

# The Youth's Instructor



H. M. LAMBERT

Their Lives Ran Smoothly, and Yet They Felt a Need for Something They Did Not Possess

IT was a sultry August afternoon. Stephen hurried along with his whole soul in prayer. "Dear, kind, loving heavenly Father, help me to have courage to continue in Thy work. Give me some sign or token whereby I may know what I am to do if it is Thy will that I should continue."

The young colporteur, hurrying homeward though discouragement nagged him at every step, was passing through the lovely park in the center of the busy little town. Tired and troubled at heart, he stopped and sat down on a park bench to collect his thoughts and decide just how to tell Anna at home that this day had been another failure, that perhaps after all he should not have left the well-paid

machinist's position and entered the colporteur

work. There was Baby Marie, who must be fed and clothed; she was such a little thing! Anna's health was poor; there might be necessary doctor's bills. Oh, what was the use in thinking it all through again!

As he meditated on these problems, his whole life passed in review before him. It seemed to him that he was a stranger looking on at experiences of some other person, so strange and foreign did they seem. It had been an interesting life, but was it really his? It did look, as he thought of it all, as though a power stronger than man had singled him out and kept him alive.

On May 31, in the fateful year 1889, a terrible disaster broke upon the prosperous city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The beautiful valley witnessed a sight never to be forgotten in the annals of American history, when the usually peaceful Conemaugh River and its tributary streams were swollen into turbulent, angry torrents. The sky was dark and threatening, ominous clouds hid the sun.

The question on the lips of everyone up and down the valley was, "Will the South Fork Dam hold?" How could it possibly withstand the pressure of added tons of water? This dam, twelve miles from Johnstown, held back a lake about two and one-half miles long.

Word traveled quickly down the valley: "The dam has broken!" Down

According to  
**His Purpose**  
BY ELSIE MARIE SHIREY

thundered the deluge upon the unsuspecting villages and the beautiful city—a wave twenty feet or more in height at its head. On and on it raced, sweeping away everything in its path. The lofty Allegheny Mountains formed a tomb for the valley dwellers at their feet.

The only thing which withstood the mighty onslaught was a rugged Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, which, with its debris, soon caught fire and burned, killing many who had thought themselves safe.

Somewhere in this catastrophe was little Stephen Lewis.



# Let's Talk It Over

**NONCOMBATANT Objector Proves Hero**" read a recent newspaper headline. Associated Press staff writer William Hipple, with the advanced U. S. Forces on Guadalcanal, was interviewing Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Jurney out on the northwest front line, near enemy positions. Among the many "heroes" in his command, the colonel made special mention of one whom he intended to recommend "for citation for gallantry," and suggested, "You ought to interview him."

An orderly was dispatched to find this soldier. He came back with slim, bewhiskered Private Orville Cox, of New Richmond, Ohio. He proved to be a "conscientious objector" by accident of Army classification but a "conscientious co-operator" by actual practice, for while he refused to take part in combat, because of his religious convictions, he declared himself more than willing "to take care of our men." His assignment was first aid and general handyman of a forward Army unit which has seen heavy field action. In response to Mr. Hipple's questions, he told with becoming modesty how he had crawled into an American position "while enemy bullets sounded like they were coming close" and administered first aid to two wounded men.

"Don't forget to tell that you carried these two wounded men out and two hundred and fifty yards up a steep hill under heavy fire, making two trips," Colonel Jurney reminded him.

With a smile Private Cox admitted: "Yes, I guess I did."

This young man, a former farm hand, carpenter, and factory worker, was called by his draft board last April. From his first day in the Army he has stood firmly for his convictions, but has been more than willing to do any non-combatant duties that have come his way. The testimony of his commanding officer is that "ever since his induction he has been popular with officers and men and has proved a reliable, hard worker."

"Citation for gallantry!"

Who dares to brand as cowards all men in uniform who refuse to carry a gun! Or as lazy and "just looking for soft jobs?" It takes real courage to serve one's country in time of war; it takes real courage to serve one's God according to the dictates of conscience when it means being "different" and misunderstood; but he who conscientiously and sincerely does both has supreme courage and well deserves the honors he will wear so modestly.

As this is being written, between five and six thousand Seventh-day Adventist young men are serving with the armed forces of the United States at home and on the far-flung battle fronts of this world-encircling war. They are observing the seventh-day Sabbath as befits the emergencies which they face with each Friday's setting sun; by far the larger per cent of them are non-combatants, in harmony with the time-honored noncombatant stand of the church of which they are members; as conscientious "co-operators"—not "objectors"—they are wearing Uncle Sam's uniform and following the Stars and Stripes on their mission of mercy wherever the armies march.

"Citation for gallantry in action!"

How richly deserved is the honor.

We are mindful also of the thousands of young men—Seventh-day Adventists loyal and true—who are a part of the armed forces of the other nations of earth. They too are good soldiers, steadfast in their allegiance to their fatherland and to their God. Furthermore, when peace shall reign again and the record of these hectic war years is read, without a doubt there will be found written there many a thrilling story of courage and gallantry under fire, in the very face of death. On every battle front lives are being risked, yes, and lost, that others may be spared.

Heroes—"men of distinguished valor and fortitude"—that's what they are, and we salute them!

**A**LONG the twists and turns of the Burma Road a convoy of eight ambulances—eight stretchers to an ambulance—is risking a daylight run. A low-flying enemy plane picks them up. Most of the drivers and first-aiders take cover, but one nurse stays with her men who cannot be taken out. A thirty-pound shrapnel lands just in front of this ambulance. It is not large as bombs go, but it does considerable damage. In fact, when the smoke clears away the patients are all dead, and the gallant nurse herself is seriously wounded.

Miss Li was a Chinese gentlewoman as well as a nurse. We could easily imagine that she, born to the purple as it were, would be glad for the quiet and comparative safety of Chungking. But the long convalescence irked her, and finally she revolted against inaction and volunteered her services, without remuneration, as supervisor of a large government drug warehouse. Here it was that two Americans met

her. They had come into Free China to stop an outbreak of cholera and were in sore need of a considerable quantity of pure salt for making medicinal salt water. More than enough was stored in Miss Li's warehouse; so they sought an interview to determine what, if anything, could be done about cutting tire-some red tape and getting the salt for immediate use. They found that they did not need their interpreter, for Miss Li, a college graduate, spoke English fluently.

After the interview the Americans heard her story and frankly did not believe it. When they returned the next day to take delivery of the salt, they questioned her about the experience. "Yes," she assured them, and drawing aside her lovely silken gown, she showed the doctor of the two a hole in her left shoulder, which was yet unhealed, large enough to hold his fist.

Three months later this doctor was himself in a hospital just two days behind the front lines. One morning his nurse came to his room to say that "a rough-looking woman" was at the door and insisted on seeing him. Curious, he directed that she be admitted, and in a moment Miss Li from the drug warehouse stood by his bedside. She was not her dainty self, however, for she wore a torn leather coat, a grease-stained pair of riding breeches, and scuffed, mud-splashed boots. She had left her easy job and had made the three-day journey, sitting on the outside of Red Cross trucks in the daytime and sleeping under them at night.

"When I asked her what she wanted," says the doctor telling the story, "she handed me a slip of paper and said: 'You have two trucks leaving for the front tomorrow at eight o'clock. Please sign this, because I am going up on one of them.' I protested that she was not fit to go to the front—in fact, not fit to work at all. Her answer was, 'Fit or not fit, Doctor, they need the help up there, and they expect an awful lot of us Christians.' Two weeks later she was dead—the enemy had got her by direct hit."

There are thousands of women like Miss Li, in China and in other parts of this war-torn world, who have been tempered by having passed through fire; and they are not only loyal, steadfast, durable soldiers; they are heroines, every one of them!

Truly, "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

*Lora E. Clement*



Several days later the sun rose bright and clear over the wreckage and ruin. A few miles below Johnstown, where the river became shallow and quiet, a farmer was striding along the bank watching the debris float by. Slowly drifting closer to him was a small, prettily painted wooden cradle from which a woolen blanket was dragging in the dirty water. Thinking the cradle would be just right for his own little boy, he pulled it toward him with a long rake. To his amazement he found it occupied by a tiny, hungry baby boy.

Could this be another Moses? Could little Stephen Lewis have been saved for a definite purpose by God Himself?

Evidently all his relatives were

among the unidentified persons in Grandview Cemetery; and the baby, together with the few records found concerning him, was sent to a children's orphanage in New York State.

During the four years Stephen was there, fire burned the wing of the building containing the records; thus even the few facts known about him were destroyed. Again, possibly, this was the work of God.

Finally he was adopted by kind people who took him to live with them on their large, well-cared-for farm.

At this point in his thoughts, Stephen seemed to come to life and recalled the happy, carefree days of his childhood, as well as his more daring, reckless youth.

There were his months in the West, when he was roving from ranch to ranch, earning enough to live on, and enjoying the healthful outdoor life. But he was not happy, for something was lacking. And so he returned home and settled down somewhat, helping his beloved foster father.

It was during this time that he met Anna at the neighborhood parties which the little community enjoyed. They grew fond of each other and, as the old story goes, were married, and lived happily ever after. They made their home in a small city not far from the farm, and Stephen became an apprentice machinist.

Their lives ran smoothly; yet they felt a need for something they did not possess. One day they found the answer. God had been kind to them in making them very happy. It seemed only fitting that in return they should worship Him. During the months that followed they attended several of the fine churches in the city. These churches, however, did not seem to have the quality which they wished to find. Just at this time they received an invitation to attend an evangelistic service, conducted by an unknown evangelist in a tent just a few blocks from their home. Stephen remembered clearly those impressive, stirring meetings and Anna and his baptism into the Seventh-day Adventist faith. He had been possessed then with a deep desire to give others this message that had so changed his life. The Holy Spirit was at work in his heart.

He had been steadily promoted in the machine shop until he was now a foreman. His wages provided him with a good living. But there was the colporteur work—abruptly his reminiscing stopped. He had reached today. The action was no longer past but present! It was for him to decide how the story would continue. He had chosen the right way, given up his all to follow the Master, started in the work, but what was he to do now? His efforts seemed to be futile, without results.

Slowly he rose and started down the shaded street toward home. He and Anna would pray about it—it must surely work out right, for he had chosen the Lord's way. There must be something special which his Saviour had for him to do, or He would not have led him thus far.

The next day came, a new day with a new promise, a new assurance, and a new start—a real challenge. But it passed just as had all the days of the past two weeks. It was a bitter trial to the little family. Nevertheless, Stephen persevered. As they moved to and from several different towns, they prayed that the few—the very few—copies of "Bible Readings for the Home" which were placed in different homes might bring forth fruit for the heavenly kingdom.

The next year they attended their first camp meeting. (Turn to page 13)



## "I Am a YOUTH"

By ROBERT H. PIERSON

I AM a youth! Swift through these veins of clay  
There surges youth's red blood afire, aflame!  
Ablaze for God! To burn till that glad, better day  
When every tongue shall bless His holy name.

