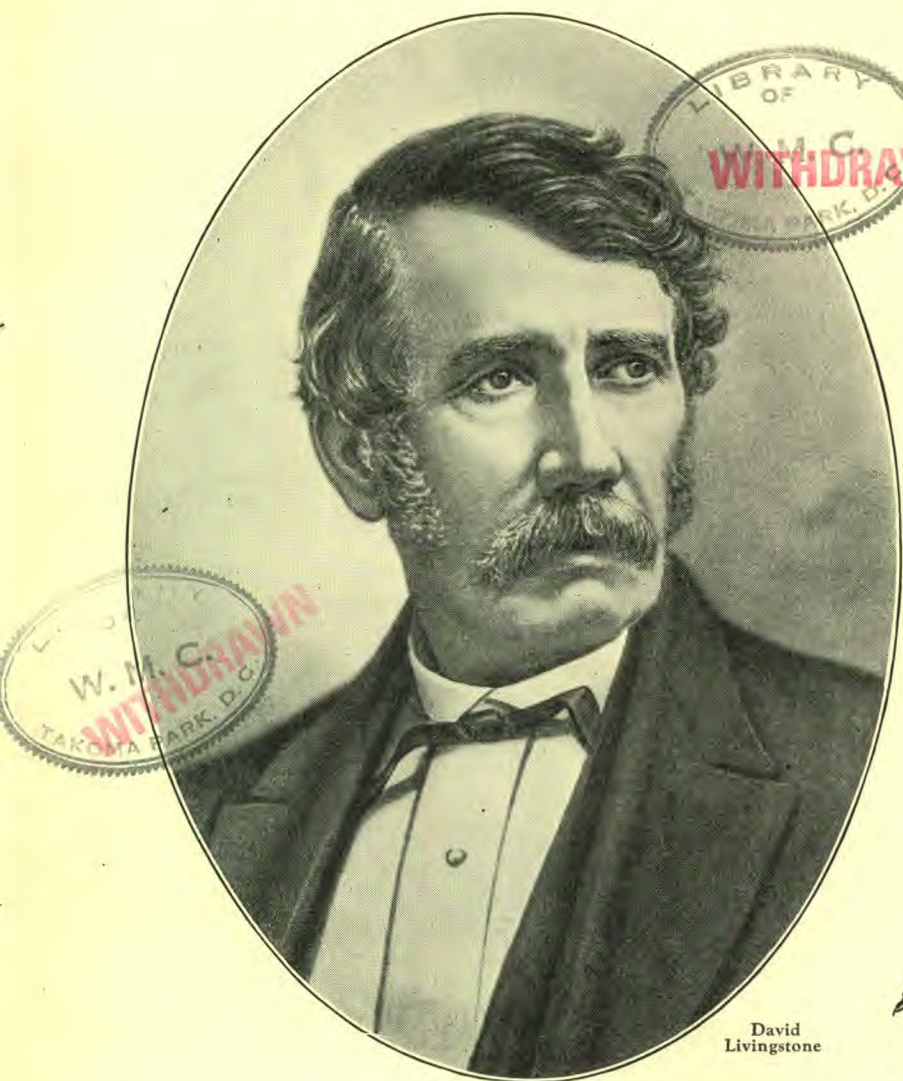


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



David
Livingstone

"The

Love of Christ Constraineth Us"

I DO not know that these words were written on a New Year's Day. They may have been. It could be that back in the first century the apostle Paul was sitting at a crude table in some wayside inn, his thoughts busy with the care of all the churches, his heart filled with desire for greater accomplishments. We know that he had been thinking of conditions in the Roman world of that time. He was

An Old Motto for
the New Year

By ROGER ALTMAN

troubled, perplexed, persecuted, cast down, even as many are today. But he had resolved to faint not. He had made up his mind not to look at his afflictions, which, after all, were light and temporal. He had decided to

look beyond to the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory to come, knowing that he had a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And so he pondered, looking back upon the past, and then forward to the future. He saw the coming of the judgment hour which would overtake so many unprepared. He saw the unfinished task before him. He saw himself as an ambassador for Christ. The need of the world rose up before him. A deep longing to serve and to save swelled his devoted heart. And as he was thinking and writing of all this he said, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

I say, it may have been on New Year's Day that he wrote these words. At least we know this, that to resolve to make the love of Christ the main-spring of every action during the year is to adopt the best resolution in the world. Let us adopt it for 1942.

"The love of Christ constraineth us." Nearly nineteen hundred years ago these words were written. They were not written in Boston. They were not written in London. They were written in Philippi, a city of Macedonia, visited by Paul on his second and third missionary journeys. They were not written in English, or in French, or in Spanish, but in Greek. They were not written with a typewriter or a fountain pen, or even with a mechanical pencil. They were written with the clumsy pen, the unsatisfactory ink, of that time, on the parchment of that time. The words were written in the usual way. The same letters, written in different order, might have said something else.

The ink, paper, and energy might have been used in some other way. Paul, the writer, might have left out that sentence. If he had, the world today would be poorer. One of the most matchless expressions in any language would have been lost.

It is true that Paul is dead. The sword of the emperor Nero struck off his saintly head nineteen centuries ago. The hand that laid down the pen in Philippi has returned to dust. The pen is lost, the ink is faded, the parchment has perished; even the language is no longer spoken as it was then. But these sublime words have leaped across (Turn to page 10)



LET'S TALK IT OVER

1942!

How strange they look—these numerals which mark another year—a new year!

And how true it is of the years, even as it is of the passing days, that "we finish to begin."

Did you ever stand back and survey your life? At beginning-again times like this it is a sane, sensible thing to do. Just stand back and look, as an artist stands back from his canvas, to get the general effect of his growing creation. For you are painting a picture just as surely as did Rembrandt, or Leonardo da Vinci, or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The canvas upon which you are working is your life; the colors into which you dip your brush are your day-by-day thoughts and words and acts. Are you blending them in such a way that the finished picture will be a masterpiece of perfection and beauty, a reproduction of the perfect Pattern? Are you working carefully, with steady, well-placed strokes? Or are you working carelessly, hit or miss, in reckless moments splashing a dab of bright color here, and a somber shadow there which mar the beauty of your picture? Or perhaps you have been trying a design of your own choosing instead of the one set for you by the Man of Galilee. At any rate, suppose you just stand off and take a good, square look at *you* in perspective.

How about *you*? Are you putting on the canvas of your life what you will wish you had put there one year—two years—five years—from now, if time should last? For remember, this picture you are painting *must* hang on exhibition, not only for your lifetime, but through the afterward.

True enough, we as Seventh-day Adventists look for the soon—the *very soon*—coming of Christ, but in the Good Book He Himself admonishes us to "occupy till I come," and so as you thoughtfully and critically examine the canvas on which you are working, try asking yourself, "Where will I be in this task of making a life five years from today? What about these friendships I am cultivating? What about that jealous streak? What about that tendency to dishonesty; to tell a lie of convenience now and then; to enjoy and pass on a juicy bit of gossip? How can I eliminate the selfishness that mars my picture? Can I show my loyalty to God and His commands in more lovely basic colors? And my loyalty to my country—how

can I paint that more vividly as the days go by?"

AS we live this New Year, let us make sure that we are loyal to God every moment of every day. It will be a trying year, a year in which confusion and uncertainty will try the courage of age and youth in every nation under heaven—but particularly of youth! Can you stand for truth and right though the very heavens fall?

On the musty pages of an old church history is written the story of a Roman legion of long ago, encamped in the dead of winter on the shores of an Armenian lake.

"The sun had gone down, and night was falling when the soldiers were drawn up in line to hear the imperial edict ordering all men in every place, on pain of death, to pour a libation before the image of the emperor in token that they acknowledged the ancient gods of Rome.

"One by one the legion filed past the image of Caesar and poured out the libation. Then came a soldier, young, stalwart, straight, who stepped out of line, and, with uplifted, shining face, said, 'I own no allegiance before that to my Master, Christ,' and stood aside. The line filed on, and another and another stepped out, until there stood together forty soldiers, so strong, so daring in every deed of courage, that they were called by their comrades the 'Forty Wrestlers.'

"The Roman general stood aghast. 'What is this?' he cried. 'Do you understand what awaits you there?' and he pointed to the lake. 'A dreadful death to wander there the long night through because you will not pour a few drops of wine before the image of Caesar. You need not believe in the gods of Rome. I do not believe in them myself—but surely your Christ does not require this of you. Do you think I am going to lose my forty best soldiers for such a whim? Tomorrow at evening the ranks will form again. If you obey—well; if not—the frozen lake. Throw not your lives away.'

"They were young, the Forty Wrestlers. Life was sweet, and death upon the lake was cruel. The pouring of the libation was such a little thing! Would Christ care?

"Another short winter day drew to a close. Once more the torches flared and the eagles of Rome looked down upon a solemn scene. Not a word was spoken as the soldiers filed past, pouring the libation. But when the first

wrestler's turn came, he stepped quietly out, and the light on his face was not that of the fitful torches, but a light shining from the gates of heaven. Taking off his helmet, he laid it at the feet of his general, with his sword and his spear and shield. On them he laid his cloak, his tunic, his warm, close-fitting undergarment; then he turned to the lake, singing in a clear, strong voice as he went to his death:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee,
O Christ,
Claim for Thee the victory and from
Thee the crown."

"Another and another followed, till all the forty faithful ones were out upon the lake and forty voices had taken up the song. The night wore on, and the guard before the camp where there were warmth, and food, and clothing, and every comfort waiting for any who might turn back, heard the song grow fainter and more faint as one by one the brave voices failed. At last, just at dawn one wrestler crept back, but even as he lifted his hand to deny his Lord, he fell dead. Then the guard, who could not bear that the band should be broken, took off his helmet, and, laying down his shield and spear and garments, went out to join them, singing exultantly:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee,
O Christ,
Claim for Thee the victory and from
Thee the crown."

Could you, young man, young woman, stand such a test?

IT'S an old, old story, but the triumph song rings down to us across the centuries as a clear call, a challenge to you as Seventh-day Adventist youth at the beginning of this still-so-new year.

The Christ for whom the Forty Wrestlers went to their death is still the same unchanging Saviour—their Saviour—your Saviour. Can He count on you, no matter what test may come? no matter what sacrifice may be required of you?

Next to the allegiance which we as His followers owe to God and His commands, is the loyal allegiance we owe to civil government, and as we blend our colors for the painting of life's canvas during 1942, let us not fail to paint a background and a foreground pattern of devoted, unselfish service for "the Son of God and the sons of men."

Lora E. Clement

"In the Beginning God--"

Young People and Adventism

By M. L. ANDREASEN

ADVENTISM is a religion for older people. It is certainly not for young people who have life before them, who have ambition to go places, who want to see life and have a part in it. After you have lived your life, have had your fling and are ready to retire, it is all right to settle down and become an Adventist, be baptized and keep the Sabbath; but for a young person life holds too much to risk handicapping yourself at the start.

