-r-r-r CRASH!" came a roll and a roar of thunder from the heavens, as if to protest such an outburst.

"Look at this! Here's the most desirable and hoped-for of the season—from the best 'catch' of the season. What reply must I make? Shall I say, 'I'm sorry, Don, but a good Christian does not attend dances'? If I do, do you know what he'll do? Well, he'll take Gilda Dare to that dance. And Gilda's smart, dad. She knows that Don likes a quiet, unsophisticated girl; and you know as well as I do that Gilda's anything but that. But she's smart! She'll act the 'modest violet' for Don's benefit, and he won't see through her plot until it's too late. It isn't so bad for you folks; you have each other. But I can't be satisfied with just going to young people's meeting, prayer meeting, church, and Sabbath school.

"I know Don likes me best; he always asks me to go to entertainments first, but when I can't go, then he always asks Gilda. It isn't only this dance I'm complaining about, but a week ago Friday night there was the symphony concert in the school auditorium. The week before it was our class party; the week before it was a marshmallow roast. Don asked me to go to all these, and the only objection there was to going was that they were on Friday night. Mother, you know that you said that Don is fine looking, and a young man above reproach. His only lack is that he is not a Christian. I know he's not, but I'm sure that if I could go out with him, I could win him to Christ, and finally to an acceptance of the plain truths the Bible teaches. He says if I turn him down *this* time, he'll never ask me again. I like him—he's one of the nicest boys I know.

"Maybe you don't understand how I feel. I want to be out with the rest of my friends having a good time while I'm young enough to enjoy it, but here I stand looking at a future that's as black as the stormy night outside. Look at it. Look at it!"

She went to the window and pulled back the heavy lace curtains and motioned to her parents to look out at the black night.

The rain was coming down in torrents. And wind? The howl of it almost drowned out the loud claps of thunder. It seemed that the elements were more than angry; they were furious!—almost as furious as was Marjory Mathews.

"Look at it!" she commanded again. But just as she pointed to the wet window, and her parents obligingly raised their eyes, a streak of silvery lightning whizzed across the sky, followed by the loudest roar of thunder that had yet accompanied the pounding storm. Marjory jumped back, a bit scared and a bit surprised.

"Looks as if there is a streak of light through it all, doesn't it?" smiled Father Mathews, as he resumed his reading. What else could he do? All the talking in the world would not stop either the storm outside, or the storm that had found its way inside. No use

to try to counteract one storm with another. The Lord willing, both storms would subside, and his getting excited wouldn't bring either of them to an earlier end.

"Sure." retorted Marjory, "you can see the light through it all, but I can't! It looks black, *black!* BLACK! to me! What do you expect me to do about *this?*" and she indicated the letter she had in her left hand with the back of her right hand.

"That, my dear, is something that you yourself will have to decide," replied her mother, resting her knitting in her lap for a few minutes. "We have done all that we could for you; we dedicated you to the Lord when you were born, took you to Sabbath school when you were a baby, sent you to church school when you were old enough to attend school, and have put away the money for you to finish the academy and even college if you so desire. Now, you have come to the place where you will have to decide what path you will take in the future. We have prayed that you would go the Lord's way, but if you feel that you must go the other, then all we can say is, You will have to make the decision yourself. And, my dear, it will be the most important decision that you will ever be called upon to make in this world. We wish that we might help you to make the right choice, but par-



H. A. ROBERTS

Poor Marjory! If You Could Only See Ahead Through the Next Ten Years!

ents can do only so much. The final choice is yours!" And Mother Mathews resumed her knitting.

Marjory, still holding the invitation under discussion, stepped to the window again. The storm in her heart had no more abated than had the fury beyond the pane of glass that separated her from a cold, wet, uncomfortable world. As she looked into the black night, she could see the reflection of her father's reading lamp in one corner of the large window—a reflection that quivered with the varying paths that the rain made down, down the pane until a hundred little streams joined to become a miniature waterfall over the edge of the sill and fell to the ground.

As she watched, it seemed that she could see the beautiful colored lights of the dance floor reflected there; could see the dancers rhythmically floating in happy couples to the accompaniment of the soft music, could see Gilda smiling up into Don's eyes as he guided her, wondering why he had never noticed how blue her eyes were—or was it only the blue of her gown that brought the color to his attention? Oh, yes, Marjory had seen that dreamy chiffon evening dress with its yards and yards of sheerness that were fitted snugly into a dainty bodice, and then fell gracefully fold after fold in the floor-length skirt.

Poor Marjory, we know how you feel. If only you might have a bit of the vision that was granted to John the revelator on Patmos! Then you would see through that dimming sheet of water, and a clearer picture. You could see ahead through the next ten years, and—

When Gilda Dare came home from school that afternoon, she shut the door with a happy bang, made her way through the living room with its litter of papers and magazines scattered there the night before, and called out, "Oh, ma, are you home?" No answer came back through the empty house. She made her way to the kitchen, and there on the table was a note propped against a dusty artificial plant that stood in a pot in the center of a spotted tablecloth. The girl picked it up and read it.

"DEAR GILDA,

"Your father called me to say that he will not be home for dinner; he has a business conference tonight. And since you, too, have an evening date, I have gone out with a friend to dinner.

"There must be something in the refrigerator that you can eat, but I'm in a hurry; so I haven't time to look.

"MOTHER."



## HILLS

*By Thelma Wellman*

**There lies the couchant power of the hills,  
Those high-flung battlements of granite rock,  
That sturdily withstand the tempest's shock—  
The sharp sword thrust of lightning, ice that chills,**

**The rattling hiss of sleet from winter's store,  
The thunder on those grim, impassive peaks,  
May mar, but never reach their inner core,  
And from their summits wild adventure speaks.**

**Too dull the autumn orchard's fruitful peace!  
The still placidity of fertile plain,  
The sluggish quietness of meadow stream:  
Give me the arrogance of hills in rain.**

Gilda investigated. There were a few odds and ends, none of them too palatable. No bread! Only a few broken crackers in an almost empty box—well, they would have to do, even though the girl was really hungry. She went to the stove and picked up the coffeepot. "Empty!" she exclaimed aloud. "Oh, well, there's always beer on ice." And she hurriedly opened a bottle.

As she sat down to the table, she said to herself, "I wish I had accepted Marjory's mother's invitation to stay there for supper. The aroma that came out of that kitchen told me plenty about the good supper they are having. I don't suppose Marge ever has to sit down to a cold meal like this. She doesn't have to eat cold food and drink beer—but then, she wouldn't anyway; she doesn't do a lot of the things I have to—not with the kind of parents she has." Gilda drew a long sigh, and added, "Oh, well, what's the use; she and I are as far apart as the poles. But I'll get by." And she tipped the bottle of sour, yeasty liquid to her lips and took a long drink. One could tell by the way she enjoyed its bitterness that it was not the first time she had quenched her thirst in this way.

Yes, Gilda went to the dance with Don. Yes, she managed to get him to

propose marriage one night when they had stopped at a beer parlor after a dance.

They were married a short time later—Gilda's mother saw to that, for she knew that her daughter would never finish school, and she was not sorry, for she believed that marriage would calm down this fun-seeking, headstrong girl. Furthermore, she wanted Gilda off her hands; if she could get her married off to someone, she would have that much more money to spend on herself.

The marriage lasted just long enough to give entrance into the world to a son who would have to learn early in life that his mother had not lost her talent for finding pleasure. Of course, there was another man in the picture, and often more than one; there would be, with a woman like Gilda. Her divorce was obtained on perjured evidence, and Don was not there to contest it; indeed, he was glad to get out of such a bad bargain.

Her second husband tried to inspire her to take care of the little bungalow that he had bought. He was far superior to her morally, and took a deep interest in the boy. But all this did not change Gilda. Home to her had always been merely a

place to go when every other place was closed.

The farther Gilda traveled in her search of fun, the farther down the scale of behavior she went. Then she began to drink more and more until none of the respectable people wanted to be seen with her, and she had to find her companions among those who attended the same cheap night clubs that she frequented. Sin has a way of degrading, you know.

Finally, one night after she had been drinking more than usual, she took a 'dare' from one of the men to go with him to rob a jewelry store.

The rest of Gilda's story is short. They were caught, and found guilty. Now she sees the world, what she can of it, through a small barred window, and being a woman of sin, she sees not stars, but—*mud*.

Yes, Marjory, if you could see through the rain that has changed from a veritable flood to a steady downpour, you would see yourself going through the academy, and through college.

You would see your marriage to a clean-cut, handsome young lad who was graduated from medical school the same year that you finished your college course. (*Turn to page 12*)

# PU P'A MAN CHIH P'A CHAN

By Mary Ogle

ONE of the first proverbs the foreign student of the Chinese language learns is *pu p'a man chih p'a chan* (do not be afraid to go slowly; only fear standing still). What a perfect epitome of the sage-like Chinese conception of life! To the Westerner, accustomed to the hustle and bustle of Western life, to the revolutionary rises and falls and advancements of governments and countries, to the marvelous developments of a mechanized civilization, "slowness" seems to be the one word that best characterizes China, from the days of her ancient isolated empire down to her present struggle for national existence. If one lets one's mind wander back four hundred, seven hundred, a thousand, years, and follows the history of China down through the ages, one gets an impression of a huge old dragon, slowly twisting and turning, laboriously wending its way across the map of time. Many smaller, fleetier animals began the race at a much later date, caught up with the old dragon and passed it by with contempt, some of them going so fast that they ran their limit and passed out of existence, while the old dragon, unperturbed, continued, with perhaps some retracking and loss of motion, always in one general forward direction.

