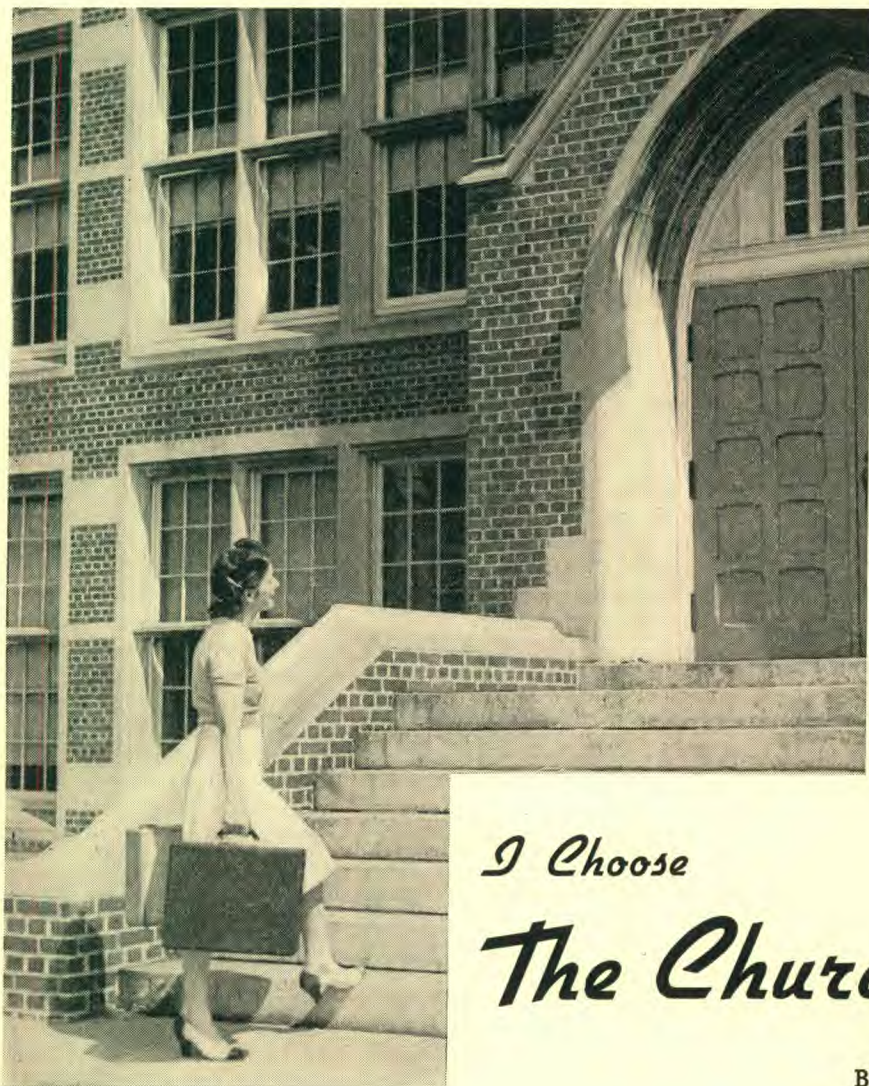


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



I Choose

The Church College

By NELLIE PECK WHITE DOUGLAS

MY high-school diploma is in my hand. I am ready to go to college, and I am at liberty to choose the one which I shall attend. My high-school advantages were a matter of chance so far as I myself was concerned. I attended the high school in the community where my father worked and my family live. My college education can be a matter of choice, and I want it to count for the highest things in the building of my life character.

Where vital ideas are at stake, I cannot afford to experiment. I must make my decision upon the evidences of values already discovered and upon

the testimonies of other people farther along the road of life. My parents have secured for me catalogues and bulletins from various colleges; they have taken me to visit different campuses; and they have pointed out to me people who are representatives of what several schools seek to produce. Believing that the use of one's own judgment is a desirable part of everyone's education, they have left me free to choose any college within a reasonable cost and distance. I believe that I am being true to the best that they have taught me, and to the things which I have already found most valuable, when I settle my choice upon the church college.

As far as equipment and educational standards go, I shall be satisfied to obtain my degree from a Christian college which is recognized by the regular

accrediting agencies. If I later feel the desire for further specialization, I shall be the better prepared in experience to pursue graduate studies elsewhere. I choose the church college because:

I. I NEED WHAT SUCH A COLLEGE HAS TO OFFER.

When I say need, I mean it in the sense of desire and value. I need its climate for the growth of my Christian faith. I realize that my faith is small and weak, but I have the conviction that I want it to grow and not to shrivel.

I hesitate to place myself in an atmosphere where the ridicule of that faith would be easy or popular. I know that I would find it both more comfortable and more stimulating to breathe an atmosphere of belief. I would like to have Jesus held up not only as a remarkable person and a worthy example from history, but also

ROBERT WILM

I Want My College Education to Count for the Highest Things in the Building of My Life Character



* This statement is written from the point of view of the high-school student. It is reprinted with minor changes by permission of the National Conference of Church-Related Colleges, 744 Jackson Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

as the risen Redeemer and living Companion in my daily life. There are of course fine Christians on the campuses of State or private schools, but I believe I will find it more helpful to my personal faith to spend my college days on the campus of a church school.

When I go away from home I want to be for a while where Christian teaching will strengthen my religious experience. I have no desire to give unbelieving critics a chance to develop my natural doubts. I really want to be rooted in love that I may grasp and understand the love of Christ.

I feel convinced that the climate on a church college campus encourages the growth of Christian personality—those seemingly little things that go to make a character that is strong and real. I want my heart educated as well as my head; (Turn to page 13)

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE Autumn Council of the General Conference for 1942 has just closed a ten-day session held in the "Queen City of the West"—Cincinnati, Ohio. This meeting is called regularly each October, as representative leaders of the world-wide work carried on by the Seventh-day Adventist Church gather to estimate denominational income and set up a budget for overseas and home mission expenditures for the coming year, and to consider questions of operating policy which have been referred to this executive body.

At the first session of the Council, W. H. Branson, who had been acting president of the General Conference for the preceding six months, gave a résumé of the progress of the third angel's message, not only in "Jerusalem" and "Judea," but in the uttermost parts of this war-torn world. How true it is that *nothing* can stop God's work! How true it is that difficulties, persecution, internment, and imprisonment of His witnesses seem only to hasten the spread of the good news of His soon coming, and not to hinder it. As the speaker gave reports from country after country, the hearts of all within the sound of his voice were stirred to deeper consecration.

In one land our churches are closed, our school has been commandeered, our church members have an aggregate of *five hundred years in prison sentences*; but they are of good courage, and the number of believers in the advent message is growing. In one community where there was one church before the persecution, there are now thirty small companies; and even though our ministers cannot hold public efforts, they are busy. The police are in despair. They say: "When you met in halls, we knew where you were when we wanted to arrest you. Now we do not know where you are—or rather we know you are everywhere."

Perhaps no country which the war has touched has suffered more than Greece, where even the rich are starving. Several months ago the General Conference asked one of our American missionaries in Turkey to visit this unhappy country if possible, and take in money and food for our people there. Arrangements for this were finally worked out. He found them all of good courage, and reports "*not one is missing*." Many have suffered terribly, but God has not forgotten His servants in their dire need. One of our members who had *nothing* to eat received food every day from a

non-Adventist friend who said to her: "It is strange, but I do not seem to have any less food for myself after I have given to you." Remember Elijah and the widow of Zarephath?

A native from Rennell Island, Moa by name, visited one of the Solomon Islands and came in touch with our mission. He experienced a wonderful conversion and was anxious to carry back to his people the truth he had heard. He remained in school for only five months and then returned home. Arrived there he painted this sign and nailed it up in front of his hut: "Headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission." Then he began his work. A year later Moa came back to our missionary with the word that he had secured a permit for him to visit Rennell and stay for ten days for medical work. He went. The people received him with joy, and he found *ten church buildings and ten church organizations*. They had been raised up by this young man, and to them belonged more than a thousand believers in the soon coming of Christ. Then Moa took the missionary to a neighboring island. He found that the *entire island* had given up heathenism and accepted Christ as taught them by Moa.

Ethiopia is open again. The emperor has asked one of our missionaries to take charge of his household, and she is proving to be a veritable Esther. She has fifty servants under her, and is frequently asked to dine with the emperor and his family and to discuss with them what the Bible teaches and what Seventh-day Adventists believe. The call has come for doctors, nurses, and teachers to be sent in immediately. Transportation is difficult to arrange; but the Lord is opening the way, and our hospitals and schools will soon be in operation once more.

Glenn Calkins, vice-president for the Inter-American Division, gave a thrilling report of the progress of the work of God in this section of the world, stressing the wide-open doors for mission work and their dire need for men and money to take advantage of these opportunities.

From South America R. R. Figuhr brought a heart-stirring story of advances being made in that great country.

Students from our Brazil Junior College went out in the colporteur field last summer, and *seventy-four of them earned one hundred and ten scholarships!* They did not have an

easy time—far from it. Pastor Figuhr told how one young man met the parish priest as he entered the town he was to canvass. The priest inquired who he was and why he was there, and when he learned, ordered him to be gone at once. The young man answered that he could not leave, since he had been sent there to visit the people and felt that he must do so. The priest then declared that he would denounce him over the radio. This he started to do. But he began his speech by commending Seventh-day Adventists and by wishing that Catholic young people were as zealous for their religion. "Now," he said, "there is a young man here in the town—" The radio suddenly went dead! The next morning the colporteur sold a book at almost every house!

J. L. McElhany, president of the General Conference, gave the Sabbath morning sermon. The work and place of the church in times of world crisis was his theme. He stated with earnest conviction that the church has always done her best work in times of trial and adversity. His appeal for a deeper consecration was emphasized by a cablegram, just received from our church leaders in Southern Europe. It brought greetings to the Council and said: "Ask your united prayers. Bitter persecution. Two publishing houses closed. School closed. Two hundred churches closed. *Nine hundred brethren and sisters in prison for Christ. Difficulties increase. Grace abounding. Courage good.*"

One of the most impressive services of the Council was held on Sabbath evening, when N. F. Brewer, president of the China Division, who was recently freed from internment in Hong Kong, told of God's providences and protection during the six long months that ten of our missionaries were held there. He told also of the loyalty of the Chinese workers who have taken over the responsibilities of mission administration, and of the success with which they are carrying on.

THESE are only a few of the high lights of the Autumn Council, which, at its closing session, voted the largest budget for foreign and home missions in the history of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination—*six million, nine hundred twenty-three thousand, five hundred and thirty-nine dollars!*

Lora E. Clement



to teach at our Vincent Hill School and Junior College in Mussoorie, India, were notified and went on board another little freighter, but that evening while we were rejoicing over this fact, the hard news of the fall of Moulmein came over the air.

