The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

PHOTO BY H. A. ROBERTS

What Will You Do With This Life That God Has Given You? Answer as You Will Wish You Had Answered When You Stand at the End of the Journey Looking Back

Go-Getter or Go-Giver?

By H. B. LUNDQUIST

IN this age when high-pressure salesmanship is manifest in every walk of life, from the dictator who orders the thought and life of his millions of subjects to the man who sells you the vacuum sweeper that you could not afford, how strange in our ears do the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson sound: "For every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none." This sounds like the sentiment of an impractical idealist to the modern ear in this age when the go-getter, the man who always "puts his deal over," is the object of undisguised admiration and envy of the unthinking masses.

The apostle James in his epistle asks the significant question, "What is your life?" Is it a noble object lesson, or a senseless, useless struggle? Is it a program to be lived, or an advantage to be reaped? An obligation to be paid, or a debt to be collected? A miserly stint, or a glorious opportunity? Is it past perfect, present, future, or future perfect? Is it like an orange, something to be grasped, squeezed, sucked dry, and tossed away? Or is it a fragrant, fruitful oasis in the desert of existence, to be shared by other wayfarers? In other words, Is life to you a matter of getting, or one of sharing? Is your highest ideal to be a go-getter, or a go-giver?

Strange as it may seem, the Bible and history teach that the men who have pressed the mold on the thought of the world, and have imparted to it the impulses by which it has kept going through its long existence, have been go-givers, and not go-getters. God Himself is a go-giver: "for God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." His Son and our Saviour "loved me, and gave Himself for me." And the great men of earth have always counted it their greatest joy to give themselves without stint to their people.

At one time in the early history of France, when it was known as Gallia, the country was overrun by hordes of barbarians. The Gauls foolishly appealed to the Romans for aid. In due time, with their help, the invaders were driven out; but their allies liked the smiling fields and balmy clime of Gallia, and decided to remain. The Gauls were now face to face with a situation more desperate than before. They selected a stalwart young man as their chieftain, and began a heroic attempt to expel their new foes. However, they soon found that they were no match for the trained, seasoned legions of Rome. Rather than become slaves to a foreign master, they decided to burn their harvest fields and homes, and starve out the intruders.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

ON the crosswalk of a college campus I passed three young men the other day just in time to hear one of them laugh merrily and say: "Sure I'm going! Why not? It's against my conscientious convictions to allow studying to interfere with my college education!"

I suppose this youth thinks he is smart, and that he said something clever. He spoke in a tone of high self-approval, as he looked to his friends for applause—and got it! But as a matter of fact, if that is the foundation principle on which he is building his education, and his character, there is certainly a vital screw loose somewhere in his mental machinery. For he is allowing himself to be badly cheated—by himself!

As Dr. Edwin F. Carpenter of the University of Arizona succinctly puts it: "American college students are different from all other people on this planet; they are the only people who try to get as little as possible for their money. They will spend the most valuable years of their lives, thousands of dollars of their parents' money, and some of their own, if they can get any, in trying to derive as little as possible from their college courses, provided only that they will receive their coveted diploma at the end of four years of such efforts."

THE college that I attended out on the windy prairies of the Middle West had an unwritten ruling that if the teacher of a class did not appear in the classroom within ten minutes after the beginning of the period, the students were at liberty to leave the room, excused without an absent mark against their record. Occasionally a professor did not appear within the specified time limit, and then the students joyfully went about their own concerns, elated to "get out of" a class.

In a certain recitation room one day a group of young people waited for the professor to arrive. When six minutes had gone by we began to hope that he would not come in the next four. Seven minutes—eight minutes—eight minutes and a half—we picked up our books; nine minutes—we were at the door—it was open—but imagine our disappointment to see the teacher hurrying down the hall. With disgusted sighs, we took our places. The heavy atmosphere of disappointment and disapproval would have registered with a stupid person, and the professor was by no means obtuse.

With a smile he nodded a cheerful "Good morning," and made his way to his desk. There he apologized for being "tardy," explained that he had been unavoidably delayed, and then went on to make a few comments about the desire of students to "escape" from class whenever possible. "I realize," and he chuckled, "that most of you are disappointed—not to say disgusted—because I came in at the ninth minute, and I am sorry that you feel that way. For when you hold that attitude, I know that you are not getting your money's worth out of this class or out of school."

You could have heard a pin drop in that recitation room, so quiet was it. "You pay your money—or your parent's money—and come to college to learn things," he went on to say; "then you hope that the teachers will be late for classes, so that you can be excused. You are the losers, young people. When you miss a class, you fail to get your money's worth. You are not making the most of an opportunity.

"And when you fail to prepare your lessons, or do mere surface work with the idea of just 'getting by,' you are likewise cheating yourselves. The other day I did not assign an advance lesson; so half of you studied nothing, even though you are all supposed to have average intelligence, and could have discovered by looking at the semester outline approximately what the assignment would have been. Thereby you cheated yourselves out of something—and you thought—well, what did you think? Is anyone courageous enough to tell us?"

No one said a word!

"I read a story the other day," the professor chuckled again, "about a man who went to a hotel, registered, paid his bill in advance, and then left. 'I'm getting ahead of those hotel folks,' he bragged, 'I'm putting one over on them, for I'm not going back tonight.' He wasn't too bright—was he?

"Now, Mr. Brown, will you please outline—"

We were actually *glad* that the recitation had begun!

WHEN you are in school, put your studies first," is William DeWitt Hyde's advice to students, and he gives three reasons—*why* this is the thing to do. "First, you will have a better time. Hard work is a necessary background for the enjoyment of everything else. Second, after the first three months, you will stand better with your fellows. At first there will appear to be cheaper roads to distinction, but their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows; but you will not get their highest respect without showing that you can do well something that is intellectually difficult. Third, your future career depends upon it. On a little card, five by eight inches, every grade you get is recorded. Four or eight years hence, when you are looking for business or professional openings, that record will, to some extent, determine your start in life. But you are making a more permanent record than that upon the card; you are writing in the nerve cells and films of your brain, habits of accuracy, thoroughness, order, power—or their opposites; and so long as time shall last that record will make or mar your success in whatever you undertake.

"Make up your minds, then, to take a rank of A in some subject, at least B in nearly everything, and nothing lower than C in anything. If you ask why I place such stress upon these letters, let me tell you what they mean.

"A means that you have grasped a subject, thought about it; reacted upon it, made it your own, so that you can give it out again with the stamp of your individual insight upon it.

"B means that you have taken it in and can give it out again in the same form in which it came to you. No B man can ever make a scholar.

"C means the same as B, only that your secondhand information is partial and fragmentary, rather than complete.

"D means that you have been exposed to a subject often enough and long enough to leave on the plate of your memory a few traces, which the charity of the examiner is able to identify.

"E means total failure. To stay in college longer under the impression that you are getting an education, will be cheating yourself, your parents, and the school."

IF you are so fortunate, friend o' mine, as to have the privilege of being in school, get full value—and more—for money and time spent. Shortchanging cheats nobody but yourself!

Lora E. Clement

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NUGGETS

By Joseph Pierce

"WELL, I guess I could take just a minute, but I must go to work soon. Won't you come in?" said my hostess, as she offered me a chair; and I rallied my energies to saturate "just a minute" of her time with gripping facts from "The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan," the book I was selling.

Half a minute gone. Interest fairly good. Footsteps from the kitchen. My prospect's attention was gone. I turned to see a tidily dressed, gentlemanly-appearing man of about forty-five years approaching.

"This is my husband," explained the reticent little woman. I cheerfully introduced myself, and suggested, "Won't you sit beside your wife, so that you can see the book with her?"

As I resumed my canvass I mentioned the "church." Perhaps it was the early Christian church, I don't remember; but it took instant hold of my new prospect's attention. His face went deep into his hands. I continued talking, but paused when he again looked at me with a far-off, strained look in his eyes. "I used to belong to a church," he broke in. There was a moment of silence while old scenes raced through his memory. "But—not now," he concluded in tones that clearly expressed a sense of loss.

Presently he stood up and paced about, but showed no inclination to leave the room. Then he faced his wife and me again. His cheeks were wet, and his face wore a look of grief and helplessness, if not hopelessness. Making strong efforts for self-control, he said, "Forgive me for acting like a child, but—"

With quick assurances of a brotherly interest, I put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder and bade him be seated, adding, "I believe that the Lord has sent me to your home for a purpose."

Then, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, he told me his story.

Years ago, in a Midwestern State, he had been a barber. He had his own shop and was doing fairly well. Later, he added a café to his business, with his capable, attractive wife in charge. They were members of a popular Protestant church. He was a deacon. Then came drink. And the cafés in town, one by one, started serving it. But "Bob," our friend of this story, held out against the vile trade. He lost business. His old patrons were leaving him. They *would* have drink. Finally, "Bob" began to serve beer. Then he became a slave to it; and he did not stop with the "friendly glass." He could not harmonize his present life with his church profession; so he voluntarily stopped attending the services. But he was miserable!

Then he got the idea that in California he could start over. He could find new associates. He could find a new life. He came.

Not having a California barber's license, he turned to cooking and serving in a café—the only other work with which he was acquainted.

Soon, however, in order to hold his job, he must serve the same liquid enemy which so recently had been his master. He eased his conscience by trying to believe that the responsibility was with the owner. Be that as it may, "Bob" was soon the twice-conquered victim of alcohol.

The business grew. The Italian owner was overjoyed, but was willing to pay but sparingly; so "Bob" was induced by another concern to take the management of a liquor store. His ability doubled the business in a short time. But he was miserable! His strongest resolutions to stop drinking were shattered by the bewitching odor of the stuff that he sold. He would drink a pint of straight whisky and walk home with sure and steady step—so accustomed was his system to the poison!

But he hated the business! He knew its death-dealing results, and could not endure the sense of his responsibility in the matter. Often did he urge his customers to leave his merchandise alone. Then, a fear—an ominous fear—of what he might do to himself and others in this desperate state of mind, came over him; and he decided that it would be better to die of starvation than to live in such mental torture.

"Last night," he said, "I tried to pray. My wife said, 'Why don't you go to sleep? I've got to work tomorrow!' 'I *can't* sleep,' I said; 'why don't you help me?' Then I went into the kitchen, and I raised my hands toward heaven and said, 'God, if you are *ever* going to help me, help me now!'