The very slowness with which this great old country moves seems to have instilled into its people a sense of confidence and assurance, a feeling that eventually they are sure to win. One sees this philosophy manifest in the reaction of the Chinese after the forces of destruction have passed over or through their communities. With homes destroyed, with business ruined, with family wounded or killed, perhaps wounded themselves, hungry and cold, they seem a pitifully hopeless lot. And yet what happens? A few weeks, possibly a few months, go by, and walls are boarded and patched, debris is cleared away, business begins on a very small scale—perhaps it is the making of straw sandals, the clearing of a little plot of ground for a garden, the starting of a little street restaurant, or any of a score or more of small enterprises which will bring in a few coppers. Gradually, very gradually, life returns to a semblance of normalcy. The Chinese people may be down, but they are not out. With a stolid patience, they accept life as it comes, and outwardly appear amenable to new laws and regu-

lations. But in their hearts there smolders the same fire of personal and national independence that burns in the breasts of citizens of every other country. And when opportunity offers, this smoldering spark flares out—not in a roaring conflagration, but in a stealthy tongue of flame to strike a deathblow quietly, unobtrusively, keeping the enemy constantly annoyed at not being able to tell on this calm exterior where these flames are coming from. As one stands on the side lines watching this tragic drama, one again catches a glimpse of the old dragon, still slowly pushing its way forward, fighting for life, but confident that if it can only keep going—even though slowly—it will crush every obstacle in the path and ultimately reach the goal of national unity and independence.

As I have talked with the Chinese people and read the comments from the Chinese press, I have sometimes thought that they were hopeful to the point of foolhardiness, that they were simply blinding their eyes to facts; for to me it seems a terrible thing to have all the main lines of communication under the control of the enemy, who enforces such restrictions as to make travel well-nigh impossible. It would seem to me most destructive to the morale of the people to live in constant fear of bombings or invasions. But in reality, while these things do bring hardships and suffering, yet these very things

have caused the hearts of the Chinese to be bound together in a closer bond of sympathy with one another, and have united the various sections and factions of China as nothing else has ever done. Many thinking Chinese will tell you that this war, with all its troubles, has been a blessing in disguise, for China's great weakness in the past has been lack of unity, but this fight against a common enemy has brought in a spirit of unity and oneness of purpose, so that they take courage from the hope that by not standing still and giving up in despair, but slowly moving forward in their purpose to wear out the enemy, they will come off victors at last, a stronger nation in their poverty than they ever were in the days of their prosperity.

To the foreign missionary in China, the last few years have brought many discouragements. Whole church groups have been scattered, church buildings have been destroyed. Schools and hospitals have been bombed, and in some places utterly wrecked. Travel restrictions have made itinerating difficult and in many places impossible. Air raids have interfered with the holding of evangelistic efforts. Shortage of men and means has prevented the carrying on of regular lines of work. It has been a discouraging prospect, and many have returned home disheartened.

But those missionaries who have lived right on the line of battle tell us that these are the missionary's days of

The Dragon Motif Is Symbolic of China, and Dominates Not Only the Ancient Landmarks, but the Busy Streets of Her Modern Cities

BURTON HOLMES FROM EWING GALLOWAY



opportunity in China. While it has been a sad thing to see church groups scattered from their church homes, this has been another blessing in disguise, for the earnest-hearted Christians among them, wherever they have gone—whether to refugee camps, to their old homes, or into some new western section—have taught their new associates of the loving-kindness of a risen Saviour. While necessary follow-up work and baptisms have not been possible in every instance, yet the gospel is being disseminated by the lay members in a larger and faster way than could ever be done by the evangelists alone.

Furthermore, missionary and Christian welfare organizations in China have manifested a real spirit of service by coming to China's aid in the time of her great need. Christian doctors and nurses have performed a wonderful work in caring for the wounded following air raids. In Hankow, Canton, and Chungking, our own Seventh-day Adventist doctors and nurses received special commendation from the government for being on the scene with ambulances and giving first aid to the wounded, even before the all-clear signal had sounded. This service has helped to break down prejudice against foreigners and against missionaries, and today the government and individuals are giving large sums of money to assist the missionaries in their welfare work. Our Harvest Ingathering returns the last two years have been the largest in the history of the China Division.

This favorable standing with the government will mean much when it is again possible to carry on work freely. Through these calamities and uncertainties and perplexities, the Spirit of God has worked on the hearts of the people to prepare them to receive the message of Christianity. There is a crying out after something that will satisfy the soul's need in such a time as this, and that need can be filled only by the gospel of love.

Sometimes we hear it said that foreign missionaries today are soft, that they are not willing to sacrifice and endure hardships as did Morrison, Judson, Taylor, and other pioneers. No doubt, there is some truth in this criticism. On the other hand, there are some stronghearted men and women in the mission fields today, who, it seems to me, are just as willing to endure hardness as good soldiers as were Morrison and Judson. Take the matter of shipping literature and supplies, for example. Nobody who has not experienced it or known about it at close range, can imagine all the difficulties and perplexing problems that can become a part of the task of transporting truckloads of goods from seaports to the interior. I might tell you in detail about any one of the many trips that our missionaries have made, but that would take too long. So I will only refer briefly to some of their experiences.

To begin with, there is an enormous amount of red tape to be unwound in getting permits, passing customs regulations, etc., to say nothing of the

actual work of buying supplies and getting them crated and boxed for shipment. Having to ship these supplies on blockade-running boats to the port from which they can start inland, being fired on from enemy ships, being halted for inspection, sometimes being turned back to Shanghai—these are a few of the inconveniences and annoyances of getting started on a trip.

Typhoons and floods which catch the goods while they are stored in the customs godown at the port of entry, completely soaking the entire shipment of literature, clothing, and supplies, melting quantities of sugar, making paste out of barrels of flour, turning bars of soap into suds to flow out into the river, fading and shrinking clothing—all of this calls for days and days of delay and of work in sunning and drying and seeking to preserve as much as possible from this wreckage.

The breakdown of motors on the way, calling for complete overhauling, and sometimes for installation of an entire new engine block, means that the men who travel must be mechanics.

The eating of Chinese food as it can be obtained on the road, drinking questionable water, driving day and night, sometimes for two or three days without sleep, bring on sickness—dysentery and malaria, which are lurking to catch one at every turn. Stopping the trucks to dash into the paddy fields and throw oneself flat on the muddy ground, or take refuge with the water buffalo under a straw-stack, in order to (Turn to page 13)



**A**UTOBIOGRAPHIES, books of travel, and nature books have always been interesting to all who are still young. Through reading them we may become well traveled although forced to remain at home. Such books make us cosmopolitan. At little expense we may visit and inspect every country under heaven and become acquainted with men and places all around the globe. Those who give attention to this kind of reading will not lose the "beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gained much of the wisdom of age."

Among nature books, books of travel, and autobiographies I have found much that is not only intensely interesting and highly instructive, but most inspiring as well. Such books often reveal the author's philosophy of life, though sometimes in a seemingly inadvertent manner. Franklin's "Autobiography" is written in that fashion, and Horace Greeley declared it to be his greatest achievement. Much of his philosophy is quaintly set forth in "Poor Richard's Almanac."

The "Autobiography of Edward Gibbon" is an admirable little volume which can be read in a leisurely afternoon. "The Americanization of Edward Bok" is another most delightful autobiography. If someday

you find your heart is a little weary of life, and things seem small and not worth living for and your lot seems to be harder than you deserve, then if you will read "Blessed Be Drudgery," that reassuring little book by William C. Gannett, it will take the gray clouds away and leave a blue sky over your head for days and weeks.

When I am sick-abeed of life in general, I like to read the life of Helen Keller. She had a pretty hard time of it, but now finds life sweet and well worth living. Her "Story of My Life" and "The World I Live In" are a sure cure for the worst case of "blues." Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery" and "Character Building" are quite as good medicine for the same ailment.

But of all the vast number of men who have thought fit to record the history of their own lives, the "Autobiography" of Benvenuto Cellini stands out pre-eminent. This world-famous autobiography is the best in any language and is so well written that someone has said of it: "This is no book; who touches this touches a man." However, it is of interest and value only to mature readers. St. Augustine's "Confessions" is another great autobiography, second only to Cellini's.