"I do not want you to think that I question that Seventh-day Adventists are right in their belief. I think they come nearer believing what the Bible teaches than any other church. But there are so many things you *cannot* do when you become an Adventist. In fact, there is hardly anything you *can* do among all the things that a young person really wants to do. On every side you hear the advice, 'Don't do this,' and, 'Don't do that.' Everything seems to be negative.

"I have been doing a great deal of thinking since coming to this school, and I have decided that Adventism is not for me—at least not now. After I become older, I may decide to become a Christian. But the cost is too great as I look at things now. I have no intention of doing anything bad. I can have a good time in the world and still live a clean, wholesome life. That is what I plan on—having a good time while I am young, and then later I shall attend to religion. In fact, it may be a good thing to have some experience in the things of the world and in its temptations. Such an experience may enable me to be more helpful to others later in life."

It was a young girl who thus spoke. She had been sent to one of our Seventh-day Adventist colleges, where everything was new and strange to her. She had been deeply impressed with the devotion and consecration of most of her fellow students; a few had appeared to her as mere hypocrites; but in general her impression of the school and of Adventism had been favorable. Some of the more zealous young people had been deeply concerned about her spiritual welfare and had "high-pressured" her to persuade her to take her stand for God.

But she had decided that she did not know enough about the new religion to take such an important step. They gave her no rest, however, and when the Week of Prayer came they decided that it must be "now or never." She was on their prayer list. They had prayer for her. Teachers had been sent to labor with her, and now at last I had been asked to call on her. They felt that she was such a fine character that no effort must be spared. They had hoped that she would have yielded ere this, but instead she had decided to leave school. Would I do my best? I would.

I found what I had been told I would find, a fine, attractive young woman. She was a little weary of the attention that had been given her, and was of the opinion that the well-meant endeavors had been a hindrance, rather than a help. It had caused her whole trend of thought to be directed to thinking up reasons for not being an Adventist, when on the whole she had been rather favorable. I soon found out that her first statement to me—recorded at the beginning of this article—was a kind of last stand; that it was what she *had* thought rather than what she was now thinking, and that it did not properly represent her present state of mind. She was ready to rethink the whole matter, and to evaluate each factor in the light of the "long vision," and decide according to such conviction as should come to her after quietly thinking the situation through.

Not a few young people reason as this young woman had reasoned. To them such reasoning sounds straight and convincing. Why should they not get everything out of this life that it is possible to get, and get heaven also? It must be admitted that this is a fascinating program if it were possible of realization; and it must be further admitted that from a certain viewpoint it is not so bad. In fact—though this may shock some—it can truthfully be said, that, rightly viewed, the concept that we should get all that it is possible to get out of this life as well as the life to come, is the true Christian concept. Is not this the meaning of the words of Christ, recorded in John 10:10, "I am come that they



H. M. LAMBERT

might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"? Does not Paul say that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of *the life that now is*, and of that which is to come"? 1 Tim. 4:8. What do these two statements mean but that God wants us to get all we possibly can out of life here, and that religion is profitable, not only for the future, but for the present?

Let us think this through. Let us talk it through. What is there to religion? Is Christianity merely a series of don'ts? Let us look at the whole religious program. Let us look at all sides of the question. Let us be honest; let us be fair; let us fearlessly face facts, whether they favor or condemn. Can I be a young person and a Christian without losing out on everything—or anything—that is worth while? What must I give up, and what do I get in return? Does religion promise me a hard time here, and as a reward a good time in the hereafter? What about Adventism? Must I be a Seventh-day Adventist to be a Christian, or can I be some other kind of Christian? What about the doctrines and standards which Adventists hold and maintain? Are they too strict, and, in some cases, impossible? Let us take a square look at Adventism, and attempt to evaluate it in theory and practice. Let us take a close, careful look at religion, in the home, in the school, and as it has to do with social and church relations. Let us do this, as far as we can, unbiasedly, and see where we arrive.

Some may observe: Is not such an investigation fraught with danger? Yes, there is always danger in thinking. But it must in all honesty be said that there is more danger in *not* thinking. While ignorance may be bliss, it is not the kind of bliss that lasts, or that is worth while. God wants us to count the cost. He wants us to think.

One time when great multitudes were following the Master, "He

turned, and said unto them, If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." Luke 14:25-27.

These are hard words. Even though we interpret the word "hate" to mean "love less," they are still hard. They say, in effect, that if a man will be a Christian, he must love God more than father or mother or wife or children, or anybody. If he does not do that, he cannot be a disciple.

But note especially the following statements to which we would call special attention. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? . . . Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Verses 28-31.

Jesus never smoothed things over. He wanted men to know the truth, and not be deceived. When He saw multitudes following Him, He wanted them to know what it meant to follow

Him. So He turned to them and explained that to follow Him meant to give up the dearest they had. He told them that it meant taking up the cross, and that they had better count the cost before they did so. He intended to make them think, and not decide to follow Him on the spur of the moment. And think they did. We may be sure that some decided then and there that if it meant as much to follow Him as Jesus said, they had better not go farther. But those who followed, did so more intelligently. They knew what that cost would be. And this was what Jesus wanted them to know.

Jesus could have told the people what He told Peter and the twelve, that "there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Luke 18:29, 30. But Jesus did not want to say that just then. He wanted the people to get the full force of His statement that it really would *cost something* to follow Him, and He did not wish to blunt the force of what He said by telling them that whatever they gave up would be more than

recompensed by what they should receive. He followed the same tactics when He told the rich young man to go and sell all that he had. Luke 8:18-23. There were mitigating factors even in this case, but Jesus wanted to drive home to the young man's consciousness that it would cost something to follow the Master. This seemed to be His way of sifting out those who were not thoroughly in earnest, or who were not willing to go all the way. It is better for all of us to know the worst that may be involved, so that we will have full opportunity to test our own motives.

Let us therefore do a little studying together. Let us do it without fear or bias, without hypocrisy or "putting on," facing facts just as they are. Most young people nowadays are willing to face reality, and want the truth without sugar-coating or pretense. So we will now come back to the question of young people and religion, young people and Adventism, young people and life. It will take us far afield, there will be much exploring to be done, but when we come back we will know a little better what is required of us, and will be able to choose intelligently which path we will take.

(Continued next week)

"The OIL of JOY for Mourning"

By Eric B. Hare



IN a village about three miles from La Po Ta, as the road lies through dense bamboo jungle, live an old man and his wife.

For many years prosperity attended them. Their fields brought forth abundantly, so that they were able to hire elephants to drag logs from the forest, and sawyers to cut them into lumber. Then they built a beautiful lumber house, with a permanent spirit altar at one end of the veranda. Seven children were born to them in this house, and, sure that their prosperity was due to their faithfulness in sacrificing to the spirits and the devils, they increased their devotion at the devil altar as the years went by.

Then misfortunes came, and came suddenly. Sickness claimed one of the children, then another, and another. The sacrifices seemed in vain. Their prayers to the devils availed

nothing. Six children died, and then the poor old woman went blind.

Thara Ohn Bwint heard of their trouble, and went to visit them. The blind mother was even then in the midst of an offering, and was praying long and bitterly to the devils. She would not come out, but the husband was interested, and listened eagerly as Ohn Bwint told of a God greater than the devils who could hear and answer prayer, who could work all things together for good. They prayed together, and the old man said, "Come again."

During the second visit the woman still kept inside, afraid that even listening to someone talk about God might make the devils more angry. But when the time came for prayer, the husband persuaded her to join them.

Again and again Ohn Bwint went, and then one day the husband said, "You travel a great deal through the country. If ever you find a doctor who can cure my wife's blindness, please tell me." God helped him find a doctor. He operated, and in a little while her eyes were completely healed, and she could see again.

With great joy she cried out, "I was a dead person—dead in the devil. I sacrificed to the devils, but my children died—nearly all of them—and I

went blind. I was just like one dead, but in the darkness I found God, and now I am living again. But this time I am living for God and not for the devil."

After a few months of study she asked to be baptized; so Thara Peter came up and baptized her. Strange to say, her husband did not accept the third angel's message, but she has been most faithful, and unless the rivers are too deep, she is always found at Sabbath school on the Sabbath day.

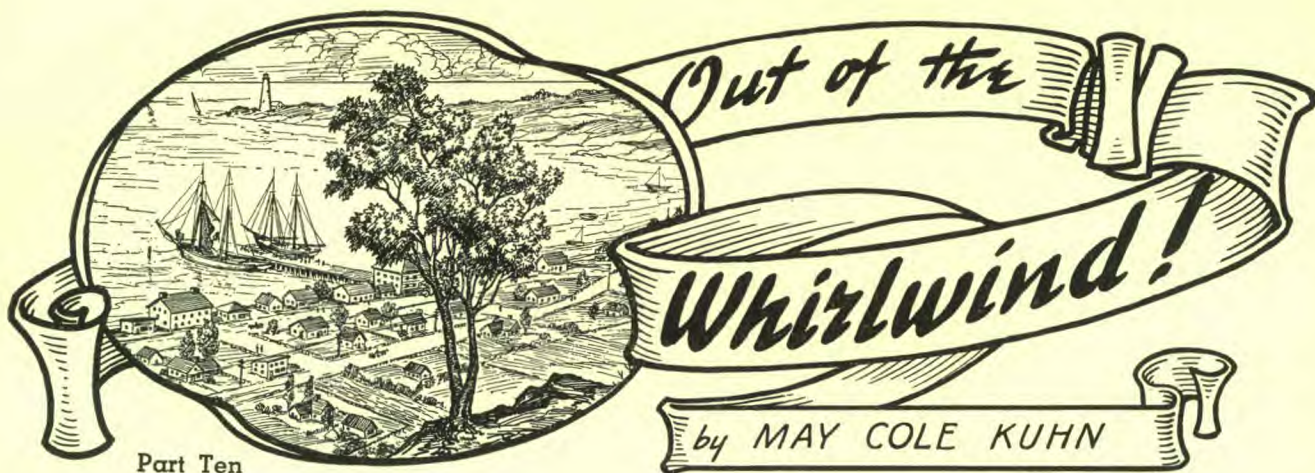
Not long ago Peter was visiting at at their house, and slept on the veranda at night. Early in the morning, about three o'clock, he heard talking inside. It was his hostess talking to someone, and she talked and talked until it was dawn. Then she rose to prepare the morning meal.

"Who were you talking to, Auntie?" asked Peter.

"I was praying," she answered.

"You prayed a long time. I am surprised that you can pray like that when you have been a Christian only a little while," said Peter.

"I used to pray long and loud to the devils, before," she said, "when they did nothing for me but evil, and now it is very easy to pray to God, for He has done so much for me, and I am praying that my husband will know Him, too."