"I got up early this morning, and at six o'clock I went downtown to find a certain man to whom I could turn over the keys to the store, but he was not at home; so I left word that I wanted to see him. In a short time he came to the house; but it was hard to convince him that I was willing to give up my thirty-dollar-a-week job, in times like these. I just took him down to the store, opened the door, took the thirty dollars coming to me, gave him the keys, and said, 'There you are. It's all yours!'

"Then I came home, not knowing what to do. My wife is earning a little in a café; but I want to get her out of there! I packed my grip. Over there it sits. I don't know whether to go or to stay. If I could only know

"Bob" Now Has an Attractive New Barbershop Where, as He Skillfully Reaps His Lathery Harvests, He Tactfully Sows the Gospel Seed

S. M. HARLAN

that God would forgive me, but—"

"Just let me ask you one question, my friend," I interrupted, standing close by his side. "If God did not want to forgive people, *why* did He allow His only Son to die?" The force of this unanswerable argument shouted hope to "Bob's" crushed soul. "But here is something else," I continued. "There is one thing that God cannot do—He cannot lie! And His promise is, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Just claim that promise, and cling to it no matter what comes. God hates sin, but He loves the sinner, and sent His Son to die for his redemption."

A broad smile spread over "Bob's" serious face as he remarked, "Well, that *is* right, isn't it?"

"Yes, God is not your enemy, as the deceiver would like to make you believe. In the tenderest terms He invites you to accept His offered pardon. He says, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' He urges, 'Declare thou, that thou mayest be justified.'

"My friend, do you suppose that the devil persuaded you to quit that liquor job?"

"No!"

"Then it must have been the dear Lord; because there are only two forces at work in this old world. And how do you think it came about that I chanced to call at your home this very day?"

"Young man," he said, grasping my hand, "I believe that God sent you here. The fact that a Christian worker came to my home when I so much needed help is, in itself, an evidence of His care."

I remember how he turned to his wife as he wiped the tears from his smiling face and said, "Mother, I'm not crying for sadness, but for joy."

Then he eagerly joined me in prayer —not a formal, tailored prayer. Was not all salvation his? And the man who rose from his "hands and knees," as he persistently terms it—how shall I compare him with the man who so recently stepped in from the kitchen and interrupted my one-minute canvass?

"And to what church do you belong?" he earnestly inquired.

"Why, I am a Seventh-day Adventist," I answered; and he seemed pleased. His few dealings with the people of that church had been pleasant.

He had a host of questions to ask, but I felt that I had expanded my "minute canvass" enough; so, with a promise to return in the evening, I left the happy home.

An hour of the working day was left, and I improved it in adjoining blocks. In one home I found a woman who was exceptionally well satisfied with her religious experience and Bible knowledge. Any book but the Bible must be heresy (unless published by her own church); and I was in a fair way to leave her as I had found her. Then I was impressed to tell her of my recent experience.

What? Mr. ——? Converted? God must have done it! (Evidently I was not of the synagogue of Satan, after all.)

She ordered a copy of my book then and there.

After supper, I set out to fill my evening appointment. Besides a copy of "The Great Controversy," I took along my film-slide projector and a film dealing with the subject matter of the book that I was selling.

When I stepped into the comfortable living room of my new friends, the lights were soft and low, but I soon found that the many chairs were occupied by children, grandchildren, and married sons and daughters-in-law. Beside the floor lamp sat one presiding figure, his face aglow with pride.

The colored views thrown on the wall by the projector were eagerly followed by all, and especially were those which depicted the New Jerusalem and the new earth enjoyed.

Then came earnest questions which led on and on till nodding little heads reminded the young parents that they must take their children home.

Soon "Bob" and I were left alone. He looked wistfully at the beautiful new book as I slipped it out of its wrapper. "I realize that I must be willing to make a sacrifice," he said, and excused himself, to return shortly with its price.

"Now there is one thing that I want to know," he urged, as I turned toward the door. "You (*Turn to page 13*)

HOLMES says that all writers live upon one another's works; that they are cannibals. The greatest writers have themselves been omnivorous readers, and have frankly acknowledged that they dipped without stint into the good things they found in other men's books. Every writer MUST use the thoughts of others. The question is how he has used the works of other men, whether as a foundation to build higher, thus adding to the great structure of literature, or whether to gain for himself a reputation for great literary accomplishment. It is not a matter of who furnished the stone, or who owned the quarry, but rather a question of who chiseled the statue out of the raw material.

However, the first step toward becoming an original thinker is to become familiar with the thoughts of others. A man can do little or no constructive thinking unless he first gets some ideas stored away in his brain. Thinking is largely a comparison of facts—a reasoning from the known to the unknown. As one fills his mind with the thoughts of others, he will naturally begin to ask himself some questions about these thoughts. He is then digesting the food which he has fed to his own mind. In reality what we learn from another is not through instruction as is generally thought, but through provocation. They who provoke us to do something or learn something for ourselves really do us a greater service than they who seek to give us something.

The man who never learns how to read will probably not be much of a thinker. When he is left alone his mind is empty, he has not filled it with useful knowledge, and, therefore, can make no comparisons of ideas—cannot do that which constitutes thinking. When cast upon his own resources, he finds no reservoirs of thought or interest within him to refresh his soul. He is terribly bored by his own company. Good reading is the very foundation of ideas.

It is said that of every one hundred persons who learn to read, ninety generally read nothing but newspapers—a species of reading which demands no exertion. One should not become so satisfied with newspaper reading as to incapacitate himself for any other.

Lowell tells us that desultory reading communicates as little intelligence as the messages that run along the telegraph wires do to birds perched upon them. Indiscriminate, omnivorous swallowing of books is just as sure to cause soul dyspepsia as is thoughtless gluttony to bring indigestion.

ACME PHOTOS

Early in the Morning We Pulled Into the Most Beautiful and Picturesque Harbor in the World—Hong Kong. And Here We Discovered That We Were Refugees!

Refugees!

By

JOHN A. SCHARFFENBERG

THE mission field is the land of excitement and unexpected happenings. There one must be prepared for anything and take it as a matter of course. The summer of 1937 proved to be a summer filled with unforeseen events. With eager expectation my two brothers and I waited for the closing of school and the time of our planned summer vacation to roll round. Little did we realize that this summer vacation was to be prolonged into a two-year period filled with a number of thrilling experiences. However, if we had only known the future, we should have planned that vacation quite differently.

How happy we were to be off to Kuling—the summer capital of China. Traveling up the great Yangtze River was still an exciting event, even though we had taken the trip several times. Past Nanking, the great metropolis of political activity; the Little Orphan, a small but beautiful island; and on up to Kiukiang, the port of destination, we made our way. Then after traveling over the plain from Kiukiang, "the city of nine rivers," and climbing up the 3,000-foot mountain, we found ourselves at the familiar old bungalow which was to be home for another summer.

It seemed good to be at Kuling again, with its cool, invigorating mountain air and all its memories of good times—the famous summer resort where we had seen Lin Sen, the president of China; where many times we had passed Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the military genius of the nation; and where we had caught a glimpse of Dr. H. H. Kung, foreign minister of that ancient land with a population of almost four times that of the United States, or much more than North and South America combined.

The Chinese language school soon was in running order. From eight o'clock in the morning until twelve-thirty every day, the Chinese language was given a chance to show its fascinating power upon us. With great interest the students studied this popular language spoken by twice as many of the world's people as speak English. In this school we learned to speak the language fluently as well as to read and write it. We were not required to "plow" tediously through grammar books for a long time and still be unable to talk Chinese so that the people could understand what we were trying to say.

Suddenly in the midst of the summer the country was at war. Anxiously scanning the newspapers, we watched the developments of the battles. Little by little the Chinese gave way, and Shanghai became a huge battlefield. Each day the reports came in over the radio telling of the enemy advance from the water front up to our mission compound. Several nights the populace of Kuling were awakened by the droning of enemy planes overhead, and the bombings which occurred a few minutes later at Kiukiang were a shock to us all. The invader came up the river slowly. We were cut off from our home and our school in Shanghai.

The time drew near for school to open. Being unable to get down the river to Shanghai, we decided that the only alternative was to go to Hong Kong via Hankow and Canton.

I was overjoyed at being able in this way to see many parts of China that I had never been privileged to visit before. Leaving Kuling behind us, we traveled back over the plain to the "city of nine rivers." As a result of a recent flood, it was necessary for us to be ferried across part of the city. Anxiously we waited on the small dock for a boat which would take us up to Hankow. I say "anxiously" because we all knew that even if a boat *did come,* there would be only a fifty-fifty chance of getting on it. Thousands of refugees were streaming up the river from the war zone; so all the boats were overloaded. Many times a boat would not even come into port when the captain saw so many waiting to board it.

There we waited, waited, and waited. We dared not leave the dock even to get food. Finally about two o'clock in the afternoon a boat was sighted. As it came up the river slowly, we could see that it was overloaded. When it docked alongside our small wharf, there was a mad scramble to get aboard. My brothers and I had specific duties assigned to us. Before the gangplank was even down, we quickly climbed onto the deck. Within fifteen minutes we had all the family trunks and suitcases hauled over the railing and onto the boat just in time to hear the whistle give the final signal for departure.

The ship which usually carried thirty-five passengers now had more than two hundred. As far as meals were concerned, everyone was rationed. The menu for the first meal for each passenger (and were we

hungry!) consisted of a cup of coffee, one hard-boiled egg, bread, and butter. However, we were in the *fifth sitting* in the dining room, and by that time the butter was all gone!

Sleeping quarters were fairly good. Because cabins were not available we went to the very top deck, where we unrolled our bedding on the big British flag painted on deck to turn the enemy bombers away. There near the smokestack we spent the night. The next morning we were covered from head to toe with soot from this stack!

At Hankow, Pastor M. C. Warren met us with the mission truck, and took us to the Hupeh Mission compound. There we spent the day. While there we noted an interesting fact: an army air field was on one side of the compound, and an execution ground on the other side.

Trains running between Hankow and Canton were packed. However, we were finally able to get a compartment on a third-class coach. The furnishings of the compartment consisted of a table between two hard wooden benches during the day and two sets of triple-decker bunks facing each other during the night. As these hard wooden bunks were not the most comfortable beds, it was late in the night before we were able to get to sleep. Between the two sets of bunks was a window, which, when opened, let in a barrage of soot. Nevertheless, we preferred having the window open to breathing the foul-smelling air of the train.

Before we reached Canton the train's supply of water ran out. Consequently, we were hardly recognizable as white people when we arrived at Changsha, the headquarters of our Hunan Mission. The train pulled in about midnight, and several of our friends, guessing our plight, were kind enough to meet us and bring jars of fresh drinking water. The train had stopped for a long while during that night. We heard the next morning that enemy bombers had been flying overhead, and so the lights were turned off and the engine was disconnected and run into a near-by tunnel. As soon as the bombers flew away, the train proceeded on its way.