I am a youth! God's work demands my all;  
The best I own is not too much to give.  
I dare not shrink! Man's need commands my all—  
To labor on that sinners lost may live.

I am a youth! Deep in this youthful heart  
There wells a love for Christ, my righteous King.  
I am His own. I dare not dwell apart  
From Him who makes my very soul to sing.

I am a youth! God calls me now to stand  
In all my youthful vigor, zeal, and strength.  
To Him I bring courageous hands, clear mind,  
A will to follow Him to any length.

I am a youth! What glorious privilege mine—  
To live, to toil, in God's triumphant hour!  
I must not fail, nor trust in hopes supine,  
When He would fill this youthful life with power.

I am a youth! God calls me to endure  
While others round about me rock and reel.  
I must be firm—yield not to sin's allure,  
Nor turn youth's ear to worldly gain's appeal.

I am a youth! Stern trials lie in wait.  
But come what may, I now resolve to see it through;  
And though a thousand prisons be my fate,  
This now I promise—by His help **I will be true!**



# Music and Morale

## • Do We Need Music Now?

• By DOROTHY HAMILTON McLATCHY

NOT long ago I sat in a concert hall on the campus of a well-known university in Southern California, listening to an inspiring organ recital, given by a musician from one of the Eastern States. There was a good attendance of music lovers, students, and teachers, and the impressive quiet that reigned throughout the evening witnessed to the fact that this artistically performed program was appreciated by all present.

When the concert began, I was tired, almost disheartened by the terrifying war news we had heard on our radio a few hours before, and just a bit depressed. But this music *did* something for me! I left the hall feeling revived, inspired to live a bit better tomorrow than I had today, and encouraged in the knowledge that beauty and truth will endure forever.

In consequence I began to consider the morale-building power of music. This quieting influence of fine music, carefully interpreted on a worthy instrument, accomplished something in the heart and mind and spirit of every man and woman, every young person, every child, present that evening. It was not only because the program opened with the rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," but also because every number breathed quiet calm or abounding strength. I am sure we all left that auditorium, determined to live nobly, work well and faithfully, and to make our land just a bit better for our contribution to the public good.

Several evenings later I sat in the famous, beautiful Hollywood Bowl, listening to the opening concert of the twenty-first season of "Symphonies Under the Stars." The slogan of the Bowl season just now is, "Music Now More Than Ever on the Home Front!" The inspiration of the evening of beautiful music mightily testified to the appropriateness of that statement. When during the intermission the announcer told us that the concert was being broadcast to our men in the armed forces overseas, a wave of enthusiasm swept through the audience, and we felt that every American present had received a real lift.

In recent months the newspapers



J. C. ALLEN

There Is Nothing Like Music to Help One Keep a Safe and Sane Viewpoint and a Well-Balanced Equilibrium During These Hectic War Days

and magazines of the United States have given attention to this matter of music and morale. I have been clipping articles for my notebook under such headings as "Music Offers Nation Source of Courage in War's Dark Days" and "Forward March With Music!"

In the first article mentioned, by R. D. Darrell (printed in the *Los Angeles Times*), the following observations are made:

"Music is or can be made to be everything to everyone. Today more than ever before we have a deep, consuming need of music for its most potent, constructive functions—music that is not a blind avenue of escape from realities but itself one of the few hopeful realities—a sword of strength and courage, a battle banner of the human spirit. . . .

"It was not by chance that the extraordinary revival of great music on records and in broadcasts first gathered momentum during another period of crisis and uncertainty—the economic depression. People didn't turn then to Bach and Mozart and Beethoven merely to forget the threat to their jobs and homes. They realized—thousands of them for the first time—the necessity of seeking strength of spirit in something deeper and more substantial than the world of dollars and cents. In the works of the giants of music they sought and found a new sense of security and a reanimated courage.

"Threatened with another Dark Age, this of all times is the last in which we should have any doubt about the value of music in our lives. Music is an idle pleasure or a diverting bit of escapist

entertainment only if we make it so. It has a legitimate function even there, . . . but we can put it to better use than that. We can gain from it—Courage!"

Some of the great leaders of our world today have made strong, noteworthy statements concerning music's role in the Fight for Freedom, and these statements appeared in a recent issue of *Etude*. A few of the best ones appear below:

"Amid the clamor of war and in the hours of darkness, it is the proud duty of all Americans and Canadians who love music to encourage that art which speaks to all men in the language of harmony and peace."—*Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, prime minister of Canada.*

"At this time the value of music cannot be overemphasized. It is a unifying force and a vitalizing agent. It speaks directly to our hearts, bringing us consolation in adversity, relief from anxiety, and faith in our ultimate triumph. Today, through the medium of radio broadcasting, the influence of music extends to every corner of the land, heartening soldier, sailor, and civilian alike and steeling us all to meet the strains and stresses of this crisis in our national life."—*Dr. James R. Angell, former president of Yale University, educational director of the National Broadcasting Company.*

"I believe with all my heart in the importance of music as a force for maintaining our national morale, even under conditions of war. A nation that would not march to music, or could not sing, would be lacking a very necessary impetus toward defense. Spiritually, every American needs the inspiration that (*Turn to page 13*)



# FLIGHT

## from Bougainville

By CYRIL PASCOE

### Part One

WITH the exception of occasional news filtered through as a messenger brought a letter from friends who owned wireless sets, we on this island of the Solomon group in the South Seas knew little of happenings in the war zones. Occasionally we heard of natives' having "seen" warships passing; and the drone of an all-too-seldom airplane sent the house staff climbing hurriedly to the roof to see the *baloos* speeding over us bent on some errand.

Once while on patrol, as I was racing along the beach through some crocodile-infested streams with several boys at my heels, we disturbed a party of natives at a water hole, who, discarding their meager clothing, went racing through the bush yelling, "The soldiers are coming!" We all laughed later when we learned that many had spent the evening in abject terror in a disused copra-drying hut.

But the cry was not always, "Wolf, wolf," when there was no wolf, for suddenly events began to take a more serious turn. However, the work of the gospel must go on. And now after a very encouraging year, when fifty-six new believers in the advent message had united with the Bougainville church through baptism, it was necessary to visit the north of the island where the teachers waited at Kobum, our northern station, for my coming to the quarterly meetings and the ordinances of the Lord's house. We had made this fifty miles so often by canoe that we took the water route as a matter of course. A heavy swell made launching the canoes difficult, but as the moment arrived—*Lombeto—Haw Saka ta sah-row*—and the two long canoes slid out into the tumbling green water. Our large canoe was loaded with eighteen people and a large, varied supply of goods for teachers and schools, of medicines and mission materials, besides my food and gear for three weeks' absence from home.

Five miles out, one canoe was not skillfully steered and went on a submarine cruise; but we stood by till it was righted and all was well again. A strong wind, that provided excellent sailing, brought us over seventeen miles of difficult sea in good time; so

we decided to camp for the night on the beach. After worship round the campfire, I fixed my bed in the canoe—it being more difficult for a crocodile to attack me there than if I lay by the fire on the beach—and essayed to sleep. I was wide-awake in a moment, however, as a deluge of rain from a coal-black cloud splashed down, threatening to fill the canoe. There was nothing to do but stay there and shiver or to jump into the sea, which is always warm. Just when we were putting forth every effort to cope with the rain water in the canoe, we were suddenly dazed as a blinding flash of lightning struck a few yards away and left us reeling.

After a few more showers morning broke clear, and we made preparations to proceed. Worship over, we launched out, but had not gone far before a fierce wind broke on us. A few moments later we were driving hard in a howling gale which tore away our jib, and later ripped our mainsail, leaving only our after-canvas. As wave after wave crashed over our windward side, it seemed that we would go overboard. But we battled on, some of us bailing frantically while others erected a barricade to keep at least some of the water out by fitting native mats along the side and holding them in position with the wooden seats. One towering, grayish-green wave rose up, and it seemed as if its cauliflower top would surely be spilled on us; but "They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their dis-

tresses." After an hour we were able to gain the shelter of a reef, where we lay until the storm abated. The boys then put on their diving glasses and went fishing with their spears; it was not long before their labors were rewarded by a plentiful catch of rock cod.

That afternoon we pulled our canoe high on the beach at our mission station, and the boys and girls almost fell over one another to shake hands.

Friday evening, just an hour before sunset, eighteen whose lives had been truly changed were baptized. As the shell for worship sounded, they occupied the front seats in the church and were received into fellowship. The following morning all were present for Sabbath school and the Lord's supper, when those who a few years ago were seeking one another's heads united under the one Head—Christ—to wash one another's feet in expression of humility and brotherly love.

From this place our usual trek over the mountains began, first through the bush, then along the bed of a large river, which we followed until at last we arrived in the heart of the mountains. After this we ascended steeply to a village of considerable population, where we had an appointment for a three-day district meeting.

The new church was dedicated to the service of God while the congregation bowed reverently. What a contrast to our visit two years before when their tongues were louder in argument than in the praise of God! A further baptismal class of men and women was presented to us here by the teachers as the first fruits of their labors. After a thorough examination eighteen were found ready for baptism, whereas twenty-three were placed on a waiting list. Little realizing what would happen in the meantime, I promised to make a half-yearly investigation of those who waited. The accepted candidates were buried in baptism in the

Chief Sikata's House at Lavelae, on Bougainville, Before the War Storm Broke Over the Solomon Islands



NOTE.—How often, as we have read the South Pacific war news, have we wondered how our missionaries were faring! Here is a word picture of how one group met the crisis.



icy waters of a quiet pool just below the point where a stream rushed between two great rocks. These were the big men and women of the island. Most of the Bougainville people are short.

We said good-by to this little company at daybreak one morning as we pressed on to a recently developed community where experiences still were exciting at times. Frequently as the teachers pronounced the command of God, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," the heathen impulse stirred within the unconverted hearts, and hands tightened menacingly on battle-axes. As we opened the medical kit, however, and produced promised injection medicines, the tension lessened.

At a new village we treated the children who were suffering from the ravages of frambesia. Since they refused to leave their mothers' backs for attention, we administered treatment where they were. The cure is painful, but many times less so than the disease. As the result of these visits five other villages right in the heart of the wild country called for teachers.

After some persevering effort we had several hymns translated into the language of these people and presented ourselves at the chief's house. When he heard the "grand old story of salvation" in his own tongue, his black mouth widened into a broad smile and he nodded assent.

Our next meetings were timed for villages about twenty-five miles distant, where, owing to unforeseen circumstances, Salau and Pipiranu, the two boys in charge of those districts, carried on the meetings while I went on four hours' walk farther.

When I arrived there, the teacher came to me and asked, "Master, you savi all i calabushim finish one fella Japan?" (Have you heard that one

Japanese has been imprisoned?) I had not heard, but listened intently, as I knew the implication of the action—Japan must be at war! It naturally meant all women and children must be evacuated.