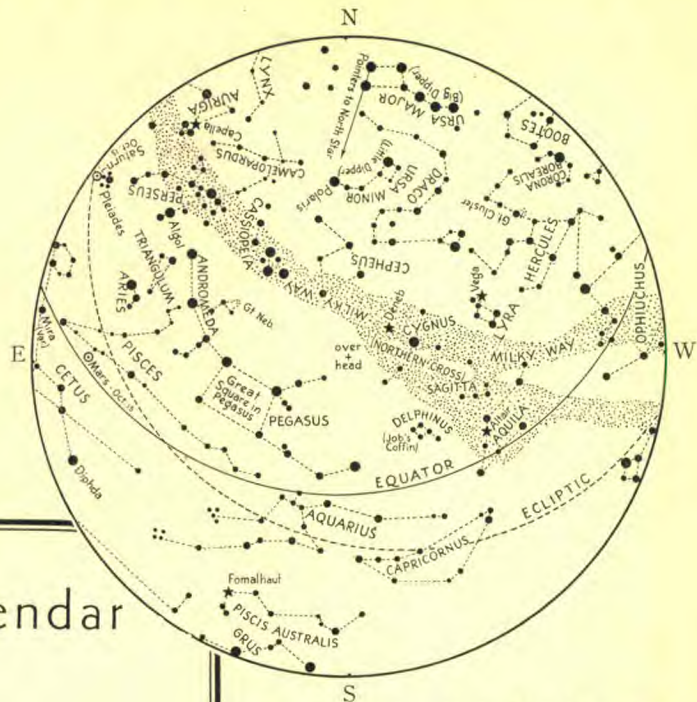
# "The Heavens Declare"

## IN OCTOBER

By OREN C. DURHAM

### Observer's Sky Calendar OCTOBER

- 3d. Mars nearest to earth.
- 5th. Full moon in Pisces.
- 5th. Moon passes north of Mars.
- 8th. Moon passes south of Saturn.
- 10th. Moon passes south of Jupiter.
- 18th. Venus passes north of Antares in Scorpio.
- 20th. New moon.
- 22d. Orionid meteors.
- 27th. Moon at first quarter in Capricornus.



Face South and Hold the Map Over Your Head, the Top North, and You Will See the Stars and Planets Just as They Appear in the Vast Dome of the Heavens

shape very much during the remainder of the year. Another useful configuration will be the nearly straight line made by Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter.

But where is Venus? While we have been busy with the eastern sky Venus has set, but we shall see her tomorrow evening and any evening. Every time we look we shall find her a little brighter than before.

How badly we need a telescope to view these planets! A good pair of 8-power field glasses will help a great deal, more than most people realize. Any optical piece will add to our enjoyment of the four planets which are now visible, and each of which will increase in beauty and interest during the coming three months.

Take Venus, for example. Just now she is racing straight toward us. In spite of our orbital speed of eighteen miles a second, she is overtaking us at the rate of some three miles a second. If we look at Venus with a low-power glass, we shall not see a round disk as we might expect, but a partial disk like that of the moon between "first quarter" and "full moon." In the weeks to come, as she draws ever closer to us, her diameter will increase and she will assume the shape of a crescent which will grow ever longer and narrower until she is about to leave the evening sky. The change will be gradual and will not be completed until long after the end of 1941.

The chance to see these phases of Venus affords more than the satisfaction of our curiosity if we remember that Galileo was the first man to observe this wonder and was afraid to tell about it. The point was that he had anticipated the fact and had concluded that if his suspicions were confirmed he would have positive proof that the sun is the center of what we now call the solar (Turn to page 13)

THOSE who have followed the stars down through the year, beginning with the first outdoor session, are beginning to reap what they sowed last winter. Old friends of the January sky are now peeping over the eastern rim in the early evening, and some of them are climbing well into the heavens by bedtime.

The first of these is the three-star Ram, Aries, which we discussed when we completed the circle of the zodiac last month. Two of its stars are bright. The dim one sits over by itself, out of line. I remember Aries, not because of its beauty, but because it makes an excellent landmark from September to March. Have you noticed the little triangle midway between Aries and the north end of Andromeda? Triangulum is the official name, and not at all difficult to pronounce or remember.

Second of the old friends is Capella, with the three little kids, which rises far in the northeast. Capella is yellow, as compared with the blue-white Vega, and is a dependable sky friend that may be seen of an evening in the latitude of Chicago and New York during nine months of the year. Note that it stands about as far on one side of the Pole Star as Vega stands on the other. Thus they are "balanced" like the Big Dipper and Cassiopeia.

The finest thrill of October for early goers to bed is the constellation

Pleiades—the twinkling seven sisters whose beauty has thrilled men through the ages. "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades?" the Lord asked the harassed sage of the land of Uz. Who would minimize such modest majesty? We stand in awe before our treasure, and when we try to break the spell by fastening our attention on other objects, our eyes are drawn back as by a magnet. Again we test our naked-eye vision by discovering the lost sister, and on a very dark night find two or three more. Then, with the best low-power glass we can find, we bring the cluster closer, and count, not seven Pleiades, but more than seven times seven.

Soon after Capella hangs out her beacon we will greet Aldebaran, the red eye of the Bull. The V-shaped face lies on its side as it rises in the east. Now we know what comes next—the mighty warrior. We shall defer our welcome for him until November.

But these are not all of the old friends. See who came to the reception! Mars has taken a six months' lease on a spot well below the south corner of the great square. Before Aldebaran has risen you will find Saturn coming up a little to the right of the Pleiades. And after Aldebaran has cleared the horizon, you will set a watch for Jupiter. Aldebaran, Saturn, and Jupiter will now make a good triangle that will not change its

# "The Effectual Fervent Prayer--"

By FRANCES MAY BARTLETT

The Doctor Diagnosed His  
as Leakage of the Heart and  
Him to Bed



H. A. ROBERTS

THE doctor stepped slowly, despairingly, from the room of the sick man, the man who was their father. He had been a good father and had always worked hard to provide food, clothes, and shelter for his wife and five children. But then, almost suddenly, that day had come when it was imperative for him to stop work. Leakage of the heart, the doctor had said, and ordered him to bed.

Several weeks had passed now, but there was no improvement in his condition. Gradually he had become worse, even to the point that he did not recognize his family when they came in to see him. All that the doctor could do availed nothing; the medicine had ceased to have any stimulating effect. In fact, for the last three days it had not even been possible to give the medicine, for any more drugs would have stopped rather than stimulated the heart action. As far as the doctor could see, it was only a matter of time. And now, as he came from the sickroom, it was evident from the expression on his face that the time was short. The family saw and understood.

After vainly trying to speak a few words of comfort, he left the house. But as he passed across the vine-covered porch and down the long walk, there was one thing in his heart which had not been expressed in his face. Feeling that death was but a little way off and that in this case it would certainly be right to shorten the period of suffering, he had administered more drugs. He had thus violated the ethics of his profession; he had compromised with right. Little wonder that he felt sure he was leaving a home which death would soon visit.

Grandfather Berlé was a strong, active man for one of his age. More than this, he was a sincere Christian. Respected by his fellow church members, he held the position of elder of the church. Out on the edge of the village, across the lot from the house with the vine-covered porch, he worked in his little broom factory. There the hours passed pleasantly, for often his two grandsons came over to trim brooms and do other odd jobs for him. His life was quite happy in spite of the fact that nearly twenty-

five years before his somewhat impulsive wife had chosen to go her own way in the world. She secretly kept in touch with all their children, but she had never written to him or given him any word of her whereabouts. Independent as he was, he chose to live in two rooms at the front of his broom shop rather than to impose upon any of his children.

Often, however, at the end of his day's work, he would follow the garden path—hardened by frequent use from several pairs of small feet—across the lot to his daughter's home. Now that the father of that home was sick, his visits had become more frequent. Sympathetically he had stood with his daughter by her husband's bedside. Now on this day when hope seemed at an end, he had sat thoughtfully in the big chair by the window while the doctor administered a final treatment. When the doctor had gone, he rose from his chair, crossed the room to where his daughter was standing, and placed a comforting arm about her. In a tender voice he spoke:

"When man has reached his ex-

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



tremity, God has *His* opportunity, Onah. I've been thinking it all over, and if you are willing, I will call the pastor and the deacons of the church here to have prayer."

The heartbroken wife tried to reply to her father, but words would not come. However, her eyes spoke the faith, the trust, which was in her heart.

Only God knows what really happened in that room as those sincere men knelt beside the bed of the sick man, anointed him with oil, and then prayed for his recovery. This was all that they *could* do, but they trusted God to do the rest.

As they came from the room, the nurse, who had waited deferentially outside the door, now returned to the bedside. Almost involuntarily she felt the pulse of the sick man. Instantly she became alert. She felt that her sensations must be deceiving her; for the first time in weeks the beat was strong and regular. Then she noticed the color in the face that had been so pale. As she watched, the eyes opened, and he who had been so near to death began to speak in a normal voice. He asked to see his wife and children. Scarcely believing what she saw and heard, the nurse called them in. The joy they felt cannot be expressed in words, for they realized that the angel of life had visited their home, that the Lord had heard their prayers and stretched forth His healing hand.

It had been late afternoon when the prayer for healing was offered, and now evening drew on. The father, who felt the surge of new life in his body, lay peacefully, with his happy family grouped about him. For nearly a week he had not even noticed the passing of night and day. But now as he looked from the window he spoke of the beauty of the mountains in the distance, as the evening shadows gathered around them. The sun was no longer a glaring yellow mass as it had been all day. Instead, it hung like a soft crimson ball just above the snowy peaks, making them appear like huge opalescent jewels set on a background of deep purple. The family watched, as they had so often, while the changing colors came and went, then at last faded into the gray of the evening sky. A heavenly peace seemed to have settled down upon them as they watched. It was the father who broke the silence as he turned to his wife and said,

"I feel rather tired; I believe I can go to sleep now."

The children bade him good night and left the room. The mother sat down beside the bed, and her heart sent up a prayer of thanksgiving as she saw her husband fall into a natural and undisturbed sleep.