We saw more and more troop trains as we neared Canton. The troops from the south were being hurriedly sent north to the fighting zone. It was interesting to talk to these men, who were crowded into boxcars. Not many were seen joking to while the time away. Most of them were sober and serious as they journeyed. They might never travel this road again, or see the loved ones they had left behind.

Dr. F. E. Bates met us at Canton, and during the day we went through our mission hospital and visited several points of interest in the city.

In the evening we took a small river steamer for Hong Kong. The boat was carrying far more passengers than usual; so we slept in deck chairs. The captain and crew of this boat were very considerate, and did all they could to make the passengers comfortable.

Early in the morning we pulled into the most beautiful and picturesque harbor in the world—Hong Kong. And here we discovered that we were refugees! Refugees fleeing from strife and war! Refugees unable to return to our home! Perhaps we did not have a home any more. The China Division headquarters had already been moved to Hong Kong, and the Far Eastern Academy was preparing to open school on the Kowloon side of the harbor. My brothers and I had the privilege of attending school here for a year and a half. Although our school looked like a refugee camp, and there really wasn't much to brag about as far as facilities go, yet the cheerful spirit of the students and the faculty made the experience profitable and enjoyable.

Presently the battle zone moved from Shanghai, and our parents decided that it would be wise to move back into our compound in that city. It was a dull, cloudy day when our boat docked. We found our compound surrounded by miles and miles of ruins, and enemy sentries at each corner of "our" bridge. This did not help to dispel (*Turn to page 12*)

Two White Roses

By ETHEL M. HARTZELL

SHE held the two regal beauties up for the girls to see. Their ivory-white petals, but half unfolded as yet, glowed with the soft sheen of satin and pearls. That delicious fragrance peculiar to roses diffused itself delightfully through the room. It was the hour of evening worship at Ferndale Academy. Forty young faces were turned expectantly toward Miss Turner as she began her little talk. How she loved those girls and prayed for heavenly guidance as she endeavored day and night to help them reach the high standards of Christian womanhood!

"Aren't they lovely?" she asked smilingly. "Can you imagine greater perfection in a rose?"

That divine thing in the soul which responds to the touch of beauty glowed in every face. Wishful sighs and admiring "Ohs!" breathed from every pair of lips.

"These buds," began Miss Turner, "grew in a garden with many others of varied hues. The bushes had been bought at a great price. The owner of the garden had spared neither money nor pains to obtain this white perfection. There were red, yellow, and pink roses also in his garden, but the white ones received his tenderest and most painstaking care, because they were to be used to grace a very special occasion. His only daughter was to be married soon. He intended these rare white roses to surround her who was to him the emblem of all purity. No other flower was worthy of adorning her wedding.

"The roses were well aware of their important destiny. Each day as the master had watered them, pulled away the weeds from their roots, and guarded them from marauding insects, he had encouraged them to grow straight and tall and to keep their petals free from taint or scar, that they might all be ready with spotless simplicity for the wedding day. The buds, eager to please, grew and grew. The great day approached. The last hour of their life in the garden drew near. The rising sun touched the dewy whiteness, and each bud began to unfold. Their wonderful fragrance saturated the garden and perfumed the air outside. The master would come for them very soon now.

"Two roses like these which I hold in my hand swayed expectantly in the breeze. Then one rose caught a glimpse of a bright-red neighbor, full blown, and weighted with dew. A great discontent seized her. 'My, but I'm pale!' she said to herself. 'I actually look sick! I must have more color.' She looked about for something to help her attain this new desire. Just behind her was an old brick wall. Between the crumbling corners of some of the bricks (*Turn to page 13*)

Out of the Whirlwind!

by MAY COLE KUHN

Part Three

Halifax Days

"All this was a long time ago, I remember."

ARRANGEMENTS had been made by Doctor McLeod, or some other friend, for Flora to be companion to the wife of an army officer, General Manners. The general liked to take long excursions about the countryside, and Mrs. Manners wished Flora to go with her. Under these conditions it was impossible for Flora to attend the academy. She determined to save money toward achieving her goal. She was firm in her purpose to be a nurse. Meantime, her education in no way suffered. Her world had been a small one; now association with different classes of people and the advantage of travel were to broaden her outlook on life.

Her first adventure with General and Mrs. Manners led them to Peggy's Cove. The party left Halifax in a carriage with an equerry ahead. Woodland thinned to bush, bush to boulders and bogs. Now a few black spruce lifted their lonesome heads. Lean hackmatack, pink rhodora, and bells of calico sheep laurel grew intermixed with patches of huckleberry. Gorse and pitcher plants strove with each other for a place of supremacy. An occasional rosy orchid reached its head above the "floral rabble." Then, suddenly, threading between boulders, the group came to a gate which opened to a tiny village gathered about a tongue of water.

This cove took the place of the "common," usual in English and in many Eastern American towns. Only this common afforded a place for fishing craft to ride.

Wooded hills, marvelous light pouring in, the ever-changing color of the rocks, a lighthouse, and a little white-spired church—this was Peggy's Cove. A decade or two later, when it became a rendezvous for artists, automobiles nosed their snorting way through, but then the villagers who lived there passed a simple, healthful, wholesome existence. No trains to catch, or lose; no trolleys or klaxons, no telephones or radios.

"An idyllic place," sighed Mrs. Manners. "I'd like to live at Peggy's!"

"Not I," said Flora. "I expect to be a nurse, and the people here are all too healthy to provide work for me."

Could she have looked ahead, she would have seen that the postmaster who was then serving at Peggy's would still be hale and hearty in 1934 at ninety years of age. Yes, Peggy's made one wish to live!

Flora's stay with the Manners family came to an abrupt, but agreeable, end; for an unusual opportunity presented itself to her, and it was an opportunity which could not be refused. It offered more than she had hoped for, or dreamed could come so quickly.

One day Mrs. Manners called her for a "heart-to-heart talk."

"Flora," she said, "how would you like to go to the United States? Do you remember John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer we heard a while back?"

Flora remembered. Who ever could forget that electric personality!

"Yes, of course, I remember," she answered.

"Well, Mrs. Gough wants someone to accompany them on a trip through Nova Scotia, some young woman. Later she would wish you to go to Boston, New York, and west on a California tour; then south into Kentucky, the Mammoth Cave, Washington, D. C., and back to Hillsdale in West Boylston, Massachusetts, where their home is situated. Now, of course, I would like for you to stay with me, but Mrs. Gough thinks you are just the person she needs, and—how about it?"

Flora had listened eagerly. Opportunity was knocking at her door. Cassie MacQueen had warned her to be careful of making sudden decisions; but here was a way to travel, and with good, really good, people, and perhaps a chance to work toward her goal.

"I shall go," she answered. "And thank you for helping me." Flora immediately entered the Gough home. By this time she had acquired so many personal effects that a new trunk was necessary. Mary Gough, a New England schoolteacher, made suggestions regarding a proper wardrobe.

"Let it be simple," she advised; "a suit with several blouses for travel; a good afternoon dress; and a few—two or three—dresses for street wear; a coat; and, of course, several pairs of stockings and three pairs of comfortable shoes. A small hat is best for traveling. A large one gets in the way."

One of the first impressions that Flora received when she entered the Gough home was that of the intense, loathing hatred that John Gough bore against any alcoholic drink. Another was the respect and deference with which he treated his wife.

Mary Gough was no ordinary woman. Her patience seemed inexhaustible; her tact was unusual. In Flora she saw great possibilities. The girl had a fair education, a beautiful voice; and she was a wholesome, rosy-cheeked person, buoyant with health and good spirits. Mary intended to aid her protégée in every way she could.

Mr. Gough and his wife were traveling through Nova Scotia in the interests of temperance. With them Flora visited the larger cities of the province. Nothing of interest was lost in John Gough's interpretation of events and personalities along the way. His alert eyes and keen vocabulary passed by little of worth without adequate characterization.

It was during one of these lecture trips that Flora learned for the first time that certain parts of her country had been colonized by Germans.

At Lunenburg, a city which presented problems of interest and humor to the girl whose ear had been tuned only to English, the soft burr of the Gaelic tongue, or the labials of the Micmac Indians, she found people of another language.

At the hotel she choked and grew red as the wait- (*Turn to page 12*)

What is the attitude of Seventh-day Adventists toward War? Are they non-combatants? If so, Why?

CARLYLE B. HAYNES,
Secretary of the National Service Commission,
answers these questions as he presents

Conscientious Objectors Who Do Not Object

THERE are consciences which put men into conscientious objectors' camps because they refuse to serve in the army.

There are equally good consciences which put men into army camps to engage in noncombatant service.

The difference is one which is clearly recognized by the United States Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 and by the Selective Service regulations under which the Act is administered.

Seventh-day Adventist men, because of their religious training and belief, are rightly classified under the Act as "conscientious objectors."

There is an element in this fact which is unfortunate, for they do not consider this an accurate description of their real position.

"Conscientious objection to war" may be an accurate description of the position of pacifists, war resisters, antimilitarists, and others who refuse to serve in the armed forces of their country.

It does not, however, adequately describe the position of noncombatancy held by Seventh-day Adventists.

From the beginning of their organized existence Seventh-day Adventists have called themselves noncombatants. They still call themselves noncombatants. They still hold the noncombatant position.

They have never considered themselves conscientious objectors. Their position is not one of antimilitarism or of pacifism. It certainly is not one of conscientious objection to war as that is ordinarily understood.

It is, rather, a discriminating recognition of the divinely stated principle enunciated by Jesus Christ, that a Christian lives and moves in a twofold area of obligation and loyalty.

The follower of Jesus Christ has a duty to his government as well as to his God. He is to render those things to Caesar which belong to Caesar, just as faithfully as he renders to God those things which belong to God.

Seventh-day Adventists, therefore, holding this belief of noncombatancy, are not constrained by that belief to oppose their government in war any more than they oppose it in peace. Rather, they are to loyally support their government, in war as in peace, within the full limits in which a Christian can rightly live and act.

Consequently, it is not true that Seventh-day Adventists assume one attitude toward government in time of peace and take an opposite attitude in time of war. Rather do they hold that a Christian's attitude and allegiance to both God and government are not altered by either war or peace.

The belief of the Seventh-day Adventist noncombatant does not require him to agitate against war, to oppose militarism, to be insubordinate, to oppose the military program, or to stand apart from the military establishment and organization.