Moulmein! It seemed too cruel! We were familiar with every corner in that old town. For twenty years we had bought supplies there. We had Ingathered there, and the fall of this old city saddened our hearts, not only because of memories, but also because it cut us off from all contact with our Tenasserim Mission. From now on we could only wonder what Peter and his associates were doing and how they were meeting the emergencies, for no letters could come to us from them and we could not get money or supplies to

BRITISH COMBINE

A Scene on the Burma Road Over Which Pastor Coberly and His Courageous Helpers Drove a Truck Convoy Laden With Mission Supplies for West China

Refugees From Rangoon

"A Way to Escape"

1 Cor. 10:13

Chapter II

EARLY in January about two weeks after the terrible Christmas bombings, the invasion of Burma began at two points, in the south near Tavoy, and on the southeast border about eighty miles from Moulmein.

The American consul at once began to urge us to get our women and children out to India. We went to the shipping companies to inquire.

"We haven't had a ship for two weeks," they said, "and we can't tell just when one will be going. We have a waiting list of about three thousand. Would you like to have us add your names to the list?"

How hopeless it seemed, and yet we did not fear, for we fully believed that God would protect us if we were trapped, and not only prepare boats and passage for us, but indicate it to us by the "shining of the cloud" if it were His will for us to escape. So we added the names of our wives and children to the waiting list, then got ready and waited. On January 20, after the city had had thirty air raids, the telephone rang unexpectedly and the consul said, "Get them to the wharf by 3 P. M." We had only three hours to bundle up their bedding and lock their suitcases, but by 3 P. M. Mrs.

Wyman, Mrs. Christensen, and their children, and Mrs. Hare and our children were on the wharf.

How glad we were to see them safely on board the little freighter that had just unloaded its war materials and was now on its way to Calcutta. Three days later while they were still crossing the bay, we were staggered with the news that two boats had been torpedoed and sunk by enemy submarines in the Bay of Bengal. But in a few more days an air-mail letter from Mrs. Hare said, "As we slipped out of the river into the bay, a fog settled around our boat, and covered us day and night till we neared Calcutta." How we praised God for the "fiery, cloudy pillar."

A week later Mrs. Sargent and her children, Mrs. Coberly and her children, and Mrs. Barnes were suddenly notified that they were to sail, and the way was prepared for them to cross the bay. Pastor Coberly had been preparing his truck convoy for the Burma Road and untangling red tape for weeks. Leaving his family in Rangoon was a new problem that had arisen when nearly everything was through the customs and the convoy was almost ready to start. You can imagine then how relieved he was to know that while he would be pushing interior to West China with mission supplies, his loved ones would be on their way to safety.

A few days later Pastor and Mrs. Duane Johnson, who had been invited

them. On February 3 the last of our women got away: Mrs. H. Baird and her little boy from Toungoo, Mrs. J. W. Baldwin, Mrs. J. Johanson and her little children, and Miss Emma Lehmann, the church school teacher. As Pastor Coberly came back from the wharf that afternoon, he shook hands with us and told us good-by.

"We're all ready to go," he said. "We'll be starting off as the moon comes up tonight—the siren permitting. Our sixteen trucks are all loaded with goods and extra petrol. The permits for the Kalaw families are all clear; most of the women are flying in to Chungking, and the men are driving trucks."

I took off my hat in honor of this brave group of men and women who, in spite of the terrors of war, were turning their faces toward the vast, remote, lonely interior of old Cathay; and I breathed a prayer that I in my sphere would be as brave.

Fain would I have waited till the convoy left, to wave these courageous men good-by, but early in the bombings, I had joined the civil defense workers as a St. Johns ambulance driver, and this was one of my nights on duty. With my tin hat slung on my shoulder, therefore, I hastened toward the great city hall and signed in. There were five men on duty that night—a bank manager, two motor-house managers, a college professor, and a missionary. We checked our ambu-

lances, the petrol, the stretchers, and our flashlights; called the roll on our five first-aiders; then sat down to discuss the news.

We tuned in to the 9:30 P. M. news from London. Through the open window with its boarded shutters ready to shut out a raid, we could see the moon just rising over the city's horizon. I thought of our truck convoy about to leave and was contemplating a walk around the block, when the telephone rang. "Alert," called the night clerk.

"Alert! Alert!" echoed the first-aid sergeants, and sixty men ran to positions. Shutters were closed and lights extinguished while outside, the siren screamed its warning to the public. Soon those living near by came swarming into the heavily bricked, bomb-proof shelters, carrying their rugs and pillows. Since this was our sixtieth air raid, everything was done in an orderly fashion without any panic. Hardly had the crowd settled down when the ack-ack guns on the river front opened up. Almost at once we

heard the deeper booming and felt the vibrations of the bombs.

"Feels close tonight," said our chief.

"Yes," we whispered.

"I'm afraid we're in for a dirty night," he added.

"We're ready," we replied.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted a first-aidier from the doorway, and hurrying toward the main entrance, we could see lurid flames and curling smoke not far to the east of us. The ack-ack guns were still thundering; the fire brigade rattled by through empty streets.

The telephone rang. "Five wounded by shrapnel at Pazundaung police station," came the officer's report.

"Number 5 ambulance proceed to Pazundaung police station with Number 1 first-aid group as soon as all-clear sounds," commanded our chief.

The telephone rang again. "Twenty wounded at Pazundaung bazaar," reported an ARP warden.

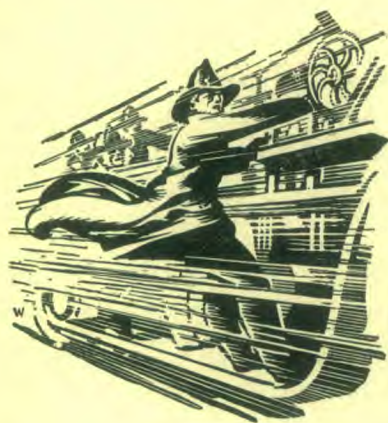
"All other ambulances report to warden at Pazundaung bazaar as soon

as all-clear sounds," came the command.

We grabbed our blankets and flashlights and manned our ambulances. As the all-clear sounded, we roared to the scene of destruction. What chaos! Telephone and light poles broken and twisted, roofs torn off, windows smashed, dead horses, dogs, people lying here and there, all lighted by the ghastly flames of a burning liquor shop. We began our task of checking the dead and of giving first aid to the wounded.

"Better look in here," feebly called a native policeman as I walked around a crater eight feet across. "There's a Chinese still lying on his bed. He doesn't move when we call him."

I stepped over a dead dog, walked around a dead bullock, and guided by the pale blue beam of my flashlight, went up a few steps into the room where the Chinese still lay on his bed. I knelt beside him, took one quick, comprehensive glance, and called back to my first-aiders, (*Turn to page 12*)



Thy Will—Not Mine

By NEVADA BIDWELL

THE air was clear and crisp, but the sun shed its warming rays across the old city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, as it lay facing the great expanse of the Atlantic Ocean on the sixth day of December, 1917. It was a busy city on this eventful morning, for the first World War was at its height, and Halifax was the main shipping center for the whole Canadian seacoast. Troops made up of Canadians, New Zealanders, and thousands of Australians were awaiting transportation overseas.

About nine o'clock fire engines could be seen rushing toward the harbor. It was reported that a ship was on fire, and people hurried down the frozen streets to see what was happening. Opposite the burning ship, the city spread itself over a high hill where lived the working classes. Women ran from their homes, and men watched from their places of business.

As they looked toward the harbor, they saw two ships drifting lazily on the smooth water. From one of them, the "Mont Blanc," a French ship, were pouring billows of black smoke. The other, the "Imo," a Belgian relief ship, was crippled and helpless. For twenty

minutes the deckload of naphtha on the "Mont Blanc" burned fiercely.

Someone had made the mistake of allowing the shipload of explosives to come into the inner harbor, so it had to be ordered to sea. As it was making its way through the narrow passage, a strong tide swerved the "Imo" into its side. Suddenly, with a blast which was heard eighty miles out at sea, thousands of tons of TNT ignited, and the "Mont Blanc" became a huge shell with its parts scattered far and near.

Words cannot describe the terrible rain of death and destruction brought on by the grinding of steel and the resulting explosion. Any who were fortunate enough to see it and remain alive, declared that they saw the bottom of the harbor as the blast shook the city spread out on either shore. A tidal wave swept an Indian reservation nearly a mile distant completely out of existence.

When the terror subsided, a third of the city lay in ruins; not a house was standing. Another third was without chimneys, windows, or doors. A great sugar refinery had collapsed, burying its horde of workers within its walls. School had just started for the day, and children were trapped and killed by the hundreds as the building fell on them. Reaching toward heaven was a column of black smoke mixed with silvery gases.

The militia was summoned to take charge of the situation. Every available place was put to hospital use, and every possible space was filled with the injured and dying. Men, women, and children were huddled together, crying with pain as they waited their turn for attention.

In the meantime the beautiful sky had clouded, as if it, too, had felt the disaster. Soon snowflakes were falling fast, and the stricken city was covered with a blanket of white. By nightfall it had become almost impossible to break through the deep drifts. Every means of transportation and communication had been cut off. There were no lights, no telephones.

On one side of the harbor was located the arsenal, and stored within its deep vaults were tons of explosives. Soon it became apparent that despite the snow, the fire was spreading, and that the arsenal was in danger of being blown up. Immediately orders were given to clear the area. Rescuers and those rescued left the scene, leaving to their fate hundreds who had been trapped under the fallen debris as flames swept through this district, thus adding to the already appalling death list.

Through the severe winter that followed that distressful day, until spring loosed her frosty grip, many bodies lay buried beneath (*Turn to page 13*)

That Jewel,

HUMILITY

By SANFORD T. WHITMAN

Part II

THE speaker selected the grape leaf from the assortment in his hands, and placed the others down near the edge of the rostrum. Holding up this single leaf for all to see, he continued:

"I wish to repeat the thought I mentioned a few moments ago. The object which you see in my hand, a single leaf, is one of the most important objects in the natural world. It is also one of the most humble. I do not mean simply a grape leaf, or a cabbage leaf, or the leaf of any particular plant. I mean any single leaf of any and every plant.

"Those of you who have studied botany know that the object in my hand is known to botanists as one of the three organs of vegetation. That is, it is one of the three organs necessary for the plant to live. You know, also, why I say it is one of the most important objects in the natural world.

"However, for the sake of those who have not yet studied this interesting subject, let us note briefly the reasons for the importance of the leaf.

