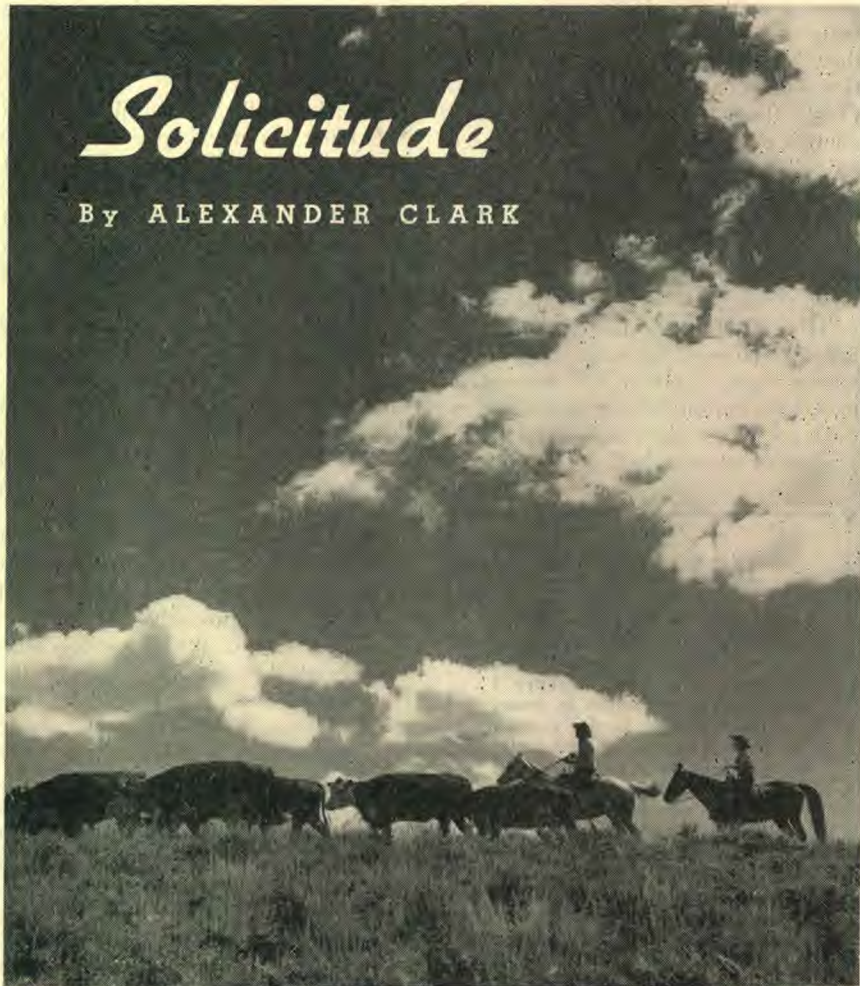


The Youth's Instructor

Solicitude

By ALEXANDER CLARK



HENLE, FROM MONKMEYER

God Had a Plan for My Life, and I Was Sure That He Would Guide Me,
Even Though I Could Not See His Way

THAT God's plan is to control and guide wayward man has been made very clear to me. Even before I had any desire to be an out-and-out Christian, He revealed Himself in such a way that, as I look at it now, I marvel at my sluggish perception and dull stupidity in refusing to yield all to Him years before I did.

One of these manifestations, in the form of answered prayer, came to me when I was a lad twelve years of age. My father had died, and after talking things over with my older brother, I decided to leave home and shift for myself, and thus lighten the burden upon Mother.

My first position, obtained about three hundred miles from home, was as a wrangle boy on a large Alberta ranch. The owner had the reputation of being one of the most ill-tempered men in the foothills, and at times the situation seemed unbearable. But even

though my training at home had been anything but religious, I asked God to help me. He heard those pitiful, tear-interspersed petitions and gave me comfort when I needed it most. Then when one crisis was over, I promptly forgot the solace and help given so liberally and went blithely on in the same careless way until I got into another heartbreaking experience, when I would pray again, not audibly, not on my knees, but as I went about my work. There seemed to be no definite realization in my mind that the Lord was trying, through these circumstances, to guide me to a full acceptance of Him.