It merely requires that a Christian shall continue to be a Christian in war as well as in peace, recognizing that his allegiance to God, which is his first and highest allegiance, is supreme then as it has been supreme before.

To a Seventh-day Adventist, the essential meaning of his belief as a noncombatant is merely that he recognizes that there are no circumstances in earthly affairs which can arise, no emergencies which can occur, no distress of nations which can come, which can possibly alter in a single degree his obligation to obey God.

Noncombatancy's simplest, but most comprehensive, definition is just "God first—always."

The noncombatant belief stems from a philosophy of relationship, not primarily with reference to government, but to God. It is not a political philosophy at all.

A Seventh-day Adventist noncombatant does not agitate against war. He recognizes that war is a natural, unavoidable tragedy in a race in a state of sin. He does not arrogate to himself the prerogative of deciding whether his government is right or wrong in entering upon a war. He leaves that where it belongs—with his government.

He recognizes that war is an agency which God Himself has on occasion used to carry out divine objectives. He does not presume to sit in judgment upon civil governments for engaging in war.

He merely maintains an attitude and conviction that war, whether right or wrong, whether justified or unjustified, whether of aggression or of defense, does not change the individual Christian's obligation of obedience to God.

His belief in his denominational teaching of noncombatancy does not move a Seventh-day Adventist to refuse to wear a uniform, to salute his country's flag, to obey military orders.

The Seventh-day Adventist noncombatant will participate in any service, in the military organization or out of it, in war or in peace, which will contribute to the saving, the maintenance, the well-being, of human life.

He holds that his supreme allegiance to God, his discipleship to Jesus Christ, prevents him from engaging in any act, any service, any participation in anything which contributes to destroying or injuring human life, in the military service or out of it, in war or in peace.

Noncombatancy does not concern itself with what the government does or does not do. It concerns itself only with the individual's accountability to God. Always, everywhere, in every condition or circumstance, the individual Seventh-day Adventist noncombatant just puts God's will first.

He will become a part of the military establishment. He will enter willingly upon training for service. He will place himself under orders

and under discipline. He will wear his country's uniform. He will salute his country's flag. He will aid his country in its need. He will be diligent in the performance of his duties. He will be zealous in rendering his last full measure of devotion. He will not shun danger. He will not shirk his work. He will strive to be foremost in efficiency and skill.

But he will put God first, and be obedient to His will, and carry out His teachings wherever he is, whatever he is doing, in the army or out of it, in war as in peace.

There are conscientious Christian men who have found it compatible with their conscientious convictions to serve their government with the same loyalty with which they serve their God.

There are consciences which keep men out of the army. There are consciences equally as good which take other men into the army.

Not all conscientious objectors are in public-service camps. Most of them are in army camps.

It does not necessarily follow that the man who objects to going into the army is the only one who has a Grade "A" conscience.

It requires just as good a conscience to be loyal to government as it does to be loyal to God.

There are those who have found it possible to maintain both loyalties without putting any strain upon their consciences.

Conscience constrains them to be conscientious co-operators rather than conscientious objectors.

Consequently they are in the army now rather than in public-service camps.

And their consciences are at ease. They are conscientious objectors to conscientious objection.

They have found a satisfactory solution to the age-long conflict between loyalty to authority and loyalty to conscience. And this solution has turned conscientious objection into conscientious co-operation.

They have just as much conscience in loyally serving their country as others have in refusing such service.

They take their religion with them into the routine of army camps and refuse to consider religion a reason for segregating themselves in conscientious-objector camps, and practicing it apart from their fellow men.

Their conscience does not impel them to refuse army discipline, or place themselves under orders, or participate in the military service. Rather does it lead them to put on the uniform, salute the flag, submit themselves to discipline.

There are two classes of "conscientious objectors" recognized by the United States Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 and by the Selective Service regulations under which that Act is administered.

The first are those who claim exemption only from combatant training service, but who are entirely willing to engage in noncombatant service under military direction.

The second are those who claim exemption from both combatant and noncombatant training and service and are unwilling to be under military direction at all, and are therefore placed in public-service camps under civilian direction. Most of the first class are Seventh-day Adventists. They have no objection to going into the Army, and they protest against going into conscientious-objector camps. They are entirely ready to put on the uniform. They take genuine satisfaction in saluting their country's flag. They are quite willing to go under discipline and carry out orders. And all of this their conscience leads them to do.

Indeed, they were getting ready for this war long before it started. They have been looking for it a long time. Their men have been assembling all over the country in Medical Cadet Corps camps and drilling, studying, training, getting ready for the service the Government now requires—and at their own expense. That is what conscience has done for them.

When one of their leaders was confronted with the query, "Are you not training your men to be soldiers?" the swift reply was:

"Yes and no. Military soldiers—no; medical soldiers—yes. Soldiers who take life—no; soldiers who save life—yes. Soldiers for war—no; soldiers for Christ—yes."

That about covers our whole position. Seventh-day Adventists were non-combatants in (*Turn to page 12*)

The Seventh-day Adventist Noncombatant Will Participate in Any Service, in War or in Peace, Which Will Contribute to the Saving, the Maintenance, the Well-Being, of Human Life

CY LA TOUR

"Step on the Gas!"

By MERVYN MAXWELL

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There Is a Decided Contrast Between the First Automobile Which Appeared on the Streets of Chicago in 1893, and John Cobb's "Railton" Which Held the World Record for Twenty Hours Forty-five Years Later

D. V. POND

AMAZING Speed of Sixty Miles Per Hour Attained at Providence, R. I.! Winton Risks Life in Thrilling Five-Mile Dash!

"Providence, R. I., Sept. 24, 1902. Today the famous racer, Alexander Winton, smashed all former records by speeding at fifty-nine miles an hour for a distance of five miles! Driving one of the modern gasoline engines, he surprised all observers by his remarkable courage and ability. It is true that on November 16, 1901, another person did a mile in 51½ seconds —almost sixty-one miles an hour—but the dangers he experienced were obviously less, as he traveled only one mile at this tremendous speed. Certainly, today's event reveals a marked improvement in the automobile over that which we knew only a decade ago!"

Such were the news stories that won first-page prominence less than half a century ago. Doubtless such announcements startled our aging ancestors into realizing that perhaps something would yet come of those "infernal machines" that filled their streets with evil-smelling exhaust fumes and terrifying noises. "But," they would say, "nothing *good* will ever come of them; that is one thing certain. Horses are much better—and safer, too. A horse can take care of itself in a dangerous situation, but a horseless carriage—"

Of course, they were completely wrong—or were they? But before we speak of what future years were to add to the automobile, let us go back and trace its history from the first record in existence of anyone's having thought of such a thing in practical terms. As "automobile" comes from a French word meaning "self-movable," anything that moves by its own power can be classified as an automobile.

Leonardo da Vinci, who lived around 1500 A. D., is attributed with having designed the forerunner of all modern cars and trains. Though he is known to most people only as the painter of the "Mona Lisa" and "The Last Supper," Da Vinci carried out many experiments in mechanics. His automobile brought peals of hearty laughter from his friends, who considered horses to be the only proper and reliable means of transportation.

After Da Vinci's death, exactly one hundred years passed before any other inventors took up his ideas. In 1619 Ramsay and Wildgoose of England secured a patent for a horseless carriage, but it was not a success. The next year, a man called Nuremberg built a marvelous machine—no noise, no smoke, no gas or oil, no batteries to recharge, and, unfortunately, no speed. It was an ingenious device worked by springs, and it went at two thousand paces, or about a mile and a half, an hour!

However, some sixty years later, Newton—the first man to wonder why an apple had to fall—invented an automobile that actually did run at worth-while speed.

From 1756 to 1763, France was engaged in the Seven Years' War, in which she lost Canada and India to England, and Silesia to Prussia. Then, according to history, from 1763 to 1769 her war department hired Cugnot to build a mobile gun carriage. We conclude from a combination of these facts that it seems likely that the carriage was intended to be developed as a secret weapon which could be used in a surprise attack upon an enemy. Who knows but, had the gun carriage been successful, instead of "blitzkrieg," we might now speak of *"un foudre de guerre,"* the French equivalent of "lightning war"!

The turn of the nineteenth century was fertile with outlandish contraptions, each struggling for a place under the sun. Perhaps the oddest was Brunton's "mechanical traveler." Apparently it traveled on stilts and walked like a man! Imagine, if you can, such a device racing down a rut-filled road, or, worse yet, turning a corner at high speed!

A little later, Burnstall and Hill invented a carriage that weighed eight tons. For some reason it failed to fill the needs and desires of the people!

However, thinking men were so improving the steam engine that for many years after 1820 it was used to power buses. In 1828, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney established a steam-carriage route from London to Bath, England. His buses were very popular, and many traveled in them, but there were those who were prejudiced against them. These persons introduced bills into Parliament which raised taxes on these conveyances and, step by step, tightened the restrictions governing them, with the result that for many years ambitious inventors kept silent, and the development of the automobile in England was greatly retarded.

In 1885, Gottlieb Daimler of Germany patented the internal-combustion engine. Up to this time almost all automobiles of consequence had been steam-powered. This was not, as most people suppose, a result of ignorance in regard to the workings of the internal-combustion engine, but was due to the absence of a suitable fuel. As soon as gasoline and oil were found, the advance (*Turn to page 14*)

Juniors

H. M. LAMBERT

Reward for Honesty

By HJORDIS GRUNDSET

THE day was cold and stormy, and the wind was biting. The snow fell thick and fast, piling high around the little hut in which Pierre, the goat tender, lived. But he and his family were warm and snug inside, for the walls were thick.

Braving the storm, Jacques had come up from the little village school at the foot of the mountain. But it was hard going through the snow, and he came into the house wishing with all the fervor of his young heart that he might have a real pair of skis. True, his father had made him a pair, but he wanted some like those many of the other boys had —skis that were lustrous and gleaming with varnish. Oh, how fast one could travel with them! But Pierre, his father, was only a poor French goat tender, living in the Alps of southeastern France. In the spring, summer, and autumn all the families who lived in the village sent their goats up for Pierre to care for. At night Jacques took them down to the village and brought each one to its own master. Jacques remembered how he had asked his father, "May I not please have a pair of skis, my father?"

Pierre replied, "My Jacques, a pair of skis costs many francs, and you know that I cannot buy them for you. How I wish I could! But it is quite impossible."

Jacques was disappointed, but he knew that his father had spoken the truth. He would have to think of a way to earn his skis. But how could a poor peasant boy earn so many francs?