Part Ten

Sunshine and Shadows

AFTER Marah went away, Flora began to think back over the years. Somehow all the great things she had hoped for and longed for seemed to be crumbling away. True, she had achieved proficiency in her life calling; her days were full, and her work was pleasant. But something was lacking, and it was an essential to happy living. Often her mind would go back to her girlhood with all its aspirations. She remembered those days of prayer alone with God in the heart of the woods, and conscience and experience told her that a prayerless life was a most unsatisfactory form of existence.

Marah's letters were filled with joy and gladness. Her heart seemed overflowing with new experiences in Christ, and Flora could see that at last her daughter had found something that completely satisfied her longings and aspirations. Then, too, the girl was being instructed in health principles, and in guidance for everyday living.

"There is a sanitarium-hospital on the school grounds, where an excellent course is given. We have a class there with Dr. Margaret Fay, and I am learning how to live. I have gained greatly in health. Proper food combinations, no eating between meals, no sitting up late at night—it has all made a different being out of me; and I love this place."

Once Marah slipped home for a week-end visit.

"I am going to be baptized," she told Flora, "and I want to be sure that everything is all right." She referred to some girlish mistakes which though they meant nothing to Flora seemed very serious to Marah. A clear conscience was necessary to complete happiness.

Flora was troubled. She objected to Marah's being baptized.

"Baptized!" she exclaimed. "I don't want you to be baptized! I had you christened when you were a little girl in the grand old church to which

I belong—" She stopped suddenly. It had been years since she had seen the inside of a church. She looked at Marah with startled, futile eyes, and her opposition melted away.

Meanwhile, Marah, who had learned many practical things in school and in the hospital, stepped briskly about, cooking, sweeping, and doing what had to be done in the way of housework. Flora watched her, wonderingly. The girl was growing up, and had a mind of her own. She would be able to see herself through life. The realization came that it was Christ within that had strengthened Marah. As this realization came to her she made a decision, and did not violate it. She never spoke another word against the Adventist faith or people.

Marah went back to school. She was baptized, and the next summer she went out with a tent company near Boston under the direction of her old friend Mrs. Scribner, who was in charge of the Bible work. Canvassing and playing the organ for some of the meetings kept the girl busy; but Flora objected to the canvassing. She did not like to have her daughter knock at strange doors, and, after some six or seven weeks, demanded that Marah come home, which she did.

"A daughter has duties," Mrs. Scribner told her. "Go home and be a Christian."

That fall when Marah went back to school her mother gave her a nice little sum of money for school expenses. Marah, however, decided to teach during the spring term of school in order to lift the financial burden of the family, for Gene was now unable to help at all. When summer came Marah went to the beach with a patient from the hospital.

Meanwhile a deep change was taking place in Flora's life. She gave up her work and settled down, with a small income, trying to create such a home as Marah would love when she

came back. She was always looking for Marah to come back, nowadays.

Then Flora was taken ill. Marah came home and took her to the sanitarium. Flora marveled at the efficiency of the nurses and the beautiful spirit that accompanied their ministry. Her life had been purely professional in tone; and she had worked for the most part from the viewpoint of duty, sheer duty!

As the days went by, she became convinced that God was in the Adventist movement, though she was still half unwilling to acknowledge this.

"I like these people," she thought, "and I am satisfied that Marah is with them." She even said that much to Marah.

After she went home, Bishop Dale came on one of his periodic visits. She asked him about the faith Marah had accepted.

Now Bishop Dale was a great man as well as a great student. He was so great that he would not evade or minimize a religious question; and he was earnest in his answer to Flora's query. Moreover he was honest.

"The Adventists are right," he told Flora soberly. "They are right." That decided Flora. She began then to keep the seventh-day Sabbath. Placing her hand once more in the hand of God, she reached out toward the faith that she had given up in discouragement long ago. Prayer came to her soul, comfort to her heart, and patience to her lips. That is what Christ does for the one who gives herself or himself to God.

Marah came home to spend a year, happy that her mother had caught a vision of the loving Christ, and home was so much happier and more livable now!

Flora's illness required a nurse, but a nurse cannot always bring alleviation to pain. At times the suffering became so intense that she would ask Marah to pray; and God never turned a deaf ear to the petition for release from pain. With her, Marah learned the lesson of faith, and the truth that "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." (Turn to page 12)

Do Missions Pay?

By VERNON SCOTT

LING, a young Chinese colporteur, was making his regular tour of villages in Northern China. One hot afternoon he went a half day's journey into the country to visit a Christian friend. As the two Chinese Christians were talking, a boy came running into the courtyard and breathlessly announced that bandits were near. Now bandits in China are a lawless element that have arisen in the country in past years, and even though responsible government authorities sought to control them, some stray bands roamed through the country in search of food, clothing, and money. They stopped at nothing in order to get what they wanted, and consequently, the farmers knew what might be expected from one of their visits.

From the edge of the court Ling could see the smoke rising and hear the sound of guns, all of which told a graphic story of what was going on in the village that he had just left. There was a great deal of confusion among the people, for they realized their helplessness. Finally, each family went into their straw and bamboo hut, blocked the doors, and closed all openings that served as windows and chimneys. They waited and waited; some were crying, and others were quietly soothing them, but all were helpless.

Ling and his Christian friend also were in a hut. They had boarded the door and windows, but they were not crying, and they did not idly wait for the bandits to come. They were down on their knees praying to their heavenly Father that they might be spared from harm. They continued to pray, and were still praying as the bandits were heard coming into the court of the village. Their leader gave the order for all men to come out of the huts into the court. None of the doors opened, and in rage he demanded that his men enforce his order. Mercilessly the bandits broke into the homes, and, at the point of bayonets, the helpless Chinese were forced into the courtyard. Ling and his companion were among them. In the confusion they became separated.

When the last bewildered farmers had reached the court, the leader shouted in a harsh voice: "Line up on the path." The poor frightened men—there were about a hundred of them—were slow to respond, but their visitors roughly encouraged them to obey the order of their leader. The bandits then lined up some thirty feet

away with their rifles in their hands.

"Ready; aim!" came the command from their chief. And then, "Lower rifles." Slowly he walked down the line and asked if there were any Christians among these men. "If so, step out three paces," he said. Now Christians were hated by the bandits, and they well knew that capture meant certain death—not a quick death by a firing squad, but a slow and painful one. Without hesitation and almost simultaneously Ling and his friend stepped forward. "Step to one side," was the next command addressed to them. Then, "Ready; aim; fire!" All the men of the village except these two were shot.

Turning toward Ling and his companion, he told them that they might go. Yes, they were *free*! How could that be! Ling was so astonished that he asked the chief why he did not kill them. In a slower, softer voice, the man replied that he had attended a Christian school for a year, and had learned that the Christians are trying to do good and not stir up any revolu-



tion, "Do missions pay?" The experience of Ling and his companion ought to strengthen our belief that missions *do* pay, that the dividends are the native people who are led to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, for "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thus Christ came to this world to save sinners, and in doing so He became a missionary. We, too, should be missionaries; missionaries who are as much interested in the needs of people far across the sea who do not know Jesus as we are in our own experience or the experiences of our friends and relatives.

It is the custom with many of the missionaries in the Orient to require their servants to attend Sabbath school every week as part of their schedule of duties. That is how Lee, a servant in the medical offices at Shanghai, was regular in attendance at church every Sabbath morning. Soon he began to be somewhat interested in the exercises, even though he was not a Christian. Later Lee joined in the baptismal class and began to study the Bible diligently. It was the mission policy there that those Chinese who wished to join the Seventh-day Adventist Church must be members of a study class for one year, during which time they became well grounded in the doctrines of the third angel's message. As the time progressed, Lee became more and more sure of his convictions, and finally gave up all allegiance to Buddhism. The love and the sincerity shown by the members of the church were the outstanding factor in his conversion. Soon it was noticed that he was bringing several of his children to Sabbath school. During the church service, he with his boys always sat in the center, very near the front. The day that Lee was to be baptized he came early to Sabbath school with his whole family. He marched in (*Turn to page 12*)

Left—Colporteurs Just Back From Kansu After a Successful Literature Ministry Trip


Below—A Church School Teacher and His Pupils on Hainan Island, South China

tion. For this reason, he explained, he always let all Christians in the villages he raided go free.

Leaving the bandits, Ling and his friend went back into the hut and fell on their knees to thank their heavenly Father for deliverance from almost sure death, and for the blessings and influence of Christian education.

Many ask the ques-





"In a Hurry to Get to Your
Uncle's Funeral, or Just
Your Own?"

The Road of Life

By GORDON W. STEADMAN

LOWNDSEWING

THE shrill, sudden shriek of a siren pierced the boy's ears. Glancing through the rear-vision mirror, Warren watched the State trooper steadily creep up on his rear taillight. As he came up alongside, the officer leaned toward them and barked, "All right! Where's the fire? Pull over to the curb."

After much maneuvering of his brakes, Warren brought his well-worn coupé to a halt on the muddy, soft shoulder of the road. The trooper was a rather jovial red-faced policeman, but he tried to appear stern, as he came over to the car. The youth's face tightened for a moment and then turned from a blush to a chalky white. His friend, Danny Moore, cringed in the seat beside him.

"In a hurry to get to your uncle's funeral, or just your own?" taunted the officer.

Warren's knees trembled as he listened to the trooper's words and thought of the past few moments' experience. Had anyone seen them? Surely not; the accident had occurred far from any town, and no one was in sight. Then, putting on a pretense of courage, he managed to stammer, "I—I admit I was going pretty fast, but—"

"Oh, yes," broke in the policeman, "you're just like the rest, always ready with an excuse. And what *is* your excuse, young man?"

"No! no!" burst in Danny, unable to stand the anxiety any longer. "He didn't do it! he didn't, I tell you!"

"Calm yourself, son; I don't think the court will be too hard on him,"

replied the officer, a little puzzled, "but he will have to answer for two crimes: passing a red light in East Burnside and exceeding the speed limit in the suburbs."

Without realizing it, the boys had exceeded the speed limit and even passed a red light! They were stunned by what they had done, and in a partial stupor they caught the policeman's stern words, "Come along. Follow me back to No. 2 Station, East Burnside."

Danny climbed out and began to crank the car, while Warren worked diligently with the instruments on the dashboard. With a mighty roar, the engine turned over and gave a sputter or two. Warren wheeled around in the center of the road and proceeded to follow the officer back toward the town from which they had just come.

After what seemed hours to Danny and Warren, they came to a halt in front of the old red courthouse that was very familiar to these boys who had spent three years at the college on the outskirts of East Burnside. The officer led them inside the door, and said, "Wait here while I find out whether Judge Drew can see you now."

But before the trooper could take five steps, a tall, well-dressed man who gave Warren and Danny the impression that he was a detective, tapped him on the shoulder. "Jim, there has been a hit-and-run tragedy out on No. 10 highway. You know that narrow stretch of road between Milton and Exeter? Well, someone was not man enough to stop and own up to his crime after killing an old farmer. Patrol Officer Druid reported the accident just ten minutes ago, and

I want you to take Truman and investigate immediately. Follow up all clues, and see if you can get any information from the farmer's wife or his daughter. That's all, Rogers. Report to me immediately if you discover anything like a lead that will help us find the culprit."