I had been employed here for six months when one day the boss sent me out to plow a very rocky piece of ground. The plow bucked and jolted about so much that I found myself thrown violently to the ground several times. Once, in fact, the plow leaped into the air and came down on its beam

end, throwing me up between the horses. This unnerved me and I decided to walk rather than risk the danger involved in trying to ride an iron broncho. At noon, when I unhitched the horses, I noticed a bolt had loosened, and when I went to get a wrench, what was my consternation to find that every tool in the box was gone. Even the big new crescent that the boss had given me with the express caution not to lose it. What was I to do? He would be violently angry, even if I told him he might beat me; but it was noon and the dinner flag was up. I must get to the barn as quickly as possible and not make him doubly disgusted with me for being late as well as for having lost about five dollars' worth of tools.

When I told him what had happened, he ordered me back to the field, saying that when I found the tools I could come for dinner. My heart sank with discouragement, and my misery was increased by the fact that I was so hungry that my legs nearly buckled under me as I made my way back to the plow. I had no idea where to look. The plow had been thrown around so much that morning that the tools could have spilled out in any one of a hundred places. My search was just an aimless wandering about, trying to think of an exact position where there had been a particularly violent jolting of the plow. But this was all in vain. The tools were evidently buried deep under a furrow somewhere in the two acres which I had turned over that morning. In my distress I began again to seek aid from Heaven, and again my Helper answered the petitions of a completely forlorn and helpless lad. I sat down for a moment in the soft soil of a little draw to rest and to cry and to think of home and Mother. Aimlessly I began to dig with my hands in the soft soil. At first I felt foolish for even allowing myself to indulge in the slender hope that the tools might be buried right at this spot. My questionings were soon turned to bounding joy, however, when my fingers clutched the handle of the crescent! In the short space of a few minutes I had every tool that had been entrusted to me.

This experience brought me to a partial realization of how God was caring for me, but a boy's memory plays strange pranks and soon the incident was forgotten; yet my heart had been im- (Turn to page 3)

Let's Talk It Over

WITH a gusty sigh she dropped into a seat beside me on the crowded bus. It was a hot day—oh, yes, very! And we talked about the weather, the war, the coal strike, and the devious dark ways of politics and politicians. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, at times it seems that I can't stand it! Why doesn't God do something? My boy is on the way overseas! We may never see him again! The whole world seems to be going mad! Oh, *why* doesn't God do something about it?"

Thousands of people—Christians and non-Christians—are asking this same question.

It may be that you, in common with other young people, have looked out upon the scene of turmoil and strife, tragic death and confusion, in every part of this old earth and in every avenue of life, and wondered *why* God does not "do something about it."

IN asking this question we admit three facts. First, that there is a God at the control center of the universe. Second, that He is able to do something about the existing chaos. Third, that He is interested in man and his welfare, and therefore should act.

There is no doubt about it, God, in His infinite wisdom He saw fit, could stop this terrible war and with a word bring order out of present national and international confusion.

But why should He? Is God under any obligation to man? Who started trouble in this world that was perfect when it came from the Creator's hand? Not God, surely. What nation, what people, are so upright, so obedient to the divine law as to merit divine help? Think that over!

And just *how* should God "do something"? Judge the wrong and vindicate the right? Surely we would not wish His justice to take any other form. But *where* should He begin this work? Does any nation stand without fault before Him? And what about our personal sins? As each one of us—we are all component parts of a nation—looks into his own heart, he must acknowledge that he sees "no good thing" when his life is compared with the perfect Pattern. If we consider the question from this viewpoint, surely the silence and seeming inaction of God is an indication of His long-suffering and mercy and grace rather than of His unconcern for our welfare.

Our All-Father has a definite plan for every nation—even as He does for every individual—and "like the stars

in the vast circuit of their appointed path, God's purposes know no haste and no delay." Furthermore, a thousand years with us is as one day with Him. A backward glance over His dealings with the children of men assures us beyond the shadow of a doubt that "when the fullness of time"—His time—"is come," He will "do something" about the war and other things on this old sin-cursed earth that need fixing.

We must never allow ourselves to forget that man was created a free moral agent with the full right of choice. He has retained this right all down through the centuries, and it still is His. God never *forces* anyone to follow His way, but when men make wrong choices, either for themselves or for the nations whose destinies they guide, or when they rebel against Him, the law of cause and effect continues in

RATIONED!