But after Pierre went out to take care of his goats, he came back into the house with shining eyes. "My son," he said to Jacques, "do you remember the little white goat that was left here by your grandfather? I will let you raise it, if you will promise to do so carefully. Then next year you may sell it. Perhaps it will bring enough francs to buy your skis, for this goat is of a good breed."

So father has not forgotten what I want, after all, thought Jacques. Dear, kind father.

"Thank you, thank you, father!" he exclaimed. "A year seems a long time to wait, but it is better than not getting any skis at all."

"I am glad to give the goat to you," smiled his father; "but come now, get ready to take the herd to the village. Perhaps this will be the last night you will take them in, for the autumn is nearly gone, and they cannot make the long trip to our mountain pasture when it is really cold."

As he finished speaking, he noticed that snow had begun falling. Little Marie clapped her hands gleefully. "See the pretty snow, Jacques. It will make the goats all white when you go down."

Jacques was soon ready for his journey. When he stepped outside he felt that the wind was blowing stronger and saw that the snow was beginning to fall faster. "Shall I stay in the village tonight, mother, if the snow gets too deep?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his mother, "and be sure to take your skis."

Jacques, hearing only the word "Yes," started off down the path without his skis. When he was a fourth of the way down, the snow began to fall thick around him. It was hard to see ahead and to keep the goats together, but he finally reached the village. To one house after another he went with the goats, leaving a few at each one. He had intended to stay at the last house, but when he was nearly there he noticed that one of this man's goats was missing. It must have strayed away.

Oh, what should he do? It was too dark to go and search for the goat. He would have to tell the man, and in that case, of course, he would not ask to sleep there. He would have to go to another place.

When the man answered the door, he met a very frightened-looking goat boy.

"What is the matter, Jacques?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, I do not know how to atone for it, but one of your goats is gone! The snow was falling so fast I could hardly see, and—and it is just gone! I could not have left it at someone else's place, for I know all the goats well. It must have strayed away."

For a moment the man's face clouded. Then he said, "Do not worry, my boy. If the snow does not get too deep, the goat will find its way home."

"But, stay"—as he noticed that Jacques was about to leave. "You cannot go home alone in this storm. Will you not spend the night here with us? We have plenty of room."

Jacques hesitated. Should he go in, since he had lost the goat? But the man spoke so kindly that he decided he would accept his invitation.

"Thank you, kind sir; I shall be glad to stay here," he answered.

The room was warm and cheery when he entered, in contrast to the wind and snow outside. A kind, patient-looking stranger was sitting by the fire. Who could he be?

Jacques' host was speaking. "Mr. Morot, here is our goat boy, and a faithful one he is. I have persuaded him to stay here with us tonight, since it is too dark and snowy to go the long way back up the mountain."

Not a word did he mention of the lost goat.

"How kind he is!" thought Jacques.

The little group sat around the cheery fire, talking of things of common interest. Jacques somehow told them how much he wanted a pair of skis. He also told about Snow-White, the little white goat, and how he was going to sell him next year and buy his skis, he hoped.

Mr. Morot's face grew thoughtful.

"Would you want to sell your goat now, if you received as much money for him as you would next year?"

Jacques thought a moment. Then he answered, "Yes, if I found a kind master for him." He did not think that Mr. Morot wanted to buy his Snow-White.

"Would you sell him to me?" asked Mr. Morot. "If he is as beautiful and good as you say he is, I will buy him."

This offer came unexpectedly to Jacques. He loved Snow-White dearly. Should he sell him? He wanted the skis so much, and Mr. Morot looked like a very kind man.

"Will you let me wait until tomorrow to decide?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, I think I shall," answered Mr. Morot. "But I hope you will sell him to me."

The next morning, as Jacques was climbing up the mountain to his home, he thought of the lost goat.

"I wonder if it will come back," he asked himself.

Then he thought of what his father might say. Suppose he should tell him to give Snow-White to the owner of the lost goat. Oh, no, surely father wouldn't do that!

So it was with a heavy heart that he told his father of the misfortune.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"You must decide for yourself, my son."

Jacques thought about it all morning. He decided he would have to give up the skis, for he was an honest boy, and

it seemed to him that the honest thing to do was to give Snow-White to the owner of the lost goat.

After dinner, he went reluctantly to the goat shed, and started down the path with Snow-White. He went at once to the house where Mr. Morot was staying.

"Kind sir, I cannot sell Snow-White to you now," he said; and then he explained the whole matter to him.

"But the lost goat was found right outside the shed door this morning, my boy," Mr. Morot told him.

"Oh," exclaimed Jacques. "How glad I am! Now I will sell Snow-White to you. I know you will be kind to him."

Mr. Morot gave Jacques the money, which proved to be more than enough to buy skis. He decided to buy some sweets for little sister and give the rest to mother and father.

Immediately he went to the shop and picked out his skis. How proud he felt as he came home and told his parents the whole story. What fun he had skiing over the mountains!

A few weeks later a man leading a white goat came up the mountain to Jacques' home. It was Mr. Morot, and he led Snow-White. Oh, what could be the matter?

Mr. Morot sought out Jacques immediately.

"My boy," he said, "I have thought of your honesty, and I remembered how hard it was for you to give up Snow-White. Now, to one of the most honest gentlemen I know, I present—your pet. May he always be a reminder to you that honesty pays."

Conscientious Objectors Who Do Not Object

(*Continued from page 9*)

the War Between the States, in 1861-1865, and were so recognized by the Government. They were noncombatants during the participation of the United States in World War No. 1 in 1917-1918, and again were so recognized by the Government. They are noncombatants now, and their noncombatant stand is recognized under the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940.

But they are not pacifists. Indeed, they have never desired to be known as conscientious objectors, although that is the way they are classified under the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, in order to secure their noncombatant standing. They do not like this, but they make no objection to it, so long as it permits them to serve their country in the way in which they desire to serve it.

Ordinarily Selective Service registrants designated to fill Army quotas are classed as 1-A men. Absolute conscientious objectors are 4-E men, and do not go into the Army at all, but into public-service camps under civilian direction.

Seventh-day Adventist noncombatants found to be fit for general military service are classified as 1-A-O men, and go into the Army camps to engage in any form of service which can be designated "noncombatant" under a definition made by President Roosevelt in an executive order defining noncombatant training and service.

Seventh-day Adventist noncombatants believe that in this world of sin, where war is unavoidable, they can perform the best service to their fellow men, and to their country, by ministering to human welfare, rather than by fighting and taking human life.

They desire to render the very greatest service within their capacities to their fellow men, and to their government—the service of saving life rather than destroying life.

In rendering this, the greatest service within their power, they will not shun danger or refuse to go into the direct line of fire, or expose themselves to death in the accomplishment of their purposes, those of ministering to human need, of relieving human suffering, of saving human life.

The noncombatant position is not one of cowardice. It is a conviction held without any reference at all to danger or to safety. Those who hold it are entirely willing to sacrifice their own lives to aid their government, to help humanity, if that is required, while keeping within the circle of God's will. Their only refusal is to go outside that circle.

They do not refuse to die. They do not shun danger. They do not avoid the first line of action. They will go anywhere, and do anything, to help men. Their sole and only refusal is to disobey God. They are afraid of nothing but sin.

The noncombatant position does not lead its adherents to accept all the benefits of civil government in times of peace and refuse to aid civil government when it is in jeopardy.

Noncombatants are good citizens in times of peace, because they are good Christians. They are equally good citizens in times of war, ready to help civil government in any and all noncombatant capacities. And because they continue to be good Christians in time of war, they insist that their service to government then shall continue to be on the same basis as it was before—within the circle of God's will.

The noncombatant belief leads those who hold it to request their government, when it calls them to its service, to place them in those branches of the army and navy in which they will be able to render the supreme service they desire to give—that of ministering to human welfare, helping to preserve life, healing the sick, restoring the wounded, feeding and clothing their associates, rescuing the abandoned and crippled.

As inconsistent with their noncombatant belief they avoid the bearing of arms in any capacity. Agencies of destruction, weapons of warfare, are not compatible with their faith; therefore they seek to help in those activities and service which are compatible.

The Seventh-day Adventist noncombatant recognizes his duty to his government and his obligation to serve it faithfully when called to do so. He believes his government is entirely within its rights when it calls for his services when they are needed, and he is ready and willing to yield all obedience up to the giving of his life in response to its call.

But he will not disobey God. God's will with him comes first. With that single reservation he is willing to give his all and do his supreme best in the service of his government.

He is not a rebellious citizen. He is not a reluctant citizen. He is the most truly loyal citizen of all.

But he is, by reason of his relationship to God, ever keeping in mind the fundamental principle of Christian life—"God first—always."

Refugees!

(*Continued from page 6*)

the gloom that enshrouded us. Yet this was home. Our academy was ready to start regular sessions again in the old surroundings; so, after all, we were happy to be back home. How thankful we were that God spared the buildings in our compound, and that we had been kept safe during all those months of refugee life in the southern part of China.

Out of the Whirlwind

(*Continued from page 7*)

resses served amid a medley of "ya-ases" and "ja's." But the delicious, well-cooked food, the immaculate cleanness of the place, and the thoughtfulness which marked the service, demanded her unqualified appreciation.

The coast about Lunenburg, like the rest of Nova Scotia, moves in an irregular line of grandeur and pastel coloring. From Yarmouth around Cape Sable to Antigonish and Pictou, the land-and-seascape and the choice tinting of sky and earth, inspire the soul with awe. The hand of the Almighty lavished great beauty on this northern land.

"My father would have called it a 'grand country,'" thought Flora.

It was while she was at Lunenburg that Flora had a letter from Jean.

"Kate has a son," Jean wrote. "Wouldn't father have been glad! Now there will be someone to work the land, and to love it!"

At Yarmouth, Flora fell in love with the library. The librarian, an obliging native daughter, brought out an ancient list of fines which she showed to the visitors with great satisfaction.

Folding down a leaf, or dog-ear	2d.
Tearing a leaf	3d. per inch
Grease or ink spots	2d.
Thumbmark	2d.
Break in binding	3d.
Breaking a leaf out of binding	3d.
Misfolding a map	4d.

This library had been founded under the name of the "Yarmouth Book Society" in 1822. Many of the first books were still intact upon the shelves (and no wonder). Among those books were Plutarch's "Lives" and Bunyan's "The Holy War."

Digby, Flora would remember because of the hill back of the town, which she and Mrs. Gough climbed one evening when the sun was sinking toward Blomidon. A soft silver moon rose through the purple haze, while a blur of orange, blue, and pale green spread above the land of Acadia. Strange how some pictures fix themselves in one's heart and mind for all time. As Thomas Bailey Aldrich says:

"My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue moon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree."