Rogers nodded "yes," and as the detective disappeared from the courthouse hall the trooper swung to face the boys. "I have just been called out on a hit-and-run case," he said. "Here, I will give your name and address to the clerk, and you take this notice to appear in Court No. 3 Monday morning, March 7, at ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock," mused Warren aloud, clutching the yellow notice, as the boys descended the red flagstone steps of the courthouse.

"Yes," replied Danny, who had by now regained his normal senses. "We will have to be here Monday morning, and now it is Friday afternoon. They just *can't* find out," he added as a half-conscious afterthought.

Slowly the car turned into the long, shaded drive and passed the stately whispering poplars on its way to the school garage behind the dormitory. As Danny stepped from the running board, he noticed a peculiar red stain on the front fender. Further investigation proved it to be that of blood. The boys were terrified. What should they do?

That evening in worship two young men nervously tried to listen to the dean's remarks, but their thoughts drifted elsewhere. They were unconsciously thinking of the man whose life they had snuffed out, and of his family, and of the (Turn to page 13)

IT seems impossible, but it's really true—so swiftly do the years pass—that the Junior and Senior Missionary Volunteers of thirty-five years ago are now fifty and sixty years of age. Yes, we are in the fourth generation of Missionary Volunteers.

Few of us, perhaps, are much given to thinking about the foundations and framework of our institutions or organizations; we just take them for granted. We think more about the wallpaper, furniture, and draperies of a house than about the excavations, foundations, and hidden sills and girders. Unfortunately, we even take for granted the freedom we enjoy, without thinking of the earnest study, planning, and the supreme sacrifices which made such freedom possible.

But I believe that the 150,000 Missionary Volunteers living in all parts of the world would like to know something about the purposes and earnest efforts that brought into being and firmly established the Seventh-day Adventist Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers.

It has been said that an institution is the lengthening shadow of a man. As I think through the origin and development of our Missionary Volunteer organization, I see the influence of several men and women. But, aside from Ellen G. White, through whom the Lord sent to us the messages of instruction concerning work for and by our young people, A. G. Daniells stands out most prominently. His love for young people, his far-seeing vision, his genius for organization, and his persistency were the chief motivating elements that helped to conceive and bring into being the Missionary Volunteer movement as we know it today.

Of course, there was young people's work before the Missionary Volunteer organization. The early pioneers of the advent movement were deeply interested in young people—indeed, most of them were young people themselves when they identified themselves with it. It was especially for the youth that the first Sabbath school lessons were written in 1852, and that same year a paper was started for our young people, the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. This was only three years after the publication of the first issue of our first paper, *Present Truth*, now the *Review and Herald*, the general church paper of Seventh-day Adventists.

The first young people's society in the denomination, of which we have any record, was organized at Hazelton, Michigan, in 1879, by Luther Warren, then a boy in his teens. (And years later, as a minister of experience, Pastor Warren took an active part in the establishment of the general organization of the young people



The Author

of our churches.) There were doubtless other such societies of which we do not know.

The last two decades of the nineteenth century were marked in the United States by the origin and expansion of organized young people's work in the Protestant churches generally. In 1881 Dr. Francis E. Clark led out in the establishment of the Chris-

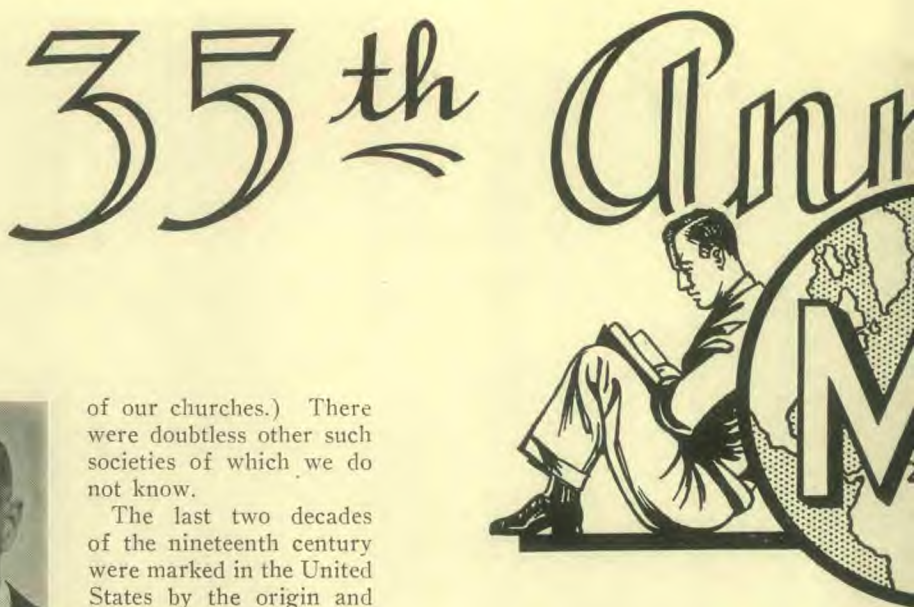
tian Endeavor Society. That was followed by the Epworth League, the Baptist Young People's Union, and others. It was about the time of Doctor Clark's visit to Australia that Mrs. White expressed the need of an organization among our own young people in these words which she wrote from Melbourne, Australia, in December of 1892: "We have an army of youth today who can do much if they are properly directed and encouraged. We want our children to believe the truth. We want them to be blessed of God. We want them to act a part in well-organized plans for helping other youth."

A few months later there appeared in the *Signs of the Times* these words from her pen: "Young men and young women, cannot you form companies, and, as soldiers of Christ, enlist in the work, putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin? Let there be companies organized in every church to do this work."

Pastor Daniells was in South Australia at that time. He promptly acted upon the suggestions in these testimonies, by organizing a young people's society in the Adelaide church. It was really a junior society, as the oldest member was only fifteen years old.

Twenty-five years later Pastor Daniells expressed his "great satisfaction . . . that nearly every charter member of that band was in this message, and most of them active workers."

And organizations began to spring up in America—a Young People's Society of Christian Service in College View, Nebraska, the Sunshine Bands in South Dakota, a Young Women's Dorchas Society in Battle Creek, Michigan, and others. In Ohio in 1899 the local societies were joined into a conference organization



The Foundation

By MILTON E. KERN

—the Ohio Christian Volunteers. A similar organization in the Iowa Conference further indicates the rising tide of interest among the denominational leaders, and the feeling that general leadership should be provided. More and more it was pressed upon the hearts of the leaders that something must be done to unify, foster, and strengthen the work for and by the young people of the church.

General Conference leadership was soon provided. The General Conference session at Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1901, voted to "approve the movement to organize young people's societies for more effectual missionary service." It also outlined some primary steps in this work, and recommended that the missionary volunteer department of the conference be connected with the Sabbath school leadership, "that these bands of young workers may have some central source of instruction and channel of communication." A little later, the General Conference Committee asked the Sabbath School Department of the General Conference, of which Mrs. L. Flora Plummer was the secretary, to take the general direction of the young people's work.

With all the attention given to our Missionary Volunteer organization today—conference direction, Junior and Senior camps, M. V. officers' meetings, young people's conventions, M. V. Week, *Gazette* programs, reading courses, Study and Service League, the Bible Year, the Morning Watch, special features at camp meetings, etc., the difficulties encountered in getting the young people's work organized may seem strange and hard

Anniversary



A. G. Daniells

to understand. But remember, this was a new thing, and there were fears in many minds that such a plan *might* hinder rather than really help our youth. Then there was the ever-present problem with our conferences of how to finance the employment of additional workers. Of the difficulties faced and the efforts made to get the work really going, Mrs. Plummer wrote:

"A stupendous obstacle to progress was met in the fact that only three conferences out of the fifty in this country had a young people's secretary. . . . Efforts to secure the official appointment of conference young people's workers met with very tardy responses, and we felt that the future of this work was surely trembling in the balance.

"With the courage born of despair, the secretary sent letters to the Sabbath school secretaries in all the conferences that had no young people's worker, announcing that the Sabbath School Department would regard *them* as leaders of the young people's work in their respective fields until their conferences chose someone else for that work. Questionable as such a

method of appointment was, it proved effective. No conference president objected."

The interest grew in America, and began to spread overseas. At the time of the General Conference of 1905 a report of the young people's work included North America, Australia, Germany, the Cook Islands in the South Seas, Trinidad, Jamaica, the French Latin field in Southern Europe, and Africa. One union conference in North America had appointed a union young people's secretary, the first in the world, I believe. The writer, who was teaching in union college, had been chosen to fill that position in connection with his teaching work.

But a new era was about to dawn. It was evident that the Sabbath school Department of the General Conference was handicapped greatly in its efforts to supervise this growing work; so Pastor Daniells placed this question on the agenda for the General Conference council, held in Gland, Switzerland, on the shore of beautiful Lake Geneva, in the spring of 1907.

There was considerable discussion regarding what was best to do. It so happened that someone else was in the chair and Pastor Daniells was absent when a decision was reached, to transfer the young people's work to the fostering care of the Educational Department. He was perturbed when he learned of this, for his vision was of a mighty forward youth's movement, which he felt could be realized only as someone should give undivided atten-

tion to its development. He secured a reconsideration of the matter, which resulted in a resolution, "that, in order that this work may be properly developed, and thus an army of workers be properly trained for service, a special department, with the necessary officers, be created."

At this same time the writer was chosen as chairman of the new department, and Matilda Erickson (now Mrs. E. E. Andross) was chosen as secretary. W. A. Spicer, secretary of the General Conference at that time, reported that the decision to organize the department was inspired by the divine call to bring *every resource* into service for the closing work, and that the representatives present testified that Seventh-day Adventist youth in all the world were being moved by one common impulse to offer themselves for service.

Mrs. Plummer wrote: "The pillar of cloud gave evidence of lifting, and among young people's workers everywhere there was the preliminary stir for an onward march."

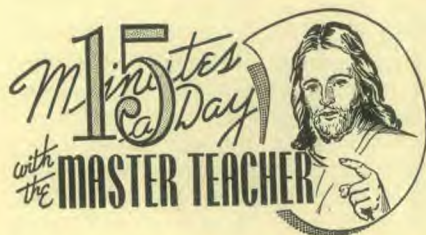
Years afterward, in 1920, I believe, it was my privilege to stand in the open place on the lawn of the Gland Sanitarium where the General Conference council, in a tent erected for the meetings, made this momentous decision. With me stood a group of loyal European Missionary Volunteer secretaries. And I have stood with other Missionary Volunteer secretaries in every continent and have had opportunity to see what God is doing for and with our army of Missionary Volunteers around the world.