The other eight pages of this week's INSTRUCTOR have gone to war! When the Federal Government decreed last January 1 that the paper printed in every publishing house in the country be reduced by ten per cent under the previous year our stock was cut to lighter weight. We hoped this would take care of our ten per cent. But it didn't! So we are cutting ourselves in two—this time. We feel sure that our readers will cheerfully join us in this patriotic gesture. Next issue will be full sixteen pages. Thank you for your co-operation.

force, and "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We of today's troubled world are reaping!

But God has not forgotten us—not at all! He is holding things steady in the universe, preserving the natural order, and bestowing upon us many individual and collective blessings which we are all too prone to take for granted. He still holds control over the powers of evil, for He is and always has been greater than Satan, the originator of sin, which is the root of all our present distress. God is indeed "doing something about it" when He allows men and nations to go on their wicked way, but turns their activities to an end and purpose peculiarly His own. We do not see *how* they can be doing the will of God. Indeed, it seems that they are wrecking the world! But as nation rises against nation, and kingdom rises against kingdom, and veritable chaos holds sway, rising to towering heights

behind and above and around them are the unchangeable, righteous purposes of One whose name is Righteousness and Justice and Truth. Yes, friend o' mine, "behind the dim unknown, standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

ON the walls of the library of a quiet country home near Philadelphia hangs an arresting picture. It shows the open sea before a storm has quite cleared away. As you look at the scene, you see the clouds beginning to break, and through the opening the brilliant sun pours down upon a turbulent ocean where rides a full-rigged vessel, reefed down to meet the gale. And in the immediate foreground is a small boat—evidently a castaway of the storm which is just subsiding. The men in it are laboring at the oars, and you wonder how the little craft has ever lived through the tempest.

Then as you look more closely at the picture you catch something that at first glance your eyes have missed—a small set of three flags flying from the mizzenmast of the larger ship with its shortened sail. The eyes of the men in the small boat seem to be fixed upon them. What can they mean? You seek out a seafaring friend and ask him. "Come aboard," he invites, and you follow him to his cabin. "Is this it?" he asks as he draws from a wall rack a folded signal and displays the three flags. "Yes," you answer, and wait expectantly. Then he takes his signal book from its case, turns to a sketch of the flags underneath which is written their meaning in any of the maritime languages of the seven seas: "I will not abandon you."

How much more the picture means to us now. There is the large ship flying its heartening signal; there is the small boat still in desperate danger as the white-crested waves beat high; but do the men at the oars despair? No, why should they? Help is standing by!

And so today, as your small life craft, and mine, struggle through the almost overwhelming waves of a storm-tossed, war-torn world, the Captain of our Salvation signals the assurance: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

OH, yes, friend o' mine, God is still in His heaven. He is "doing something" about things down here on earth right now!

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

pressed, for I found myself asking for help more frequently than I had ever done before. A faith was springing up in a heart almost as stony and barren as that foothill soil.

Soon after this incident God manifested Himself to me again in a remarkable manner. The fire was growing dim in my heart; something was needed to fan it into a blaze. The divine Watchman was mindful of His duty, and once more I was turned from my own willful way to a closer walk with Him.

The ranch and farm hands had been paid for their summer's work and given a two-week vacation. Most of them went to the city to have a "rip-roaring good time" as they called it. I was the only one left at the place where I was employed, and Stanley, older than I, was the only one left on the neighboring ranch. Both of us being lonesome, we decided to go to town the coming Saturday evening, and among other plans for a good time, get drunk.

When Saturday evening came, we set out, each of us riding a mean horse. Neither of them had been ridden more than a half dozen times. At first I felt jubilant over the thoughts of being tough; but that did not last long, for when we rode up over a ridge and the twinkling lights of the prairie town came into view, a surge of remorse came over me and before I was aware of what I was doing, I was trying to dissuade Stanley from proceeding as we had planned. The only response I got was a loud laugh and the badly sung stanza of a ribald cowboy song. Seeing that the situation was beyond my control, I decided to say no more to Stanley, but trust in aid from One whom it had now become almost a habit for me to call upon in time of distress. Quick as a flash came the answer. Stanley's horse stepped into a hole and fell heavily. I could not see much of what happened in the darkness, but I was aware that Stanley was in serious trouble. His foot was caught in the stirrup and he was being dragged at a terrific rate by a wildly plunging demon of a horse. I spurred my broncho into action but could never get into a position to catch the reins of Stanley's horse.