"To live, every plant must have three

organs—a root, a stem, and a leaf. Every plant in the vegetable kingdom has these three organs in some form.

"One of the chief functions, or duties, of the root is to absorb moisture and other matter from the soil. This is taken up through the stem to the leaf. And one of the duties of the leaf is to absorb certain elements from the air.

"Thus we find mingled in the leaf," here the speaker pointed to the leaf he held in his hand, "two groups of material needed by the plant for food—one group absorbed from the soil by the root, the other absorbed from the air by the leaf. This material, though it is absorbed into the plant, and is in a sense a part of the plant, is not yet plant food. If the plant processes went no farther, the plant, though full of material which is useful in making its food, would still have no food, and would consequently soon starve and die.

"To be made into food for the plant, this store of elements gathered in the leaf must be 'acted upon' by sunlight, or digested. The details of this 'acting upon,' or digesting, man has not yet been able to learn. But we do know

that every leaf of every plant is a little factory, drawing raw materials from the soil and atmosphere, and utilizing the sunshine to change these into the finished product, plant food.

"Now, as the plant grows, and puts out more and more leaves, it is able to produce a larger and still larger quantity of plant food. In time this supply exceeds the present need of the plant. What does the plant do then? Order its leaves to cut down production? No; it goes right on producing food, and what is not needed for present use, is stored. It may be in the root, in the stem, in the leaf, in the seed, or in several of these places; but somewhere a store or reserve of this material is built up."

The speaker held up the twig of pine needles alongside the grape leaf. "Some of you may have wondered why I included a twig of pine needles in my collection of leaves. You may not have thought of a pine needle as a leaf. Yet the needle is the leaf of the pine, and has the same ability to change raw soil and atmospheric elements into plant food as have other leaves.

"To understand how important this work of the leaf is, we have but to learn that these stores of plant food are the sources from which the animate kingdom derives its nourishment. Everything in this world which is useful as food for man or animal can be traced to the 'acting upon' process which goes on in the leaf. In certain cases, such as the pine, this fact varies somewhat. To man, the value of the pine is not in the food it yields. It is in the turpentine, lumber, fuel, and other wood products derived from it. This value is of great importance to man, as we can all readily see, and it can be traced to the 'acting upon' process going on in the needle of the pine, just as the food value of an apple can be traced to the same basic process going on in the apple leaf and in every healthy leaf of every healthy plant.

"Should this process suddenly become inactive, every man, animal, and plant would soon perish; and our world with its infinite variety of animal and vegetable life would soon become a barren, wind-swept wilderness without a single plant or animal. As we come to understand this fact, we learn how tremendously important to us all is the simple, unnoticed roadside leaf.

"Yet, how humble is the leaf! It asks no payment for its work; it seeks no praise. From the day it bursts from the swelling bud until it flutters to the ground at the close of its life cycle in the fall, it goes about its work purposefully yet quietly. Day after day it adds to the beauty of our world. Slowly, patiently, faithfully, it builds up a store of food within the plant; and in the fall, its lifework done, it dies and yields the result of its sum-



S. M. HARLAN

As Vernon Read, a New Peace, a Wonderfully Satisfying and Vivifying Peace, Came Into His Heart

mer's labors to the common need of man and animal and plant."

The speaker replaced the specimens in his hand with the collection he had gathered, and returned to the center of the rostrum.

"In the leaf," he continued, "we have a very small, incomplete, imperfect representation of the humility and meekness of Christ. He who came as the Saviour of men occupies a position incomparably more exalted and more important than any leaf. He is 'far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named.' Every star that shines was created by Him. The course of each was charted by Him. Each was placed in its orbit and set in motion by Him, and each is momentarily sustained in space by the word of His power. He is the Creator and Ruler of the vast systems of suns which are found in the immensity of space which we call the universe of God. And, if we so express it, the creation of that organ of the plant kingdom which we call the leaf, was one of His smaller acts.

"Yet, with all this greatness of power and achievement, He says of Himself, 'I am meek and lowly.' If One so great thus describes Himself, then what should be the humility of man? of you? of me?"

"Yet many spurn humility. It is unwelcome in man's natural heart. It is undesired by his fallen nature. It is an abhorrent thing to all who march under the banner of disobedience.

"If there are any here today who have not surrendered to Christian humility and meekness, if there are any among you at this moment who are enticed by the boldness, the vanity, the proud self-sufficiency of the worldly attitude, I would ask you two questions.

"The first question is this. Have you ever considered the end of the course you propose to follow? I do

not mean its end at the close of the day, or the week, or the year. Nor do I mean its end at the close of life. What I am asking you is, Have you ever stopped to consider the final, the ultimate, moment of pride and vanity and all that goes to make up your attitude of indifference and self-sufficiency? No? Then take your Bible and go for a long walk into a solitary place, and meditate this question. As you ponder it, ask yourself if in its final moment, you wish to stand by the side of pride and suffer its fate.

"The second question I would ask, is: Have you ever tried to imagine how you would feel if you should suddenly find yourself in heaven? Let us suppose that you stepped through the door back there," the speaker gestured toward the main entrance to the auditorium, "and found yourself standing upon the streets of gold—in just the spiritual condition in which you find yourself at this moment.

"Would you be proud of the slang in your speech? of the recklessness and impudent security of your manner? Would you feel inclined to boast over what you have, or are? Would you retain your independent, self-sufficient attitude? Would you take pleasure in thinking that you were better dressed than your friends, or more talented, and perhaps better looking? Would you be proud that you lived on a better street than Elsie, and had a better home than Doris, and that your father drove a newer and more expensive car than John's and that—"

A murmur interrupted the speaker. Smiling, he paused and swept the group of assembled young people with his eyes.

"You are smiling," he said. "I am glad that you are. You see the point I have attempted to make. You see something of how utterly unbecoming, how out of place, yes, how *humiliating* to you your present attitude would be

in heaven. In the brilliance and splendor of that sinless realm, and in the presence of the One who is your Creator and Redeemer, you could not feel proud, or boastful, or exalted about anything you are, or have done, or hope to do. You know that vanity would not suffice there. The only feeling you could possibly have, or want, or that would be becoming to you, would be a feeling of utter unworthiness.

"Now let me ask you another question. You are practical-minded, of course. You want to go home to heaven, don't you? It cannot be, can it, that you are deliberately, knowingly, turning away from heaven and eternal life?"

"Well, then, if you wish these things—and who does not!—if you want to be among the people of God when they are taken home to that glory land one day, don't you think you ought to bestir yourself and do something about it? If you know that your present attitude would be so out of place there; if you know that it is such that it will keep you from being taken there, then is it wise or even sensible not to make a change? correct your ways? Does an adventurer planning a trip to the tropics equip himself with gear designed for arctic regions? or worse, make no preparation at all? Is that the sort of preparation you are making for heaven?"

The speaker paused and stepped back from the pulpit. The auditorium became silent, as silent as though there were not a single person in all the building. The slow, rhythmic ticking of the clock on the side wall sounded solemnly and marked the seconds as they slipped by. To Vernon, the silence was almost oppressive, the pause endless. He was troubled and distressed. Within, his deep emotions were in violent conflict for the mastery of his will and life.

After moments which seemed like hours, the speaker said, "My friends, as you go about your duties today, and in the days to come, learn the virtue, the value, and your need of Christian humility. Learn to regard it as courageous, as manly, womanly, in the noblest sense. Learn to value it as a requisite of true refinement. Learn that humility has virtue; and virtue, reward. Learn that the reward of humility is infinitely more valuable than any of the material things of this world. And remember that *to receive the reward, we must possess the virtue*. Learn that, my friends, learn it well. Remember it; and live up to it—always!"

"Do not forget—not ever!—that a 'meek and quiet spirit' is an 'ornament.' Do not forget that this 'ornament' is, 'in the sight of God,' 'of great price.' Keep in mind that it is God's will that you should be adorned—made beautiful—with this 'ornament.' And remember that if you are thus adorned, you will be among (Turn to page 13)

A vow

By GEORGE
CLARENCE
HOSKIN

• **Entreasured in my heart His love abides,
And joy and gladness are my share.
The richness of His grace within it hides
Unmeasured to my need, and faith provides
A hope that lightens every care.**

**A debt of fervent gratitude I own,
My thankfulness I would acclaim,
And gratefully avow the kindness shown:
In true humility I would atone,
Thus honoring His blessed name.**





G. F. WATTS, ARTIST
Robert Browning

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON

Robert Browning

By HOWARD E. METCALFE

TRAIN up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. Those words must have seemed strange and ironical to Sarah and Robert Browning, for the activities of their only son, Robert Junior, may have led his parents to question the wisdom of the wise man's preachment. In fact, their boy had become so rebellious when he was fifteen that he forsook the early training and religious instruction of his devout mother and became the leader of a group of free-thinkers, a position which eventually led young Browning into doubt, rationalism, and atheism.

There was no indication that the gifted lad was destined to become one of the greatest religious teachers of the nineteenth century or that he would use his talents as a writer to stem the increasing tide of disbelief and skepticism and at the same time rise to eminence in the field of English literature. Up to the present at least, Browning had had an extremely peculiar start toward that accomplishment.

In his youth Robert Browning became a close friend of William Johnson Fox, leader of the Unitarian movement which was gaining impetus in England in the 1820's. Also in early childhood he had known Sarah and Eliza Flower, who directed the music at the church of which William Fox was the pastor. This group frequently met at the Unitarian South Place Chapel in London, where they discussed the current problems of the day.

Little did young Browning realize that his youthful skepticism would indirectly contribute to the birth of a great church hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It happened like this: Sarah Flower had been exchanging religious views with him at the South Place Chapel. She stated that it was almost impossible for her to refute his arguments adequately. In a letter to William Fox she expressed the conviction

that she was losing her hold on God. She said, "I couldn't go to my Bible as I used to." Finally she sided in with the "enemy," as she called Robert Browning, aged fifteen. She was eight years his senior.

In regaining her hold on God, Sarah Flower received her inspiration for the famous hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The experience related by the hymn is a partial record of her personal struggle against the modernistic teaching which, like a cancer, eats away the very heart and life of the religious soul. Browning was responsible for some of the "stony griefs" she sang about, according to Professor W. Hall Griffin, his authoritative biographer.

Browning's early religious training was so indelibly impressed upon his mind, however, that he was not long to remain a doubter. His mother, whom he called "a divine woman," was deeply religious and exerted a powerful influence on her son's childhood. Not even the most acute neuralgia could keep her from attending the Congregational church on York Street during her lifetime. Browning's father was a lover of good books. His library was filled with the world's best literature, and there were many Bibles on its shelves, among them a rare 1568 Latin translation that was lacking even from the library of the Duke of Sussex, who had a collection of eleven hundred Bibles.