The Late Harry Fenner and Luther Warren Fifty Years Ago

The department had been authorized and officers had been elected, but it had yet to be organized and to have its policies established. This was done at the Sabbath School and Young People's Convention held at Mount Vernon, Ohio, July 10-20 of the same year, 1907. In the words of the editor of the convention Report, "This was an occasion long to be remembered by those present, because of the manifestation of the Spirit of God in leading hearts to surrender fully to His service."

It was a good convention, and anyone who reads the Report will discern that the foundations of this world-wide Missionary Volunteer organization were there laid broad and deep. It set forth the primary object as "the salvation and development of our youth by means of prayer, Bible study, and personal missionary effort." There the aim, motto, and pledge were adopted, and a uniform plan of society organization was developed. The need of Junior work was recognized, and provision was made for a society for the isolated youth in each conference. Plans were made for a threefold program of training—devotional, educational, and missionary endeavor. A temperance pledge was prepared, and a crusade against harmful reading was proposed. A yearly Missionary Volunteer Day in all the churches was recommended.



"The Desire of Ages," Chapters 6-8

	Pages
Sunday	59-62
Monday	62-67
Tuesday	68-71
Wednesday	72-74
Thursday	75-77
Friday	77-81
Sabbath	81-83

THINK ON THESE THINGS

"Jesus is our example. There are many who dwell with interest upon the period of His public ministry, while they pass unnoticed the teaching of His early years. . . . He lived to please, honor, and glorify His Father in the common things of life. His work began in consecrating the lowly trade of the craftsmen who toil for their daily bread. He was doing God's service just as much when laboring at the carpenter's bench as when working miracles for the multitude."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 74.

"Christ was the only sinless one who ever dwelt on earth; yet for nearly thirty years He lived among the wicked inhabitants of Nazareth. This fact is a rebuke to those who think themselves dependent upon place, fortune, or prosperity, in order to live a blameless life. Temptation, poverty, adversity, is the very discipline needed to develop purity and firmness."—*Id.*, p. 72.

"By one day's neglect they [Joseph and Mary] lost the Saviour; but it cost them three days of anxious search to find Him. So with us; by idle talk, evil-speaking, or neglect of prayer, we may in one day lose the Saviour's presence, and it may take many days of sorrowful search to find Him, and regain the peace that we have lost."—*Id.*, p. 83.

Then there was the never-to-be-forgotten discussion on naming the new child of the denomination. It was the consensus of opinion that there should be a distinctive name. "Christian Soldiers," "Volunteer Army," and others were suggested, but it was difficult to agree. Finally "Missionary Volunteers" was suggested, and this was discussed pro and con. A delegate, who evidently thought this name was too long, stepped to the board in the college chapel (Mount Vernon Academy was a college then), and wrote the name on the blackboard, "Seventh-day Adventist Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers," stretching it out the full length of the board. But this was the name adopted, and thirty-five years attest the wisdom of the choice.

A lasting impression was made on my mind by a quotation from Ellen G. White included in a paper given by her son, W. C. White, on "Suggestive Lines of Work for Young People." Here is part of what Mrs. White had to say to the young people of Los Angeles, California, about two years before the Mount Vernon meeting:

"When I was between twelve and fifteen years old, I would sometimes go to my companions, and say, 'I have come tonight to talk with you about the Saviour. I want you to kneel down and pray with me.' So we prayed together, and the Spirit of God impressed our hearts. Sometimes one would yield. Then we would arise, talk together and sing; then I would say, Let us pray again. Then another would yield, and I would say, 'There are eight here, and only two have taken their stand for Christ. Let us pray again.' We would kneel down again and pray, then we would talk and sing, and so we worked until all were converted and praising God."

This spiritual appeal to individuals (let me say it with all earnestness to the Missionary Volunteers of today) is the foundation stone of our young people's work. If you fail in this, you are not a Missionary Volunteer Fundamentalist.

Then followed days, months, and years of hard, joyful endeavor to build up the superstructure in all the world, by securing the appointment of conference and union Missionary Volunteer secretaries, and giving them such help as was possible, by perfecting the plans and extending the organization, by strengthening the camp meeting work and holding other revival efforts for our youth, by the preparation of manuals for the guidance of local society work and developing other necessary literature. Two general Missionary Volunteer workers' conventions were held in North America during my twenty-three years of leadership in the department—at St. Helena, California, in 1915, and at Colorado Springs, in Colorado, in 1923. The largest convention of Missionary Volunteers in our history was held at Chemnitz, Germany, in 1928, with two thousand delegates from Norway to Algiers and from England to Soviet Russia.

The growth of the organization has been gratifying, and there has been, we believe, a deepening of the spiritual life. Though the work has not been without defects, though we have not yet enrolled all the young people of the church in the movement, though the world still makes serious inroads upon our youth, my faith clings to the possibility expressed by the messenger of the Lord: "With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!" God grant it.

"The Love of Christ Constraineth Us"

(Continued from page 1)

the centuries. They have crossed every land and every sea. They have burst the fetters of the Greek tongue, and now speak to the hearts of men and women in their own language everywhere. They speak to our hearts today as we think of the New Year. They come through the clear winter air as a fresh message from the apostle. Listen to them, my dear young friends. Let them take root in your heart. Allow the Holy Spirit to engrave them deep in your soul. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Love is the strongest influence in the universe of God. Indeed, it is the one influence which will endure. "For whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Paul declares that "the fashion of this world passeth away." But God is love. Every manifestation of pure, true love, is a reflection of the spirit and character of God Himself.

In one of the islands of the Mediterranean lived a beautiful young woman, the fairest and most accomplished in all the place. She was beloved of a fine, stalwart young man of good family. It seemed to them both that life held only the fairest promise. Every day was filled with joy as they looked forward to the long, golden years of sweet companionship. But one day a tragedy befell the girl. She suffered a cruel accident which so lacerated her face that instead of being beautiful, she was revolting to look upon. Even her parents could scarcely bear to see her. Her fiancée was away on the mainland when the accident occurred. When he returned, the message was brought to him that his beautiful fiancée had been mutilated, and that never again could he look upon that fair face which he had loved. He said, I must see her. No, you cannot, he was told. She is too pitiable and fearful a sight. She has sent word that her love for you is so great that she cannot bear to cause you the suffering you would undergo if you should see her. A few days later, the doorkeeper at the young woman's house saw two people coming up the road, a man and a boy. There was something familiar about the man; yet he walked uncertainly as if he was not sure of the way. They drew nearer. The boy was leading the man. He led him through the door. Here the man paused. He stretched out his hands, and called in a familiar and loving voice, "I am here, my beloved." He had destroyed his own eyesight, that he might be near the one whom he adored. They lived to old age, so 'tis said, in a cottage by the blue ocean. Their love grew stronger with the passing years. He always cherished the memory of his wife as she appeared in the bright morning of her life. She ministered lovingly to him who had considered no sacrifice too great that he might be by her side.

The love of Christ is something like that. He created us in His own image, and delighted to visit us in the garden He had planted. His purpose was that throughout eternity we should enjoy His sweet companionship. But the terrible calamity of sin mutilated our spotless character, and God was obliged to hide His face, for He is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity. But His love has never faltered, and the love of His only-begotten Son has never grown cold. The Son of God veiled His glory, laid aside His power, took upon Himself our sinful, weak, human flesh that He might be by our side. He lived among men. He died for all men (Turn to page 13)



H. M. LAMBERT

Juniors

The Four Knives

By ARCH A. O. DART

ONE New Year's Day, a father gave each of his four sons a knife. Each boy seemed very happy with his gift, and expressed his thanks. The father was eager to see what use each lad would make of his knife.

One boy opened his box and looked at his knife. The rich blue handle sparkled like a jewel, and the end caps shone like polished silver.

"My," he said to himself, "that is the most beautiful knife I ever saw. It must be worth a great deal of money. If some of the other boys around here see that knife, they will want it, too. They may even try to steal it from me, but that is my knife. It belongs to me. They shall not have a chance to get it. I shall not let a single person see it. And, too, I am afraid that if I play with it, I may lose it."

Very carefully he placed it back in its little box, and put it in the bottom of his trunk. Once in a while he would go to his trunk, unlock it, and look at his beautiful knife. Then he would put it back and lock his trunk again, and there that knife remained unused day after day.

The second lad opened his box and said, "Hurray! My knife has four blades. Most of the boys have to be so careful with their cheap knives that have only one or two blades, but this one has four good ones. I have always wanted a good knife, and now I have one that did not cost me a thing. What fun I shall have with this knife!"

Proudly he exhibited his knife to everyone, and demonstrated how much punishment those blades could stand without breaking. He could pound the big blade into a telephone pole and support his whole weight on it. With the small blade he could actually scratch comic faces on the cement sidewalk, or on the bricks in the chimney. But after he had carved his initials on some shade trees in the park and on his new desk at school, he found himself without a knife, and in a peck of trouble.

The third boy opened his box and gingerly ran his thumb along the keen edge of the blades. "Whee!" he said, "how nice and sharp these blades are! Now is my chance to practice knife juggling, so that I can do daring tricks like some of the other fellows who stand around the corner store."

Boastfully he announced that he could do more tricks than anyone else. He started throwing the open knife into the air, and catching it by the handle. Although he got a few minor pricks and cuts on his hands, most of the time he succeeded in catching the knife the right way. This gave him courage to throw the knife still higher and higher. Words of caution only made him do more daring stunts. And then one day he missed the knife and it sank into his chest. But after the blood was all washed away and a bandage was placed over the wound, he tried some more tricks. He raced with another boy to see which one could whittle a big stick in two. In the excitement of the race, somehow his finger got in the way, and he cut off a big slice of flesh. That called for another bandage. With his left hand tied up, he could not do much, but he surprised several of the boys by showing them how quickly he could open and shut that

knife with only one hand. Later he surprised himself by having the blade catch two fingers and cut them to the bone. Before long he had so many cuts and knife wounds that his health was seriously impaired.

The fourth son opened his box and said, "Oh, what a beautiful knife this is! And to think it is a gift from my own dear father. He must love me a great deal to give me such an expensive present as this. Those four blades make it a very practical present, too. I am going to see how many useful things I can do with it."

His father started to figure how much lumber it would take to build a new barn, but his pencil was so dull it could scarcely mark at all. Right away his son thought of his new knife. He put such a good point on the pencil that his father had no trouble with his figures any more. The postman brought a large package the next day, and the family gathered around to see what was in it. But the twine was in such a hard knot that no one could untie it. That new knife quickly opened the package with ease. That afternoon, while his little sister was playing around in the yard, she stuck an ugly thorn into her hand. That smallest blade was just the thing to slip under the thorn and pull it right out. One day his mother had some unexpected company for dinner. She was hurrying as fast as

she could, but she was afraid her dinner would be late. He believed that that pretty knife of his could help out a great deal, and it did. He peeled some potatoes, cut the cabbage, and sliced the beets. Every day he found something useful to do with his knife.