At first I could hear him calling for help; then all was silent. He must be dead, I thought, and a full realization came to me that I had prayed for God to stop us from going into that town and now I was responsible for the accident. I could no longer see the horse nor could I tell which direction it was going. In my distress I again prayed, asking God to do something quickly to save Stanley. Scarcely had I finished praying when I saw, silhouetted against the western horizon, Stanley's horse, standing still as if held by some invisible giant. Quickly I uncinched the saddle and untangled Stanley. All the while that creature stood perfectly still, not moving a muscle. In a few

minutes Stanley regained consciousness. When I told him what had happened and how I had asked God to save him, he looked up and said, "Say, pal, let's go home and make some ice cream." We did.

For days I had a contented feeling in my heart, and I think that had there been a church of some sort near by, I would have attended; but there was none, and the corroding effects of carelessness soon dulled my experience. In fact, it was only about a month later that a ranch hand, broke and in need of what help I could give him, urged me to go into partnership with him in running whisky across the border. At first I was reluctant, but as he presented a picture of the profits I would make, I became more interested and finally we purchased almost two hundred dollars' worth of liquor (all the cash invested being mine). Hardly had I given my consent to such a proposal than a feeling of guilt and remorse swept over me—but I was cornered. I had in my possession a quantity of liquor far in excess of the law's allowance. My friend was not slow to point this out and thus used it as a threat to hold me to the agreement. In a few days a heavy storm blew up—an ideal condition for the shady business we were in. We started out for a small border town, where we had a customer who would pay us eight hundred dollars for our pack-horse cargo.

The snow was much deeper than we had thought, and before we had gained the summit of a high ridge, about halfway to town, one of the pack animals became very tired. Rosco, however, showed none of the horses any mercy. That town must be reached before daylight, or we would be caught by the border patrol. With gouging spurs and lashing quirt the horses were urged on, but old Queen just could not keep up the pace in belly-deep snow. I urged that she be allowed to rest, but since that only brought a blast of curses from Rosco, I settled back in my saddle, satisfied that I had done all I could—probably not at first, or I would not have been implicated, but at least all I could at this point. So I called again to God for aid although with a sense of presumption in my heart. Things began to happen! Queen stumbled, slithered along a few feet, began to stagger and toppled over on her side with a crash, landing squarely on one case of liquor while the one higher on her back was rammed into a jutting rock. The air soon reeked with the strong smell of whisky. We both leaped to the ground, but it was no use. Every bottle was broken, and old Queen was dead.

Thus ended my experience as a rum runner, and how happy and thankful I was when I found out that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had been notified of our purchase and had been waiting for us. This experience so frightened, and at the same time so

assured me of God's leading hand, that I determined to draw what pay I had left and leave that part of the country. My mind was made up. I would take a technical course at Billings.

In a few hours my business was all cared for and I went to the small station to purchase my ticket. In just fifteen minutes the train would be there, I thought; but the agent informed me that the train for Billings did not come through town until the next day and that the one now due traveled north to Calgary. Without a moment's hesitation I purchased a ticket to that city, not fully realizing what I had done until I was rolling along in the opposite direction to that in which I had planned to travel.

God had a plan for me, and though disturbed at first over this sudden change, I soon became contented. Had I not asked for guidance?

At the shabby little hotel where I rented a room, I began to inquire for a sister of mine who was living somewhere in the city. Seeing my distress, a stranger took a kindly interest in me and offered to help me. The answers to a few direct questions gave him the information he needed, and soon he directed me to the headquarters of the people who had a strange religion and kept Saturday for Sunday, which belief my sister held. The conference office helped me to find my relatives.

That was a happy reunion. I stayed at their home all that winter, observing closely their religious ideas and practices, but remaining aloof as far as participation was concerned.

After I was a little better acquainted and felt more at home, they began to drop a few words now and again about what they believed, but not once did they press their views upon me. The faithfulness of the little band of workers at the sanitarium where my sister's husband was employed, impressed me much. My reserved attitude soon gave way, and the resistance which I had been fostering lessened, but the final decision was not made until I had read and reread "The Marked Bible." My sister, in some inconspicuous way, managed always to have that little book in a convenient place on my desk, even though at times a little resentment had caused me to bury it deep under a stack of books and papers. Miraculously it would make its appearance again, until I decided I would read it once and for all. I did not stop there though; God was still leading.