We hurried through our work, and after a few hours of rest we left for home at four-thirty the next morning. With a favorable breeze pulling six sails, we reached our own beach in less than twelve hours, then hurried the last three miles to home, where we arrived to hear the opening hymn of evening worship, "Give Me the Bible."

Immediately my wife called my attention to an official letter saying that all women were to be ready to leave the Territory at once. There was one exception—female missionaries. Mrs. Pascoe decided to remain, and together we went to Kieta to say good-by to all the other women, who left by small schooner for Rabaul. A terrifying trip awaited them. Several times in crossing that storm-swept channel, the schooner almost foundered; but eventually, after forty-two hours of battling with the elements, they reached Rabaul, from where they were evacuated by a large ship.

Returning home, we immediately set about preparing emergency depots and making arrangements for an extended period of isolation. The steamer came; teachers went on leave; and work proceeded as usual—till word came through that Rabaul had been raided.

In expectation of receiving some teachers on the return steamer and probably meeting Pastor E. M. Abbott, I went out to a small island at the entrance to the harbor, as the ship was due about two in the morning, and I wished to be where I could see it coming. After having erected our camp for the night, we called worship on the shore. While we were singing

our opening hymn, we noticed a very low-set canoe approaching. We at once recognized it as belonging to some mission.

As the final prayer was about to be offered, the canoe beached, and a boy came forward to hand me an official envelope containing the news that fresh orders had come through that my wife must go on the steamer for which we were already waiting. Quickly we gathered our gear and paddled off home, arriving about 1:30 A. M. We hurriedly packed what we could and had it taken to Kieta. When we followed later, it was a sorrowful company who gathered on the beach. As the canoe pushed off, the strains of "God be with you till we meet again" raised lumps in our throats, and we rowed faster to divert our thoughts. We waited and waited till the following evening, when at last the ship came, and went, and I was left to carry on alone.

Already we had had three visits from the enemy, but we paid them little attention, as the bush afforded good protection and much had to be accomplished in case we should be invaded.

As we had been without a schooner for two years, we looked forward to the first of February when at last we were to receive another. Plans were made for it to be used sparingly for routine trips and saved in case any difficulties arose. It was agreed that I should pick up the men from the port and remove them to the south of the island or wherever necessary, as no other small craft was available at the time, with the exception of the Methodist schooner "Bilua," which was notified to stand by.

As customary when I was home, several of the boys and girls came to practice musical numbers for Sabbath or a cantata, "Rolling Seasons," which we had almost completed in all parts. This Thursday night we were learning "Sweet Will of God." As nine o'clock came round, I dismissed all to their respective dormitories. Then Bouvai, the little girl for whom we had cared, came running in, "Master—one fella police boy he stop!" The messenger was right behind her and handed me a communication from the district officer announcing that a military and naval attack had been launched in New Guinea, that communication had already been severed with Buka passage, and that all Europeans were leaving the next afternoon. I was to bring necessities and come, as they were going to endeavor to run the blockade.

Loath to leave, I determined to see how serious things were before making a final decision. Quickly summoning all teachers living near by, we held a meeting and left Tati in charge of the work, which will now be going on as usual, if circumstances and probable persecution do not hinder. Many natives from the surrounding villages had come down to (Turn to page 13)

## Slips That Pass

By CHARLES E. WENIGER

**H**OW do you pronounce the **archangel** of 1 Thessalonians 4:16 and Jude 9?

Don't say the first syllable like **arch**; say it like **ark**. Say **ark'an'gel**. The pronunciation of this important word is an exception to a general rule. When **arch-**, meaning chief, principal, is prefixed to titles and descriptive names, it is pronounced to rhyme with **march**; for example, **archbishop**, **archduke**, etc. But **archangel** is an exception. Pronounce the **ch** like **k**; don't imitate the puffing **ch-**, **ch-**, **ch-** of the steam engine.

Likewise sound **k**, not **ch**, in **archipelago**, **architect**, **archives**; begin **chameleon**, **chasm**, and **chiroprapist** with a **k** sound; say **lichen** as if it were spelled **likens**; and avoid the **machinations** (**k**, not like **machine**) of the evil one.

**K, k, k!** Read 1 Thessalonians 4:16 aloud and clinch the pronunciation of **archangel**.





## HEROES OF SCIENCE

By HELEN E. SPICER

### *Anton van Leeuwenhoek*

**F**OR three centuries science had gone soft-footed and spoken in frightened whispers. The voices of those who had dared to speak aloud had been lost in the roar of a funeral pyre."

During the Dark Ages disease had stalked the world, unconquered by man—a silent, invisible foe, exacting its grim toll of life, health, and happiness. Men knew that at times the air they breathed took on a deadly taint; that some unknown danger lurked in the water they drank; that the clothes and houses of those who were plague stricken held death for those who dared to venture near; but no one knew from whence this evil came.

But the Dark Ages gave way at last to a stirring of new intellectual vigor. People began to think again in spite of rulers and church fathers. The new activity gathered momentum until the most powerful potentate was unable to crush the growing spirit of adventure and the desire for knowledge.

It was about this time that England formed its Royal Society, Germany organized an academy of science, and in other countries societies for learning and research sprang up. They still

had to walk with care, for persecution was the penalty of attempting to educate the masses. The head of the Royal Society of London was placed in the Tower when those in authority found that he was corresponding with foreigners concerning scientific discoveries which they had made.

Early in this awakening seventeenth century, in the town of Delft, Holland, Anton van Leeuwenhoek was born. He was destined to play a large part in the advance of science and to become one of the world's greatest benefactors; for he was the first to study the unseen world through the microscope. He had an inventive turn of mind and with dogged determination stuck to his task until he attained his goal, which was to be the best lens maker in all Holland—yes, in all the world at that time.

Anton did not care much for schooling. His mother sent him away to school; but since it held no attraction for him, he became an apprentice in a dry-goods store and after five years returned home to set up his own establishment. For twenty years no one heard anything unusual about this young man.

During these twenty years he had developed a hobby which kept him busy night and day. He was never idle, and as he became interested in the making of lenses, he determined to make better ones than had ever before been made. He nosed around in shops where they were working with copper and silver and learned how to shape these materials so that he would be able to mount his lenses. He did not tell anyone what he was doing, but day after day kept grinding away on his pieces of glass. Now, grinding a tiny piece of glass for hours, days, and even months until it is just right is no simple undertaking; it requires endless patience. When the lenses were ready, Anton mounted them between copper and silver frames which he had had to bend and shape with poor instruments over hot fires. He toiled unceasingly until he had over two hundred of these tiny slivers of glass in his cupboards. His little instruments did not magnify much more than the simple magnifying glasses of today, which increase the size of objects about one hundred and fifty times; but they were sufficient to show living things which were not visible to the naked eye.

Impossible, thought Leeuwenhoek, that those little particles moving around in my glass tube can be real! He rubbed his eyes again to make sure that he wasn't dreaming. No, he was awake. "It's true, it's true!" he exclaimed and called his daughter to see. He was so engrossed in his discoveries that now he had little time for the store, for he must look at everything through his little window. He stuck a bee on the end of the needle and saw the marvelous markings on the wings. He found tiny "beasties" moving about in his food and in the water he drank; and there were even tiny wigglers in the scrapings from around his teeth and gums. He was fascinated by this unseen world.

Today if you should wish to see the wonders found in a drop of water from your fishpond or aquarium, you would sit in a comfortable chair and look through a magnifying lens or microscope with ease, but not poor Leeuwenhoek. He had to spend days grinding the lens and mounting it. Then on one side of this metal frame holding the lens he had a small, sharp point extending up level with the lens. On this spike he had to place his specimens and then bend and squint and turn in order to see his little "beasties." But these difficulties did not stop him; he possessed endless patience and perseverance.

Men in his day claimed that life could spring spontaneously from nothing. Some said that mice could be produced right out of the mud along the riverbank. Were they not there in abundance? What further proof was needed? Place an old rag and some corn in a bottle and soon mice would come out of the bottle, said others. This was proof enough; why waste



time in trying to discover anything else? But Leeuwenhoek was not convinced; he was determined to find out how these tiny creatures originated.

Neighbors came in to see this peculiar man and went out shaking their heads. But his daughter Maria was loyal, insisting that her poor dear father was not entirely crazy. She whispered to some that if they would not disturb him too much, they might be allowed to squint through his wonder lens; and then they too began to talk about the unseen world that Leeuwenhoek had found.

After years of peering, sweating, and toiling, Leeuwenhoek wrote to the Royal Society of London, describing these animals he had seen and enclosing crude drawings which he had made. These were startlingly new ideas. Many treated the letters with scorn and said it couldn't be possible; the man must be crazy. A few, however, were interested enough to write him and ask more questions, begging him to let them come and learn to make lenses and look at his wonder exhibits. This did not suit Anton, however; he did not want to be bothered with them, and besides he was very jealous of his lenses. During his lifetime no one was ever allowed to look through his best microscope, for he saved that for himself alone.

After years of writing to the Royal Society he was finally made a fellow of that same learned organization which had scoffed at his ignorance and crazy ideas. Some said it was an outrage to allow this ignorant man to teach them, for he could not even write his findings in Latin! It was true he was not versed in the scientific language of the day, but he had perseverance and an insatiable curiosity. He continued to send his discoveries in writing to the Royal Society until he died at the age of ninety-one. He would never write about any of his discoveries until he had studied long enough so that he was sure his descriptions were correct. He was able to learn more about the circulation of the blood than Harvey had discovered, for with his lens he was able to fill in the smaller details which were hidden from Harvey. He extended M. Malpighi's demonstration of the blood capillaries in 1668, and six years later gave the first accurate description of the red blood corpuscles. He discovered the structure of plant and animal cells and many other facts bearing on physiology and histology. He was also the first to give descriptions of bacteria.

Leeuwenhoek had a profound belief in God. With every discovery he maintained that God had ordained it so, for He was the Creator of all living creatures. The great of all nations came to his humble home, begging for just one look through his wonder lenses; but this publicity did not turn his head. He felt humility and awe at having found the wonders of God's

creation, which until his time had been hidden from human eyes.

Leeuwenhoek died, never dreaming that the "wretched beasties" of his unseen world were related to diseases of mankind. It was over one hundred years after his death that many of these same bacteria which he had seen were indicted and convicted as the cause of death and misery of thousands, yes, millions of people.

As late as the year 1843, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote that he suspected that the fevers of the surgical and maternity wards were carried by the hands of the doctors from one person to another. Criticisms were heaped upon him for his writings. Five years later a physician in Vienna went a step further and required his

students to wash their hands in soap and water and chlorine after attending certain infectious cases, in order, he said, to kill the suspected "poison" of infection. This aroused such a protest that the doctor was dismissed from the hospital even after they found that the new procedure was reducing the death rate.