Which boy do you think got the most pleasure out of his knife, and gave his father the most pleasure?

Our heavenly Father has given us a present, and He wants to see just what each one is going to do with his present.

Some seem to think that the money that they have belongs to them, and to them alone. They say, "This is my money. No one has any right to it at all. The little heathen children across the sea can work and make their own money if they want to, but I am going to keep mine."

Day after day the money remains in their possession, unused.

Others say, "Money is no good unless you can spend it; so they spend their money right and left for trifles. They buy ice cream or candy every day, keep a supply of chewing gum in their pockets, and want a new toy every time they go to town. For a time they can pop balloons, shoot off firecrackers,

J-A-N-U-A-R-Y

J "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matthew 7:1, 2.

A "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Luke 11:9.

N "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Zechariah 4:6.

U "Unless Thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction." Psalms 119:92.

A "Abstain from all appearance of evil." 1 Thessalonians 5:22.

R "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Ecclesiastes 12:1.

Y "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Habakkuk 3:18.

and ride the merry-go-round, but when it is time to start to church school, they look around for someone else to buy their books and pay their tuition for them.

Strange as it may seem, there are some who take the money the Lord has given them for a blessing, and use it in such a way that it brings them into a great deal of trouble. They buy detective thrillers or trashy love stories that give them a cheap view of life. They go to shows and see things that make them afraid to go to bed at night. Some even poison their bodies and weaken their minds by smoking cigarettes and by drinking beer.

The wise boys and girls say, "This is from the Lord. He loves me so, that He is thinking about giving me a beautiful home in heaven, but He wants to be sure that I know how to appreciate nice things, and that I will take the proper care of that mansion. Therefore, He has entrusted me with some of His silver and gold here on this earth, to give me the training I need. I am going to see how much good I can do with this money."

The boys and the girls in this class are able to buy the excellent books in the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses. They have the *Little Friend* and the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, too. They are able to attend our own schools, and thus get the very best education possible in all the world. In fact, they can afford to have the cream of everything like that. Through their liberal Sabbath school offerings each week they are able to help support mission schools, mission hospitals, and mission stations in Africa, China, India, South America, and the isles of the sea.

To all those who make a wise use of their money, and are faithful in other things, the Lord will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



A Carolina Locust

BY MRS. G. M. PRICE

LAST October, a Carolina locust alighted on the asparagus fern which grew over our living-room window. I lifted him off carefully, and, taking my magnifying glass, examined him closely. His very large head disclosed a droll-looking face; his long antennae were in sections. I discovered that his two large, prominent, compound eyes were composed of many six-sided facets, and that between them were three small eyes. As I looked for ears, I found them on his body just back of and close to the hind legs. He had two lips, the upper labrum and under labium, and two pairs of jaws between the lips, the upper pair called mandibles, and lower pair called maxillae. Upon his lower jaws were two pairs of short feelers or palpi. His lips moved up and down, but the jaws worked like a pair of scissors. A stiff armor covered his back, and his beautiful gauzy wings were covered with a stiff upper pair. Further examination showed a row of openings along his sides under his wings, which I learned were breathing pores, or spiracles. His legs and feet were next scrutinized. Two of his six legs were

very long, with thick thighs upon which grew a row of stiff hairs. His long feet were padded on the soles, and each foot was equipped with two stiff toes, or ground grippers, which curved inward and acted as springs to facilitate his jump. Thus he was enabled to jump long distances and so keep out of the way of birds which would gladly make a meal of him. With the exception of a few sunny days during the winter, when he went for a stroll, he remained on the asparagus fern until April.

Not far from this locust and on the same fern we discovered another grasshopper of the same species, which we decided must be his mate. All winter these grasshoppers came back to the same spot, after being away for some hours, but in the spring they disappeared, never to return.

We looked in vain for a nest of eggs. But as grasshoppers usually deposit their eggs in holes which they dig in decayed trees, fence rails, or in the ground, I did not expect to find it on the fern vine.

Grasshoppers, crickets, dragonflies, and some bugs do not have a complete metamorphosis, for they have no grub, or larval stage, and no inactive pupa stage, but look like the parents as soon as they are born. They shed their skins, or cast off their outgrown clothes, several times before they reach maturity.

Do Missions Pay?

(Continued from page 6)

first, with his eldest son close behind and all five children following according to their ages until Mrs. Lee appeared last in line, carrying the three-months-old baby.

The next year Mrs. Lee and Chan, the eldest son, were baptized, and the whole family became eager to do some kind of missionary work.

One morning Lee asked his employer if his work might be adjusted so that he need not be at the office until ten o'clock each morning. He was an assistant to the laboratory technician, but it was finally arranged that he would stay an hour longer in the evening to make up his time.

This program had been going on for about six months, when early on a Monday morning he asked one of the doctors to accompany him to his village at the edge of the International Settlement to see what he had been doing before coming to work. The two took a ricksha to the Lee home. In a small room about twelve by fourteen feet were four rows of seats made of old scrap plank. At eight o'clock Lee went outside and rang a small bell. The visitor wondered how anyone could hear it. But in five minutes small boys could be seen running from all directions toward the door of the room. Everyone lined up at perfect attention as Lee and his guest stood in the door. Not a word was spoken, and it was apparent that everyone knew just what to do. At a signal they all marched in and took their respective places on the improvised seats as Lee went to the front of the class. After he made a few welcoming remarks, they all stood and sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" with such enthusiasm that one would have thought they were giving its message to the whole world. The youngsters would all begin together; then each would sing his own individual tune, but all would stop at the same time. It was an inspiring occasion. Lee had been working with thirty-five Chinese children, and as they gathered each day he had taught them Christian songs and the Sabbath school memory verses. In this way they came in contact with the advent message, and through them the good news of Jesus' soon coming had spread to their

homes. Thus the interest grew, and grew, and is still growing.

As a ripple spreads in a lake, so does the story of the love of God and the message of salvation spread into the hearts of thousands of needy ones in faraway lands, through the direct and indirect efforts of those whom your money sends to "the uttermost part" of earth.

Don't you think *missions pay*?

Out of the Whirlwind

(Continued from page 5)

Flora promised herself and Marah that when she became well enough she would give the rest of her life to work in some Adventist hospital; but she did not grow strong; so she had to be contented with just staying at home.

Sometimes God puts great spaces into a busy life to make a place for thought and meditation to give the soul time to hearken. So Flora found comfort in the great All-Father whom she had lost and found again. She had proved that God is true, and forgiving. In spite of herself He had brought the great truth to her, and at last she had recognized its beauty. She found time to listen to God's voice, and He spoke peace to her soul.

As for Marah, well, as she reviewed her mother's life, she made up her mind to one thing, that she would never marry a man who was not a Christian. Good and kind as her father was to her, yet a barrier was always between them, and Marah would not give up her religious convictions—no, not for anyone! Yes, she would even know a *Christian* man *very well indeed* before she would marry him!

Winter passed by in its slow, white, New England way. The thermometer dropped below zero. Then came the usual genial thaw, and March with its wind, and violets. Marah had passed the time helping to care for her mother and in studying music and astronomy.

She mingled with her friends at the old church and sold them "Christ's Object Lessons," "Steps to Christ," and other helpful books.

With spring a call came for her to attend a patient from the hospital. Flora wanted her to accept the position, for she knew that the experience would be of value to the girl; and, since her mother had competent help, Marah decided to go away for a few months.

Strange to say, the patient owned a home at the colony at which Marah had spent her summers before she had joined the Adventist Church. No more dancing with the genial friends of two or three years ago! No clam and lobster bakes over a driftwood and seaweed fire on the beach! But there were other wholesome and delightful recreations: sailing, marshmallow roasts, drives along the beach roads to places of beauty and historic interest, sea bathing, sketching and painting. As to her work, her patient, a charming, elderly woman, left Marah to follow her own program in carrying out her duties.

One morning some weeks after Marah had begun her new work, her patient's husband called her into the reception room.

"A telegram has come for you," he said gently. "I opened it. I hope you do not mind; I thought it was ours."

"Your mother died today. Funeral Thursday." That was all the message said.

Stunned by the news, Marah turned and went to her room. She could not find relief in tears. She had not learned that, not yet. Always she had carried her grief like a stone hidden in her heart. Dry-eyed, she packed her satchel.

"Only a little more than forty-five years old," she exclaimed as she thought of her mother. "Why, her life was not much more than half lived; and she never realized her ambition or accomplished the things she desired. If she had held fast to God, how different it all might have been! Or if father had been a Christian!"

In a week Marah was back at her duties, carrying with her only a blurred memory of Gene's sober face, of Aunt Grace's tears, of Grandmother Atherton's calm peacefulness. The rest she wanted to forget.

"I am alone now," she said, "and I shall have to face life as it comes with its good or ill." So she worked resolutely on through the summer. By fall she had enough money ahead to carry her through the school year.

How precious during those times of grief were the words God spoke through Isaiah. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

"God has helped me through this trouble," Marah reflected, "and He will help me through all my life if I trust Him."

And surely the omnipotent God never fails those who put their confidence in Him.

Consecrating her life anew to the Master, Marah went back to college, determined to prepare for efficient service to God wherever He might call.

"Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!"

(To be continued)

"The Love of Christ Constraineth Us"

(Continued from page 10)

He rose again a glorified Man. He ascended to heaven, and as the man Christ Jesus, He stands at the Father's throne today, interceding for those whom He loves with an everlasting love.

True love always constrains. It always impels us to service. The love of Christ constrains us anew as we face 1942. Who can say what the coming days will bring? The path before us is not likely to be an easy one to tread. The way of the Christian has never been easy. But it has always led forward to genuine achievement and victory. No service has been too hard, no privation too great, no journey too long, no mountain too high, no sea too rough, no wild beast too fierce, no desert too rocky and bare, for the messenger of the cross. No people have been so depraved and ignorant and savage and beastly, so fearfully mutilated by the horrible tragedy of sin, that the love of Christ has not constrained someone to go and minister to them. They may not appreciate it. They do not realize their need or their danger. They may not thank you for your self-sacrificing efforts on their behalf. But the love of Christ will constrain you, just the same, to leave your home and your earthly prospects, if by any means you may save some for whom Christ died.

The example of a life consecrated to self-sacrificing service and constrained by the love of Christ is still the most powerful influence in the world. This love led Robert Moffat to the mountains of Africa from whence he could see the smoke of a thousand villages that had never heard the name of Christ. It led David Livingstone from the mill town of Blantyre in Scotland to the heart of that same dark continent, where he spent his life in healing slavery, that great open sore of the world. It led William Carey to India, Adoniram Judson to Burma,

Robert Morrison to China, John G. Paton to the cannibal islands of the South Seas. It has sustained the soldiers of the cross in all lands, and given them fortitude for every trial. It will continue to constrain every consecrated heart until the great task of calling men and women to God is finished. May it be ours throughout this New Year.