First it was "The Marked Bible," then "The Desire of Ages," then "Patriarchs and Prophets." The teachings so filled my heart that I decided to be a Christian and keep God's precepts. At this time I uttered the first real prayer of my life. No, not the first real prayer, but the first audible one—the first one on my knees. God heard me again and He has continued that same watchcare over me all during the two decades since I gave my all to Him.

Christian College

WHY must you leave home and go away to school when right in your own city there is a well-known, reputable college?"

Many times I have been asked this question. And as I sit here looking out over the campus of Atlantic Union College, I am asking myself, "Why did I choose this college and what does it mean to me?"

My first reply is, "I chose it because it is a Christian college." This is the reason. It is true that the great universities offer much in the way of education. Their faculties are made up of the country's learned men and women. But I want to become a nurse—a Christian missionary nurse—and it takes more than a university of learned men to prepare one for such service. Only a school founded on the principles of Christian education which are laid down by God in His word, can give such training satisfactorily.

My desire to be a missionary nurse has a story behind it. When I was not quite seven years old, my mother died. Dad was left to care for my twin sister and me and a brother, who is five years our senior. Our grandparents were living with us at the time of Mother's death and they remained for a while in order to take care of us while Dad was away at work. But soon Dad realized that it was too hard a task for Grandmother, who was no longer young, to look after and train three lively, growing children. With my uncle's help he secured the services of

And What It Means to Me

By Betty Watson

a capable younger woman who was willing to stay with us until some more permanent arrangement could be made. She had intended to stay for two weeks. However, two weeks have elapsed into twelve years and Mother, as we now call her, is still with us. We had never known any Seventh-day Adventists; in fact, to my knowledge we had never even heard of them until she came into our home.

I can remember how Mother used to dress in her best clothes and go to church in the city every Sabbath. One Sabbath morning as we were having breakfast, I asked her if she would take me to Sabbath school and church with her. She was delighted to do so. From then on I have been going steadily and have loved it. I had been to Sunday school, but this was different. We sang such lovely songs, played Bible games, and listened to such exciting stories of far-off lands that were called "mission fields." I waited eagerly for each Sabbath to come.

As I grew, I began to see in Mother such fine characteristics that I wanted to be like her. She was different because she was a Christian. When I

was about fourteen, I decided that if Christianity could make me as kind, loving, patient, and sincere as it did Mother, I wanted to be a Christian too.

Mother was not strong, and many were the times she was unable to be up and about. It was at her bedside that I caught my first vision of unselfish service and first aspired to become a nurse. She had taught me a few simple home-nursing treatments. Gladly did I minister to her needs, bring her tray, keep her water glass filled, make up her bed, and do everything possible to make her comfortable.

I know that often I made mistakes. Sometimes the food was not served piping hot or the sheet under her was wrinkled, or perhaps her pillow would have been more comfortable had I left it alone, but Mother never mentioned my failures; instead she always praised my amateur efforts and assured me that "someday" I would make "a fine nurse." At one time she spent several months in a Seventh-day Adventist sanitarium, and after she returned home, she told me how much the Christian nurses meant to her when she was ill. Then and there, added to my desire to be a nurse, was the longing that I, too, might bring such comfort to those who are sick and suffering. I decided that there was no other way to reach this goal than to attend a school where Christian graces are developed.

I had other reasons, too, for choosing a Christian college. I had never attended a church school of any kind. I was graduated from a high school in which there were more than eighteen hundred students enrolled. I longed for friends who observed the Seventh-day Sabbath and shared my hope of a soon-coming Saviour. We who are Seventh-day Adventists cannot make real friends of worldly young people because our tastes and standards are so different. I do not mean that we should shun such people. Quite the contrary. But they do not understand us; therefore they are not in sympathy with us, and sympathy is one of the prime essentials of friendship.

Many of the teachers in non-Adventist schools have no interest in the Bible or its teachings. In fact, some of them disbelieve it and do not hesitate to say so. Not long ago students could look to their teachers for spiritual help and guidance in their personal problems. This is no longer generally so, except in Christian schools.

These are some of my reasons for choosing to attend a Christian college. Now that I am here, I find that this school and its activities mean more to me than I had ever dreamed they would. Many are the practical lessons that I have learned.