But the world was to wait twenty years longer for proof that bacteria are the real cause of disease. Louis Pasteur was able to prove conclusively that bacteria are the foes of mankind. This fact gave humanity its first fighting chance against disease. Sir William Osler, in writing of Pasteur, said: "Before Pasteur was Egyptian darkness, and with his advent a light that brightens more and (Turn to page 10)

## Have You Read This?

### "Dogs Against Darkness"

A BOOK CHAT by HELEN FRANCES SMITH



FIRST of all, by way of introduction—I have for books a warm and abiding affection. I love to talk about them when anyone will listen and to listen when anyone will talk about them. In spite of all the clever rhymes and pat epigrams about the evils of lending books and the uncertainty of their return, I am unalterably of the opinion that books are made to be lent and borrowed and *shared*.

So let's fill this corner with talk of books—new books and old books, serious books and amusing books, but above all, *good* books—books which contribute something of enduring value to our lives. Some of them, at least, I hope you will find as enjoyable as I have.

But to get back where we started, have you read "Dogs Against Darkness"? If not, you will want to regardless of your age, sex, or particular preferences in reading, for it is the fascinating and inspiring story of the Seeing Eye dogs which are today bringing new hope and freedom to hundreds whose blindness would otherwise be an almost intolerable burden.

It seems unlikely that there is anyone who has not read or heard something of this unique organization—enough to arouse his curiosity. Dickson Hartwell has set out to satisfy that

curiosity and has done so most delightfully and satisfyingly.

The Seeing Eye has grown out of the vision and humanity and tireless efforts of a woman, Dorothy Harrison Eustis; out of the clear business judgment and humanitarian instincts of Willi Ebeling; out of Jack Humphrey's patience and knowledge and marvelous skill with animals; out of Frank Morris's rebellion against the uselessness and futility to which blindness so frequently dooms its victims. These four are largely responsible for the institution which is today releasing ever-increasing numbers from the bonds of darkness, the warping effects of dependence and charity.

The experiment began at Fortunate Fields in Switzerland, where Mrs. Eustis had trained German shepherd dogs for military communications, police patrol, and prison guard duty. Then, hearing of the successful attempts to train guide dogs for blind veterans of the war in Germany, she set herself to achieve a seemingly impossible dream. First of all, there must be dogs—dogs with remarkable qualifications. The almost unbelievably intelligent dogs provided today by the Seeing Eye to its blind students—you cannot read of their accomplishments or look at the many photographs of these beautiful dogs without being convinced of their keenness—are the product of years of careful breeding, not for beauty primarily, but for alertness, intelligence, good temper, willingness, and a long list of traits which are demanded of an acceptable guide dog.

The book has (Turn to page 12)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



# Advent Youth in Action

## Michigan Reports

THE Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Michigan Conference, D. W. Hunter, sends this word of their recent Medical Cadet activities on the Grand Ledge campground. "Ninety-seven men enrolled, representing not only Michigan but also Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and one from Alabama. They were an energetic and studious group, and we really had a very interesting time together.

"R. R. Bietz, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Lake Union, acted as our corps commander. We had with us Charles Mellor, F. Brock Wells, and M. J. Perepelitza of our working staff as line officers. Several of our other men who have the particular qualifications to teach certain subjects, came in for lectures. I tried to look after the finances, housing, feeding, the giving and grading of examinations, and the keeping of records. I assure you that we were all more than busy. I never knew that these boys could hold so much food as they actually did.

"At our graduation exercises, November 15, Major Lewis Williams, of Fort Custer Reception Center, was the speaker. He gave the men practical and helpful suggestions regarding conduct and attitudes, should they ever be called into the Army. All the boys seemed to appreciate the course of training. This makes just over a thousand of our men who have been trained in the State of Michigan in the past two years. This is the third such group that has been graduated since the first of the year.

"Our local posts of Cadet Reserves keep together for review work and civilian-defense activities. In nearly every larger city in the southern part of the State our Medical Cadets are highly appreciated by the civilian-defense officers and are used in training medical groups for defense work. The State director of civilian defense, Colonel Furlong, is a great booster of ours and of this type of work. The

Detroit post has more than seventy Red Cross first-aid instructors, all of whom are kept busy.

"The rest of our Missionary Volunteer work is advancing, and we are having a good time promoting not only the regular features of the department, but also the temperance work. With the hearty co-operation of Elder Brown, our home missionary secretary, Michigan has already used more than 150,000 copies of the Temperance Special of the *Signs of the Times*. New temperance teams are being formed all over the State."

### "A Penny Saved Is—"

Mary Gleason, a freshman at Emmanuel Missionary College this year, has given a practical demonstration of the truth of this ancient adage. At the time of registration she presented her entire entrance deposit in pennies—5,200 of them in a gallon jug. Four persons in the business office spent forty-five minutes counting the thirty-seven pounds of carefully saved coins. During the time it took to save them Mary often went without small articles because she did not have the change in silver, though the price in pennies was in her purse. Instead, they joined the collection in the milk bottle, until it became too small and the gallon jug replaced it. When asked whether she was ever tempted to spend them, she shook her head firmly, then added with a smile, "You see, I wanted to come."

### A Patriotic Program

As a fitting climax to a week of lectures on denominational principles with regard to the present war emergency, a stirring patriotic program was presented in the chapel of Emmanuel Missionary College several weeks ago. The admittance fee for both students and those who attended from the community was either the presentation or purchase of a defense stamp at the main entrance. The sale of stamps alone amounted to \$84.

Students of Chinese in Walla Walla College Are Preparing for Work in the Orient, When Doors Now Closed to Missionaries Shall Be Opened

## College Bands Are at Work

The Missionary Volunteer Society at E. M. C. has organized seven student bands: Foreign Missions, Literature and Correspondence, Master Comrade and Youth Leadership, Sunshine, Jail, Infirmary, and Temperance. The last-named band—that interested in promoting an educational program on the harmful effects of alcoholic drinks and tobacco—has already started its public appearance as a Flying Squadron group, the first one being in the Berrien Springs Methodist church.

## Vesper Hour

The Sabbath comes to a close on Emmanuel Missionary College campus with a vesper organ service. In the richly spiritual beauty of these brief weekly interludes, students and teachers find release from the hurry and strain of college life and the anxieties of a distraught, wartime world. Under the uplifting influence of Professor H. B. Hannum's organ music from the masters, skillfully chosen and performed, hearts find hope and assurance, and meditative listeners draw new supplies of strength and courage to meet the stress of the days ahead.

Between organ selections Mrs. Hannum reads poetry keyed to the serenity of the hour. The service closes as Professor H. M. Tippet reads briefly from the word of God, and his prayer of benediction falls upon the hushed chapel while the organ's chimes, picked up by a microphone and borne out over the campus and beyond, signal the end of the Sabbath day.

For those fortunate enough to share its inspiration, the quiet beatitude of this vesper hour is a rare and unforgettable experience.

## Flashes From Illinois

Rollin A. Nesmith, Missionary Volunteer secretary for this field, says that the La Grange society is having some very fine contacts with its literature and correspondence bands.

Evangelists F. W. Avery and J. A.





Dewald are making use of the Juniors in their tabernacle effort at Moline.

Ottawa is looking forward to an M. V. rally for that district.

The West Central society (Chicago) is co-operating in a fine way with Pastor John Osborn's Masonic Temple effort.

Attendance at the South Side (Chicago) M. V. Society has increased this past month. The girls' club of the society gave "The Challenge of the Cross" as their Christmas program.

Illinois Missionary Volunteers should be proud of this tribute paid them by their earnest conference leader:

"I—llinois's one thousand volunteers  
L—ove the truth regardless of the years.

L—iving a noble Christian life  
I—n all their many battles and strife,  
N—ever will they compromise,  
O—nly be faithful and true and wise.  
I—llinois youth rally to the call;  
S—erving the Lord Jesus, they will never fall.

"M—issionaries Illinois youth will be  
I—n the home and across the sea;  
S—alvation to other youth we'll bring,  
S—ouls redeemed through eternity to sing.

I—am but one, but gladly I come,  
O—ne to whom the Saviour will say,  
"Well done."

N—othing from Him will I ever keep.  
A—lways His way I'll earnestly seek.  
R—ound the great white throne—  
wonderful to stand,

Y—outh of Illinois in one grand band!

"V—oicing forever the lovely and true,  
O—n all occasions proving true blue,  
L—oving the Lord Jesus day by day,  
U—nited with Him, we shall never stray.

N—ow is the time for M. V.'s to work;

T—ime is late and we must not shirk.  
E—ternity alone will reveal the worth,  
E—ven now we'll have joy on earth.  
R—ise! Illinois Volunteers!

S—hine on and on through the years!"

#### Medical Cadettes

Graduation exercises for seventy-five young women of the Washington, D. C., area who had finished the prescribed course of study and drill, were held several weeks ago in the chapel of Columbia Hall, Washington Missionary College. The program was carried out in strict military style, and Colonel Lemuel Bolles, in charge of civilian defense for the area, was the guest speaker. This well-trained group of cadettes now becomes a reserve corps unit, ready to do their part for God and country at any time, and in any place.

#### Remember the Seventh Day

One of the Broadview Academy boys who has been in service for some months, sends this caution back to his pals: "If the men get into the Medical Corps, they will have no trouble in getting Sabbaths off, provided they act as gentlemen when making the request. If they are as human as I am, their main trouble will be in controlling their worldly ambition—in putting first things first, namely, God's Sabbath, before some good job that they would like to have and could have by breaking the Sabbath. The tendency is to think that it is all contributing to the care of the sick, etc., and that is what they will be told. I was. But they will have to use their conscience—not their head, but their conscience—to tell them where to draw the line. Mine doesn't let me go very far to draw it—others might go farther—but mine is for which I have to answer."

And another says: "I had always looked forward to being graduated from Broadview, but the Lord had different

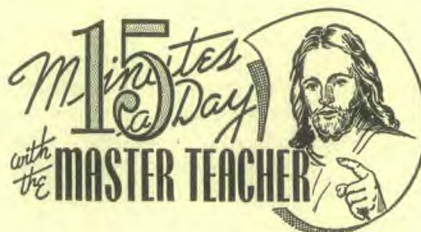
plans for me. I realize now how much a Christian education is worth. There is just no other place for Seventh-day Adventist youth, especially in these trying times. Naturally, we don't realize it until we have left and have to associate with the world. I am very grateful for the Christian education that I have received."

#### Chinese May Be Difficult—

But sixteen young men and women in Walla Walla College are attacking it and making good progress in reading, writing, and speaking, according to their instructor, Pastor Sidney Lindt. When the doors of this great land swing open again, these missionaries-to-be expect to be prepared to enter active work at once without spending long months in language study after they reach their chosen field.

#### It Was Different

A recent investiture held at Norfolk, Virginia, was outstanding in several points. It was held in the newly reno-



#### "Education," Pages 225-245

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#### THINK ON THESE THINGS

"True education does not ignore the value of scientific knowledge or literary acquirements; but above information it values power; above power, goodness; above intellectual acquirements, character.