In Annapolis Mrs. Gough taught Flora the value of antiques, and pointed out to her in the homes of various acquaintances the beauty of a Sheraton chair, a Duncan Phyfe table, or a Hancock spinet desk. She learned that Queen Victoria's father had spent some time in the town. Yet the place was tiny and historically notable only for its fort, but notable always for its beauty to those who seek simplicity of life in an unspoiled village of eight hundred inhabitants.

It was in this village that they strolled down Saint George Street, sometimes called the most memorable street in Nova Scotia, and certainly one which is gracious for its roomy houses and wide lawns. Once it had been a thoroughfare for French generals who ordered clothes from Boston; and later, a promenade for British generals and governors. It was near this street that the strict sectarian, Lieutenant Walker, beat his cow because she grazed on Methodist grass!

After Annapolis, Flora and the Goughs spent some days in the Acadian land, in Kentville, Grand Pré, and Windsor, where apples were beginning to make a name for themselves both for the loveliness of their blossoms and for the delectable flavor of the fruit. Even in those days prosperity oozed out of the ground and poured into Kentville.

Of Truro, Flora carried away the memory of sun-tipped spruces, a stream of water gushing from a rock, then winding and pouring into the town. Perhaps it was Mr. Gough who quoted from "Endymion." At any rate, some recent author says that many of its descriptions fit Nova Scotia and Cape Breton perfectly.

"Yes, in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits; such the sun, the moon,
Tries, old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season."

From Pictou, Flora could look across to Prince Edward Island sixteen miles away, and once from the eastern coast, the bolder outline of Cape Breton Island rose. Cassie MacQueen was over there, and perhaps missing her youngest daughter a bit, now that Kate was gone away.

"Someday I shall go back," Flora told Mrs. Gough—"someday when I have made something fine of myself." But, "the lot is thrown into the lap, the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

(*To be continued*)

Two White Roses

(*Continued from page 6*)

was a little loose dust of a rusty-red color. 'I'll brush up against that,' she said aloud, 'and give myself a healthier look.'

"'Don't!' cried her white companion. 'Keep away from that red stuff! It will spoil your petals!'

"'Mind your own business!' was the careless retort as the willful white rose bent and stretched to reach the coveted crimson dust. In her imagination she saw herself now a lovely red rose.

"A passing caterpillar, seeing her efforts to achieve a new beauty, called: 'Hello, Beautiful! You'd be the queen of the garden if your petals were not so long and so fresh looking. You ought to be more sophisticated.'

"'How strange I never noticed that before,' thought the rose. 'It is very true. I need more style.'

"'Well, what can I do about it?' she wondered querulously.

"'Let me trim you up!' he smirked. 'I've been around.'

"'The master said we should not allow caterpillars on this bush,' whispered her worried companion.

"'The master doesn't know everything. I'm not going to be out of date and look queer and different!' she retorted as she turned her back on the kindly advice of her friend and began chumming with the caterpillar.

He cut into her satin petals here and there with daring slashes. She felt a certain exhilaration as the breeze blew through the trimmed edges. She bobbed wildly and gaily to all the other garden flowers, and felt herself a queen indeed.

"Then came the master to gather the roses for the wedding. Joyfully he hastened to the bushes now covered with dew-washed white roses. He reached for the willful rose, but drew back in dismay. 'What has happened here?' he exclaimed. 'Your loveliness is gone. What a pity, for indeed I thought you would have been the loveliest rose of all.' And in sorrow he cut her off the stem and cast her aside. Then he gathered the other white roses and placed them in large, graceful baskets."

As Miss Turner ceased speaking, she took up a paintbrush and carefully colored the petals of one rose amid the protests of the girls, who felt that such liberty with perfection was a desecration. Then she took a pair of scissors and neatly trimmed its petals. "Now," she smiled, "which rose will you take?"

Forty girls turned and looked at one another with significant glances which spoke volumes without words.

Nuggets

(*Continued from page 4*)

folks keep Saturday for Sunday, don't you? I haven't anything against it, but I just wonder what your reason is." I read to him the record of the origin of the Sabbath from the second chapter of Genesis, then the reminder of it in the fourth commandment. "Now go to your calendar and tell me which day of the week is the 'seventh' mentioned in these texts," I said. He counted to the seventh, pointed to Saturday. "I never knew that before," he said.

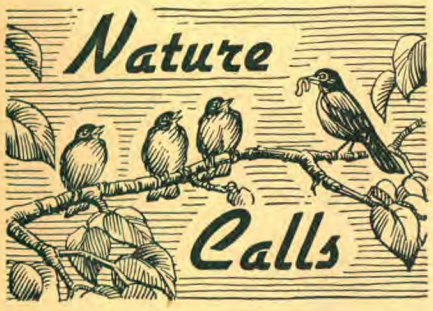
It would require a small book to relate the trials and tempestuous assaults of the enemy against this weak, but resolute, soul. Yet God worked for him in marvelous ways. With a sober mind he passed his barber's examination and obtained a license. Through his book he gained a clear view of Bible truth as his quick mind searched its pages. When I would call at his home—which was frequently—he would preach me a sermon on the subjects he had been studying. The church services and prayer meetings were his life and joy, and his wife and children sometimes accompanied us. Yet his family was slow to follow his lead, and the obstacles were very great. In fact, when I left the community to go back to college, it seemed that the enemy might even yet gain the victory. I could only leave him in the hands of our kindly church pastor and ask interested friends to pray with me that his faith fail not.

In less than a year I received a letter from a familiar address. I will quote it in part. "I have been intending to write you for a long time and let you know that you have a new brother and sister, now. My wife and I were baptized about five months ago. . . . It is wonderful to be a real Christian man and to have a Christian home. . . . I am working with a good many men, telling them of the gospel message and the importance of Bible truth; and I am living it, too. I see much of the effects of the 'cup that cheers,' and it is good to know that the Lord can lift up those who have fallen the lowest if they will only reach out their hands to Him. . . . You would be surprised to see my wife studying her Bible every evening. . . . I wish I could have had the joy and peace in my past life that I have now. I am in the service of the King. . . . I never knew that a person could love an unselfish love, until now. . . . Jim and Mary like the church school, and are happy there."

Recently I learned that "Bob" has an attractive new barbershop facing the well-kept town park of his home city, where, as he skillfully reaps his lathery harvests, he tactfully sows the gospel seed.

Nuggets! "Bob!" "Bob's" family! Those whom "Bob" wins! More nuggets for the prospector with the prospectus!

"There's gold in them thar' hills," for *you*, friend. Let's go a prospecting!



The Flightless Cassowary

ONE of the strangest birds in the world is the giant cassowary, found only in the Cape York Peninsula (North Australia), and in parts of New Guinea, the Aru Islands, and Ceram (an island in the Malay Archipelago). With its handsome black plumage, bright-colored wattles, and striking horny helmet or casque, the cassowary is one of the finest of the world's flightless birds, but is the rarest and least known of them all.

A somber bird that lives stealthily in the darkest parts of the jungle, the cassowary is the most alert and timid of all birds. It glides through the jungle like a shadow, and is rarely seen by travelers. This is somewhat surprising, because the cassowary is a big bird; it often grows to a height of six feet, and is much heavier and more strongly built than its well-known cousin, the emu. Despite its size, however, the bird moves through the dense tangle of stems and tropical climbers with scarcely a sound.

Many naturalists who have visited the jungles to examine the bird in its natural haunts have searched for it in vain; day after day they have encountered fresh tracks made by the birds, without even catching a glimpse of one. In fact, many persons have lived for months in the jungles without seeing a single cassowary. Often, however, one hears the bird's peculiar call note—a loud, guttural grunt, or a deep, booming sound, which can be heard from a considerable distance.

The birds are never seen in open forests or plain country; they remain in the darkest and densest parts of the jungle, where the sun never penetrates and where it is always twilight. In fact, the cassowary is so much a bird of the jungle darkness, that if compelled to live in the bright sunlight, it often becomes blind, and loses the clear beauty of its large, dark eyes, which are one of its most attractive characteristics.

The cassowary's nest, rarely found, is formed of sticks and leaves at the base of a big tree in the densest part of the jungle; it usually measures about a yard across. Four or five eggs, of a beautiful pea-green color, are laid by the female, and in hatching them she is assisted by the male bird, which is a devoted parent and takes his turn at sitting on the eggs. But so many of the eggs are destroyed by wild pigs and snakes that the cassowary is being slowly exterminated, and appears doomed to extinction.

The male cassowaries are very pugnacious, and never hesitate to attack any man or animal found robbing their nest. The birds have powerful legs, and their kick could easily break a man's leg. They are also swift runners, and rival kangaroos in their jumping ability; a cassowary has been observed to clear at a bound, a fence eight feet in height.

The birds do not thrive in captivity, and although captive females frequently lay eggs, they have never been known to hatch any.—*Ewen K. Patterson, in Our Dumb Animals.*

Go-Getter or Go-Giver?

(*Continued from page 1*)

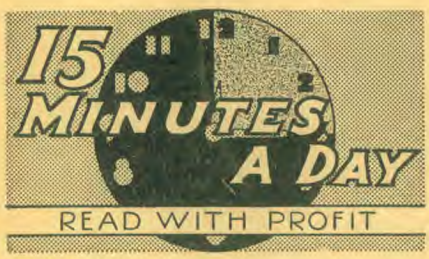
But their cause was lost, and the poor Gauls soon found themselves besieged in one of their cities, threatened with starvation. Vercingetorix, their valiant chieftain, now came forward with a proposal for the solution of their difficulty: He would offer to give himself up, provided the lives of his comrades and people were spared. At first his people would not hear to it; but, seeing no other way out of their dilemma, they reluctantly consented. The day for the sacrifice arrived, and Vercingetorix, arrayed in his brightest armor, carrying his best sword, and mounted on his noblest steed, made for the Roman camp. Saluting his conqueror, he threw his sword at his feet and dismounting, calmly awaited his fate.

Soon after this, as the proud Caesar rode into Rome in triumphant procession, a young man of noble bearing, in chains, but with his head proudly uplifted, marched behind the lordly chariot, and within a few days was beheaded by order of his conqueror. Thus died one of earth's noblemen, Vercingetorix; but who would hesitate a moment in deciding which of the two was the victor in that morning's procession in ancient Rome? Who dare doubt that this progenitor of the modern French sealed in the race the love of liberty which has been the secret of all their progress throughout the ages?