Dormitory life affords one of the best opportunities for expanding one's



H. A. ROBERTS

In Curriculum, Campus Activities, Social Life, Religious Influences—in Fact in Every Way—the Christian College Pays Large Dividends

circle of friends and developing worthwhile character traits. If one living in a dormitory expects to have friends, he must learn to be kind and show consideration for the feelings of others. And by close association with so many different types of people, we learn to understand human nature better, and to get along with people. I feel that this experience alone will prove invaluable to me as I start my nursing career.

There is one part of this school life that I am sure will stand out forever in my memory, and that is the observance of the Sabbath. I have learned to look forward to it as the best and most enjoyable day of the week, not merely for the physical rest which it brings but also for the spiritual uplift. I sometimes feel that if it were not for the Sabbath we should, in the hustle and bustle of busy school life, forget our main objective in coming to a Christian school. But on this day our minds are turned toward our Creator

and we realize the true reason for our being here.

I think of Friday evening at sunset worship as one of the happiest times of all the week. It is then that we students as one big family gather in our worship room to sing our favorite hymns and praise our Creator and Redeemer for His loving care.

It has always been a source of inspiration to me to see the young people lead out in the Missionary Volunteer meetings which follow this worship. As they present their talks, I like to think that these same young people will be leaders in this work of carrying the third angel's message a few years from now. Where but in a Christian college are young people so consecrated to God and to His service?

After young people's meeting is over and we have returned to our rooms and retired, come the best few minutes of the whole week. All is silent in the dormitory as the sweet strains of sa-

cred music float up and down the corridors and into our darkened rooms. There is no other time that I feel closer to heaven or nearer to God than in those few quiet moments after the lights go out on Friday evening. Sabbath school and church also have meant much to me. They mean even more here in a friendly college atmosphere where our group is one in heart and purpose.

As the blessed day at last draws to a close and we again assemble for sunset worship, it is with grateful heart that I bow and thank God for the privilege of being here at a Christian college.

Never once have I regretted my choice of a school for pre-nursing work. The invaluable lessons that I am learning here are becoming a vital part of the very fiber of my life. My advice to every young person contemplating college is, "Choose a Christian college, for it pays large dividends both now and in later life."



MONKMEYER
Are You Prepared for the Great "Examination Day" Soon to Come?

"EXAMINATIONS"— *Then and Now*

By ELTON A. JONES

Let us think it out. We accept Christ. He accepts us. Therefore we are His. We are now enrolled as students in the preparatory school for the hereafter. Things move along smoothly for a time. Then, all at once—bang!—and we are face to face with a trying situation. Perhaps it is the result of circumstances over which we have had no control. Or it may be the result of our human bungling. The underlying causes matter not at all—although we often think they do. Really they are but incidental.

The question to be settled first is—what to do.

We have come to an "examination day" in our Christian experience. Shall we be able to "pass"? Or shall we fail, and in failing bring defeat on ourselves and reproach to the Teacher? When our school lessons are learned daily and well, the examinations bring few misgivings. Is it different when in the school of life we are studying under the Master of all teachers? I think not.

If our everyday relationship to Him is what it should be—if daily we go to the Book of all books for instruction and counsel, and if daily we take a

little time to listen to Him that we may catch His corrections and heed His counsels—then when we find ourselves confronted by a test, we shall not fail.

But just as surely as passing our examinations was conditioned on our regular study, so is our victory in time of stress conditioned on constant and consistent Bible study and prayer.

Nor should we feel that God has forgotten us in trial, or that we are being punished for some wrongdoing when our day of test arrives. We do not so regard the examination days which are a concrete and important part of educational institutions. When, therefore, one of these life character tests comes to us, our anxiety should be to acquit ourselves nobly and bring no reproach upon our teacher.

In trial you are being honored. From the pen of Ellen G. White, one of the twentieth century's foremost Christians, we read this statement: "Of all the gifts that Heaven can bestow upon men, fellowship with Christ in His sufferings is the most weighty trust and the highest honor."

If we look upon our tests as potential honors—as opportunities to bring glory to Him who gave His all

OUTSTANDING among school days are "examination days." Have you ever thought of them as days of "trial"? Probably not. But aren't they? You are being tried—tested—to see how much progress you are making in the business of getting an education. And, furthermore, is not the teacher also on trial in a very definite way? Are not the results of these examinations concrete evidence of his ability as a teacher, as much as they are a test of your ability as a student?