"The world does not so much need men of great intellect as of noble character. It needs men in whom ability is controlled by steadfast principle."—"Education," p. 225.

"It is not by arbitrary law or rule that the graces of character are developed. It is by dwelling in the atmosphere of the pure, the noble, the true.

"And wherever there is purity of heart and nobleness of character, it will be revealed in purity and nobleness of action and of speech."—*Id.*, p. 237.

"The value of courtesy is too little appreciated. Many who are kind at heart lack kindness of manner. Many who command respect by their sincerity and uprightness are sadly deficient in geniality. This lack mars their own happiness, and detracts from their service to others.

"Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourteous."—*Id.*, p. 240.

"The essence of true politeness is consideration for others. The essential, enduring education is that which broadens the sympathies and encourages universal kindness."—*Id.*, p. 241.

vated church building, and there was a large crowd present to see the fifteen candidates receive their insignia. The program included a musical reading of the shepherd psalm, a nature sermonette on moths and butterflies, a ten-commandment quiz between mother and son, a talk on trees, with an exhibition of leaves, the recitation of Bible memory work, songs by the church school children, a recountal of personal benefits from Progressive Class activities, and a talk on directions of the compass. The climax of the evening was a candlelight consecration service, in which the church pastor and the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, J. Ernest Edwards, participated.

#### A New Bible Year Plan

This year the Missionary Volunteers in the Columbia Union, both Seniors and Juniors, are being inspired to follow the Bible Year in a different-from-usual way. Instead of reading the entire Bible through, they are reading the New Testament in connection with the book, "The Desire of Ages." This gives them a timely commentary for their current reading.

#### Crusading for Christ

Some weeks ago an assembly of the Associated Missionary Volunteer Societies of the Washington area was held in Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., at which time the organization of a Youth-for-Youth Crusade for prayer and service was begun. A unit of this crusade is organized in every church, and the young people are active in doing all they can to bring about the deep heart conversion of many of our own Seventh-day Adventist young people who do not really know Jesus as their personal Saviour from sin, and to win others to a recognition of the binding claims of God's law and the truths of the third angel's message. Right loyally they are answering the challenge of this "Call to Crusaders!"

"The world is looking for strong, honest youth  
Who stand in the light of today  
With vision that looks above and beyond  
The briers that border their way,  
With prospective hearts to rise up and live—  
Great souls, with reflections of light  
To lead their friends upward and on to the end,  
And out of the world's darkest night."

#### Heroes of Science

(Continued from page 8)

more as the years give us ever fuller knowledge."

Now in quick succession came new discoveries and additional light. Methods of disinfection, sterilization, and vaccination were discovered which have made the world immune from many of the devastating scourges of past centuries.

Thousands of "microbe hunters" all over the world, who have taken up the banner of Leeuwenhoek, Pasteur, Koch, and Jenner, are spending their lives searching for new germs and the causes of other diseases, and are establishing methods of conquering them. Night and day this army of searchers bends to the task, often sacrificing health and even life in order to free the world from pestilence and disease.





## The Vesper Hour

By BARBARA SMITH



IT was worship hour in the Smith home. The family, six in all, were sitting about the open fireplace. The cat drowsed contentedly on the hearth. Grandma sat idly rocking in her old worn chair; her hands, calloused with the toil of many hard years, lay in her lap. Now she was just like one of the family. Several years before, when she had first come to live in this home, right after the mother had died, she thought that maybe she would not be welcomed by the four active grandchildren of whom she was to take charge. She soon found, however, that her fears were groundless.

Daddy was looking through his Bible for a fitting chapter to read, when Dolly, who had been playing listlessly on the piano, stopped abruptly and addressed her grandmother.

"Grandma, won't you and Daddy tell us what you remember about Ellen G. White this evening instead of regular Bible reading for worship?"

"Well, childie," smiled grandmother, "you've heard many times all that I can tell. But I like to hear your father tell about his acquaintance with her, and if he will tell what he can remember, I will repeat my story."

"Please do, Daddy. You know we all enjoy it." This plea was from daddy's youngest, Beth.

"Go ahead, Mother," laughed daddy. "Ladies first. That will give me time to collect my thoughts."

"Well, all right," agreed grandmother. "Years ago when the second advent movement was just being started, Ellen G. White came to Richmond, Vermont, to attend camp meeting. Although Aunt Net and I were only thirteen years old at the time, we felt that we were fortunate to be assigned the duty of taking care of her tent.

"The very fact that Mrs. White was at the camp meeting was sufficient to draw large crowds from many parts of the State. You see, she was known to people of other religious faiths as well because of her remarkable visions. So many people came to see and hear her that the roads leading to the camp were lined for a mile with horses and buggies.

"Camp meetings in those days were much different from those which we have today. Now we have family tents for all who come and a large tent for general meetings. When I was a girl, all they had was a platform in a grove

of trees, with no tent to cover the audience. They had to use umbrellas to protect themselves during a rain or as shade from the hot sun. There were very few family tents, too. Most campers brought their own tents with them in their lumber wagons, or transformed their wagons into prairie schooners and slept in them and cooked and ate in the open.

"It used to amuse Aunt Net and me when Mrs. White and her husband, James White, got us mixed. We were such identical twins they could not tell us apart.

"In Bordoville, Vermont, your great-grandmother, Mary Smith, saw Mrs. White in some of her first visions. If your great-grandmother were living today, she could tell you many interesting things about these experiences. One thing that I can recall particularly is that once when Mrs. White was in a vision, my mother took a mirror and put it up to her face to see whether there was any breath in her body. Not a bit of vapor showed on the mirror, a fact which was conclusive proof to her that Mrs. White was under God's control.

"Mrs. White was the chief speaker at almost every meeting of the day. It was her habit to arise early even though she retired comparatively late each night. Sister and I did everything in our power to make her comfortable, because we readily recognized her physical weakness when we looked at her frail body and thin, lined face. When we parted from this servant of the Lord at the close of camp meeting, we carried with us a deep impression of her sympathy, patience, and courage.

"Just retelling these experiences always seems to draw me closer to God and to His word. As I look back over the years and see how her inspired messages have guided this remnant church, there is not one doubt in my mind that she was a chosen messenger of the Lord.

"Now, Donald, you tell your story."

And with this grandma finished her part of the worship hour.

"When I was a little boy about seven or eight years old," daddy continued, "I was going to school in Battle Creek, Michigan. Mrs. White used to visit us as often as she could. She delighted to hear the children praising God by singing the old hymns of Zion. It seems that she liked to hear me sing alone. Her favorite was 'The Old Rugged Cross.' She would always ask my teacher, Miss Reynolds, if I might sing for her when she came to visit us. This privilege was denied me only once. I think it must have been a very impressive song even though I was but a child.

"The day I was denied the privilege of singing for our guest was a very disappointing one for all concerned. To begin with, my friend Ronnie and I had brought some candy to school with us. The teacher saw it and asked us to put it away. This was done, but only for a little while. It was too great a temptation for two little boys. Soon out came the candy. Miss Reynolds decided that in order to teach us a lesson in obedience, she would have to discipline us. You see, she believed in the old adage, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' consequently she did not intend to spoil us. We received the ruler on our hands, and then she put a screen around a desk at one corner of the room for me, and one at the opposite corner for Ronnie. However, we discovered that by looking around our enclosure we could make the other students laugh. In the midst of our foolishness, there was a knock at the door. Of course, all of us were eager to know who was there. To my great shame and remorse, it was Ellen White. She looked around for several minutes; then she asked, 'Why are those screens set up?' About the same time she noticed that Donald and Ronald were absent. She was surprised and grieved to learn that we were behind those screens. How ashamed we were!

"When it was time to sing, another boy was asked to take my place. This hurt me very much, but I am afraid my pride was hurt more than my conscience. That was the longest afternoon I ever spent in school; I thought it would never end.

"After the last bell sounded, Mrs. White came over to my enclosure and talked with me. She asked me whether I was sorry for what I had done. 'Yes,' I answered, but my voice was rather weak. She also asked me whether I thought Jesus would have done such a thing. By this time my courage was back, so I firmly answered, 'No.' She talked to me a little while longer and then said that we would pray together. A more earnest prayer in behalf of a sinful boy was never offered. I shall always remember the simple words she uttered so I would be sure to understand and be truly sorry for my wrongdoing, not for my hurt pride.

"Even now I can hear the words of the



hymn we sang after she had prayed—"My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands—" What do you say, Dolly, shall we sing it to close worship?"

Soberly and earnestly the little family joined in the singing of the hymn that meant so much to their father. Afterward they all knelt while daddy prayed fervently that his little ones might early learn the meaning of real sorrow for sin.

## Helpful Friendships

BY IVA SUMNER FURNIVAL

THERE are many words in our English language which bring varied images to the mind. One such word is "friendship." If I were to ask you to close your eyes and concentrate for a few minutes on that word, your mind pictures and concepts would range all the way from God, the Friend of friends, to those whom you may call friends because you meet them occasionally in some social group. It would be hard to improve upon Webster's terse definition, "Mutual regard cherished by kindred minds." Abraham passed through the supreme test of faith, and it was said of him, "Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness; and He was called the friend of God."

The Bible affords us some examples of beautiful friendships, such as that of David and Jonathan. Of Jonathan, Ellen G. White writes: "The name of Jonathan is treasured in heaven, and it stands on earth a witness to the existence and the power of unselfish love."

Ruth and Naomi furnish an example of enduring friendship between two women, one old, the other young, and related only by marriage. Paul and Timothy were fellow laborers and friends as well.

Of all His earthly friends, probably none afforded Jesus more comfort than Mary and Martha and Lazarus. When He heard of the death of Lazarus, He said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." And "Jesus wept."

There are examples also in Scriptural record of other friendships not so profitable. Job complained bitterly when, because of his affliction, his familiar friends forgot him.

Samson was deceived and delivered into the hands of his enemies by one who should have been his most loyal friend. Had Samson chosen for his associates those of kindred mind, his might have been a very different story. Educators and those interested in the welfare of young men and women generally, willingly concede that the greatest happiness follows the choice of companions among those of one's own faith. Happiness is not our only goal, but it lies directly in the path of right doing.

World conditions necessitating the destruction of the world by flood followed the friendship of the sons of God with the daughters of men.

All true friendship is inseparably intertwined with love—another word with a variety of applications as wide as the ocean and, properly appreciated, reaching to the very gates of heaven.

In Proverbs 17:17 we find the Bible definition for a friend: one who "loveth at all times."

Beautiful structures do not grow without careful planning from the foundation up. No man of judgment would build a cathedral without first consulting a master mind. Any intelligent man can pitch a tent or build a shed that will suffice for the passing day or week. There are few of this world's treasures that we can



## Language Study

BY NORA M. BUCKMAN

NEARLY every high school in America offers courses in at least one foreign language, but invariably the students sputter and fume over the seeming senselessness of conjugating verbs and the impossibility of twisting their tongues properly to get the required accent. "What's the use of Latin, Spanish, and French?" they say. "We'll never use them." Instead of digging in and really learning the language well, therefore, they skim through and learn only enough to pass an examination.