Nearly all the poet's early education was given him in his home. It proved later to be the only formal learning that remained with him and influenced his whole life. As a gifted boy he was more widely known as a musician than as a poet. This was true for some years even after he had decided to devote his life to poetry. Browning also possessed unusual talent as an artist and sculptor, so that it was difficult for him to make a choice of his lifework. However, by 1833, when he was twenty-one, he published his first important poem, "Pauline," which left no doubt as to his preference.

Poem after poem flowed from his pen in the succeeding years that saw the ennobling friendship and his eventual marriage with that other poet, Elizabeth Barrett. The success of Browning's poetry may to a large de-

gree be said to have depended upon his use of the Scriptures and religious themes.

Indeed, the extent to which the Bible influenced him is almost startling. He refers to twenty-eight books in the Old Testament, and to twenty-five in the New. He is familiar with the minor prophets, including Jonah, Micah, Habakkuk, Zechariah, and Malachi. He is conversant with innumerable Biblical names, places, narratives, and texts. Several themes for Browning's best poems are directly derived from the Bible, including "Saul," "A Death in the Desert," "Karshish," and "Easter Day." Even his minor characters quote the Bible freely. In the "Ring and the Book" alone, there are more than five hundred Scriptural references or allusions.

In 1860, when Browning returned to England from Italy, where he had gone because of his wife's illness, he suddenly found himself the defender of the old-fashioned religion. Several notable men were publishing works which questioned the divinity of Christ and other Christian beliefs, such as the story of creation, the existence of sin, and the fall of man.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" advanced the theory of evolution, which cast doubt on the story of creation recorded in Genesis; Renan's "Life of Jesus" depicted the Christ merely as a good man, thus destroying His divinity and redemptive power; Bishop Colenso's "Pentateuch" treated the first five books of Moses as fables. The Unitarian leader, William Fox, himself had abandoned one by one belief in the Trinity, original sin, the pre-existence of Christ, the atonement, and hell. Thus a new wave of rationalism was beginning to upset old beliefs and standards.

In a sense Browning welcomed the unceasing criticism because it kept the life and works of Jesus constantly before the minds of men. He held that the effort to destroy faith only makes it stronger. This controversy fired his imagination and enabled him to produce some of his best poetry. In "Christmas Eve," he represents Christ as

"He who trod,
Very man and very God,

This earth in weakness, shame, and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree—
Shall come again. . . .”

To the poet Christ was not a mythical figure; therefore he pens his protests against the critics by portraying an actual, living, loving, sacrificing Jesus. Christ to him is “one with the Creator.” This, he taught, makes God all-powerful and all-loving to such an extent that it is an all-consuming love. In “Saul” he asks:

“Would I suffer for him that I love?
So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly,
nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in!”

The agony of Christ expands through the ages and becomes a “divine instance of self-sacrifice which never ends, and age begins for man.” This never-ending sacrifice appeals to Browning as one of the deeper truths which nullify “speech, act, time, place indeed.”

Browning insisted that Christ was divine, and his belief in the atonement led him to declare in “Saul” the “Christ that is to be:”

“O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!”

As we look back and see Robert Browning stanchly defending the cardinal principles of Christianity in the midst of a withering fire of criticism, we can have nothing but the highest admiration for the Victorian poet. His opinions have all the more weight with us as we reflect that he has viewed Christianity and the Christian life from all sides and that his gamut of experience as doubter, skeptic, and temporarily atheist, led his keen mind to see the difference between truth and error. He was man enough to admit his mistakes and counteract them by throwing the whole weight of his life and influence on the side of truth.

Contrary to the theory of evolution, Browning recognizes a great First Cause—God. His reply to the evolutionists is taken from the first sentence of the world’s greatest Book:

“I find first
Writ down for very A B C of fact,
‘In the beginning, God made heaven and earth.’”

One will notice in this and in numerous other passages that the Victorian poet quotes the Holy Scriptures almost verbatim, or word for word. In this instance he has omitted only the article “the,” and used the word “made” in place of “created.”

By 1871 Browning had made a thorough study of evolution. He castigates the Darwinists because they follow the baser side of life in their scientific approach, not taking into account the creative intelligence of

God, but emphasizing the physical genesis of mankind. Browning was almost bitter against the so-called scientists by the time he wrote his “Parleyings.” Indeed, some of the last words of that work were written to contradict the whole theory of evolution.

“Evolutionists!

At truth I glimpse from depths, you
glance from heights,
Our stations for discovery opposites—
How should ensue agreement? . . .”

Browning speaks of his knowledge of God’s existence as the result of direct intuition, and held that through his own internal experience he could come nearest the true conception of God. His reasoning was in this manner: Since the effect (man) cannot be greater than the cause (God), whatever noble or exalted qualities which exist in man must exist to a greater degree in his Maker. Therefore God must surpass His own works. The poet admitted this to be a fact difficult to prove; however, his inmost soul led him to a more convincing conclusion:

“Prove them facts? that they o’erpass
my power of proving, proves them
such;
Fact it is I know I know not something
which is fact as much.”

To this great poet, God was not only powerful but loving. He reasoned that God would be inferior to man if He were not loving:

“For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid His worlds, I will dare say.”

Again in the same poem, “Paracelsus,” he says:

“God! Thou art love! I build my
faith on that.

It were too strange that I should doubt
Thy love.”

As he faced life with vigor and courage, Robert Browning had no fear of death. Rather he stood appalled at the terrible importance of life and the value of the present moment to every one of us. The development of character and our talents, however small they be, he insisted, must be our chief concern here on this earth, because the moment that sifts through the hourglass can never be regained even throughout eternity. In “Abt Vogler” he teaches that our earthly talents have the promise of further achievement in heaven, and that our frustrated hopes,

our right desires, our characters, will find consummation there:

“There shall never be one lost good!
What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence
implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with,
for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the
heaven, a perfect round.”

The incompleteness of this life with its sorrows, its disappointments, was conclusive evidence to Browning of the existence of heaven and a future life. Should man achieve his desires in this world, there would be no need of heaven. Thus his Andrea del Sarto, in the poem by the same name, exclaims:

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed
his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

Throughout the poet’s life there was a consciousness of a divine plan that was guiding him in his search for truth. His task was to pass this truth on to others and leave “the rest with God—whose finger I see every minute of my life.” Browning also recognized that God is still active in the affairs of man; he sensed the importance of prayer and the unlimited power which He gives to every individual who is in communion with Him:

“All changes at His instantaneous
will,
Not by the operation of law
Whose Maker is elsewhere at work.
His hand is still engaged upon His
world—
Man’s praise can forward it, man’s
prayer suspend.”

Were he present today to pass on to young and old some of the vigor and courage that were so characteristic of his life, Browning would say, “Have faith in God and His plan.” Undoubtedly he would read a stanza from “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” in which he exhorts youth:

“Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
nor be afraid!’”

Psychologists would attribute Browning’s strong religious bent to the training which he received from his mother in childhood. Indeed, such training cannot be overestimated. His experience should convince both parents and youth that more importance and value should be attached to this critical period in life when lasting habits and impressions are being formed.

One evening just before his death only fifty-three years ago, Browning was reading a proof of the “Epilogue” to “Asolando,” his last poem, to his daughter-in-law and his sister. Speaking of the third verse, he remarked:

“It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it’s the simple truth; and as it’s true, it shall stand.” This verse may well be taken as (Turn to page 13)



"In the Beginning God - -"

By M. L. ANDREASEN

The Spirit of Prophecy

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS have a prophet. Her name is Mrs. E. G. White. She has written many books, and all Adventists revere them as they do the Bible, some even more. She is dead now, but they still follow her, and believe that all that she has written is inspired. Better look out before you join something that you don't know much about."

This was the information and advice given to a young woman who was interested in some evangelistic meetings I had been holding, and who was on the point of accepting the Adventist faith. While this information did not accomplish all that the adviser had in mind, it was a definite shock to the young woman to discover that Adventists held such views, and that they had a Bible other than the one she had been taught to believe was the word of God. She frankly stated her difficulty to me, and this admission led to a study of the attitude of Adventists toward Mrs. White and her writings.

Protestants take their stand on the Bible, and the Bible only. Lutherans have their "symbolical books;" Methodists have their "Discipline;" Episcopalians have their prayer books; but none of these takes the place of the Bible in their estimation, and this is as it should be. The Bible, and the Bible only, is the platform of Protestants.

On this platform Seventh-day Adventists also stand. They have the Bible and the Bible only, and no other books or set of books can ever take its place. In their estimation the Bible stands supreme. Whoever holds any other view is not a true Adventist.

Where, then, do Mrs. E. G. White and her writings come in? Is there a Mrs. White? Who is or was she? How did she come to be regarded as a special messenger of God? What evidence is there to justify the belief that her writings are any better than a thousand other books or articles written by Christians who have done much good in this world? These and many other questions crowd into the mind of a person who for the first time stands face to face with the problem of deciding whether her communications are special messages from God to the remnant church for this time.

For, be it remembered, Seventh-day Adventists do recognize the prophetic gift in Mrs. E. G. White, and they

believe that the Lord has used her as His special messenger to His people. They believe that her writings are indited by the Spirit of God, and that while they in no sense constitute another Bible, they do contain instruction that is not only valuable but essential for these last days of earth's history.

The church recognizes, however, that belief in such a spiritual gift is not something that can be commanded, but must be a matter of personal conviction based upon evidence after investigation. Acceptance of the writings of Mrs. White is, therefore, not made a test of church fellowship, and is not placed on the level of belief and faith in Scripture or any of the other cardinal points of faith. In this, Seventh-day Adventists believe that they are taking the true Protestant stand, making the Bible, and the Bible only, the norm of doctrine.

It is not the purpose here to go into detail concerning the life or writings of Mrs. E. G. White. Born at Gorham, Maine, November 26, 1827, she early felt called by God to bear her testimony for Him in the old Methodist experience meetings. She was deeply moved under the preaching of the advent message during the years 1840-44, and because of her acceptance of the Adventist view, she, with her parents, was disfellowshipped from the Methodist church. With the rest of the advent believers she passed through the great disappointment in 1843-44, but retained her faith in God, and was used mightily by Him to encourage and strengthen such believers as were ready to renounce their faith after the disappointment. In 1846 she was united in marriage with James White, and together they labored for the scattered flock of advent believers, building them into a compact and united company, and were largely instrumental in founding the present Seventh-day Adventist denomination, which today numbers more than half a million.