If this story were merely the product of someone's imagination, it would end here; but truth is often

stranger than fiction; the works of the Lord are more wonderful than those of man. Thus this story has a sequel.

The following morning the doctor awoke surprised that he had not been called during the night, for he had felt certain his patient could not live until morning. He therefore decided to call at the home. When he saw before him, not an unconscious form, but a man practically restored to health, he could not find words to utter; he was literally speechless. He suddenly realized that a power stronger than that of any doctor or drug still works among the children of men. He saw the helplessness of his own service without this power in his life. From that day forth he was a changed man.

That evening as the family were sitting around the table for an enjoyable meal, a knock came at the door. The mother rose to answer, thinking that it was doubtless one of the neighbors calling. As she opened the door, she stood motionless for a moment. The woman she saw before her might have been herself twenty years in the future.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, and drew her inside. "Children, do you know who this is? It's your Grandmother Berlé!"

Indeed, they scarcely did know her, except by a picture their mother had shown them. The three oldest children had seen her once when she had come to visit them a few years before.



## A Prayer

**Dear Lord, please make the doctor firm and kind.**

**Give him a keen and penetrating mind.**

**Broad sympathies, a hand with healing touch**

**For sick folk in life's crowded rabbit hutch;**

**Let him love people—tolerant of their ways,**

**And give him understanding all his days.**

**Endow him with reserves of strength to bear**

**The suffering that confronts him everywhere;**

**Don't let him be a callous, outward shell**

**Who acts perfunctorily, to make folks well;**

**Let him inspire a faith to calm the soul.**

**Gift him with inward grace, to make them whole.**

Minnie McIntyre Wallace,  
in *Hygeia*

In fact, their mother had seen her but that once during the twenty-five years since she had left her husband and her home. It may be said here that in leaving her family, she had also forsaken her religion. She desired to live as a woman of the world, and this she had been doing. She had a passion for money and society, and was not happy unless she had plenty of both. As stated before, she did not know the whereabouts of her husband; moreover, she had no desire to know. Small wonder this, for she had married twice since leaving her first home. Both of these husbands had died, however, leaving to her their wealth.

In spite of her indifference toward the father, there was still affection in her heart for their children. And when she had heard of the illness of her son-in-law, she had decided to visit her daughter's family. Thus her unexpected arrival.

The children, still feeling the joy of their father's miraculous healing, talked of little else to their grandmother. She was much impressed by the story, and it almost seemed to those around her that her heart was being reopened to the Spirit of God.

It cannot be forgotten, however, that there was still a shadow over the home. No longer could grandfather come over in the evening to sit in the big rocking chair and tell them stories; he had been secretly informed of his wife's arrival, and knew that she did not desire to see him. No longer could the children skip across the garden to take him a fresh loaf of bread or a juicy pie. These pleasant errands had to be performed slyly on their way to school. And how difficult it was not even to mention him in their chatter when his name had so often been on their lips!

Three weeks passed in this manner. One afternoon, Grandmother Berlé stepped out into the back yard to enjoy the warm spring sunshine. She was looking casually about when all at once she caught her breath and stood quite still. That man over there on the farther side of the lot—could it be— She turned abruptly and hurried into the house.

It only remains to be told that she questioned her daughter and found that the man she had seen was indeed her husband. Surprisingly enough, the antagonism which she had felt toward him was gone. There remained for her the difficult task of returning to him with a contrite heart and asking his forgiveness. But it was not really difficult, for the Spirit of Christ was now in her heart. She saw her duty as a Christian wife and again made a happy home for her husband.

A man healed from physical sickness, two hearts healed from sin, and a husband and wife reunited. Surely, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

# PRISONS

By

Max Trummer



**P** R I S O N S are impressive places! Yes, they are! On the whole, they are depressive; they inundate the mind with a flood of thoughts—thoughts of utter helplessness, of the utter inability of a person to escape from their confines.

No, I am neither a prisoner nor an ex-convict. I attend a Seventh-day Adventist school, and one Friday evening I accepted the invitation of the Missionary Volunteer jail-band leader to go with his group and play a clarinet solo for the service they purposed to hold.

The institution that we visited was merely the county "workhouse." It was not designed to cope with any of the notorious dignitaries or the elite of the underworld. It handled only the rabble of criminal society, the element that was not sufficiently intelligent to evade the law long enough to be caught by the noose, or by a long term of confinement. Yet the prison possessed a certain smug air of security about it. It consisted of a group of buildings on a campus quite like our own at school, except for the conspicuous absence of shrubs or other beautifying elements. There lights illuminated strategic portions of the premises, and the air seemed alive with eyes and ears, and the sixth sense that makes a person conscious that he is being watched made me feel uncomfortable as we drove in. I strained to see the unseen eyes, that I might return their icy stare.

We stopped in front of a low stone edifice that housed the prisoners. As we left the cars and walked toward the door, any merriment that might have manifested itself before we arrived had strangely vanished.

As we entered, we met the warden, to whom our leader explained our mission, and from whom he received permission to carry out the program that had been prepared.

We were ushered through the grillwork into a corridor, and the gate clanked shut behind us. The corridor

was subdivided by more gates and iron bars. To our left were the quarters where the prison trustees stayed. They had comparative freedom, were not restricted by balls and chains. We turned to our right, however, and walked toward the two doors at the far end of the corridor.

The walls on either side of us looked massively solid. There were a few doors, but they were of solid iron, mounted on large hinges, and each one had a small opening in the middle that was almost blocked by more bars. What gloom must be inside did not interest me; my imagination had already fathomed its depths and had given me a thought upon which I did not care to enlarge. We passed one open door leading to what appeared to be the mess hall. On the wall inside hung the ominous sign, "TALKING IN THIS ROOM FORBIDDEN." The aspect of the entire place served as a constant reminder of the futility which would accompany any puny measures which the human body could exert to penetrate those barriers to freedom.

The two openings at the end of the corridor were closed by two sets of steel gates. One was plain grillwork; the other was a steel mesh. Inside one was a hallway; inside the other was a large room teeming with humanity whose entire appearance and demeanor reeked with sin—it contaminated the air around them and hung in haze about their features. Each one wore a striped suit and a ball and chain.

The warden brought up two benches for us, and we started the simple service. We sang a few hymns, and the prisoners requested their favorite selections.

Our leader rose to speak. He had an excellent voice, and the fine acoustics of that corridor made it possible for everyone to hear him. He told his audience of Jesus' love for humanity and of how He came to save sinners. Then he invited them to give their hearts to Him in response to His love.

And as I sat there listening, I thought of the words of the prophet Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Then my mind wandered, and a new thought possessed me. I began to see those walls not as man-made barriers, but as an apt illustration of Satan's hold upon us. We are all prisoners of his. He places many temptations before us, and although the Lord has promised that He will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear, and that with the temptation He will surely make a way of escape for us that we may be able to bear it, we choose to rely on our own strength, and we are often overcome. Then since "the way of transgressors is hard," we must pay the penalty for our sins, and this is severe, "for the wages of sin is death." But Christ does not want to see us eternally lost. For this reason He came and died on the cross of Calvary, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here is where Satan's prison comes in. We are bound with the fetters of our own weaknesses. Our bad habits form the bars that restrict us. The habit of movie going is the fine steel mesh; the habit of using slang or even profane language is the barred gate; our negligence in not paying tithe, in not keeping the Sabbath as it should be kept, and in allowing ourselves to associate with bad company and to adopt their ways is the solid door. And about all this the devil throws the massive stone wall of our self-pride—a wall which keeps us from accepting Christ's love, His free salvation, and His atoning grace.

The only way in which we can overcome these barriers which are stronger than the mightiest made by man to confine criminals is by the strength of Christ. Satan, knowing that eventually he will have to suffer for the sins of each of us that is saved, has done everything possible to hold us.

But no matter how long we have been confined in this prison of sin, Jesus can save us. He is willing to forgive our sins and forget them, and to wash us white as snow. Satan knows this, and he tries his best to keep us from accepting Him as a personal Saviour. But we should not be reluctant to accept Christ and make use of His power. It is omnipotent. It can ever overcome any obstacle if we will let it.

At this point I was aroused from my soliloquy to join in singing the closing hymn of the service. As we left the prison, I breathed out the prayer of the psalmist, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name."

# JUNIORS

H. M. LAMBERT



## Fire and Prayer

By WINONA BUDD

WELL, good-by, boys; take good care of mother while I'm gone to town." Father smiled proudly down on his three young boys from his high seat on the wagon. "And see that nothing happens to her or the baby," he added, now smiling at his young wife standing by the big hayrack and holding in her arms a seven-month-old baby. Then with a cheery whistle to the horses and a gentle tap of the reins, he started over the dusty road that lay between the farm and the town of Rosa, fifty miles distant.

Mother stood gazing after the rolling object in the distance, and then turned into the gate that led her to the little house she called home. It was a pretty house, yet simple, in the quaint style of all the homes on the rolling prairies of Minnesota. Roses climbed daringly up its weathered sides, while hollyhocks raised their haughty heads far up into the sweet-scented air, even though it was a hot day. In fact, it was so hot that she noticed a withered droop to the leaves of the tiny pansy plants standing in neat rows along the path. Baby Rose squirmed in her arms and thrust two tightly clenched fists up toward the sky as if threatening the merciless, scorching sun.