And should we need to cite another example, we would evoke the name of Juan José de San Martin, the George Washington of three South American countries. This untiring patriot and master strategist was able to place in the hands of three oppressed peoples a charter of freedom and independence. Although entitled to rule their destinies, he withdrew and died in voluntary exile in France, rather than take sides in party strife and dissension.

Young man, young woman, if you are pondering this question of what you will do with the life God has given you, if it is difficult for you to decide how you will spend its short day, permit us to suggest that you take the long view, and choose as you will wish you had chosen when you stand at the end of life's journey and look back. Consider life as a trust fund confided to your keeping, and invest your talents in the interest of the beneficiaries. And who are they? Those around you who need your help, your weaker brothers and sisters. If called upon to choose between two occupations when natural desire and inclination are likely to bias our preferences, let us ask ourselves the question, In which choice can I do the most good to the largest number over the longest time? Where will my influence count most?

An unselfish choice often brings a blessing, both spiritual and material, to the chooser. Christ said: "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." So let us not be afraid to brave ridicule by choosing to be go-givers.



"Patriarchs and Prophets," chapters 61, 62.

So long as man's will is controlled by the will of God, so long as he yields to the discipline of His Spirit, God can crown his efforts with success.

1. What four statements disclose Saul's rebellious attitude?
2. "God's —— is not like man's ——."
3. "When one who —— to be a child of God becomes —— in doing His will, thereby influencing others to be ——, and unmindful of the Lord's ——, it is still possible for his —— to be turned into —— if he will but accept the —— with true —— of soul, and —— to God in —— and ——."
4. "Saul had manifested a great —— in suppressing idolatry and witchcraft; yet in his —— to the divine command he had been —— by the same —— of opposition to God."
5. Complete with numbered fragments.
   a. No outward beauty—
   b. The wisdom and excellence revealed in the character and deportment—
   c. The inner worth, the excellency of the heart—
   d. The thoughts and ways of God—
      (1. express the true beauty of the man.)
      (2. determines our acceptance with the Lord of hosts.)
      (3. can recommend the soul to God.)
      (4. are above our infinite minds.)
6. After David was anointed he returned to the hills and there—
   a. What did he watch and guard as tenderly as before?
   b. What did he compose and play upon his harp?
   c. What spread before him in rich and vivid beauty?
   d. What brightened in the sun?
   e. What swayed in the breeze?
   f. What did he behold flooding the heavens with light?
   g. Above all this what did David see spread?
   h. And what was beyond this?
7. "David, in the —— and —— of his young manhood, was preparing to take a high —— with the —— of earth."

"Step on the Gas!"

(*Continued from page 10*)

of this type of engine was very rapid, and soon it was being commercially constructed.

Unfortunately, the roads in America, even as late as 1910, were not nearly so good as those in Europe, and for this reason fashionable Americans spent their leisure time driving cars in Europe, to the detriment of home manufactures.

Nowadays we sometimes grumble about having to pay for license plates for our cars. When in 1900 car owners were required to register their vehicles, they were assigned their numbers—but were told to make their own plates! In 1906 the first license plates were issued, when the government of Colorado made them of leather.

There is one very interesting event which throws a high light on this automobile picture. In the year 1895, two cars set out on a ninety-mile run. Perhaps we should overlook the fact that one car failed to complete the course, for, after all, the other one found it necessary to stop for repairs ten times, in addition to stops for gasoline and ice—the ice to cool the engine—and did complete the journey in eight hours and forty-eight minutes!

The Boer War was the first in which motor vehicles were used. In the first World War they played a major part, from the famous service of the French cabbies, who drove troops to the front in their taxies, to the use of tanks and all the other forms of mechanized equipment.

Since that time much advance has been made in the efficiency, appearance, power, and uses of the automobile. In fact, there is no comparison between the car of today and the "infernal machine" which our grandparents knew. Truly something good has come of the "noisy contraptions" of their time. Where would we be today without ambulances to rescue our sick, and fire trucks to save our property; without steam shovels to build our roads, and cars to move our populaces?

But is it an unmixed good? Stop and think a moment. In the distance you can hear the screech of tires and the splintering crash as speeding cars collide. Can you hear the moanings of the thousands who have been maimed in accidents in the United States of America during the last few years? Now listen more closely. Hear the screams of helpless peasants, and the crash of falling empires. Hear the moanings of the millions who lie dying on the battlefields, or who suffer in hospitals as victims of indiscriminate bombings.

What does it all mean? Why does it all happen? It is because Satan, the archenemy of mankind, has taken this marvelous invention, the internal-combustion engine, and placed it in the hands of careless and wicked individuals. True, some accidents are purely mishaps, but most of them are caused by a feeling that "I can do what I like. If I get killed [with a laugh], that's my lookout, not yours. Anyway, I won't get killed, you see." That may be the case, but it is just the attitude that Satan wants to encourage. And don't forget, the chances are that you *will* be killed—you and several others at the same time. You may not be riding alone. And remember, more often than not, two cars are involved in a wreck.

In Europe, tanks and airplanes are being used for mass murder and for the purpose of bringing misery to whole nations; but in America car accidents are causing almost as many deaths and breaking up almost as many homes. We cannot do anything to stop the war, except pray; but we can do something to stop the thousands of injuries and fatalities on our highways every year. Let us remember, even if we can find no other reason, that we are followers of Christ, the One who spent His whole life relieving the sufferings of others. Instead of allowing the presence of automobiles to be a curse to the world, let us do our part to transform them into a living force to spread the gospel to the whole world in this generation.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

IX—The Word and Prayer in Victory

(November 29)

MEMORY VERSE: Psalms 119:11.

LESSON HELP: "Steps to Christ," chapter, "The Privilege of Prayer."

THE LESSON

1. How were the Scriptures given to us? 2 Peter 1:21; 2 Tim. 3:16.

NOTE.—The inspiration of the Bible "is not at all the same as the inspiration of

the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, or the writer. Inspiration is the means by which God, in carrying out His saving purpose, not only makes facts or truths known to men, but also confers the ability to convey these facts accurately to others. It not only imparts to man capacity to receive the revelation from God, but also the power to communicate divine truth to other human beings. An inspired man is one who has received by direct action of God a message to others."—*"God's Book," C. B. Haynes, p. 139.*

2. What does the apostle Paul say of the nature of the word of God? Heb. 4:12; John 6:63.

NOTE.—"Fill the whole heart with the words of God. They are the living water, quenching your burning thirst. They are the living bread from heaven. . . . Our bodies are built up from what we eat and drink; and as in the natural economy, so in the spiritual economy: it is what we meditate upon that will give tone and strength to our spiritual nature."—*"Steps to Christ," p. 93.*

3. What power has the word when it is hidden in the heart? 2 Peter 1:3; Ps. 119:9, 11, 130.

4. Tell what the Scriptures are able to do for those who believe them. 2 Tim. 3:15.

NOTE.—"The importance of seeking a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures can hardly be estimated. 'Given by inspiration of God,' able to make us 'wise unto salvation,' rendering the man of God 'perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works' (2 Tim. 3:15-17), the Bible has the highest claim to our reverent attention. We should not be satisfied with a superficial knowledge, but should seek to learn the full meaning of the words of truth, to drink deep of the spirit of the Holy Oracles."—*"Counsels to Teachers," p. 139.*

5. What reasons are given for the study of the word of God? Matt. 4:4; Rom. 15:4.

NOTE.—Through the patience and the comfort which the Scriptures give, hope is born and confirmed in the hearts of the children of faith.

"The creative energy that called the worlds into existence is in the word of God. This word imparts power; it begets life. Every command is a promise; accepted by the will, received into the soul, it brings with it the life of the Infinite One. It transforms the nature, and re-creates the soul in the image of God. The life thus imparted is in like manner sustained. 'By every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God' shall man live."—*"Education," p. 126.*

6. What is said regarding the certainty of the prophetic word? What encouragement is given to study the prophecy of Revelation? 2 Peter 1:16-19; Rev. 1:1-3.

7. How does Jesus counsel us with respect to prayer? Luke 18:1.

NOTE.—"We cannot always be on our knees in prayer, but the way to the mercy seat is always open. While engaged in active labor, we may ask for help; and we are promised by One who will not deceive us, 'Ye shall receive.' The Christian can and will find time to pray. . . . All who really desire it can find a place for communion with God, where no ear can hear but the one open to the cries of the helpless, distressed, and needy,—the One who notices even the fall of the little sparrow."—*"Counsels on Health," pp. 423, 424.*

8. How constant should be our intercession with God? Eph. 6:18; Phil. 4:6.

9. What does God promise those who call upon Him in prayer? Ps. 91:15; John 15:7.

NOTE.—"When we do not receive the very things we ask for, at the time we ask, we are still to believe that the Lord hears, and that He will answer our prayers. We are so erring and shortsighted that we sometimes ask for things that would not be a blessing to us, and our heavenly Father in love answers our prayers by giving us that which will be for our highest good, —that which we ourselves would desire if with vision divinely enlightened we could see all things as they really are. When our prayers seem not to be answered, we are to cling to the promise; for the time of answering will surely come, and we shall receive the blessing we need most."—*"Steps to Christ," p. 100.*

10. What model prayer did Jesus give us? Matt. 6:9-13.

11. Why are we admonished to be constant in prayer? Luke 21:36.

JUNIOR

IX—Stephen's Sermon Before the Council; His Death

(November 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10.

LESSON HELP: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 99-102.

PLACES: Hall of the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem; place of execution outside the city.

PERSONS: Stephen, the high priest, Sanhedrin council, Saul, the people.

Setting of the Lesson

Witnesses had been hired to swear falsely that they had heard Stephen speak blasphemous words against the temple and the law.

"When Stephen was questioned as to the truth of the charges against him, he began his defense in a clear, thrilling voice, which rang through the council hall. In words that held the assembly spellbound, he proceeded to rehearse the history of the chosen people of God."—*"Acts of the Apostles," p. 99.*

QUESTIONS

1. What question did the high priest ask Stephen after hearing those who witnessed against him? Acts 7:1.

2. How did Stephen begin his defense? What did he say of Abraham? Verse 2.

NOTE.—The Jews never tired of hearing the story of the lives of their forefathers—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses. Stephen gained the attention of the council by rehearsing their history, and at the same time taught that Jesus the Son of David was the promised Messiah, the very truth to which they did not wish to listen.