It is surprising how many times you could use a knowledge of a foreign language if you had it. Once when working temporarily in the treasury department of a publishing house, I was able to translate a French financial statement for the head of the department. He was pleased, and the little task gave me a great deal of satisfaction.



The study of ancient languages is also richly rewarding. Think what a wonderful thing it is to be able to read the Bible in the original Greek and Hebrew and get the exact meaning the writers intended to convey.

In order to reach the people and be able to translate our English books and periodicals into the native tongues, missionaries must learn the prevailing speech of the lands in which they work. Of those who because of war have returned to the homeland, many have been in great demand by the Government because of their knowledge of foreign languages.

Today our Theological Seminary has twenty young people who are studying Arabic preparatory to going as missionaries to countries in which that language is used. The study of languages is really important and can be exceedingly fascinating if you desire to make it so. The literature and history of another country is always more interesting when seen through the eye of a native.

Since we as Seventh-day Adventist young people hold as our aim, "The advent message to all the world in this generation," we should put forth every effort to become good linguists so that our usefulness may be increased. Once you have seen the light that comes into a person's eyes when he hears his native tongue away from home, you will be repaid for having learned his language.

hope to carry with us to our heavenly home. Friendships are among these few things. Shall we not consult the Master mind when forming alliances that should endure through this life and on into eternity?

After arriving at the proper age for forming permanent attachments, shall we not proceed with caution, laying each foundation stone with thoughtful precision, taking care that nothing cheap or shoddy be built into the structure? Having formed such proper affiliations, how shall we best cherish and cultivate them? In the garden of love and friendship, there is no weed so deadly as the weed of selfishness or self-seeking. "Love seeketh not its own." Let us ask ourselves, "How much can I give to this friendship?" never, "How much am I going to get out of it?" He who gives the most in return receives the most. Real love does not count the cost of sacrifices made.

Emerson has given us a connecting link between courtesy and unselfishness. "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices." There is always a tendency to relax our vigilance in the practice of courtesy when we are with familiar friends, but these very acts of deference and respect are to friendship what sunshine is to flowers.

When we see an elderly couple who still enjoy a happy, contented companionship together, we may be quite sure that love has been kept ever fresh by the cultivation of life's little courtesies.

As we value our own friendships, so let us regard the friendships of others. May we shun even the appearance of criticism and talebearing. Job says, "A whisperer separateth chief friends," and again, "He that covereth a transgression seeketh love; but he that repeateth a matter separateth very friends."

In choosing our associates, we will be wise if we look for Christian character and a disposition that bids well to grow sweeter as the years go by.

Not least of all the privileges of a friend is that of spiritual help and guidance. We quote again from Ellen G. White, "There are souls perplexed with doubt, burdened with infirmities, weak in faith, and . . . unable to grasp the Unseen; but a friend whom they can see, coming to them in Christ's stead, can be a connecting link to fasten their trembling faith upon Christ."

Poor indeed is that man or woman who is without friends, but if we follow the advice of the wise man, Solomon, we need never be thus deserted. "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."

## "Dogs Against Darkness"

(Continued from page 8)

much to say of Morris Frank, who traveled alone from Nashville, Tennessee, to Switzerland to acquire in Buddy, first of the Seeing Eye dogs, a new pair of eyes and a devoted companion; much to recount of the growth of the organization and its final establishment near Morristown, New Jersey. It explains the methods used to train the dogs and their blind owners and describes—but I must leave the rest for you to discover for yourself, with the hope that you will find as much enjoyment and inspiration as I have in this very readable story. (1942, price, \$3.)

It seems particularly appropriate to include in this first book chat a brief introduction to "I Love Books," by J. D. Snider, manager of the Review and Herald Book Department, by way of preface to the other books we shall read together during the coming year. (As you have doubtless noticed, this is one of the



Senior Reading Course books for 1943.)

The author, for whom books are both a vocation and an avocation, brings to his task a background of years of intimate and loving association with the best of the world's literature. He has gathered here the choicest thoughts and richest epigrams encountered during countless hours spent with the great minds of all time.

If you can read Mr. Snider's book without a whetting of your appetite for good reading, you are singularly impervious to its persuasive description of the joys to be found within the covers of a book. Its very chapter headings reflect the contagious enthusiasm which permeates every page—"The Magic Key," "Books Alive," "Any Time Is Reading Time."

By the time you have read the book's four divisions—"Why We Should Read," "What We Should Read," "How We Should Read," and "When We Should Read"—you will find yourself checking Mr. Snider's carefully winnowed but comprehensive book lists at the end and, with quite possibly a secret feeling of dismay at your low score, making a definite resolution to widen your horizons by becoming acquainted with more and better books. (1942, price, \$2.50.)

## According to His Purpose

(Continued from page 3)

Stephen was present at the daily colporteur meetings, listening with interest to the lively experiences and helpful instruction.

One morning a surprise came. The field secretary arose and told the audience that he had an unusual experience to relate. Very briefly he told the interesting story of the Henshaw family. Stephen listened a little more closely, for he remembered selling a book to a Mr. Henshaw back in Gardenville; then he settled back in his chair, thinking, But there are many Henshaws in the world.

The secretary told how this family had purchased and studied a book containing the three angels' messages. They had lost the name and address of the young man from whom they had bought the book. "But," said he, "they declare they will never forget that earnest young face." They had been convinced of the truth and a few months later were full-fledged Seventh-day Adventists, taking part in the Ingathering campaign.

"And now I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Henshaw to you," he said.

As the man rose to his feet, Stephen looked twice to be sure he was seeing correctly. It was the Mr. Henshaw he knew! Could it be possible that he—!

After the meeting had closed, he was in such a hurry to go to the tent and tell Anna what had happened that he did not wait to introduce himself to Mr. Henshaw. The secretary had said that the whole family had accepted the truth of the third angel's message and that they were to be baptized at this very camp meeting!

Stephen flung back the tent flap and called, "Anna, Anna, where are you? I have wonderful news!"

To the thrilled young man the colporteur work no longer seemed futile. He was happy to be a part of such a movement, and what a special part he had had!

Through the long years that he has faithfully continued in the literature ministry, many such experiences have come to him. Surely the crown of life which he will receive from the hand of the Master, whom He has so loyally served, will be heavy and bright with stars.

# The GUIDEBOOK



**Every human being is a sinner.**

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3:23.

**God's law measures sin in the life.**

"By the law is the knowledge of sin." Rom. 3:20.

**Repentance is sorrow for sin.**

"I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin." Ps. 38:18.

**God calls all of us to repentance.**

"The Lord . . . is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 Peter 3:9. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Luke 5:32.

**Repentance for sin is essential to salvation.**

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." 2 Cor. 7:10.

**The Holy Spirit awakens us to our sinful condition.**

"When He [the Comforter] is come, He will reprove [margin, "convince"] the world of sin." John 16:8.

**Confession follows repentance.**

"I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Ps. 32:5.

**True repentance for and confession of sin mean a decided change in the life.**

"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well." Isa. 1:16, 17.

**Confession is an obligation due not only to God but to our fellow men.**

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another." James 5:16.

**Confession of sin ensures forgiveness of sin.**

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

He firmly believes that his life was saved for a special part in God's work. By God's grace he will fulfill that part.

## Music and Morale

(Continued from page 4)

music brings."—Mary Louise Curtis Bok, noted musical philanthropist.

"In times of trouble humanity has always turned to the things of the spirit, the intangibles, for solace. Since ancient times music has provided that spiritual stimulation which has enabled mankind to carry forward in periods of stress. At the moment we are facing dark days, and in these days the morale of our people and the spirit of determination will benefit through contact with great music."

—Dr. Thomas S. Gates, president of the University of Pennsylvania.

"The place of music in steadying national morale in time of crisis is pivotal and powerful. There is something unific in the mass singing of the great old hymns, patriotic songs, and anthems. Home, church, school, and state should be aware of the importance of music to inspire and unify in these days of tension."—Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, eminent clergyman and columnist.

"Now that our country is at war, the importance of pure music and all the fine arts is much greater than ever. Music is the voice of civilization, and we must not lose interest in the very things we are fighting to preserve. Instead of neglecting or slighting pure music, we should cultivate it more earnestly in the months that are to come. To do this

will be to fulfill one of the highest aims of patriotism."—Dr. William Lyon Phelps, distinguished educator and author.

"Music can play an important part in strengthening our national morale in the present crisis. There is nothing so stirring as the martial music of a band. At the same time there is nothing so soothing to troubled spirits as a fine melody, nor so confidence inspiring as a great hymn. We can very well regard music as an important part of our national defense."—The Honorable Leverett Saltonstall, governor of Massachusetts.

It was Arthur O'Shaughnessy who penned these meaningful lines:

"One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down."

Seventh-day Adventist young people, generally speaking, recognize and correctly evaluate the study of music in the school curriculum. Many of the musical programs presented in our educational institutions and churches by our students are of such a caliber that we could feel proud to invite as guests any of the leading educators of the community or, in fact, of the nation. And indeed, they should be of that type—and of no other! We have definite instruction in the Spirit of prophecy on this very point.

"I saw that all should sing with the spirit and with the understanding," writes Ellen G. White. "God is not pleased with jargon and discord. Right is always more pleasing to Him than wrong. And the nearer the people of God can approach to correct, harmonious singing, the more is He glorified, the church benefited, and unbelievers favorably affected."

"Music should have beauty, pathos, and power. Let the voices be lifted in songs of praise and devotion. Call to your aid, if practicable, instrumental music, and let the glorious harmony ascend to God, an acceptable offering."

"Let praise and thanksgiving be expressed in song. When tempted, instead of giving utterance to our feelings, let us by faith lift up a song of thanksgiving to God. Song is a weapon that we can always use against discouragement."

"The melody of praise is the atmosphere of heaven; and when heaven comes in touch with the earth, there is music and song,—thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.' . . . Many of the events of human history have been linked with song. The earliest song recorded in the Bible from the lips of men was that glorious outburst of thanksgiving by the hosts of Israel at the Red Sea. . . . Great have been the blessings received by men in response to songs of praise."

"Music was made to serve a holy purpose, to lift the thoughts to that which is pure, noble, and elevating, and to awaken in the soul devotion and gratitude to God."

"Amidst the deepening shadows of earth's last great crisis, God's light will shine brightest, and the song of hope and trust will be heard in clearest and loftiest strains."

So let us march on with music! Let us make great music our rallying call for higher, holier living and demonstrate to the world that music makes morale!

## Flight From Bougainville

(Continued from page 6)

the mission, and to the assembled congregation I spoke of those who endured to the end as being saved, linking this thought with my study of the previous Sabbath on how the test would come to all—rich and poor, black and white.