"Yes, it is going to be a warm day today," mother mused as she looked out over the waving fields of dry grass that grew rank and tall on the prairies.

She was vaguely conscious of the busy bees humming softly as they flew from one honey-laden flower to another, but all the while her thoughts were with the already distant wagon rolling down toward town in a train of lazy dust clouds.

"It's a dreadfully hot day for John to ride so far! I wish he hadn't had to go today, because that means that he won't be home till day after tomorrow." And mother sighed. Then after casting a final glance at the three boys feeding the calves near the barn, she entered the cozy kitchen and placed Baby Rose in her crib near by, so that she could watch her while she did the morning's work.

As she worked, her thoughts carried her back to a few years ago when she was a poor girl working hard as a cook for threshing crews. Now things had changed. True it was, she still had to work, and work hard, but it was a joy doing it for John and the children. And since they had heard and accepted the third angel's message only two short years ago, it seemed

that their cup of joy was full to overflowing.

The crops had never failed, John was building up a good herd of cattle, and, all in all, she was sure that God had blessed them in a marked way. Why shouldn't she be happy? And she hummed the tune of a favorite hymn as she mixed and kneaded the bread dough. Suddenly she heard the running steps of all three boys as they dashed onto the porch and burst breathlessly into the room where Baby Rose had recently fallen asleep.

"Oh, boys, please be quiet, or—" She turned reprovingly to them, but stopped short when she saw the look on their faces. "Why, what in the world has gone wrong?" she asked.

"There's a prairie fire coming!" they chorused in frightened little voices. A stricken look swept over mother's face as she ran outside and looked toward the west. There on the horizon she saw a rolling cloud of smoke sweeping toward her. She also noticed that the wind was not blowing very hard, and she thanked God for that. Quickly she stepped back into the house and gathered the crying baby in her arms.

"Go and hitch up the old team as quickly as possible," mother directed calmly. "Father has the good team with him in town, but I guess the old horses can make a lively furrow if I am behind them," and she laughed a little hysterical laugh, in a vain attempt to put the boys at ease. She well knew they could never get a harness on right side up if they were as frightened as they appeared, standing huddled together in the fashion of hunted rabbits.

"Don't just stand there—run. And, Earl, see if you can remember that the doubletrees go *behind* the horses, and the bits go *in* their mouths!" Mother opened the door and waved them out. Then walking over to the mantel, she took down the large family Bible, opened it to the thirty-fourth psalm, and, kneeling down with the Book spread before her, she read audibly the precious promise

found in verses seven and eight. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." Her lips trembled slightly, and when she rose from prayer, a trembling tear glistened in her eye—but that was all.

As she went outside with the baby and her Bible, she saw the boys leaving the barn, driving the horses before them. The plow stood near by, and she ran to meet them, thrust what she held into their arms, and directed:

"Here, you take these while I hitch the horses to the plow and make some furrows around the place. You boys stand here on the east side of the house—"

But she didn't finish, for just then her eyes caught sight of that wall of smoke and flames coming toward her with the velocity of an angry dragon! Without a moment's hesitation, she had the plow attached and started a slender furrow around her home. Home! the word struck her heart and stung like a poisoned arrow. Home! all she had in this world was wrapped up in that one word!

Suddenly she realized for the first time that the old horses were going at a much more lively gait than they generally did. She glanced at her children standing in a frightened huddle between the narrow furrows. She noticed, too, that the younger boy was crying while the older one tried to comfort him. Something big and hard gripped her throat, and tears really blinded her eyes, as she watched that little scene being enacted before her. Oh, if only *somehow* God would save her home and her loved ones, how hard, how *especially hard*, she would work and pray to help her children grow up to be useful men and women, so that they could work for God and tell to others the news of His soon coming.

As she came around again, she realized that it was for the last time; smoke was stinging her eyes and nose. So she drove the team near to where the children were standing. The big animals were breathing heavily from the hard drive. They stood there with sweaty, heaving sides. There was an overturned crate lying near by; so she sat down on it, took the baby and the Bible in her arms, and gathered the boys about her. No one spoke as they watched the fire nearing them with every breath.

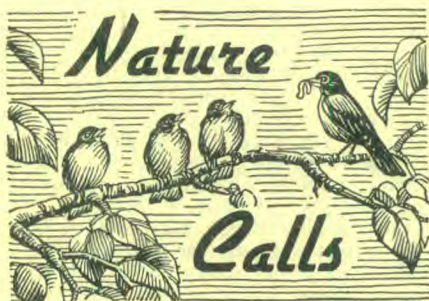
Then, looking at the lads, she said, "You know, boys, we have done all that it is humanly possible to do. I hoped I could go around a few more times, and make a wider strip of plowing, but the wind is sending the fire faster than I thought; so I had to stop. You can see for yourselves that the narrow strip of moist earth could easily be jumped by a fire like this, and yet—" Again she turned to the text found in the thirty-fourth psalm, "And yet, this is what the Lord says about such emergencies." She read verses seven and eight aloud to the children.



While she was reading, the fire reached the plowing, and with the trusting faith of a little child she knelt down with her back to those red tongues of death and destruction. The boys knelt around her, and together their hearts were lifted in prayer to the ever watchful Father who notices even the fall of a sparrow.

God alone knows the words offered in prayer by that little group, and God alone knows how long they knelt there on that fire-swept prairie, but I know that when they rose, the fire which a few moments before was coming from the west was now rapidly blazing on its way of destruction far ahead of them. Yes, the fire had gone around, and left them and their home perfectly safe!

How do I know this? Because one of those boys who knelt there that day is my father, and that heroic mother who did all that was humanly possible to save her home and family was my grandmother, who is now sleeping in her grave awaiting the coming of our Lord and Master.



### A Canary's Long Flight

**I**NCREDIBLE as it may appear, there is ample proof that a tiny canary flew from San Diego to Los Angeles, California, a distance of more than 125 miles. The story of the bird's long flight, originally chronicled in the *Tribune-Sun* (San Diego) of August 22, 1940, has been fully verified.

When Mrs. Edith Arris moved to Los Angeles, where she had formerly lived, with her eight-year-old canary, "Pat," she left the bird in care of Mrs. Lillian Williams of San Diego. In mid-July the bird escaped from its open cage and disappeared. After a few days it was given up for lost. But such was not to be its fate. Its homing instinct gave strength sufficient to fly the long trail.

About two weeks later Pat was picked up in Los Angeles by a kindly woman only a few blocks away from his former home. Bruised and weakened after his heroic ordeal, he was taken to a pet shop for treatment. A few days later Mrs. Arris visited the shop on an errand for a neighbor and had her attention called to the crippled bird. Recognition was mutual between Pat and his mistress.

Complete identification was assured almost instantly by an old scar on one of the bird's legs caused by an injury. One can but imagine the joy of the brave little canary and his owner in being reunited.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

### The Way of the World

(Continued from page 4)

Yes, Marjory, upon the letter you hold in your hand, you would see superimposed one you would receive the night before, you and your husband were to sail for the mission field. It is a letter from your old school friend, Gilda; a letter that asks you to come to see her in a State prison.

The return address in the upper left-hand corner called it "The Women's Industrial Home," but—that is the way of the world.

### "Ye Shall Have Tribulation"

(Continued from page 1)

As he brooded over the matter, Melvin's thoughts turned back to the speaker he had heard at Senior camp. It seemed now that he must have had this neighbor in mind, for his words penetrated to the very heart of the merchant's criticism.

"We sometimes find," Melvin remembered the speaker as having said, "some who are confused on two of the basic facts of Christianity—tribulation and peace. How can one in tribulation have peace at the same time? How do these two facts fit into the victorious Christian experience?"

"As we recount the many promises of deep and abiding peace that are given in the Bible, it may sometimes occur to us that there must be some way of escaping the tribulation. Though this is desirable, it is not possible. We have the words of Christ Himself that 'in the world ye shall have tribulation.' There is no such thing as escaping tribulation. It is the lot of every Christian. That much is certain.

"Yet, in these very words is found the answer we seek. Where is our tribulation? In the *world!* And where is found the peace that comes with obedience? Listen! Jesus Himself answers: 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.' And again, 'These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace.' The peace of Christ is given to us. His peace becomes our peace. It is ours to treasure in the inmost recesses of our hearts, to cherish above all else in life. And as long as we are 'in Christ,' as long as we are obedient to His will, so long will His peace remain in us. It has been said that the experience of a Christian is an experience of peace within and trouble without. Here we have the whole question in a nutshell.

"The moment we accept Christ as our Saviour, and surrender our lives to His will, we receive His peace in our hearts. At that same moment we become the special objects of Satan's attack. Tribulations—loss of friends, loss of money, loss of opportunity to earn money, misunderstanding, envy, jealousy, scorn, privations and afflictions of every kind—appear from every quarter. We cannot escape them. Often we can do little to lessen their number or their intensity. But we can keep them where they are—in the world! Though they may harass us constantly, they can never—not ever!—overcome us, as long as we keep the peace of Christ in our hearts. And this we may do by being always submissive to His will.

"Whatever other benefits you take away from this camp, I beseech you, do not go away from here with the idea that you can be a Christian *easily* or *cheaply*. And do not go away from here with the impression that the peace of Christ in your heart is not priceless above even your very life."