3. Note the following points mentioned concerning Abraham:

a. The command given him. Verse 3.
b. His ready obedience. Verse 4.
c. An inheritance promised. Verse 5.
d. The bondage of his seed. Verse 6.
e. Their return to Canaan. Verse 7.

4. What Stephen said of Joseph:

a. Sold into Egypt. Verse 9.
b. Made governor. Verse 10.
c. The family of Jacob saved. Verses 11-15.

5. Experiences of Moses:

a. Hidden when a babe. Verses 19, 20.
b. His life saved; given an education. Verses 21, 22.
c. Attempts to deliver his people. Verses 23-29.
d. At the burning bush. Verses 30-34.
e. The leader in delivering Israel. Verses 35, 36.

6. What words of Moses did Stephen repeat to the council? To whom did Moses refer? Verse 37.

NOTE.—The words of Moses were a prophecy of the Messiah, and the coming of Jesus to the earth fulfilled the prophecy. The Jews pretended to believe all that Moses had said, but refused to accept the One of whom Moses spoke.

7. What example of rejecting God did Stephen give? Verses 38-41.

8. What did Stephen say of Solomon? Where does the Most High not dwell? Verses 47, 48.

9. What is the statement of the prophecy which Stephen quoted? Verses 49, 50.

NOTE.—"He [Stephen] referred to the history of the temple, and declared that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands. The Jews worshiped the temple, and were filled with greater indignation at anything spoken against that building than if it had been spoken against God."—*"Early Writings," p. 198.*

"When Stephen reached this point, there was a tumult among the people. When he connected Christ with the prophecies, and spoke as he did of the temple, the priest, pretending to be horror stricken, rent his robe. To Stephen, this act was a signal that his voice would be silenced forever. He saw the resistance that met his words, and knew that he was giving his last testimony. Although in the midst of his sermon, he abruptly concluded it."—*"Acts of the Apostles," p. 100.*

10. When Stephen knew they would listen no longer, how did he address them? In what way were they like their fathers? Verse 51.

11. What question did Stephen then ask? What had their fathers done to those who prophesied of Jesus? Of what did Stephen accuse his judges? Verses 52, 53.

12. How did the members of the council feel as they heard these words? Verse 54.

NOTE.—"At this, priests and rulers were beside themselves with anger. Acting more like beasts of prey than human beings, they rushed upon Stephen, gnashing their teeth. In the cruel faces about him, the prisoner read his fate; but he did not waver. For him the fear of death was gone."—*Ibid.*

13. What is said of Stephen at that moment? Where did he look? What did he see? Verses 55, 56.

NOTE.—"The scene about him faded from his vision; the gates of heaven were ajar, and Stephen, looking in, saw the glory of the courts of God, and Christ, as if just risen from His throne, standing ready to sustain His servant, who was about to suffer martyrdom for His name. When Stephen proclaimed the glorious scene opened before him, it was more than his persecutors could endure. They stopped their ears, that they might not hear his words, and uttering loud cries, ran furiously upon him with one accord. . . . Amid the agonies of this most cruel death, the faithful martyr, like his divine Master, prayed for his murderers."—*"The Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pp. 298, 299.*

14. How did the priests show their angry hatred? How did they silence the voice they did not wish to hear? Verses 57, 58.

NOTE.—They "cast him out of the city" because executions were not allowed within the walls. The site where he was stoned is said to be east of the city, almost under the shadow of the temple walls. The Jewish method of execution was by stoning. They were not allowed to put criminals to death, but this was a riot, contrary to law.

15. How did Stephen show a forgiving spirit? Verse 60.

16. What interesting facts are given us concerning Stephen and others who have lost their lives for their faith?

Answer.—The name "Stephen" means "a crown." He was the first martyr of the early church, and his faithfulness to the end made his heavenly crown certain and sure. God's people will meet Stephen in the new earth. We read in "Early Writings," pages 18, 19: "We met a company who also were gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant; their robes were pure white. As we greeted them, I asked Jesus who they were. He said they were martyrs that had been slain for Him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones; they also had a hem of red on their garments."

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THE LISTENING POST

✪ The National Park Service is taking over the operation of Kentucky's famous Mammoth Cave.

✪ From London comes the news that an onion received from California by a bank official recently brought $65 in a Red Cross charity bazaar.

✪ Plain, sugared, whole-wheat, or cinnamon, more than 3,000,000,000 doughnuts are packed away every year by Americans, enough to stretch around the earth almost seven times.

✪ Gold output in North and South America, after a decade of steady increase, is now tapering off. The reason is that mining costs are rising, and the United States wants copper, lead, zinc, and nickel instead of the usual "precious" metals.

✪ A new comet is in the heavens. It was first discovered by Astronomer DuToit at Harvard's southern station in Bloemfontein, South Africa, and has since been reported by observers in practically every part of the world. The comet is variously estimated as of 1st, 10th, and 11th magnitude, and is too faint to be seen without a telescope. It is in the vicinity of the constellation Aquila, the Eagle.

✪ Three months ago George M. Reynolds, a real-estate operator in Alexandria, Virginia, spied a dilapidated picture on the top of a trash wagon, and he asked permission to carry it off under his arm. Mr. Reynolds has a hobby of collecting relics, and this at first look seemed to be just another "specimen." But its importance soared recently when it was discovered that this dilapidated picture is the work of M. J. Stuart, an eighteenth century painter, and has been identified as a landscape of Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, at Lexington, Virginia. It is said to be worth at least $5,000.

✪ Meadville, Pennsylvania, is the zipper center of the United States, if not of the world. It uses less than 8,000 tons of metal in all—copper, nickel, and zinc. Depending directly upon this industry are 6,000 people, or more than half of the town's population. But the OPM officials refuse to allow Talon, Inc., any metal. And since there is small hope that the great batteries of sewing machines, vats, and pressers can be utilized in the national defense program, the outlook for Meadville—a pretty, hustling little town, where almost everyone is buying his own home and car—is dark indeed. Also, what the general public will do without zippers is a question for consideration.

✪ The success of the stewardess in popularizing air travel is leading the airlines to explore other possibilities in the same direction, and Western Air Lines has decided to put personable college girls on the job of selling transportation. Western Air's salesgirls are called "counselaires." They must have a college education, be between twenty-two and thirty years old and, of course, personally attractive. They spend six months learning their job before they take to the road. The training course includes airplane mechanical operation, public speaking, radio delivery, public relations, fashion information on what the well-dressed air traveler will wear and carry. The girls travel their territories by air line, and call on prospective travelers.

✪ A special crew of workmen under the direction of David Lynn, architect of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., has recently been wrestling with the problem of removing one of the large paintings from the rotunda of the Capitol building and replacing it with another. Francis B. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation" comes down, and Howard Chandler Christy's "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence" takes its place.

✪ Contrary to the general impression, United States foreign trade in the first half of 1941 was considerably larger than for the same recorded period in 1939, before the war started. Exports were up 36 per cent, imports, 42 per cent.

✪ The publication of mystery novels from now on will be strictly controlled in Italy because they are considered "harmful to Fascist youth."

✪ Young marble shooters now get their marbles, not from Germany and Czechoslovakia, but from West Virginia, which is turning out millions.

Perhaps-- YOU KNEW

By DONALD W. McKAY

Most snakes are good swimmers.

About 1,200 different minerals are known.

The Incas practiced skull surgery in ancient times.

In Massachusetts until 1691 suffrage was restricted to church members.

Grasshoppers do not take to the air unless the temperature rises to about 85°.

To provide a pound of silk, approximately nine pounds of cocoons are needed.

Salmon and trout have pink or orange colored flesh because of coloring matter in the oil.

According to an old superstition, if rain falls on July 15, St. Swithin's Day, it will continue 40 days.

Less than 3½ per cent of the sales price of a $200 electric refrigerator represents the cost of the nearly 200 pounds of steel used in its construction.

Baseball players are likely to be at top form at 28 years of age, golf players from 25 to 35, bowlers 30 to 34, says a psychologist, who has checked up on best ages for various sports.

A ballot of musical preferences at the Republic Aviation Corporation plant, Farmingdale, where music broadcasts are a regular noontime entertainment feature for all personnel, shows that swing music runs a poor second to waltzes and light classics.

✪ British and German scientific and technical periodicals are continuing publication, running to an average of about one half their peacetime size.

✪ Lloyd's of London has discontinued writing bombing insurance for Honolulu, the heavily armed outpost of the United States' Pacific defenses. New insurance is being refused, "not because of fear of war, but because of possible sabotage."

✪ Even American mustard will be home grown from now on. Spice grinders used to import a large share of their mustard seed, but a domestic crop this year of more than 73,000,000 pounds is four times as large as any ever before grown in the United States.

✪ When the great fur-seal herd of the Pribilof Islands next puts to sea, at the end of its breeding season, it will be accompanied by a group of scientists of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, in a specially equipped vessel now being outfitted. The object of the expedition will be to obtain further data on the life habits of these highly valuable animals for use in their protection.

✪ Cottonseed hulls, formerly worthless, are the raw material for a new plastic industry which is being developed at Knoxville, Tennessee, as a result of researches by John F. Leahy and his staff of scientists at the University of Tennessee. While commercially it will have to compete with plastics manufactured from other types of raw materials, Mr. Leahy says that it has many competitive advantages that it will be hard for the others to overcome. It opens another use for cottonseed, which he thinks eventually will be the main product of the cotton plant, reducing the fiber to the place of a by-product.

✪ An earthly Eden, a real Shanghai La, carpeted with a rainbow of flowers from June until August, has been discovered in an inaccessible mountain fastness in Kansu Province, northwestern China, by R. C. Ching, a Chinese botanist collecting for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. The country, which is a high plateau, treeless and almost uninhabited, is exceedingly difficult of access. The flowers burst into bloom suddenly, after summer is well advanced in the lowlands. Thereafter for two months the place is a paradise, with masses of lemon yellow, purplish-blue, and deep red, as far as eye can see.

✪ Even today, when a host of new excise taxes have just gone into operation, there are still some Americans who comfort themselves with the delusion that the British tax burden is more onerous than that now imposed upon the citizens of the United States. Not so! There are only two yardsticks which properly serve to make tax comparisons: the burden per capita and the burden in relation to national income. According to figures currently published by the United States Chamber of Commerce, a conservative estimate puts our Federal, State, and local taxes at approximately 22½ billion dollars. This gives a per capita tax burden of $168. Taking a $4 pound, the corresponding figure in Britain is $165. As to national income, ours should amount to 90 billion dollars for this fiscal year, and taxes therefore stand at 25 per cent of it. The comparable ratio in Britain is 22 per cent.