Kieta was quiet that sunny morning. All five Chinese shops were closed. Nobody was excited, but all were waiting for our customary midday visit from the enemy. Lunch was over, but still nothing happened. The Japanese were not coming; we would all go home. Then we heard the planes. We scattered to prepared positions and watched while they investigated our defenseless position—twice round they flew, so low that we could almost see their faces, and then disappeared behind the mountains of the peninsula, while the cry echoed from watch to watch, "Baloos he sit down finish." Then a few moments later: "Plenty soldier he plantem flag belong all"—the Japanese had already erected their national flag! There was only one thing to do—not wait to be caught! The next few minutes were somewhat exciting for running natives and anxious white men.

(To be continued)

# STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY LOUIS O. MACHLAN, JR.

Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.

THE Union of South Africa has been issuing an interesting series of small stamps. As mentioned here several weeks ago, the new 1½-pence stamps are separated by rouletting between every other stamp. Thus a pair with a value of 3 pence is obtained. These can be separated on the rouletting to make two stamps of 1½ pence each.

The 4-pence stamps which have appeared more recently are perforated in

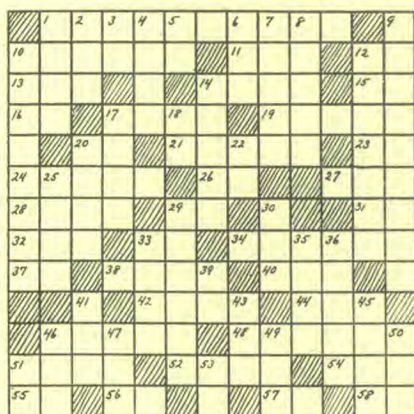
groups of three stamps with rouletting between so that one stamp has rouletting at the top, one at the top and bottom, and one at the bottom. Thus a perforated group has the value of one shilling and each rouletting-separated stamp, the value of fourpence. Unlike the 1½-pence stamps, which appear separately in each language—English and Afrikaans—these 4-pence stamps are bilingual. The one-shilling value has also appeared in miniature pairs with rouletting between and is bilingual like the 4 pence.

Some of you may be interested to know just what goes into one of the free packets of stamps which we have been sending out to beginners. The packet which I have before me has twenty-six stamps from eleven different countries: Colombia, China (2), Ireland, Netherlands, England (6), Jamaica, Rumania, Newfoundland, France (4), Canada (7), and Italy. Some of the countries which have been represented in other packets are Mexico, Cuba, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Union of South Africa, Cameroons, Japan, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Canal Zone. Every collection is different, but we are careful to see that each one contains at least twenty-five different stamps.

We have Bobby Bateman, Roanoke, Virginia, and Oluf Olsen, Takoma Park, Maryland, to thank this week for their donations of duplicates.

A new green, one-cent "Four Freedoms" stamp was issued February 12 in Washington, D. C., to replace the "For Defense" stamp which had been current for some time. In announcing the new stamp, the Postmaster General said that he considered it particularly fitting to issue it on the birthday of the great emancipator.

## Crossword Puzzle Jesus' First Miracle



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NO. 10

### Horizontal

1. "That . . . ye shall ask of the Father in My name." John 15:16.
10. North American Indian tribe.
11. Loiter.
12. Southern State.
13. "Both Jesus was called, . . . His disciples." John 2:2.
14. " . . . the waterpots with water." John 2:7.
15. "Every man . . . the beginning doth set forth good wine." John 2:10.
16. Second note of scale.
17. "Behold, a greater than Solomon is . . ." Luke 11:31.
19. "Though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the . . ." Jer. 49:16.
20. "And . . . saith unto them." John 2:8.
21. "Jesus . . . unto her." John 2:4.
23. A Benjamite. 1 Chron. 7:12.
24. "Keep themselves from things offered to . . ." Acts 21:25.
26. South America.
27. A high mountain.
28. Genus of plants.
29. . . . Sinai.
31. Combining form denoting an early time.
32. A fish.
33. Dialect of eastern Assam.
34. Rue.
37. In the midst of Jews; we turned around.
38. "His mother saith. . . the servants." John 2:5.
40. "I go to prepare a place for. . ." John 14:2.
42. "What have I to do with . . . ?" John 2:4.

### Vertical

44. "No man putteth new wine into . . . bottles." Luke 5:37.
46. "When men have well drunk, then that which is . . ." John 2:10.
48. Water birds: herons, snipes, etc.
51. Place of first miracle.
52. Rawhide thong.
54. Brazilian coin.
55. "Even the Son of man which . . . in heaven." John 3:13.
56. "No man can . . . these miracles." John 3:2.
57. "And they bare . . ." John 2:8.
58. Exodus.
- A saying of Jesus' mother is 1, 20, 21, 38, 40, 56, and 57 combined.
1. "They have no . . ." John 2:3.
2. "When the ruler of the feast . . . tasted the water." John 2:9.
3. "I . . . the light of the world." John 8:12.
4. "Bind the . . . of thine head upon thee." Eze. 24:17.
5. Sabbath school.
6. High priest and judge of Israel. 1 Sam. 14:3.
7. Manservant.
8. One of David's wives. 2 Sam. 3:5.
9. "There were set there six . . ." John 2:6.
10. "The third day there was a . . ." John 2:1.
12. "In Cana of . . ." John 2:1.
14. "The governor of the . . ." John 2:8.
17. "Turned about with a very small . . ." James 3:4.
18. Recording secretary.
20. "Mine . . . is not yet come." John 2:4.
22. Iowa.
25. " . . . out now, and bear unto the governor." John 2:8.
29. "The . . . of Jesus was there." John 2:1.
30. Turkish governor.
33. "The . . . are a people not strong." Prov. 30:25.
35. "Thou hast kept the . . . wine until now." John 2:10.
36. "The . . . of the feast." John 2:9.
39. Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands.
41. "Rabbi, Thou art the . . . of God." John 1:49.
43. Female sheep.
45. To suffer (Scot.).
46. "Knew not whence it . . ." John 2:9.
47. Radical.
49. Servant of Solomon. Ezra 2:57.
50. " . . . waterpots of stone." John 2:6.
51. Number of psalm beginning, "I will sing of mercy and judgment."
53. "Marriage . . . Cana." John 2:1.

(Answers next week)

## Interesting Stamps

THE Newfoundland stamp in the free sample packet previously mentioned portrays one of the most interesting animals of North America, the caribou. The "King of the Wilds" is the title in the inscription on this 5-cent, deep-violet stamp of the 1931-37 series. The stamp pictures the great animal on a knoll, giving the world his challenging call. Caribou of this type are found in the heavy woodlands of North America and are a larger species of a genus found in other cold countries of the world. They migrate in herds, seeking open pasture in summer and wooded areas in winter, and are hunted by Eskimos and Indians, for whom they provide food, clothing, and shelter.



### SENIOR YOUTH

## XII—The Character of the Creator Revealed in Nature

(March 20)

MEMORY VERSE: Psalms 19:1-3.

LESSON HELPS: "Ministry of Healing," pp. 458, 466; "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 592-602.

### THE LESSON

#### The Source of Life and Light

1. What title for Jesus is implied in the description of His work by the apostles John and Paul? John 1:1-3; Col. 1:14-17.

NOTE.—The name implied in these texts is the "Creator." Many names are

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given to the Deity in the Bible, and no small number of these are associated with things of the natural world. Thus did the Lord design that we should have our minds continually directed to Him through the things about us.

2. As each day dawns, what thought should come to mind? Morning by morning, for what should we pray? John 1:8, 9.

NOTE.—"In the manifestation of God to His people, light had ever been a symbol of His presence. At the creative word in the beginning, light had shone out of darkness. Light had been enshrouded in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, leading the vast armies of Israel. Light blazed with awful grandeur about the Lord on Mt. Sinai. Light rested over the mercy seat in the tabernacle. Light filled the temple of Solomon at its dedication. Light shone on the hills of Bethlehem when the angels brought the message of redemption to the watching shepherds. God is light."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 464. Without God, all is darkness; so morning by morning we should pray that our own souls may be lighted that day by the True Light.

#### Our Source of Strength

3. What precious promise has the Lord given to His people living in the last days? Joel 3:16.

NOTE.—The margin gives "place of repair, or, harbor." The Lord is the only one to whom man can look for a haven of rest and peace in the coming time of turmoil and storm.

4. Upon what will the vial of God's wrath be poured by the fourth angel? What will be the result? Rev. 16:8, 9.

5. What will God be to His people at this time of intense heat? Isa. 25:4.

6. What did Zacharias prophesy concerning Jesus? Luke 1:69, 77.

NOTE.—The word "horn" in verse 69 is symbolic of power. A strong, powerful defender and Saviour is promised in these verses.

7. What will Jesus be to those who seek for truth and salvation? John 14:6.

8. What did David say the Lord was to him? Ps. 31:3.

NOTE.—The word "rock" is often used in the Psalms as symbolic of Christ, the psalmist seeming to take delight in the thought of the Lord's steadfastness and dependableness as signified by the rocks.

#### The Fount of Every Blessing

9. How did Jesus represent Himself to the disciples? To what are His children likened? What lesson may be learned from this illustration? John 15:5.

NOTE.—"Abiding in Christ means a constant receiving of His Spirit, a life of unreserved surrender to His service. The channel of communication must be open continually between man and his God. As the vine branch constantly draws the sap from the living vine, so are we to cling to Jesus, and receive from Him by faith the strength and perfection of His own character."—*Id.*, p. 676.

10. What spiritual truths are suggested by the bread and water upon our tables? John 6:51; 4:13, 14.

NOTE.—"Water is a symbol of life, and therefore is called the water of life. This water of life is the gospel of salvation. As the water brings blessings to us in many forms, so the water of life brings to us blessings unnumbered."—*Bible Nature Studies*, M. E. Cady, p. 117.

11. How did Zacharias speak of Jesus? Luke 1:78.

NOTE.—The prophet here refers to Jesus as the "Dayspring," who shines upon our darkness, turning it into day, and guiding lost feet into the way of peace.

12. What promise of Malachi may well be remembered as we view the rising sun? Mal. 4:2.

NOTE.—"Just as the sun is the means through which God bestows upon us the daily temporal blessings, so the Sun of Righteousness is the agent through whom God bestows upon us all spiritual blessings. As without the sun there would be physical death, so without the Sun of Righteousness there would be spiritual death. The sun, with all its power to clothe the earth with life and beauty, is a wonderful object lesson to us of how the Sun of Righteousness will clothe His fol-

lowers with the robe of righteousness, and give to them the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit."—*Id.*, p. 63.

## JUNIOR

### XII—Hagar and Ishmael: Abraham's Faith Tested

(March 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 21:5-21; 22:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." Heb. 11:6.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 145-155.

#### QUESTIONS

1. How old was Abraham when Isaac, "the child of promise," was born? What did Sarah see at the feast that was held in honor of Isaac? Gen. 21:5, 8, 9.