At this point, Melvin remembered, the speaker had paused. The fire beside him had burned low, and was now but a mound of glowing coals over which a short bright flame occasionally leaped and played. A moment later the silence which quickly settled over the group was broken as the speaker resumed.

"I believe everyone in camp here has been far enough up this beautiful stream to see the rapids above cable bridge. No doubt each of you has been impressed by the beauty of that tumultuous stretch of water, set as it is between banks of verdant green, and with that impressive chain of silent, snow-capped peaks towering in the distance.

"As you looked at that stretch of swirling, tossing water, did any of you stop to think what makes the river so rough

at this place, while at other places it is comparatively smooth?"

Several of the young people had answered this question. Some had said "Rocks." Others, "Stones." Still others, "Boulders."

What had followed was as clear in Melvin's mind as though it were even now being enacted before his eyes. The speaker, with one arm outstretched, lifted his head and looked into the darkened forest above the assembled young people. Then, slowly lowering his eyes, he uttered that one emphatic word—"Tribulations!"

"Sometimes," he said, in concluding his talk, "we wonder why tribulation must come, why it is that right is not always might, why it is that truth must suffer at the hands of error, why it is that with Christ on our side, the way to heaven is not short and easy.

"And I suppose that if the beautiful, bluish-green snow water flowing down the channel of this stream could feel as we feel, and talk as we talk, it would complain bitterly of the boulders—no, of the tribulations—that beset it in the rapids above cable bridge.

"It is not pleasant to run head-on into a rock, to be thrust rudely aside into a boiling eddy, to be spun out of this against another rock and hurled as spray into the air. To be tossed and tumbled and rolled down half a mile of mother nature's rough stairway. Yet, if those rocks were not there, if the channel at this place were straight and smooth, the beauty that lies hidden in the waters of this stream would never be brought out, but would flow on to the sea and be lost forever.

"So it is with our tribulations. They are not pleasant, but they bring out the hitherto-undisclosed beauties of our recreated natures.

"To try to escape from them is futile. To murmur is profitless. Rather, let us be brave. Let us be courageous. Let us do the heroic thing. Let us make our tribulation do for us what the boulders do for the water of this stream. Let us make them bring out the splendor of our new natures. To do so is both a duty and an honor."

"That is what I want this present tribulation to do for me," thought Melvin as he recalled the speaker's closing words.

With the forming of that simple yet significant resolve, there flashed into his mind the words of another speaker, words which have come down through the centuries from the days of the apostles: "For our light affliction [Affliction, Melvin thought, is one of the definitions of tribulation.], which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The words thrilled through the young man's mind and moved him to expand his resolve. "I shall not try to escape them," he told himself. "I shall not murmur because of them. Rather, with God's help, I will make them work out for me that 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'" And with the forming of that resolution there came into his heart a deeper peace and a greater assurance than he had ever before experienced.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an ear that never shuts  
When sink the beams of light.  
There is an arm that never tires  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails  
When earthly loves decay.  
That eye, unseen, o'erwatches all;  
That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear doth hear the sparrow's call;  
That Love is ever nigh.

—James C. Wallace.

# 15 MINUTES A DAY

READ WITH PROFIT

"With humiliation and searching of heart, let each seek to discover the hidden sins that shut out God's presence." Read "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapters 44 and 45, and then give yourself the following quiz:

1. To which city do the following refer? "Its palaces and temples the abode of luxury and vice," "offered defiance to the God of Israel," and "devoted to Ashtaroth."
2. What two things were impressed upon Israel in the conquest of Canaan? What were they not to seek?
3. For whom will God do great things?
4. For what two reasons do God's professed people have no greater strength?
5. What two things must God's believing children do if they would have His help in every emergency?
6. What four things are said about Achan's attitude?
7. Why was Achan's acknowledgment of sin of no avail?

## "The Heavens Declare"

(Continued from page 7)

system and that the earth is only a small planet. He knew that his life would be in danger if he contradicted the current ideas about the great importance of the earth. So to save his reputation as a scientist and avoid the fate of a heretic he devised a clever Latin anagram which told his secret only to those who could appreciate it and would help him keep it.

We can turn our homemade telescope on Mars any evening, but if we have only field glasses, the results will not be very good. The button-shaped ice cap around the pole can just be discerned in a six-inch reflecting telescope. Mars is in the best position for observation this month, as it now comes closest to the earth.

While we wait for a glimpse of Saturn and Jupiter we may look at the double star Albireo or any of numerous other doubles, clusters, or nebulae. Albireo is the third-magnitude star that marks the foot of the Northern Cross. When it was named in ancient times no one suspected that there were two stars involved. Any small telescope "splits" it into two stars of equal brightness, but of contrasting color—one blue and the other orange. Field glasses will not separate them.

If we wish to see 50,000 suns in one glance, we turn the telescope to the famous globular cluster in Hercules. This is entirely invisible to the naked eye, but easily found with low power at the point marked "Gr. Cluster" on the map accompanying this story. For a nebula we will naturally turn to the great Nebula of Andromeda. This is marked "Gr. Neb." on the map. The telescope helps a little, but not as much as we could wish.

Now we return to the planets for a brief glimpse of the ring system of Saturn and a rather poor look at the four moons of Jupiter. We find on the evening of October 1 one moon on the left and three in a row on the right. We shall note the positions of these four moons, and observe them frequently throughout the month. A decided change in position may be observed in the

course of an hour or two. Fortunately these little satellites can be seen with a good pair of binoculars if a steady rest is provided for the glasses. The simplest homemade telescope will suffice for carrying out endless observations of Jupiter and his four largest moons. Again, as last month, the moon will detract much from the brightness of planets and stars during the first week of the month. Only cloudy or smoky skies or perhaps a very bright aurora can hinder after the moon is a few days past full.

See the Observer's Calendar for interesting events not mentioned in this story.

## Pu P'a Man Chih P'a Chan

(Continued from page 6)

get out of the way of air raids, not only delays the trip, but adds to the discomfort and nervous strain to which the travelers are subjected.

Accidents and near accidents on mountain roads, where perhaps a bridge is out or a disabled army truck is suddenly encountered parked almost across the road; the wearing out of clutches and brakes as a result of which the truck slides backward down a steep, slippery hill; the stopping on a precipice in the middle of the night with one wheel hanging out in mid-air over the edge of the cliff, and having to unload tons of cargo in order to get the truck back on the road, and then reloading again by candlelight—if anyone thinks that such experiences encountered day after day for a month do not require strong physical endurance, a well-balanced mental attitude, and Christian fortitude, let him try such a trip just once!

After the delays that I have suggested here, and many more that might be mentioned, the travelers arrive in Chungking yellow from jaundice and malaria, thin from lack of suitable nourishment, haggard from loss of sleep, weary from physical exertion, having taken from six to eight or ten weeks to make a trip that in peacetime could have been made in a week by train and river steamer.

How slow! you say. Yes, it is slow, and it is hard work. It is pioneer work, and it calls for the same spirit of self-sacrificing, willing service that actuated pioneer missionaries of old. But think of the joy that comes to the isolated missionaries and national workers stationed in these far interior places—who are also carrying on a self-sacrificing ministry—when they see a caravan of four, six, or eight trucks loaded with literature, medical supplies, and personal belongings pull into their compound at the end of the long trip. This group has been watching and praying daily for the safe arrival of the caravan ever since they heard of its leaving Shanghai; for whether or not they are able to receive these supplies determines whether or not they will be able to remain at their posts and carry on their work. It is a day of rejoicing for the travelers and for those who welcome them. The satisfaction that comes to the weary men in knowing that they have made it possible for their interior colleagues to hold the ropes a little longer is their reward for all the strenuous effort.

It is slow work, but it is better than standing still and saying in the face of tremendous obstacles that nothing can be done. And even now, though there are sections of the China field in which it seems to be impossible for foreign missionaries to work at present, they have left consecrated Chinese men and women behind to carry on, who we believe will, with characteristic Chinese philosophy, take as their motto, "*Pu p'a man chih p'a chan*," and will not allow the work to stand still.

## COUNSEL CORNER

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

*I am in my senior year of high school, and am taking a course in public speaking, the next twelve weeks of which will be entirely stage and theater work, including active participation in plays as part of the classwork itself. I am an Adventist girl, the only one in the school. We were told that we must have a notebook containing write-ups and criticisms of all the plays and good shows which we could possibly see during the twelve weeks. I feel that there has been, so far, no justification for my attending the so-called "good shows," and I wish to continue to do as Jesus would do at all times. I am asking you what you would do if you were to meet with the same situation.*

Such requirements in high school make it very difficult for one who wants to hold, as you do, to the ideals of Christian youth. It seems to me that under the circumstances it would be well for you, after earnest prayer, to go to your teacher of public speaking and have a heart-to-heart talk with him regarding your convictions. Ask him if some other work might be substituted in the place of these theatrical performances and shows which are required.

This whole experience is one of the unfortunate things in connection with attendance at public schools. Were you in one of our denominational institutions, you would not be faced with issues like this. But as it has been impossible for you to attend one of our academies or colleges, you must make the very best of the situation where you are.

I have known a number of young people who, when faced with a question like this, stood loyally for what they knew to be right, and their teacher honored them for their position.