The Road of Life

(Continued from page 7)

detective who was investigating the accident. Then their minds turned to Monday morning. Both of them shuddered at the thought of "court" and "the judge," but there it stood inescapable.

Monday morning, while the dormitory slept, Warren and Danny, who had risen early, were roaming aimlessly in the woods. Danny broke the silence with, "Warren, what are we going to do? It's about six now. Four hours, and we'll be in the courthouse."

Warren nodded thoughtfully as if he understood, while really his mind was far away. He was thinking of his own dear parents back on their Iowa farm. He considered just how he would feel if some reckless driver had killed his father and then had left the scene of the accident like a coward. He pictured in his mind as he had many times before this week end how the family of the man he had killed must have felt. As they turned their backs on the rising sun and verdant forest and approached the rustic gate leading to the campus, Warren said seriously, "Danny, I am going to tell the truth in court."

"You ought to, Warren, but it might mean imprisonment," his comrade replied. "I am confident no one connects us with that man's death; so if we keep still, we shall be safe."

"But, Danny, it is only right that I confess. I have been thinking of the family of that man I killed, and of how —" Warren's remarks were cut short as the dean called from the veranda, "Fine morning for a walk, isn't it, boys?"

As the courthouse clock struck ten, Warren and Danny took their places in the last row. No sooner had they made themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances than the court clerk read aloud, "Warren Hastings to the stand."

"Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth—" the clerk mumbled off in short order.

Warren replied, "Yes, sir."

"Your name is Warren Hastings?" asked the dignified judge, peering over his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Yes, sir."

"You are charged with driving above the maximum speed limit and through a red light in East Burnside on March 4 at 2:46 P. M. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, Your Honor," replied Warren.

The judge continued the court proceedings with dispatch.

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"No, Your Honor."

"Therefore, Warren Hastings, I sentence you to a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs or one month in jail and the revocation of your driver's license for six months. Next case," the judge announced in a monotone voice.

Before Warren could realize it, the court sergeant had led him away from the dock and placed him in the adjoining prison. Meanwhile Danny gathered his wits about him and went out to Warren's car. He turned on the ignition, took the crank from under the seat, and proceeded to start the engine.

As he drove along the highway past

old familiar landmarks, he thought of Warren back in jail. Unconsciously he mused to himself, "What will Warren's friends think of him when he is released? Will Warren tell about killing the farmer? What will happen to us if he does?"

At the same time in a small office of the jail Warren was thinking the same thoughts while the prison doctor examined him. And during the month to come his mind was full of puzzling questions. Often he thought of how his mother had taught him to be truthful in all things, and he decided to tell what he had done. But every day Danny visited him and urged him not to do so. A thousand times, it seemed, he vowed to be honest and true to his mother's teachings, but just as often he shrank from the face of duty and honor.

How many of us, like Warren, vacillate between two courses, each leading in a different direction! On one hand, we are offered everlasting life. On the other hand, we face everlasting death. As we travel along the roadway of life our course is marked with misleading signs set up by the impostor to sidetrack us. From day to day he sets gaudy waymarks to dazzle our eyes and advises us to turn aside into a path where glittering temptations shine forth. But the careful *voyageur* sees the caution lights which God has set along on the road of life. And if we heed these caution lights and claim the promise of our Lord, "I am the way," we shall be able to steer our lives past temptations to the harbor of heaven at last.

Two companies are vying for the control of this highway. The company which planned the road built it straight and narrow, and the company which unlawfully broadened it, added many side roads and put up deceptive signs to trick the traveler into losing his way. At strategic points each company has placed "slow" signs. The company which built the road has planned for our safety by endorsing a speed law to keep us at an even tempo when our natural inclinations would lead us to be careless and in a hurry. But the fraudulent company tries to speed us up when danger is lurking nigh and to slow us down when we come to one of its branch highways. If we follow its signs, we shall transgress the original company's laws. Then, like Warren, we shall be called before the Judge to answer for our wrongdoings.

At this court session the Judge will scrutinize the reports made by His efficient angel force. With this evidence in mind, He will decide our destiny. Therefore, fellow traveler, why do we not plead for leniency today by confessing our faults? The Judge is always in His courtroom, and He has promised: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

III—Prophecies of the Messiah

(January 17)

MEMORY VERSE: Micah 5:2.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 236-239, 745-749.

THE LESSON

1. What sign did God say He would give of Christ's appearance? Isa. 7:14. (Fulfillment: Matt. 1:22, 23.)

2. What small village was to be the birthplace of Jesus? Micah 5:2. (Fulfillment: Matt. 2:1.)

NOTE.—“As in old time Cyrus was called to the throne of the world’s empire that he might set free the captives of the Lord, so Caesar Augustus is made the agent for the fulfillment of God’s purpose in bringing the mother of Jesus to Bethlehem. She is of the lineage of David, and the Son of David must be born in David’s city. Out of Bethlehem, said the prophet, ‘shall He come forth . . . that is to be ruler in Israel.’”—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 44.

3. In the prophecy of Balaam, what is said concerning the coming of the world’s Redeemer? Num. 24:17.

NOTE.—It was on the borders of the Promised Land that the coming of the world’s Redeemer was foretold in Balaam’s prophecy. Balaam had gone to the camp of Balak to curse Israel for reward, but instead, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he foretold the appearing of the Messiah.

4. What Old Testament prophecy relates to the attempt to take Christ’s life when He was a child? Jer. 31:15. (Fulfillment: Matt. 2:16-18.)

NOTE.—Soldiers were “sent to Bethlehem, with orders to put to death all the children of two years and under. The quiet homes of the city of David witnessed those scenes of horror that, six hundred years before, had been opened to the prophet. ‘In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.’”—*Id.*, p. 65.

5. Tell what preparatory message was to be proclaimed by “the voice.” Who fulfilled this scripture? Isa. 40:3; Matt. 3:1-3.

NOTE.—“Amid discord and strife, a voice was heard from the wilderness, a voice startling and stern, yet full of hope: ‘Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.’ With a new, strange power it moved the people. Prophets had foretold the coming of Christ as an event far in the future; but here was an announcement that it was at hand. . . . His [John’s] words were plain, pointed, and convincing. Many believed him to be one of the prophets risen from the dead. The whole nation was stirred. Multitudes flocked to the wilderness. John proclaimed the coming of the Messiah, and called the people to repentance. As a symbol of cleansing from sin, he baptized them in the waters of the Jordan.”—*Id.*, p. 104.

6. What does Isaiah say concerning the work Christ would do? Isa. 61:1-3. (Fulfillment: Luke 4:16-21.)

7. What is said concerning Christ’s triumphant entry into Jerusalem? Zech. 9:9. (Fulfillment: Luke 19:37-40.)

NOTE.—“Five hundred years before the birth of Christ, the prophet Zechariah thus foretold the coming of the King to Israel. This prophecy is now to be fulfilled. He who has so long refused royal honors, now comes to Jerusalem as the promised heir to David’s throne.

“It was on the first day of the week that Christ made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Multitudes who had flocked to see Him at Bethany, now accompanied Him, eager to witness His reception. Many people were on their way to the city to keep the Passover, and these joined the multitude attending Jesus.”—*Id.*, p. 569.

8. What did the prophet predict regarding Christ’s silence at His trial? Isa. 53:7. (Fulfillment: Matt. 27:13, 14.)

9. What did the psalmist say concerning the parting of Christ’s garments? Ps. 22:18. (Fulfillment: Matt. 27:35.)

NOTE.—“The prophecy concerning His garments was carried out without counsel or interference from the friends or the enemies of the Crucified One. To the soldiers who had placed Him upon the cross, His clothing was given. Christ heard the men’s contention as they parted the garments among them.”—*Id.*, p. 746.

10. What did the psalmist say further of the experience of Jesus on the cross? Ps. 69:21. (Fulfillment: Matt. 27:34, and onward.)

11. Where was Christ’s grave made? Isa. 53:9. (Fulfillment: Matt. 27:38, 57-60.)

12. Of what was the experience of Jonah a sign? Matt. 12:39, 40.

NOTE.—“Christ, during His earthly ministry, referred to the good wrought by the preaching of Jonah in Nineveh, and compared the inhabitants of that heathen center with the professed people of God in His

day. ‘The men of Nineveh,’ He declared, ‘shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here.’ . . .

“As the preaching of Jonah was a sign to the Ninevites, so Christ’s preaching was a sign to His generation.”—*“Prophets and Kings,”* pp. 273, 274.

13. How is Christ’s triumph over death stated by the psalmist? Ps. 16:10. (Application: Acts 2:24-27.)

JUNIOR

III—The Gospel Given to the Gentiles

(January 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 10:24-48.

MEMORY VERSE: “Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.” Acts 10:34.

LESSON HELP: “Acts of the Apostles,” pp. 137-142.

PLACE: The home of Cornelius in Caesarea.

PERSONS: Cornelius, his household, relatives, and friends; Peter, and six men who came with him from Joppa.

Setting of the Lesson

In response to the earnest entreaty of the messengers from Cornelius, Peter had left Joppa with six Jewish brethren and journeyed to Caesarea. “It was nearly two days before the journey was ended and Cornelius had the glad privilege of opening his doors to a gospel minister, who, according to the assurance of God, should teach him and his house how they might be saved. While the messengers were upon their errand, the centurion had gathered together as many of his relatives as were accessible, that they, as well as he, might be instructed in the truth. When Peter arrived, a large company were gathered, eagerly waiting to listen to his words.”—*“The Spirit of Prophecy,”* Vol. III, p. 329.

QUESTIONS

1. When did Peter and those who were with him arrive in Caesarea? How had Cornelius prepared for their coming? Acts 10:24.

NOTE.—Peter and Cornelius were both chosen of God to start the giving of the gospel to the Gentiles. Peter was a Jew by birth and training, thoroughly possessed by the strongest of prejudices against all men “of another nation.” Before the “middle wall of partition” could be broken down racially between the Jews and the Gentiles, it must be broken down in Peter himself, God’s chosen vessel to bear the gospel first beyond the bounds of Judea. (See Acts 15:7.) The journey to Caesarea and the experience at the house of Cornelius were to help Peter as much as Cornelius and his friends.

2. How did Cornelius receive Peter? How did Peter hinder Cornelius from carrying out his purpose? Why would Peter not accept worship? Verses 25, 26.

NOTE.—“As Peter entered the house of the Gentile, Cornelius did not salute him as an ordinary visitor, but as one honored of heaven, and sent to him by God. It is an Eastern custom to bow before a prince or other high dignitary, and for children to bow before their parents who are honored with positions of trust. But Cornelius, overwhelmed with reverence for the apostle who had been delegated by God, fell at his feet and worshiped him. Peter shrank with horror from this act of the centurion, and lifted him to his feet, saying, ‘Stand up; I myself also am a man.’ He then commenced to converse with him familiarly, in order to remove the sense of awe and extreme reverence with which the centurion regarded him. Had Peter been invested with the authority and position accorded to him by the Roman Catholic Church, he would have encouraged, rather than have checked, the veneration of Cornelius. The so-called successors of Peter require kings and emperors to bow at their feet.”—*Id.*, pp. 329, 330.