NOTE.—The Lord had promised that a son should be born to Abraham and Sarah. When the babe Isaac was born, the hearts of Abraham and Sarah were filled with gladness, but Hagar was bitterly disappointed. Ishmael was now a youth, and as he and his mother had hoped that he might be counted as Abraham's heir, they both hated Isaac. The rejoicing at the feast added fuel to the jealous flames burning in their hearts, and Ishmael finally dared "openly to mock the heir of God's promise."

2. What request did Sarah then make of Abraham? How did this appear to Abraham? Verses 10, 11.

3. What instruction did the Lord give to him? Verses 12, 13.

4. How did Abraham respond to the command of the Lord? What experience did Hagar have after she went away? Verses 14-16.

5. How did the Lord show pity for Hagar? Verses 17-19.

6. What is said of Ishmael as he grew to manhood? Verses 20, 21.

7. How did God test Abraham? Gen. 22:1, 2.

NOTE.—"At the time of receiving this command, Abraham had reached the age of a hundred and twenty years. He was regarded as an old man, even in his generation. In his earlier years he had been strong to endure hardship and to brave danger; but now the ardor of his youth had passed away. One in the vigor of manhood may with courage meet difficulties and afflictions that would cause his heart to fail in later life, when his feet are faltering toward the grave. But God had reserved His last, most trying test for Abraham until the burden of years was heavy upon him, and he longed for rest from anxiety and toil."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 147. Isaac at this time must have been eighteen or nineteen years old.

8. How promptly did Abraham obey the Lord? Whom and what did he take with him on the journey? How long did it take him to reach the land of Moriah? Verses 3, 4.

NOTE.—It is interesting to note that the Lord chose the top of this Mt. Moriah for the site of the beautiful temple built many years later in Jerusalem. It was there that Abraham endured the supreme test of faith, and offered the sacrifice of the ram caught in the thicket. Later this was called the glorious holy mountain. And no doubt it was more glorious because of these things which took place there.

9. When Abraham saw the mount "afar off," what did he say to the young men? As he and Isaac went on, what did each carry? What conversation took place between them? Verses 5-8.

NOTE.—"None but God could understand how great was the father's sacrifice in yielding up his son to death; Abraham desired that none but God should witness the parting scene. He bade his servants remain behind, saying, 'I and the lad will go yonder and worship.' . . . Together they ascended toward the mountain summit, the young man silently wondering whence, so far from folds and flocks, the offering was to come."—*Id.*, p. 152.

10. When they reached the place, what did Abraham first do? When the altar and the wood were ready, what was next done? Verse 9.

NOTE.—"At the appointed place they built the altar, and laid the wood upon it.

Then, with trembling voice, Abraham unfolded to his son the divine message. It was with terror and amazement that Isaac learned his fate; but he offered no resistance. He could have escaped his doom, had he chosen to do so; the grief-stricken old man, exhausted with the struggle of those three terrible days, could not have opposed the will of the vigorous youth. But Isaac had been trained from childhood to ready, trusting obedience, and as the purpose of God was opened before him, he yielded a willing submission. He was a sharer in Abraham's faith, and he felt that he was honored in being called to give his life as an offering to God. He tenderly seeks to lighten the father's grief, and encourages his nerveless hands to bind the cords that confine him to the altar."—*Id.*, p. 152.

11. How did Abraham further show perfect obedience to God? How was he restrained from carrying out his purpose? What was offered upon the altar? Verses 10-13.

12. What enabled Abraham to undertake to make such a sacrifice? What promise had been given him concerning Isaac? Heb. 11:17, 18.

13. What hope did Abraham cherish concerning Isaac? Verse 19.

14. What did the angel of the Lord say he now knew? Gen. 22:12, last part.

15. What promise did the Lord then renew to Abraham? Verses 15-18.

16. To what place did Abraham return? Verse 19.

17. Why was this test given to Abraham?

Answer.—"It was to impress Abraham's mind with the reality of the gospel, as well as to test his faith, that God commanded him to slay his son. . . . No other test could have caused Abraham such torture of soul as did the offering of his son. God gave His Son to a death of agony and shame. The angels who witnessed the humiliation and soul anguish of the Son of God were not permitted to interpose, as in the case of Isaac. There was no voice to cry, 'It is enough.' To save the fallen race, the King of glory yielded up His life. What stronger proof can be given of the infinite compassion and love of God? 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?'—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 154.

#### Something to Think About

Why is Isaac sometimes called "the child of promise?"

Make a list of some of the strong characteristics shown in Abraham's life.

What message does Abraham's life preach to the people of today?

What custom of the heathen concerning their children is mentioned in the Bible? (See 2 Chron. 28:3; 2 Kings 17:31.)

Why would this custom make it still more difficult for Abraham to follow the instruction given to him?

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# The Listening Post

✱ STORAGE batteries now are being cased in pottery jars rather than metal containers.

✱ THE average ship requires seven or eight hours to traverse the Panama Canal. The fastest passage yet recorded is four hours, ten minutes.

✱ THE human heart actually works only about nine hours out of the twenty-four, the other fifteen being accounted for in the brief rest period between each heartbeat.

✱ THE Bell Telephone Company's research laboratories have developed a copper wire only .0125 of an inch in diameter, which saves 37 per cent in the weight of copper used over the larger wire it replaces in telephone cables.

✱ INMATES of American zoos accustomed to such delicacies as ant eggs, hemp seed, and bananas, are finding it necessary to adapt their tastes to more easily obtainable foods. Horse meat has replaced beef, and many of the wild animals have learned to eat potatoes.

✱ THE body is able to utilize more of the B vitamins (thiamin, riboflavin, and vitamin G) in boiled than in fresh yeast, according to experiments carried on at the University of Wisconsin. Housewives are warned, however, not to boil the yeast used in breadmaking, for it loses its capacity for making bread rise.

✱ THE American Red Cross has announced that letters to American prisoners in Japanese territory should be typewritten or printed in block capitals and made as brief as possible. The recommendation originated with the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva, Switzerland, after negotiations with the Japanese.

✱ THE first crop grown in the United States from imported seeds of the rubber-producing Russian dandelion, *koksaghyz*, has been harvested. From New Jersey comes the report that the yield from its share of the seed, which was parceled out among the forty-eight States to discover the most desirable growing conditions, has been satisfactory and that New Jersey's climate is excellent for growing the plant.

✱ Two California inventors working independently announced almost simultaneously the perfecting of specially processed, plastic-lined fiber containers for almost anything formerly packaged in tin cans. One type of container is made from paper coated with a special compound; the other is processed from "corn, grains, flaxseed, tallow, animal tissues, bone, clay, straw, and wastepaper." Both are lighter than tin, more economical, and can resist higher temperatures.

✱ ELEVEN girls and 29 boys were invited to Washington, D. C., February 28 to March 2, to compete for the Westinghouse Science Scholarships in the Second Annual Science Talent Search conducted by Science Clubs of America, administered by Science Service. The trip winners were selected as a result of a strenuous competition in which superior seniors of all secondary schools in the United States were invited to participate and were selected from more than 15,000 applicants. The winners came from 37 localities in 16 States, and entries were received from every State in the Union.

✱ THE California Institute of Technology is building a wind tunnel in which scale models of planes may be tested at speeds as high as 700 miles an hour. Its cost—more than two million dollars—is to be shared by Consolidated, Douglas, Lockheed, and North American aircraft companies.

✱ THE Palestine Potash Company, whose refineries line the shores of the Dead Sea, takes from its waters yearly thousands of tons of such valuable minerals as potash, bromine, and magnesium chloride.

✱ THE United States Army buys about 15,000 tons of food a day at a cost of \$2,750,000. Soldiers eat about five and a half pounds of food a day compared to the civilian average of four pounds.

✱ THREE types of paint have been developed to prevent ice formation on war planes; one contains oil, one salt, and the other can be heated electrically.

✱ THE Guarani Indians of Venezuela find the fresh, milky rubber as it comes from the tree a palatable drink.

✱ THE United States has a foreign-born population of 12,000,000, of which the 1,500,000 Italian immigrants form the largest nationality group.

✱ SINCE the total occupation of France, the price demanded by the invaders as "the cost of occupation" has been raised from 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 francs a day.

✱ THE Grove of Repentance—a part of the Forest of Discovery in western Tennessee, dedicated in 1941 to the Spanish explorer, De Soto—has been set aside as a symbol of regret for the exploitation of the forests of the United States.

✱ THE highest civilian priority rating given by the War Production Board is AA-2X. Above this, AA-1, AA-2, etc., indicate Army, Navy, or Lend-Lease orders. The highest rating is AAA for Army and Navy emergency work, which must be given a clear track.

✱ THE Board of Economic Warfare has had a hard time explaining why beads should have the high shipping priorities given them to Latin America. Finally they are explaining frankly that the natives of the Ecuadorian jungles, who tap wild rubber trees, value beads above currency.

✱ PLASMA from large blood banks can be safely given to persons of all four blood types. In a mixture made up of donations from many different people, the substances which sometimes cause an unfavorable reaction following regular transfusions, even when blood has been carefully typed, are so diluted that no harmful effects occur.

✱ LIFE goes on quite normally in a comfortable English home whose occupants—father, mother, and seven-year-old daughter—were all blinded in an air raid in 1940. After a period of training in a school for the blind, Mr. Lawson found employment as a telephone operator, Mrs. Lawson resumed her household activities, and the family re-established their home.

✱ BETWEEN three and four hundred English locomotive crewmen went on strike recently, when, because of the labor shortage, the London, Midland & Scottish Railway discontinued their practice of hiring men to waken their engineers and firemen. The railroad men protested that it was impossible to obtain alarm clocks to substitute for the "wakers up," and went back to work only when promised that the practice would be resumed.

✱ WARTIME transportation demands are threatening the existence of a fifty-year-old institution on many Eastern railroads—specially chartered commuters' club cars. The members ordinarily paid approximately \$100 a year in addition to the standard railroad fare, for the special privileges and conveniences of the club. The Office of Defense Transportation has ruled that regular passengers must be admitted to the club cars when all other seats on the train are taken. A number of these special cars have already been converted into coaches, and it is expected that as contracts expire, others will be transferred to regular rank-and-file use.

## For sixty-one years

the American Red Cross has been ready to serve wherever there was need, ready for instant mobilization and action in times of disaster or emergency. Since the greatest of all disasters in American history struck on December 7, 1941, this humanitarian organization has greatly extended its scope of service. Its accomplishments during the last twelve months include: 637,000 servicemen given personal aid; 2,880,000 pints of blood collected; 15 overseas clubs established for Army-Navy men; 33,705 nurses enrolled for Army and Navy duty; 31,000 nurses mobilized to teach Red Cross Home Nursing; 72,434 persons aided in disasters; 2,500 survivors from torpedoed ships helped; 3,300,000 persons trained in first aid; 71,000,000 surgical dressings produced; 6,500,000 relief garments made; and 20,000,000 overseas war sufferers helped.

Let us support the Red Cross liberally in its present membership drive, so that its services for 1943 can be widely expanded.

## The Greatest Mother in the World