C. LESTER BOND.

## SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

### SENIOR YOUTH

#### II—Life Through Christ

(October 11)

MEMORY VERSE: John 3:16.  
LESSON HELP: "Steps to Christ," chapter, "The Sinner's Need of Christ."

#### THE LESSON

1. How were all men affected by Adam's sin? Rom. 5:12.

NOTE.—"In the midst of Eden grew the tree of life, whose fruit had the power of perpetuating life. Had Adam remained obedient to God, he would have continued to enjoy free access to this tree, and would have lived forever. But when he sinned, he was cut off from partaking of the tree of life, and he became subject to death. The divine sentence, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,' points to the utter extinction of life.

"Immortality, promised to man on condition of obedience, had been forfeited by transgression. Adam could not transmit to his posterity that which he did not possess; and there could have been no hope for the fallen race, had not God, by the sacrifice of His Son, brought immortality within

their reach."—"The Great Controversy," pp. 532, 533.

2. What promise was made to our first parents when they realized their lost condition? Gen. 3:15.

NOTE.—"To man the first intimation of redemption was communicated in the sentence pronounced upon Satan in the garden. The Lord declared, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' This sentence, uttered in the hearing of our first parents, was to them a promise. While it foretold war between man and Satan, it declared that the power of the great adversary would finally be broken."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 65, 66.

3. What was Christ's purpose in coming to this earth? John 10:10; 3:16.

4. What price did Christ pay that He might give eternal life to man? 1 Peter 3:18; Rom. 5:10; Heb. 2:9, 14.

5. What prompted Jesus to make this sacrifice for our redemption? John 15:13; 13:1.

NOTE.—It was when we were still helpless to deliver ourselves from sin and judgment that Christ died for us. It was not because we first loved Him, but because He loved us. "Christ came to this world as our Redeemer. He became our substitute. He took our place in the conflict with Satan and sin. He was tempted in all points as we are, but never sinned. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. His life of perfect obedience met the highest demands of the law. And O, the wonder and the marvel of it is that God accepts Christ's righteousness in the place of our failure, our unrighteousness!"—"Christ Our Righteousness," p. 28.

6. How victorious was Christ over the enemy? John 16:33; 14:30; Rev. 3:21.

NOTE.—There was nothing in Christ "that responded to Satan's sophistry. He did not consent to sin. Not even by a thought did He yield to temptation. So it may be with us. Christ's humanity was united with divinity; He was fitted for the conflict by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. And He came to make us partakers of the divine nature. So long as we are united to Him by faith, sin has no more dominion over us. God reaches for the hand of faith in us to direct it to lay fast hold upon the divinity of Christ, that we may attain to perfection of character."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 123.

7. What does Christ do for us? 1 Cor. 15:57; Ps. 20:5; Col. 1:27.

NOTE.—"The only defense against evil is the indwelling of Christ in the heart through faith in His righteousness. Unless we become vitally connected with God, we can never resist the unhallowed effects of self-love, self-indulgence, and temptation to sin. We may leave off many bad habits, for the time we may part company with Satan; but without a vital connection with God, through the surrender of ourselves to Him moment by moment, we shall be overcome. Without a personal acquaintance with Christ, and a continual communion, we are at the mercy of the enemy, and shall do his bidding in the end."—*Id.*, p. 324.

8. In accepting Christ's victory, what shall we be able to do? 2 Cor. 2:14.

9. To what is this victorious experience likened? 1 Peter 1:23; John 3:3, 5.

NOTE.—"The change of heart by which we become children of God is in the Bible spoken of as birth. . . . It is only through the life which God Himself has imparted, that either plant or animal can live. So it is only through the life from God that spiritual life is begotten in the hearts of men. Unless a man is 'born from above,' he cannot become a partaker of the life which Christ came to give."—"Steps to Christ," p. 71.

10. What is the regenerating agency in the new birth? John 3:5; 6:63.

11. At Christ's second coming, how perfect will be His church? Isa. 54:11-14; Rev. 14:1-5.

12. How does the revelator describe the church victorious? Rev. 19:7, 8.

## JUNIOR

### II—The Holy Spirit Given

(October 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 2:1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever shall call

on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Acts 2:21.

LESSON HELPS: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 35-41, 47-56; "Testimonies," Vol. VII, pp. 31-33; "The Great Controversy," pp. 611, 612 (new ed. pp. 690, 691).

PLACES: Jerusalem; an upper room in a house in the city.

PERSONS: Peter and other disciples of Christ; the multitude, composed of many foreigners.

#### Setting of the Lesson

After Jesus ascended into heaven, the disciples returned to Jerusalem and sought earnestly to prepare their hearts for the outpouring of the promised Holy Spirit. For ten days they prayed, confessing their sins, making every wrong right, and seeking for the promised blessing. The Feast of the Harvest, or the Feast of Weeks, was celebrated each year by the Jews. It occurred on the fifteenth day from the offering of the first fruits. The first fruits were offered on the second day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, or the Passover, and inasmuch as the Feast of the Harvest occurred fifty days later, it was called the day of Pentecost, as Pentecost means "fiftieth." The resurrection of Jesus took place on the day the first fruits were offered. Pentecost therefore came fifty days (inclusive) from the resurrection of Jesus, and ten days after His ascension.

#### QUESTIONS

1. Where were the believers on the day of Pentecost? Acts 2:1.

NOTE.—From Acts 1:12-15 we learn that the company that came together "with one accord" was one hundred twenty in all—men and women, apostles and laymen. They were actuated by one desire, one purpose. It was "like many voices of differing qualities, singing different parts, united in one heavenly anthem."

2. What suddenly took place? Verses 2, 3.

3. With what were the disciples filled? What did they begin to do? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"The Spirit came upon the waiting, praying disciples with a fullness that reached every heart. The Infinite One revealed Himself in power to His church. It was as if for ages this influence had been held in restraint, and now Heaven rejoiced in being able to pour out upon the church the riches of the Spirit's grace. And under the influence of the Spirit, words of penitence and confession mingled with songs of praise for sins forgiven. Words of thanksgiving and of prophecy were heard. All heaven bent low to behold and to adore the wisdom of matchless, incomprehensible love."—"Acts of the Apostles," p. 38.

4. Who were present in Jerusalem at this time? Verse 5.

NOTE.—"The Jews had been scattered to almost every part of the inhabited world, and in their exile they had learned to speak various languages. Many of these Jews were on this occasion in Jerusalem, attending the religious festivals then in progress. Every known tongue was represented by those assembled."—*Id.*, p. 39.

5. What caused the multitude to be greatly amazed? What question did they ask concerning the apostles? Verses 6-8.

NOTE.—The apostles, and doubtless many of the one hundred twenty, were Galileans. They were easily recognized by their dress and speech.

6. Mention the nationalities that were present. Verses 9-11.

NOTE.—"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites." These were peoples living in the "Persian Empire beyond the Tigris, and including Turkestan and Afghanistan to the border of India. Here some of the ten tribes were settled by Shalmaneser. They all spoke Persian, but in different provincial forms and dialects.

"Mesopotamia, i. e., 'between the rivers' Tigris and Euphrates. It includes Assyria and Babylonia. The language was some form of Chaldee.

"Judea. Speaking Aramaic in a different dialect from Galilee.

"Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia. Not our Asia, but a small Roman province in what is now Asia Minor.

"Phrygia, and Pamphylia. Here Greek, a different dialect in each, was spoken by the educated, but the common people had

their own dialects." These regions were also in Asia Minor.

"Egypt, where the language was Coptic. "Libya, in Northern Africa, the portion referred to being Cyrene, on the Mediterranean. Their language is not certainly known, but they must have spoken also Greek.

"Strangers ('sojourners,' R. V.) from Rome, with the Latin language.

"Jews and proselytes, i. e., heathen who had accepted the Jewish religion. These terms probably include all the preceding nations. Cretes, from the island of Crete in the Mediterranean, now called Candia. They may have spoken Greek.

"Arabians, from the great peninsula which stretches between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. They spoke Arabic.

"The wonderful ('mighty,' R. V.) works of God. The disciples told the people of all these countries, in their own languages, about God's wondrous love in sending His Son Jesus, the Messiah, to save men from sin, and bring in the glorious days foretold by the prophets."—*Peloubet*.

7. What did these people all say they heard? Verse 11, last part.

8. In their amazement what question did they ask? What did some mockingly say? Verses 12, 13.

NOTE.—"The priests and rulers were greatly enraged at this wonderful manifestation, but they dared not give way to their malice, for fear of exposing themselves to the violence of the people. They had put the Nazarene to death; but here were His servants, unlettered men of Galilee, telling in all the languages then spoken, the story of His life and ministry. The priests, determined to account for the miraculous power of the disciples in some natural way, declared that they were drunken from partaking largely of the new wine prepared for the feast."—"Acts of the Apostles," p. 40.

9. How did Peter get the attention of the multitude? Verse 14.

10. How did he deny the charge of those who mocked? Verse 15.

NOTE.—"The third hour of the day" was nine o'clock, the hour of morning prayer. Before this hour the Jews did not partake of food, and on feast days they did not eat or drink until the sixth hour, noon.

When the Lord is working in power, there are always those who make light of His presence, and mock when they should pray. In the most solemn meetings some will laugh, whisper, and in other ways show their contempt and indifference. It was so at Pentecost. There were those who said with a sneer, "It is nothing; these men are drunken."