3. How did Peter explain his coming to the home of a Gentile? What question did he ask? Verses 27-29.

NOTE.—The presence of Peter in the house of Cornelius marks a new era in

the spread of the gospel. Jesus had said to the disciples before His ascension that they should be witnesses unto Him, “in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.” Witness had been borne in the first three places named, and now the fourth place is about to be entered. It is true that Saul had preached in Damascus of Syria already, and was now doing likewise in Cilicia; but Saul had preached to the Jews largely, and so had Peter and others until this hour. (See Acts 11:19.) Peter is now about to preach the first Christian sermon to a Gentile audience, the beginning of a distinctive world-wide movement. What wonder that he felt it a matter of expediency to take six Jewish brethren with him for witnesses!

4. In reply, what experience did Cornelius relate? Verses 30-32.

5. For what did he commend Peter? How did he state the reason why they had come together? Verse 33.

6. As Peter listened to the experience of Cornelius, what truth did he clearly see? Verse 34.

7. What did he say of the people in every nation? Verse 35.

8. Whom did Peter then preach? Verse 36.

NOTE.—“Then to that company of attentive hearers the apostle preached Christ.—His life, His miracles, His betrayal and crucifixion, His resurrection and ascension, and His work in heaven as man’s representative and advocate. As Peter pointed those present to Jesus as the sinner’s only hope, he himself understood more fully the meaning of the vision he had seen, and his heart glowed with the spirit of the truth that he was presenting.”—*“Acts of the Apostles,”* pp. 138, 139.

9. Where had the gospel of Jesus been preached? What mention is made of John the Baptist? Verse 37.

10. With what had Jesus been anointed? What did He do while He was on earth? Who was with Him? Verse 38.

11. Who were witnesses of all that He did? What did Peter say further of Jesus? Verses 39, 40.

12. What proof had been given to Peter and other witnesses after the resurrection of Jesus? Verse 41.

13. What command had been given to Peter and the other witnesses? Verse 42.

14. To what other witnesses did Peter refer? What do the prophets say of those who believe on Jesus? Verse 43.

15. What came to pass while Peter was preaching? Verse 44.

16. How were those who came with Peter affected by this? What did they hear? Verses 45, 46.

17. What question did Peter ask? Verse 47.

18. What command did he then give? What did the believers in Caesarea ask Peter to do? Verse 48.

NOTE.—“Thus was the gospel brought to those who had been strangers and foreigners, making them fellow citizens with the saints, and members of the household of God. The conversion of Cornelius and his household was but the first fruits of a harvest to be gathered in. From this household a widespread work of grace was carried on in that heathen city.”—*Id.*, p. 139.

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Issued by

Review and Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.

LORA E. CLEMENT - - - EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. L. BOND S. A. WELLMAN
J. E. WEAVER FREDERICK LEE

This paper does not pay for unsolicited material. Contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcomed, and receive every consideration; but we do not return manuscript for which return postage is not supplied.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription, \$2.15; six months, \$1.25; two to four copies to one address, one year, each \$1.95; in clubs of five or more, one year, each \$1.85; six months, \$1.05. Higher in Canada.

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, \$2.75; six months, \$1.55; two to four copies to one address, one year, each \$2.55; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, \$2.45; six months, \$1.35.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

All Aboard!

THE REVIEW SAVINGS SPECIAL Leaves Promptly
January 17, 1942

● **THOUSANDS** of Seventh-day Adventists who have an eye to the future have paid their fares and are looking forward with keen anticipation to the inspiring companionship of our church paper and other periodicals for the next twelve months. Not only are they assured of this pleasant experience, but they are making the trip at bargain rates.

Only a few days remain in which to realize these large savings:

	NOW	AFTER JAN. 17
REVIEW	\$2.25	\$2.75
BIG FOUR	3.25	3.75

Review
Life & Health
Liberty
Present Truth

FAMILY GROUP	5.75	6.50
Big Four		
Youth's Instructor		
Worker		
Gazette		

Higher in Canada. For countries requiring extra postage, add 50c for Review, \$1 for Big Four, \$2 for Family Group.

Some will be left behind —

It happens every year. Avoid disappointment and loss by entering your subscriptions now at these low rates, which probably will never be offered again.

ORDER *Today* FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

THE LISTENING POST

❖ A LAW graduate from the University of Michigan owes his six-year college career to a strawberry patch, for the harvest from his two-acre home plot has enabled him to pay the expenses connected with his schooling.

❖ THERE are said to be 6,000,000 cars in the United States more than ten years old, but still operating, and the California State Automobile Association states that many of these have seen service for at least fifteen years. The association states that about 3,500,000 cars are scrapped annually.

❖ BLINKING has been investigated by scientists at the American Optical Company. They discovered that it requires one fifth of a second to blink, and that a person blinks twenty-five times a minute. If you averaged fifty miles an hour on a motor trip of ten hours, you would drive thirty-three miles with your eyes shut!

❖ THE first member of British royalty to fly the Atlantic in a bomber was H. R. H. Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund, Duke of Kent, youngest brother of King George VI of England. The purpose of his visit is a coast-to-coast tour inspecting the progress of the monster British Commonwealth Air Training plan. In the R. A. F. the duke holds the rank of air commodore on the staff of the inspector general.

❖ WEARY after seven months of music war, ASCAP recently made peace with the radio networks, and radio's bitter music struggle was over. But for ASCAP it was not only peace without victory but peace at its expense. BMI, which came into being when the network musical hostilities started, still remains in the field as a rival, and ASCAP stands to make one million dollars a year less than its 1940 take from radio, which amounted to \$4,500,000.

❖ DRS. S. S. STEVENS and J. P. Egan of Harvard University have discovered that your right ear does not hear what your left ear does. This was discovered when seven people listened individually in an apparatus which delivered separate tones to their two ears. The person could listen first with one ear and then with the other and adjust the pitch of one tone until they matched. The amount one tone had to be altered in pitch so that it would sound the same as that heard by the other ear was sometimes as much as two and one-half per cent.

❖ AGNES KEYSER, known as Florence Nightingale the second, who, among other philanthropic works, founded King Edward VII's Hospital for Royal Army Officers in 1899, died recently. Formerly a social figure, Miss Keyser became matron of a hospital to which she devoted her life. King Edward had known "Sister Agnes," as she was commonly known, when he was Prince of Wales, and it was because of him that she was able to continue her work after the South African War was over. Throughout his reign he watched the progress of her work, and succeeding generations of the royal family kept up the friendship.

❖ THE Grazing Service of the United States Department of the Interior has voluntarily vacated its offices in Washington so that other Government agencies may have the space. The Grazing Service was organized in 1934 to establish and restore the depleted grazing areas in ten public-land States in which more than 12,000,000 cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and game animals depend upon forage for their sustenance. In the fifty-six Federal grazing districts, the use of public land is regulated by license and permit. Formerly grazing was unregulated, and depletion of the forage resulted in water and wind erosion as well as "fairly violent conflicts between locally competing interests."

❖ A PROFESSOR of Naples University in Italy is studying a plan for the utilization of the steam that issues from the volcano Vesuvius. According to the plan, "a tunnel would be bored to the very center of the volcano, through which the steam would be drawn to a power station built at Torre del Greco. Here, with the aid of water from the sea, the steam would be condensed and would set in motion a turbine capable of producing several thousand kilowatts."

❖ It was recently announced by Archibald MacLeish, librarian, that a collection of original musical manuscripts to be known as the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Foundation Collection of Musical Autographs has been acquired by the Library of Congress.

❖ EARNEST SJOBLUM bought a pound of coffee as a birthday present for his father, aged eighty years, who lives in Sweden. The postage on the 28-cent gift, which must go to Lisbon via Clipper, came to \$15.

❖ BRITISH women with advanced mathematical knowledge are attached to combatant artillery units to take charge of range finders and prediction calculating machines.

❖ THE idea that wives ought to receive regular wages for their part in maintaining the household has often been debated.

❖ TURKEY produces the second largest supply of chrome ore in the world.

❖ SOME conscientious objectors in England are offering themselves as "guinea pigs" in efforts to find cures for illnesses that are afflicting British soldiers.

❖ BOTH British and Germans take their blackouts seriously. And with good reason. Experiments have shown that a lighted match can be seen by a plane half a mile away. An oil lantern is clearly visible for a mile and a quarter, a lighted window for 12 miles.

❖ THE Army Air Corps will name an airplane after each city and town in the Southeast which co-operates in the program to conserve electrical power so that it may be used in the manufacture of aluminum and in other defense industries.

❖ THE smallest passenger railroad in the world is found in the subway between the U. S. Senate Office Building and the Capitol in Washington, D. C. Because of its popularity this "one railer" is now being operated under restrictions. Tourist traffic became so heavy that the Senators, for whom the service is intended, often had to take "back seats."

❖ THE familiar phrase, "the almighty dollar," first appeared in Washington Irving's book, "The Creole Village," published in England in 1837. He wrote in this book, "The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land." Later on in the same book he states his wish that the Creoles might retain "their contempt for the almighty dollar."

❖ NOT Virginia's famous Virginia Dare, but Martin de Arguelles of St. Augustine, Florida, was the first white child born in a permanent European settlement in the present United States, is the conclusion of Katherine S. Lawson after long study of Library of Congress archives. When Virginia Dare was born in 1587, says Miss Lawson, Martin was already twenty years old, and had joined the Armada to fight Sir Francis Drake, plunderer of his birthplace.

❖ A FEW weeks ago RCA Victor made the biggest phonographic news of the year by putting out a machine that can play both sides of a record without flipping it over. The new record changer has a double tone arm shaped like a tuning fork, whose prongs, each equipped with a needle and a pickup, swing out over both sides of the record at once. Records are dropped from the stack onto a miniature turntable which leaves the grooved surface of both sides exposed.

❖ THE United States Department of Agricultural scientists have discovered that tear gas makes soil safe for watermelons in parts of the country, especially the South, in which the destructive eelworm pest has practically destroyed watermelon culture. The key to its usefulness in this respect lies in the slowness of the eelworm's migration through the soil. If spots where watermelon hills are to be located receive a sufficient injection of the tear gas to clean out the area that is to be occupied by the watermelon roots, the crop can be grown and harvested before the slow-moving eelworms can again reach the vacated territory.

"In the Beginning God"

By M. L. ANDREASEN

A series of inspirational heart-to-heart talks with young people that will answer your questions, dissolve your doubts, help you to know why you are a Seventh-day Adventist, and prepare you to give a reason for your hope in a soon-coming Saviour.

STARTING in
THIS ISSUE