Besides rearing a family, Mrs. White traveled extensively with her husband, and also wrote prodigiously. She died in 1915 at the age of eighty-seven years and was laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Mrs. White's formal education was limited. An early accident made formal schooling inadvisable if not impos-



sible, and she was mostly self-taught. She was an omnivorous reader, and was well read on a wide variety of subjects. Her chief interest was the Bible, of course, and she was an apt student of the sacred word, as her writings abundantly testify. Her mind was keen and active, even to old age, and the contribution she made to Biblical knowledge is of untold value both to the student of exegesis and to the more casual reader. The wisest and most profound researchers have found her writings a source of information that has caused them to marvel at her formal knowledge as well as her deep spiritual insight.

Mrs. White was constantly engaged in writing, and book after book came from her pen. More than two score of these volumes, some of them nearly a thousand pages in length, have been published. This does not include her contributions to periodicals, which in volume are nearly equal to her books. We marvel that one lifetime was sufficient for the production of such a colossal amount of literary matter. It should of course be remembered that what she wrote was not fiction, but largely solid religious matter, which could not be dashed off at a moment's notice or merely dictated to a stenographer. It was all laboriously written by hand.

In addition to her religious writings, Mrs. White made valuable and liberal contributions to such fields as child training, education, health, manual pursuits, recreation, voice training, family life, religious liberty, literature ministry, home missions, foreign missions, Christian help work, and temperance. The scope of her work is as astonishing as its quantity.

However, it is neither the scope nor the quantity that is most impressive; it is the quality, the character, the high standard of every book, every chapter, every article. She wrote nothing that was cheap or questionable, but only the purest of the wheat, thoroughly winnowed. Mature counsel, earnest ex-

hortation, pure morality, sound theology, correct and authoritative information, are all imparted in correct and beautiful English. Viewed purely as literary productions apart from any divine or spiritual gift, Mrs. White's writings deserve and are given a place among the best religious literature.

Long and careful study of these writings deepens one's respect for their content. For fifty years I have been engaged in such study, part of the time in critical and exhaustive research. Today my respect is deeper and more profound than at any previous time. I am convinced that these writings cannot be accounted for on any other ground than that of divine guidance. In such guidance I thoroughly believe.

I am well aware that such faith as I have in the divine guidance in the writings of Mrs. White is impossible of transfer to anyone else who has not himself had opportunity to examine thoroughly her published works. All that I can do is to give my personal testimony regarding my findings, with the prayer that it may be of some value to those who are honestly seeking light and truth.

I have had only a limited personal experience with Mrs. White. When I knew her at the beginning of the present century, she was already well advanced in years. I had heard of her before I

became a Seventh-day Adventist, and I was eager to meet her. I was acquainted with her writings, but what was *she* like? I wanted to know.

When I entered the ministry, this desire became more pronounced. I felt that if I were to teach others, I ought to be intelligent myself. Therefore, when an opportunity presented itself, I visited her in her home, "Elmhaven," near St. Helena Sanitarium, California.

I was welcomed warmly and given perfect freedom to pursue the work I had come to do. I wanted to know many things, and no obstacle was placed in my path. Mrs. White began work early in the morning, and it was at that time, when her mind was fresh and active, that I had my conversations with her. I found her intelligent on all subjects which we discussed together. Moreover, she had a quiet sense of humor and a delightful little laugh. I greatly enjoyed those early morning hours spent in her study.

I do not know at what time she arose in the morning, but when I arrived—never later than six o'clock and often earlier—she had already written a goodly number of pages. Usually she invited me to look them over—a privilege I much appreciated, for it gave me an opportunity to examine what she had written before anyone else had touched it.

I learned to my astonishment that Mrs. White wrote with her own hand all that was published under her signature. Having written it, she passed it to her copyists for transcription on the typewriter. After this was done, the manuscript was returned to her for correction. As I saw this process day after day, I was assured that no corrections were made except under her direction, and that what appeared in periodicals or books over her signature, was her own work practically as it had come from her pen, with such corrections as she herself had made, or such as were made with her approval. To me this was a vital matter, for I had been informed that her typists changed, altered, omitted, or added to what she had written, so that what appeared in print was very different from the original draft. My experience convinced me that this statement was pure fabrication.

Wishing to find out whether there was material in her collection that had not been published and which perchance might contradict what had appeared in print, I asked the privilege of free and full access to all files in the "Elmhaven" vault, where the manuscripts were housed. In my own mind I was ready for a refusal of this privilege, for, after all, I was a stranger, and neither Mrs. White nor any of her assistants was under obligation to accord me such courtesy. To my astonishment, my request was granted. With the help of a stenographer, I spent some precious days and weeks examining the documents. I am a reasonably rapid reader, and I put in long hours. When my search was completed, I had come to certain definite conclusions; I could account for what I had read only on the basis of divine enlightenment. Though I did not know much of theology, I knew enough to know that no one not thoroughly versed in its different branches could have written what I had read unless the Lord had helped in a special way. I knew that Mrs. White had never attended a theological school; I knew that she had never studied such difficult subjects as the incarnation or the Trinity; I knew that the different theories of atonement as presented in theological works were outside her field of thought. But I also knew that one not acquainted with these theories could never have avoided so cleverly as she had done the pitfalls in these subjects which are there for the unwary and the uninitiated. Yet Mrs. White wrote as though she were perfectly at home in these difficult fields, and she presented views that would stand the closest scrutiny. I found a consistency in her writings that reached back to her youthful days, when there was no possibility that she had ever even looked into a theological work.

I was nonplused; here was something I could not account for on any known human theory. I felt that I was dealing with sacred matters. I went away profoundly convinced that I was face to face with the workings of the Almighty.

Time and space forbid my telling of experiences I had later after I had become more mature. Again I came away from "Elmhaven," more convinced than ever of the divine origin of the writings I had examined.

As I have said, such a conviction cannot be transferred to others. All I can do, and all I am doing, is to give my personal testimony and experience. I trust that you will take the opportunity of reading such books by Mrs. White as are available to you. I assure you that you will not be disappointed. God has spoken and God is still speaking through the published works of Mrs. E. G. White. Let all make personal search and be convinced of this truth for themselves.



Ants

BY MRS. G. M. PRICE

NEXT to honeybees, ants are the most interesting of the social insects. There are about two thousand known species common in America, among which are the garden ant, the tree or carpenter ant, the honey ant, the mound builders, and the small Argentine ant, which often during the summer months is found in our kitchens.

Like bees and termites, ants practice division of labor. In their colonies there are kings, queens, workers, soldiers, nurses, and slaves. The queens lay the eggs. The workers attend to the home affairs. The nurses care for the young, called grubs, from their infancy to maturity. These nurses feed the young from their own mouths, carry them from place to place, give them sun baths, and take them to shelters when there is danger of rain.

The eggs look like grains of rice, and the larvae are translucent when mature. All pupate for a short time. The yellowish pupae look like grains of wheat. Some species make cocoons; others do not. In this stage they are covered with a parchment sac.

Though the workers have no wings, kings and queens have wings until the queen is ready to lay eggs; then both sexes lose their wings and the males soon die. The antennae of the ant are long and bent like an elbow. They not only give it information about its surroundings, but each of the first five segments (so we are told) can detect a distinct odor—the first one, the odor of its own nest; the next one, the odor of an offspring from the same queen; the next segment, the odor of its own feet; and

the next, the odor of the young. Some ants have large eyes; some have small ones; and some which live underground have no eyes at all. All winged ants have eyes. The heads of male ants are very small, workers and soldiers having the largest heads. They have peculiar mouths, with the upper lip coming down over the lower one. Their jaws are like scissors, and are used for shovels as well as for cutting. Their legs are long, the front ones being equipped with hairs that serve as combs and brushes for cleaning purposes. Their feet have five joints. They often live for years.

The clever mound-building ants construct several mounds for one colony and make galleries leading from one to the other. Sometimes ants of two sizes or two colors live in one colony, so that often one finds black and red ants living together in one home. The red ants are a rusty color on head and thorax, the rest of the body being black. In such colonies the black ants are the servants, for the red ants have robbed the nests of the black ants and taken the grubs to their own mounds to bring up.

Never destroy an ant's nest. If you wish to study it, remove a small portion carefully. Find the queen, which is larger than the other ants, place her, together with the piece of nest, in a box with a glass top, and watch how hard she will work to keep the nest intact. Place a few aphids (ant's cows) in the box and notice how quickly she will fence them in, making a stable for them from bits of moss, pebbles, and leaves. Upon being stroked by the ant's antennae, the aphid yields a drop of sweet juice, or honeydew, of which the ants are fond.

Some ants build in decayed wood, pithy herbs, or grass stems; but the mound builders and the underground builders are the most common in America. When building in wood, ants cut long grooves and partition them into rooms.

A curious habit of the leaf-folding ants is to fold the edges of a leaf together, and let two or three worker ants hold them in place, while another worker goes off and gets a larva, which he carries to the edges of the folded leaf and induces to spit out a sticky substance that glues the leaf edges together. These leaf tents are then used for shelters.



The ANGELS

Go With Us

By KATHLEEN KIRBY

I WAS late in getting home. Since the trains were all behind schedule, I had to ride most of the night.

Everything was dark and comfortable and just right for sleeping. But I was wide awake—alert—aware. It is the feeling I always have as I near home.

When we were almost there, I went to comb my hair and put on my hat at the right angle. "I am a college senior," I told myself, "and I want my father to see that I've been a good investment."

Then suddenly we were stopping. Everybody but me went on sleeping casually. I sprang to my feet, collected an armload of things that I'd forgotten to put in the suitcase, and descended to meet my father and brother. The sun was just coming up.

"You'll want to get some sleep after breakfast," Father said, after the first greetings.

"Oh, no!" I answered quickly, being young and gay, as he remembered me. "I can't waste any time. I want to start riding Sally right after breakfast."

"Well, she's pretty frisky. Bucks a little. Been on the wheat. You'll need a saddle."

There was breakfast followed by worship. It always takes a little while to readjust yourself to home. You are asked to teach the Sabbath school lesson in worship. (You're expected to contribute ideas from your Bible classes.) And here at home they seem to be on speaking terms with God. They tell of prayers that have been answered, of how our wheat was saved when all the neighboring fields were hailed out. They mention the same things that you and I believe, but with more familiarity. For you and I do believe these things. We are Seventh-day Adventists. However, this homely, unquestioning faith seems rather simple and naive. You respect and admire it, but you do not quite enter into it. You pride yourself on being casual.

Finally breakfast and worship were over, and Mother and I had had a number of good laughs over the dishes before I went out to the corral. When I whistled to Sally, she came up to get the ear of corn, but she shrank from my caress. I never had been able to win Sally's affection; my efforts almost seemed to bore her.