11. What explanation did Peter give of what had come to pass? Verses 16-18.

NOTE.—"In answer to the accusation of the priests, Peter showed that this demonstration was in direct fulfillment of the prophecy of Joel, wherein he foretold that such power would come upon men, to fit them for a special work."—*Id.*, p. 41.

12. What signs of the times did Peter mention? Verses 19, 20.

13. Who did he say shall be saved? Verse 21.

## The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ANNE SHRIBER

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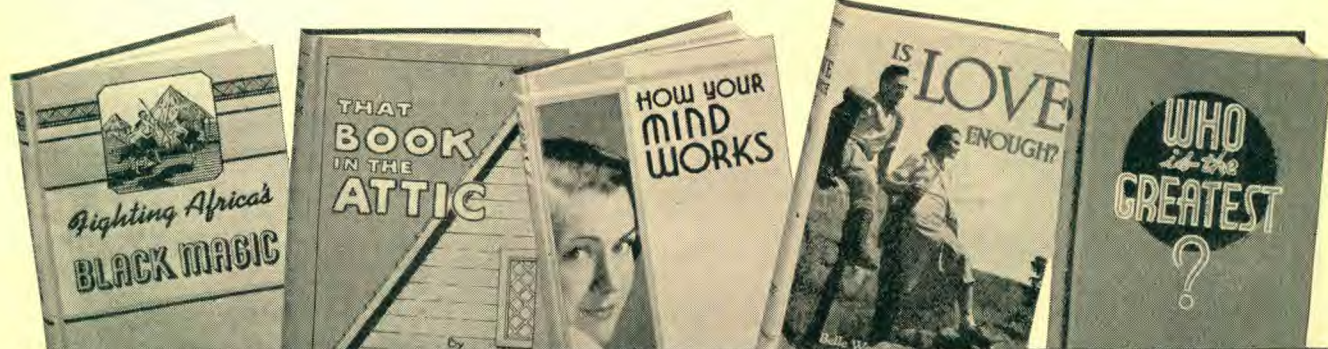
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# THE LISTENING POST

✪ THE fingernails of the Statue of Liberty weigh 100 pounds each.

✪ IN dried form prepared for export, 360 eggs amount to only about ten pounds in weight.

✪ THE soybean has been pronounced good food for dairy cows, and most of them like it.

✪ THERE are not more than 15 gorillas in captivity throughout the world, and 11 of them are in the United States. The largest on record is Mbongo, who weighs more than 650 pounds and is in the zoological park in San Diego, California.

✪ AUTOMOBILE horns that toot sales messages (in the form of trade tunes) are now being used by several companies in different cities. Trucks of a coal company, for example, are equipped with horns that sound, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," while truck horns of a baby-food maker honk "Rock-a-Bye Baby."

✪ THREE years and four months after he entered Sing Sing prison, Richard Whitney was free on parole. The five-times president of the New York Stock Exchange, who in 1938 pleaded guilty to grand larceny to the amount of \$5,600,000, may not own or operate an automobile, use strong drink, or possess firearms. He will live on the Barnstable, Cape Cod, estate of his brother-in-law, and receive a small salary for managing the estate's dairy herd of 25 cows.

✪ Cows in Brooklyn! Yes, believe it or not, a Brooklyn, New York, dairy farmer whose cows had endangered traffic by wandering along Linden Boulevard, was recently called into court. There he paid his fine of five dollars, and promised that it would not happen again. The last Federal census indicates that Brooklyn is more than three times as rural now as it was ten years ago. In 1930 the borough had eleven farms. In 1940 it had thirty-nine, valued at almost a million dollars.

✪ A MINOR problem caused by the arrival of thousands of American military men in Reykjavik, Iceland, is whether Icelanders shall drive or ride on the right or left side of the road. When automobiles first came to the island, the right-hand rule was established. Then the British came, and the regulations were changed in favor of the left-hand rule. Now scores of American vehicles are careening down the right-hand side of the roads causing some confusion and a great deal of anxiety. In an effort to remedy the situation, it has been suggested that American drivers keep to the right, British drivers to the left, and Icelanders take the middle of the road.

✪ THE heath hen has disappeared from the American scene. The bison is now a zoo specimen. Is the great horned mountain sheep, most highly prized big game in the Rockies, next on the vanishing list? Not if Uncle Sam's wild-life experts can help it. In the three States in which they have their natural habitat, Wyoming, Idaho, and Colorado, game specialists are co-operating with the United States Forest Service and National Park Service to investigate every phase of the big horn's life, including its natural enemies, its food habits, and the thrilling battles for herd supremacy among adult rams. For some mysterious reason the herds are decreasing at a rate which is alarming.

✪ IN Boston ice cream is now selling by the pound instead of by the traditional pint or quart container. Nathan Sharf, who is pioneering in this field, says that "a pound is a pound," and points out that his containers which sell for 40 cents a pound are twice as large as volume containers. Greater container size allows the cream to be packed loosely, thus preserving its original texture and quality.

✪ HARRY HOPKINS, President Roosevelt's close friend and confidential adviser, has been given a new name by London's pert cockneys—"that there Mister Hurry Upkins."

✪ THE United States consumes almost one half of the world's output of tin.

✪ THE germicidal effect of human tears is thirty times greater than that of the tears of any other creature.

✪ FROM the coffee bean of Brazil, American ingenuity has evolved furniture and wall paneling made of Caffelite, a plastic that is making its bid for a prominent place in the industrial sun.

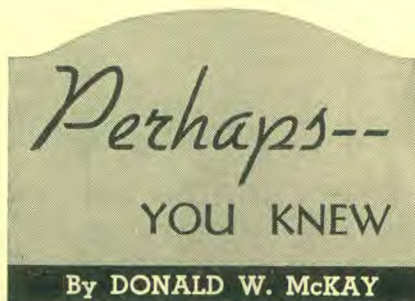
✪ THE National Safety Council in Chicago thinks that water is the drink of health. Convinced that its own employees were not filling up enough on water, the council's executives arranged to supply every employee with a glass bottle, refilled twice a day by a "water girl."

✪ YEARS ago a miner in Colorado, of an orderly nature, was considerably annoyed when fellow miners who visited his shack carelessly sat on his bunk in their dusty clothes and soiled his clean and neat blankets. In self-defense, therefore, he put hinges on the bunk, and each morning swung it up out of reach against the side of the wall. The miner was George Pullman, and from that idea later came the Pullman sleeping car.

✪ A SEAL of red cellophane cellulose film on bathroom doors at the Hotel New Yorker, in New York City, assures every new guest that the room has been made scientifically sanitary with specially constructed portable high-intensity, ultra-violet-ray equipment. Laboratory tests of the machine have shown that it is more than 99 per cent effective when used from five to seven minutes. This method of sealing, the management states, was adopted for its psychological effect, symbolizing the same careful protection that cellophane gives to food and other products.

✪ IN Finland the womenfolk are always busy at defense work, whether their country is at peace or at war. For this work they are banded together in what is known as the Lotta Svard, after the name of the heroine of Runeberg's classic song of the Russian war in Finland a century and a quarter ago. Lotta was the wife of a soldier at the front who continued to tend the menfolk after her husband had been killed. The poem breathes a glowing sense of duty, and, consequently, it is the highest ambition of a Finnish girl to become a Lotta. On becoming a member of one of the units, her duty is to foster patriotism and to assist "in defending the faith, the home, and the country."

✪ THE United States Army of today uses a modern personnel system that is highly efficient. After the draftee is thoroughly checked for communicable diseases, he is signed up at the reception center, where his identity, family history, and Army number are listed at the top of a twelve-inch-square master file card. On this card an interviewing group of college-trained men list, among other things, a complete record of his education, skills, past employers, hobbies, favorite sports, and previous military experience. Then they ask him what type of duty he prefers. He is then classified for one of the 266 specialist Army jobs—if he has any special preferences, skill, or ability. If not—and the majority have not, according to reports—he is rated as a basic trainee, or ordinary doughboy.



E. H. Otto sold more than 30,000 corn-cob pipes last year.

The 1940 United States rice crop was 51,924,000 bushels.

One tablespoon of tobacco seed is enough to sow six acres.

Many tyrannical British sovereigns were of Welsh and Scotch descent.

Tokyo is 3,350 miles from Singapore, 2,933 miles from the Aleutian Islands.

The population of the District of Columbia on April 1, 1940, was 663,091.

Empress Catherine of Russia received a peasant woman in 1757 who had 57 children, all living.

The greatest modern mine disaster occurred in France in 1906, when 1,060 men perished in an explosion.

Congress ruled on April 30, 1790, that every soldier should have half a gill of rum, brandy, or whisky daily.

The Finnish Red Cross has ordered watches with Braille faces for soldiers whose eyes were injured in the war with Russia.

Approximately 26,000,000 children between the ages of five and seventeen are enrolled in the public schools in the United States.

A night clash between Japanese and Chinese soldiers at Marco Polo Bridge, just outside of Peiping, July 7, 1937, was the signal for the undeclared war in China that later developed into a new economic order in East Asia.

The average individual consumes a little less than one ton of food a year. Thus a man with a large family may actually buy a greater mass of food to supply energy and building material than he does of coal to keep his home warm.