Just as we are prone to overlook this feature of the bane of our school days, so many of us who think of ourselves—and are thought of by others—as Christians, are overlooking the spiritual analogy of the examination day.

JUNIORS

Mother Knows Best

By PAULINE BARTHOLOMEW

for us—it will be much easier to make right decisions; failures will be less frequent, and the regret of ignominious defeat will rarely be our portion.

Another factor to be considered is this: the teacher behind the desk has no grudge against the pupils who take the examination. All have the same set of questions. There are no questions to answer which had not been assigned for study and discussed before the class.

Our Master holds no grudge against the tried one. But sometimes He permits trials to come upon us with explosive suddenness. Even so let us remember that He "will not suffer" us "to be tempted above that" we "are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that" we "may be able to bear it."

It was none other than Paul who wrote that, and he was eminently qualified to bear this testimony. Concerning his experiences he says: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Even as our divine Instructor is more impartial in the testing of His followers than is the teacher in the schoolroom, so is He equally impartial in giving quick and ample help to anyone who is in need of it—for "God is no respecter of persons." The help which enabled Paul to stand—"pass," if you prefer—is offered to all Christians of all time—yes, to you and me today.

As we sit in the schoolroom on examination day, we are likely to forget that the teacher has been over the same ground covered by the test, and has taken "examinations" of exactly the same sort he is giving to us. And as we face life, we are prone to overlook the tremendous fact, when we are under stress and pressure, that our Teacher here also "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Because this is so, the promise is sure which says, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

With His promise of constant help; with the provision which He has made for our daily learning; and with promise of special help in time of special need, all excuse for failure seems to be taken away. Let us then make more thorough daily preparation for the "examination day" to come, that we may "pass," by His aid and grace, and be sure of eternal happiness in the universal school of the hereafter. What do you say?

AREN'T they ever going to find me?" Patty asked herself as she lay very quietly on the floor of the old wagon bed, practically hidden from view by many trees and bushes in the farthest corner of the large back yard. To this active little girl it seemed hours since she had climbed into the ancient wagon. She had been playing hide-and-seek with her sister, Anne, and a group of her friends. The other children were a few years older than she and were not happy to have their play hindered by the little four-year-old girl. They had to be too careful not to hurt her. She had thought of this old wagon all by herself and, calling to the others that she was going to hide where they could not find her, she climbed into it.

It was a very warm afternoon, and the sun danced merrily through the trees, sending bright sunbeams to play on the floor of the wagon box, and Patty laughed and tried to catch them till she became drowsy and fell fast asleep.

About an hour later Patty woke with a start. She sat up suddenly and rubbed her blue eyes.

"Hello there, little girl," said a pleasant voice. Looking up, she saw a man looking at her. He smiled, and she could not help smiling back. "What are you doing here all by yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, I've been here most all afternoon," Patty answered thoughtfully. "I hid so good, I guess they won't ever find me." Then she remembered—Mommie had told her many, many times that she must never talk to strangers—*never!* But this man was so kind! Surely he would not want to hurt a little girl.

"What is your name?" she heard the man ask.

"My name is Patty, and my daddy owns the big store," she answered.

"Patty, that is a nice name. Yes, I know your daddy. He told me I might find you here."

"But how could Daddy have known I would be here in the old wagon?" Patty asked herself. "Well, he must have known; Daddy knows everything."

"Do you like candy, Patty?" the big man asked.

Would Mommie care if I talk to this man? He is so nice. If she were here, she wouldn't care; I know she wouldn't. Just this once she would say that it is all right if I let him give me some candy. And how Patty loved candy! All these things ran through her mind. Then she smiled up into the man's eyes and said, "Oh, yes, I like candy."

"Then come with me," he invited, "and we will find some candy for you."

"Then may I go to Mommie?"

"Yes, then we will go to your mommie," the man assured her. He lifted her out of the wagon, and holding her hand firmly, led her through the back gate and along deserted back streets she had never seen before.

"How much farther is it?" she asked timidly. "I—I'm tired."

"Shut up!" he answered gruffly, and gripped her hand so tightly that it ached. "And stop that whining," he commanded when the little girl began to sob.

"Oh, why didn't I mind Mommie!"

Patty wailed. "Mommie said strangers might treat me this way—might steal me." She was terribly frightened!

They met another big man who talked very harshly. Patty shuddered. He gave the first man a small package, and then he disappeared. Was it her candy—at last? Yes, it was. The man gave her two big pieces of candy. How good it tasted! Maybe he was a nice man after all.