She objected to being bridled, but not too much. I did not put a saddle on, for I always rode bareback. It was usually quite a task to mount her, for she would swing round at the last minute; but today she stood perfectly still. As soon as I had mounted her, however, I sensed

that something was wrong. She stood silent and stubborn, her ears laid back wickedly.

"Git up," I told her and kicked her in the ribs. I did not have time to think after that. I was astride a living volcano. She reared, front feet high in the air; then with a sudden swoop she reversed her position completely. Then she was perfectly still again. I sat tight, waiting for something to happen.

Suddenly she reared again till she stood perpendicular. I jerked savagely at her mouth, clinging with all my might to her mane and neck. She slipped a little on the ice, lost her balance, and fell backward, pinning me flat. Somehow I rolled beyond reach of her clashing hoofs and dumbly watched her gallop away.

I was not hurt badly, and I dragged to the house, quite proud of myself for not having fallen off. In a few days I could get around after a fashion, and all was well again. That was enough excitement, one would think, for one Christmas vacation. But I must needs have more.

It was Friday night, just verging into the Sabbath. I sat comfortably by the fire, wondering lazily why the men were not home yet. Suddenly a loud knock sounded at the door. Before I could hobble across the room, the door burst open. There stood my father, ghastly pale, carrying my small brother in his arms. A cut on his head bled freely, and he seemed limp and lifeless. I stood staring at the bright blood dropping slowly to the floor.

Mother took over. When she had put Joe to bed, there was nothing else we

could do. The road to town was drifted high with snow.

As he dressed to ride Sally for the doctor, my father told us in nervous, jerking phrases what had happened. He had seen the tractor that Joe was driving skid suddenly, unreasonably, for the edge of the road, teeter there precariously for a moment, and then topple heavily into the broad, deep ditch, burying Joe from view. He told of leaping out of his truck, and of wondering, even in those few moments, what he would find under the tractor. A boy writhing perhaps in the agony of death? or, worse still, a boy mutilated for life?

But the entire weight of the tractor had not fallen on Joe. Only one heavy bar held him a captive flat on the snow. There was the matter of twisting bolts that had been put in to stay, of finding the only wrench that would fit. There was the matter of time, for Joe fainted away soon though still groaning in unconsciousness. Terrible hurry. Terrible concentration. "Hurry," Joe had said. He never talked much. It was twenty-five minutes before the six bolts were out. Then he had to be carried home.

As we heard the last of the story, Joe opened his eyes. He was all right, he said. No, he didn't hurt anywhere. And he ate a hearty supper.

After the meal was finished, we sat around the fire, not saying much, but all of us thinking. And I thought to myself, "This is not the first time our family has experienced God's providences. He has been with them down through the years, guiding in every decision. He has helped them to know when to plant the wheat and what machinery to buy; he has held back the strong winds and the hail that would have ruined the crops. God's goodness in sparing Joe's life was nothing new for my parents. Nothing new to my grandmother either, who helped sew sheets into tents for one of the earliest camp meetings Seventh-day Adventists ever held. Nor to my great-grandmother, who canvassed in Kansas before the Indians were fairly gone. And I remembered too an often-told tale of my grandfather when he was "batching" in a shack in western Kansas in the early days.

It was almost sundown and surely quitting time, but John Ferguson stuck to his plowing. Just a few more rounds and the field would be all done. So he urged both himself and his tired horse on. "Git along there, Ben. Let's finish this field." The horse leaned forward in his traces, and John set the plow in a new, deeper angle. It was a stiff day's pull for a man recently come from the East. Especially when after his work was done, he must mix up his own flapjacks. But it was a good place for a man—this wide prairie where the days were quiet and long and peaceful and where everyone was your friend.

John looked up at the setting sun. There was a high chalk bank to the west of him clearly outlined in gold. Any



protruding objects above that bank would be outlined too. And John saw with a start that a tawny mountain lion with head flung high stood on that cliff. Now he lifted his nostrils to the breeze and sniffed. He was a long way from home and probably hungry. Man and horse-flesh waited below.

John unhooked the horse from the plow. Now what? Should he wander leisurely and casually down the trail or should he jump on Ben and make a dash for it? The lion started down the cliff. So John and Ben made a run for the cabin. Ben forgot that he was tired. He flew down the trail. And behind him John heard the pat-pat-pat—like a kitten running. The dim outlines of his little shack and of the barn appeared, and then grew plainer and plainer. Pat-pat-pat behind him. Was the barn door open? Ben breathed hard. The lion was gaining. Suddenly the barn was just before them. A final wild plunge and they were inside. John slammed the doors shut, and the lion landed heavily against them. Outside they heard low angry growls. They heard a tireless pacing as the beast looked for a way to enter. John sat and stroked his trembling horse. He sat there all night, and in the morning there was nothing outside but lion tracks. He never saw the lion again, and the wind soon blew out the tracks. But John never forgot that experience. The story as I heard it did not say that John thanked God for saving his life. I think he did though. I knew John; he was my grandfather.

We had been sitting quietly by the fire for a long time. It had died down and Father got up to put another chunk of coal in the stove. "Thank God for a warm house tonight," he murmured, "and that we're still all alive and whole and together." Presently we went to bed. It was like any other night—only somehow God seemed closer.

There are some broken bolts on the kitchen table. Bolts that were split in that terrible hurry.

"See, these bolts fasten so-and-so together and hold this—" my father explains the technicalities to me. I have been away from the farm a long time. But neither of us says what we are really thinking.

I am thinking that both my brother and I have been close to death. I am thinking that we have guardian angels and that we need not be afraid any more—for our angels are with us every instant of the day or night.

What Would You Do?

BY A. CHAVRENKO

WHAT would you do if I should tell you that I had lost my purse with money in it? Would you throw yours away because I lost mine?

What would you do if you saw someone who had torn his coat? Would you also tear yours?

Or, if you were walking with someone along a slippery road and he fell and injured himself, would you fall and injure yourself just because he did?

In our spiritual life we often follow bad examples. When we see someone who has torn his robe of righteousness, or fallen deep into sin, or lost from his heart good qualities which cost more than gold, we are often inclined to follow him and to do the same things or worse.

If we take this attitude, we are like some little children who do not distinguish between things which are important and those which are not. Some-

times when they lose their toys they begin to cry, and it is difficult to comfort them. But when there is a real loss in the home, when father or mother dies, those same children laugh and play as if nothing had happened. We know how to feel sorry about temporal losses, but we are careless in regard to the loss of eternal life. In this we need to take care.

Instead of imitating bad examples, we should avoid them and feel sorry over the wrongs that we see done. "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."

Refugees From Rangoon

(Continued from page 4)

"Can't do anything here, boys. All the ambulances and all the doctors in the world couldn't do this poor man any good."

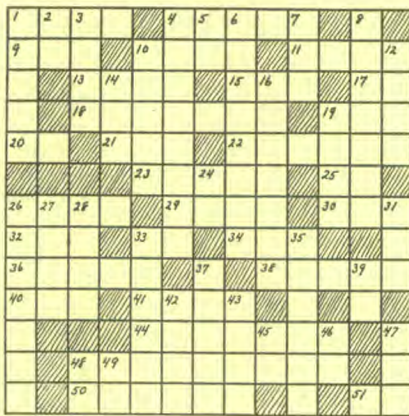
A wicked piece of shrapnel from the bomb that had burst in the street had whizzed through the wall and had cut

the top of his head off right above his eyes so that his brains had spilled out on the pillow. While we were still standing awe-stricken at the gruesome sight, the subdued murmur of the terrified crowds outside suddenly rose to a panicky crescendo of shouting and yelling. We listened. The siren was sounding its second warning for that night. What a perfect target we all made as we stood in the light of the still furiously burning liquor shop.

Onlookers scrambled out of sight. We drove our ambulances into the shade of some trees and waited breathlessly, but no bombs fell; and soon we were on the job again. I do not wish to tell you of the terrible mutilation, the tragic sorrow, the hysterical fear we witnessed that night. They haunt me still. But in a few hours we had checked twenty dead and had taken twenty-one wounded to the hospital. As I reported "in" after our job was done, I thought again of our convoy starting off for inland China. I prayed that God would keep safe those who were taking it through.

Within two days the same suburb was bombed again. From then on the raids increased in number and fury. The fol-

Crossword Puzzle



The Presentation

Horizontal

1. To and upon.
4. "A . . . to lighten the Gentiles." Luke 2:32.
9. ". . . I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat." Matt. 25:35.
10. "Heareth these sayings of . . . , and doeth them." Matt. 7:24.
11. "Lord, that our . . . may be opened." Matt. 20:33.
13. Sacred East Indian tree.
15. Born.
17. Symbol for tellurium.
18. Jesus was brought to the temple by His . . .
19. Greek letter.
20. Second note.
21. "According to the . . . of Moses." Luke 2:22.
22. "And the glory of Thy people . . ." Luke 2:32.
23. City in France.
25. . . . Luke.
26. "For if ye love them which love you, what reward . . . ye?" Matt. 5:46.
29. "Not see death, before he had . . . the Lord's Christ." Luke 2:26.
30. "A sword shall pierce through . . . own soul also." Luke 2:35.
32. Compass point.
33. "And for a sign which shall . . . spoken against." Luke 2:34.
34. Soil Conservation Service.
36. "Ye pay tithe of mint and . . . and cummin." Matt. 23:23.

38. Jesus received His name when He was . . . days old.
40. Large covered wagon.
41. The . . . of the Apostles.
44. "They returned into" Luke 2:39.
48. "And all flesh shall see the . . . of God." Luke 3:6.
50. Molded curd of milk.
51. "Which was . . . name of the angel." Luke 2:21.
- A saying of Simeon is 9, 10, 11, 26, 29, 30, and 48 combined.

Vertical

1. "To . . . a sacrifice." Luke 2:24.
2. "I have not found so great faith, . . . , not in Israel." Luke 7:9.
3. "They set a . . . , they catch men." Jer. 5:26.
4. "Gave thanks . . . unto the Lord." Luke 2:38.
5. "This child is set for the fall and rising again of many . . . Israel." Luke 2:34.
6. "For after all these things do the . . . seek." Matt. 6:32.
7. Golf mound.
8. "But . . . it on a candlestick." Luke 8:16.
10. Spiritual.
12. "The . . . of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord." 1 Cor. 9:2.
14. Salt.
16. Spiritual being.
19. "Many shall come from the . . . and west." Matt. 8:11.
24. Southeast.
26. "The . . . were opened unto Him." Matt. 3:16.
27. Prophetess who saw Christ in the temple.
28. "There is a . . . for the silver." Job 28:1.
31. "Do not ye . . . understand?" Matt. 15:17.
33. Small hound.
35. . . . took Jesus in his arms.
37. Book of maps.
39. "And . . . came by the Spirit into the temple." Luke 2:27.
42. "It was a . . . , and a stone lay upon it." John 11:38.
43. Location.
45. Chinese measure.
46. Half an em.
47. "A pair of turtledoves, or . . . young pigeons." Luke 2:24.
48. South Carolina.
49. "Then said I, . . . , Lord God! behold, I cannot speak." Jer. 1:6.

(Answers next week)

lowing day we had six raids. Most of the day and night was spent in the trenches.

At five-thirty that morning, after a terrific bombardment, again the cry of "Fire! Fire!" arose. Looking out, we saw the ugly flames not half a mile from our house, and for the next half hour I again heard those anguished cries that surely reach the very ears of God.

To the background of bursting bombs, booming ack-ack fire, wailing sirens, and the vicious crackle of spreading flames, add the screaming of frightened children as they fled from the leaping tongues of fire, the shouting of panicky parents as they sought their little ones in the babel, the calling, the yelling, as hundreds and hundreds of men and women—Indians, Burmese, and Chinese—struggled and scrambled helter-skelter, pellmell, to safety, carrying their valuables with them. The whole needs to be heard to be realized; but once you have heard it, you can never forget it. Though this fire was not caused by an incendiary bomb, but by a lamp overturned as someone fled to the safety of a trench, the distress and terror were no whit less.

(To be continued)

That Jewel, Humility

(Continued from page 6)

those whom 'He will beautify . . . with salvation,' and of whom it is said, they 'shall inherit the earth.'

"Truly, humility is a jewel—a jewel that is flawless in beauty and priceless in value. Truly, 'blessed are the meek.'"

The speaker closed his Bible and sat down. As he did so, Vernon fixed his eyes on the collection of leaves near the corner of the rostrum. A torrent of thought raced through his mind. The question of full submission to the claims of Christian humility was again an open, active issue.

He went through the day's remaining classes mechanically. When they were over, he hastened to his room and closed the door behind him. Tossing the book in his hand to the table, he threw himself across his bed and thought, and thought, and thought. For an hour, for nearly two hours, the battle between pride and humility was waged in his mind.

When it began to subside, Vernon knew that he had passed an important milestone in his life. He was aware that new, higher, purer ideals had displaced the old. He had decided that he wanted—yes, needed—Christian humility in its fullness, that he could not be without it at any cost.

Arising, he went over to the table, sat down, and opened his Bible. One by one he turned to as many of the texts on humility as he could remember. When he had read and studied these, he began to explore the subject further by looking up the marginal references.

As he read and studied and pondered, a new peace, a wonderfully satisfying and vivifying peace, came into his heart. There came also a new, calm courage to attain the full height of the new ideals which were now his.

At length his meditations were broken. His roommate came in and saw him seated before his open Bible. Into his eyes there flashed a question, as real as though spoken with words: "Vernon, have you—"

Vernon looked up into his friend's face, saw the question there, and answered, "I've packed up," he said quietly, "and moved into a cipher."

As he spoke, he arose to accept his roommate's outstretched hand. The importance of humility had not been emphasized in vain.



"Early Writings," Pages 218-232

	Pages
Sunday	218-219
Monday	220-222
Tuesday	222-224
Wednesday	224-226
Thursday	226-228
Friday	229-230
Sabbath	230-232

THINK ON THESE THINGS

"I saw that the angels of God are never to control the will. God sets before man life and death. He can have his choice. Many desire life, but still continue to walk in the broad road. They choose to rebel against God's government, notwithstanding His great mercy and compassion in giving His Son to die for them."—"Early Writings," p. 221.

"Satan looks with great satisfaction upon those who profess the name of Christ, yet closely adhere to the delusions which he himself has originated. His work is still to devise new delusions, and his power and art in this direction continually increase."—*Ibid.*

"While the church was persecuted, its members were united and loving; they were strong in God. Sinners were not permitted to unite with the church. Those only who were willing to forsake all for Christ could be His disciples. These loved to be poor, humble, and Christlike."—*Id.*, pp. 225, 226.

The Influence of the Bible on Browning

(Continued from page 8)

a summary of the poet's life and creed, for he was

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better, sleep to wake."

Indeed, this poet's whole life demonstrates the truth of Solomon's admonition:

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Thy Will—Not Mine

(Continued from page 4)

the snow. The harbor continued for many months to give up its dead. Aside from the hundreds who had lost their lives, many lost their sight; many were left crippled; many were homeless. The government was obliged to take over the staggering problem of caring for these unfortunate ones.

I am indebted to my father for the details of this catastrophe. He was among the medical corps men who rendered assistance to the injured. When as a child I listened to this story, conflicting emotions filled my young heart. I had been taught that God was merciful, that He loved us and cared for us. Why would

He let such a dreadful thing happen?

Have you ever pondered this same question? Have you had occasion to doubt God's love? Then turn again and read Matthew 10:28-30. The Father sees one sparrow when it falls and He cares for it, but we are of more value than many sparrows.

Though God's hand rules the universe, He does not cause disaster to come upon us; but many times He allows it that through adverse experiences those who do not know Him may learn the way of salvation.

Someday we will understand why our heavenly Father deals with us as He does. But be assured that "all things work together for good to them that love God." When you are inclined to lose faith in your heavenly Father, just contemplate the great sacrifice He has made to atone for your sins. Get down on your knees and pray for a closer walk with Him. Then you will feel His power and great goodness, and with it will come the peaceful assurance that He rules our lives with infinite love.

I Choose the Church College

(Continued from page 1)

I want to be better as well as wiser.

2. I NEED THE TEACHERS OF SUCH A COLLEGE.

I realize that I am constantly influenced by the other people with whom I come in contact. I may laugh at the personal peculiarities of my teachers, but I remember the precepts they repeat before me. A woman who has been fourteen years out of high school says she has forgotten most of the Latin a certain professor taught her, but she remembers many of his maxims.

Because the church college does not strive for such a great number of students, I hear that the teachers there can give more individual attention to the young people who sit in their classrooms. I do not want to be lost in the crowd, called on out of a record book, and graded once or twice in a semester. I would rather have teachers who know me by name and who care personally how I respond to an assignment.

3. I NEED THE STUDENTS OF SUCH A COLLEGE.

I admit that I am quite human in being readily influenced by the crowd. I want to put myself in a group that will help me be my better self. I do not care to expose myself to a crowd in which I would find it difficult to "stick by my guns" when it comes to worth-while standards. When asked why he would choose a church college, one young person said: "I would because of the companionship of Christian schoolmates." And another said: "I would choose a church school because of the fine type of students found there (in general)." I do not say that all desirable companions are in the church college, or that no undesirable ones are on such a campus; but I do think that the majority of the young people in a church college belong to the type with whom I would rather associate.

4. SUCH A COLLEGE NEEDS ME.

No school can be run without students. I can help the church college I choose by my mere attendance. My financial support, by way of tuition and board, will be small, but it will contribute to the school's work. Because I go with a willingness to learn and to be led aright, I believe my co-operation will mean something. I expect to put into my college days the best that I have already become, and I am ready to have the college add to my personality all that I can take in of its best ideals.

A college education increases one's powers. It almost frightens me to think that my own personal forces will be multiplied either for good or for evil. I want to go where the most influence will tend toward the highest good.

It is a thrilling thought to hold for the future that it will be my responsibility to help pass on to younger ones, in many phases of life, my own college experience—not only the material but also the spiritual possessions of the race. I read this statement lately: "Knowledge is unquestionably power, and power is a dangerous thing to put into the hands of a man who has no care for others, but seeks only his own." I pray God that whatever power I may exert in and after college may be filled with consideration for others.

In view of the things for which a church college stands, I humbly believe it needs a young person like me as student and alumna.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

X—Tithes and Offerings

(December 5)

MEMORY VERSE: Psalms 50:14.
LESSON HELPS: "Testimonies," Vol. V, pp. 148-157; Vol. IX, pp. 49-60; 245-256.

THE LESSON

1. Into what do people fall who strive to be rich? What is declared concerning the love of money? How is the Christian exhorted? 1 Tim. 6:9-11.

NOTE.—The commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, states that the expression "root of all evil" might perhaps be better translated "of all these evils," that is, of all the evils enumerated in the preceding verse. He says: "It cannot be true that the love of money is the root of all evil, it certainly was not the root whence the transgression of Adam sprang, but it is the root whence all the evils mentioned in the preceding verse spring. . . . Money is the root of no evil, nor is it an evil of any kind; but the love of it is the root of all the evils mentioned here."

2. What two truths does Paul mention? With what should we be satisfied? Verses 7, 8.

NOTE.—"Paul declares, 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' Although rich persons may devote their whole lives to the one object of getting riches, yet as they brought nothing into the world, they can carry nothing out. They must die and leave that which cost them so much labor to obtain. They staked their all, their eternal interest, to obtain this property, and have lost both worlds."—"Testimonies," Vol. I, p. 541.

3. What is godliness with contentment said to be? Verse 6.

4. How, in a parable, did God regard the selfish rich man? What application does Christ make of this parable? Luke 12:20, 21.

5. How much of our time does God claim as His? How much of our income? Ex. 20:8-11; Lev. 27:30.

NOTE.—"The first six days of each week are given to man for labor, because God employed the same period of the first week in the work of creation. On the seventh day man is to refrain from labor, in commemoration of the Creator's rest."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 111.

"The Lord has made us His stewards. He has placed His means in our hands for faithful distribution. He asks us to render to Him His own. He has reserved the tithe as His sacred portion."—"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 51.

6. Of what sin are those guilty who withhold the tithe and freewill offerings? Mal. 3:8, 9.

7. What commandment, therefore, is transgressed when we rob God of His time or His tithe? Ex. 20:17, first four words.

NOTE.—"Covetousness, the desire of benefit for self's sake, cuts the soul off from life. It is the spirit of Satan to get, to draw to self. It is the spirit of Christ to give, to sacrifice self for the good of others."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 259.

Before one can take for himself God's holy time, the seventh day, he must covet it; this is also true of the tithe.

8. What would be the result if all the tithe were given to the Lord's treasury? Mal. 3:10.

9. How does God sometimes deal with His people when they selfishly withhold means from His work? Hagga 1:8.

NOTE.—In the days of Hagga, the lack of temporal prosperity on the part of the Israelites "was the result of a neglect to put God's interests first. . . . Had the Israelites honored God, had they shown Him due respect and courtesy, by making the building of His house their first work, they would have invited His presence and blessing. . . . Then, in words that they could not fail to understand, the Lord revealed the cause that had brought them to want [in verses 9-11]."—"Patriarchs and Kings," pp. 573, 574.

10. What vow did Jacob make at Bethel? Gen. 28:20-22.

NOTE.—A vow or pledge to give the Lord certain things, made at times of spiritual refreshing when the Holy Spirit moves the heart to benevolence, God holds very sacred indeed. It cannot ruthlessly be set aside, nor later counted as a light matter, without great peril to the soul.

11. What did the psalmist say concerning his vows of consecration or duty? Ps. 61:5; 66:13, 14.

12. How are we counseled regarding the payment of a vow? What is better than failure to pay? Eccl. 5:4-6.

13. What blessings does God promise to the liberal person? Isa. 32:8; Prov. 11:25.

JUNIOR

X—Obedience

(December 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "I delight to do Thy will, O My God: yea, Thy law is within My heart." Ps. 40:8.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 272-283 (new ed., pp. 273-285).

QUESTIONS

1. What experience is related in the life of Saul that shows how God regards disobedience? 1 Sam. 15:3, 20-22.

2. What price did Saul pay for his failure to obey exactly the command of the Lord? Verse 23.

NOTE.—"Saul had manifested great zeal in suppressing idolatry and witchcraft; yet in his disobedience to the divine command he had been actuated by the same spirit of opposition to God, and had been as really inspired by Satan, as are those who practice sorcery; and when reproved, he had added stubbornness to rebellion. He could have offered no greater insult to the Spirit of God, had he openly united with idolaters."

"It is a perilous step to slight the reproofs and warnings of God's word or of His Spirit. Many, like Saul, yield to temptation until they become blind to the true character of sin. They flatter themselves that they have had some good object in view, and have done no wrong in departing from the Lord's requirements. Thus they do despite to the Spirit of grace, until its voice is no longer heard, and they are left to the delusions which they have chosen."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 635.

3. What example did Jesus give of disobedience to earthly parents? Luke 2:51.

NOTE.—"Jesus lived in a peasant's home, and faithfully and cheerfully acted His part in bearing the burdens of the household. He had been the Commander of heaven, and angels had delighted to fulfill His word; now He was a willing servant, a loving, obedient Son."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 72.

4. What admonition is given to children? Eph. 6:1.

5. How is the duty of children to parents set forth in the law of God? Ex. 20:12.

NOTE.—"Parents are entitled to a degree of love and respect which is due to no other person. God Himself, who has placed upon them a responsibility for the souls committed to their charge, has ordained that during the earlier years of life, parents shall stand in the place of God to their children. And he who rejects the rightful authority of his parents, is rejecting the authority of God. The fifth commandment requires children not only to yield respect, submission, and obedience to their parents, but also to give them love and tenderness, to lighten their cares, to guard their reputation, and to succor and comfort them in old age."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 308.

6. What other sins do we find mentioned along with disobedience to parents? 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

7. Instead of looking upon obedience as an unpleasant duty, how did Jesus regard it? Ps. 40:8.

8. How are horses controlled by those who drive them? James 3:3.

9. What admonition does the Lord give us? Ps. 32:9.

NOTE.—God has given us understanding. We should know better than to have to be driven, or forced, to do what is right, as is the horse in his harness. Just a look or a word should be enough for the girls and boys who love God and love their parents. We can never outgrow our duty to our parents. Even when a child is grown, he should still respect the wishes of his father and his mother, when they do not conflict with the will of God.

10. What will a person who truly loves Jesus, delight to do? How will it be known if one does not love Him? John 14:23, 24.

11. In the sermon on the mount, what did Jesus represent some as saying? Why were these disappointed? Matt. 7:21-23.

12. In the parable, who are likened unto a wise man? Who are likened unto a foolish man? Verses 24-27.

13. Where did Satan first tempt man to disobedience? Gen. 3:1-6.

NOTE.—"Had some great test been appointed Adam, then those whose hearts incline to evil would have excused themselves by saying, 'This is a trivial matter, and God is not so particular about little things.' And there would be continual transgression in things looked upon as small, and which pass unrebuked among men. But the Lord has made it evident that sin in any degree is offensive to Him. To Eve it seemed a small thing to disobey God by tasting the fruit of the forbidden tree, and to tempt her husband also to transgress; but their sin opened the floodgates of woe upon the world. Who can know, in the moment of temptation, the terrible consequences that will result from one wrong step?"—*Id.*, p. 61.

14. Upon whom is one of the last blessings in the Bible pronounced? Rev. 22:14.

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THE LISTENING POST

❖ **CRUDE** rubber will soon be transported by plane from the almost impenetrable jungles of Colombia.

❖ **THERE** are 2,769 languages spoken around the circle of the globe, according to the count of a Columbia University professor.

❖ **THE** Government has taken over approximately two per cent of the hotel rooms in the United States—30,000 rooms in 203 hotels.

❖ **SINGING** telegrams, also special-rate social and holiday messages, are casualties of war, since they are considered "luxury services" that interfere with vital war communications.

❖ **Bossy** herself may soon supply the lining for milk cans. A United States Department of Agriculture chemist has invented a lacquer made largely from lactic acid, an ingredient of milk.

❖ **A BIRDHOUSE** manufacturer in the Chicago area reports that his business has practically disappeared, not for lack of materials, but because his customers are buying war stamps with their spare change.

❖ **ITEMS** in current newspapers bring us word that Japan is soon to be represented at the Vatican court, and that Fien Shuh-kang, chargé d'affaires of the Chinese embassy at Bern, Switzerland, is to be the first Chinese minister to the Holy See.

❖ **TWO** recent innovations in shoemaking feature conservation of leather. One is a wooden-soled shoe. The sole is made in two parts, hinged together with leather for flexibility. The other is a leather, "tank tread" shoe. This sole is composed of leather sections, like tank treads, joined by a binder backing.

❖ **WOMEN** employed in the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in San Diego have demonstrated greater endurance than men, according to the company's chief surgeon. Placed at tasks which did not require brute strength, women were found to tire less easily than men and to be less nervous. Their accident record is no higher than that of the men.

❖ **THE** New York University Psychology Club has launched a project modeled on Boston's rumor clinic for the purpose of tracking down unfounded rumors to their sources. By exposing false rumors reported to them, they hope to "increase skepticism regarding subsequent ones." Student members of the club will interview successive individuals to whom they are referred, until a rumor is traced to its source, which is thought frequently to be enemy agents.

❖ **A LOS ANGELES** wrecking company has started something new—a used-house lot. Vacant but once-lived-in houses are moved to the lot and jacked up on stout timbers. There they are inspected by would-be purchasers who, because new houses cannot be built for the duration, are glad to get used ones in which to live. The success of this venture foreshadows supermarkets when hostilities cease and war production centers demobilize, for some of the defense houses which have been built to meet the war emergency.

❖ **MISSISSIPPI** farmers now are planting millions of pine seedlings provided by the Masonite Corporation, manufacturers of hard-board and insulation-board products. The new industrial demand for pine wood has given cash-crop value to land previously considered worthless in the South.

❖ **THE** koromiko plant, favorite remedy for stomach ailments of the Maoris of New Zealand, is proving an effective cure for dysentery. Experimenters are searching for the secret of the plant's efficacy.

❖ **IN** Great Britain fashion has bowed once more to the demands of a wartime economy. By official order no women's shoes are to have heels higher than two and one-eighth inches.

❖ **IT** is reliably reported that the automobile industry is now "scrapping" all tools and dies not needed to make replacement parts.



Cactus fiber is now used in padding the upholstery of some motorcars.

Of Peru's 8,000,000 people, 5,500,000 are fullblood or mixed-blood Indians.

The world's whale catch today is larger than in the famous New England whaling era.

Highest of high hats are feathered ceremonial masks worn by men in New Guinea—14 to 19 feet high.

Baby chicks—not human infants—consume most of the cod-liver oil and other vitamin-bearing fish oils produced.

A deer has such power of smell that he can get a man's odor at a full mile if the day is damp and the wind favorable.

In 1940, the per capita income of the District of Columbia was \$1,022, compared with a national per capita income of \$573.

There are 78 per cent more holders of common stocks of 50 leading American corporations today than at the peak of the 1929 bull market.

Secretary Ickes has a 500-gallon gasoline tank buried outside his garage at his Montgomery County, Maryland, country place, and keeps it full.

Air raids from July 1, 1940, to March 1, 1941, killed about 100 people a day in Great Britain, a slightly higher death rate than the traffic toll in the United States.

❖ **AMERICAN** soldiers and sailors are the best fed in the world. Each one eats almost a ton of food a year.

❖ **THE** U. S. Treasury reports that the national debt on September 1 was \$86,000,000,000, as compared with \$57,000,000,000 one year ago.

❖ **THE** tomato is a fruit, since it is formed from a flower. So also is the pea, which is a seed in a pod, the fruit of the pea flower.

❖ **IN** Barnesville, Georgia, the mayor proclaimed a "cotton-picking holiday," and the town's inhabitants, including women and children, picked 500 bales of cotton in the surrounding county.

❖ **THE** United States Bureau of Mines believes that the Ooregum vertical shaft on the Mysore mine at Kolar, India, holds the record for greatest depth, being at last reports 7,334 feet.

❖ **NICARAGUA'S** first lady celebrated her home-coming from the United States by redeeming all the pawn tickets in the country. Impoverished Nicaraguans rejoiced in the repossession of pawned belongings.

❖ **MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS**, third largest diamond in the world, recently changed owners in London. The 183-carat jewel, which once belonged to the Russian crown jewels, is valued at approximately \$75,000, but sold for only \$26,000.

❖ **WITH** 23,000 foreigners within its borders, the largest share of them refugees, Switzerland is nearing the saturation point, and is being forced to close its doors to further emigration. Efforts are being made to transfer several thousand children to the United States in spite of the difficulties of transportation.

❖ **PLANS** are being laid for the establishment of a High School Victory Corps at the instigation of the War Manpower Commission, and high schools are being requested to gear their curriculums to the military and industrial needs of the nation, placing a greater emphasis upon science, mathematics, physical education, and similar subjects.

❖ **ETHIOPIA** is to read the whole word of God for the first time in its own Amharic vernacular. Because the Ethiopian is suspicious of printing, it has been beautifully written and illuminated in a parchment volume in parallel columns with the Ethiopic version, and reproduced photographically. This work of translation took seven years. The manuscript was providentially taken out of the country in the early days of the Italian occupation.

❖ **A NEW** process for deriving vitamin C, obtained principally from fish-liver oils heretofore, from alfalfa in concentrated form has been perfected by Dr. Charles Glen King, credited with the original discovery of the vitamin. Dried alfalfa is treated with ether to obtain an oil which is then distilled in a vacuum. Vitamin C, which boils at a temperature lower than the other vitamins present, is thus collected. Doctor King has demonstrated that cows which have been fed this oil produce milk that is richer in vitamin C than ordinary milk.