"Thank you, sir," she said sweetly. "Now, please, may I go home?"

"Yes, let's go." He took her hand again, and Patty was happy.

Before long she grew very sleepy. Strange that she should be sleepy. At last she stopped and sobbed, "I can't walk any more. I'm too tired. I want my mommie."

The man picked the little girl up in his arms, and soon she was asleep.

In the meantime Patty's sister missed her. "Why, where is Patty?" she asked. No one knew. The older children had been so busy playing that they had not noticed the little golden-haired girl when she left their group. Anne became very excited. "Mother told me to watch her. Oh, where can she be? Patty! Patty! Where are you?" she called. They searched the yard, and then Anne ran into the house and told her mother the news. Searching parties were soon organized and set out to find Patty.

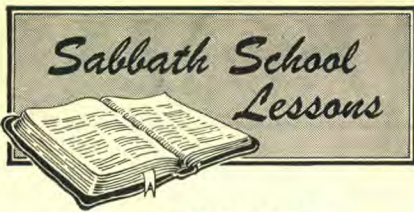
It was evening now, and one by one the searching parties returned tired and discouraged. None of them had found the missing girl.

Back in a ditch sheltered by some bushes, quite a distance from the town, Patty awoke. It was night, and she was cold and frightened. Where was she? The man who had given her the candy—where was he? She heard buzzing sounds in her head. How would she ever find her home? She dropped to her knees, for she knew Jesus.

"Dear Jesus, take me home to Mommie and Daddy and sister Anne," she prayed between sobs. "I won't ever be a naughty girl again. I will always do what Mommie tells me to. Please, dear Jesus, take me home. Amen." She rose and, believing that her dear heavenly Friend would lead her, she walked and walked. After a long, long time she saw lights; then she recognized a corner and a tree. How she ran! At last she opened the front door of her home and ran right into her mother's arms.

"Oh, Mommie," she cried, "I won't ever disobey you again—never! I promised Jesus, and He brought me home."

Patty's parents believe that the man was kidnaping their little daughter. Evidently the candy he gave her contained something to put her to sleep until night came, and then he planned to return and get her. The happy family thanked God for bringing their little girl back to them. Patty thanked Jesus for saving her from danger and bringing her home, and sister Anne promised never to neglect looking after her again. Patty has always remembered this experience. She is glad she learned early in life that "Mother knows best."



SENIOR YOUTH

II—God's Patience; Food From Heaven; Organizing Israel

(July 10)

MEMORY VERSE: Exodus 16:23.
LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 293-302.

THE LESSON

1. When the Israelites came to the wilderness of Sin, what caused them to complain? Ex. 16:1-3.

NOTE.—It had now been a month since the Israelites left Egypt, and up to this time they had eaten of the food they carried with them. They still had some of this food, but they now entered the wilderness, and as they looked at the stretch of desert before them, they could not see how such a company could be fed. As they thought of this, they lost their trust in God and thought only of the hardships by the way.

The "fleshpots" were the three-legged bronze vessels in which the food was boiled. "It was the habit of the Egyptians to feed well those whom they employed in forced labors."

2. How did the Lord plan to feed the people? For what purpose were they to be tested? Verse 4.

3. What instruction concerning the amount to be gathered on the sixth day was given? What did Moses and Aaron tell the people? Verses 5-8.

4. What call did Aaron make to the people? What did they see as they looked toward the wilderness? Verses 9, 10.

NOTE.—"A splendor such as they had never before witnessed, symbolized the divine presence. Through manifestations addressed to their senses, they were to obtain a knowledge of God. They must be taught that the Most High, and not merely the man Moses, was their leader, that they might fear His name and obey His voice."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 295.*

5. What did the Lord tell Moses He had heard? What promise did He make? How was it fulfilled? Verses 11-13.

6. In the morning when the dew had dried, what appeared? What explanation did Moses make? Verses 14, 15.

7. How did Moses instruct the people about the quantity of manna each should gather? What was the result when some disobeyed? Verses 16-21.

NOTE.—The Israelites "were directed to gather daily an omer [nearly three quarts] for every person; and they were not to leave of it until the morning. Some attempted to keep a supply until the next day, but it was then found to be unfit for food. The provision for the day must be gathered in the morning; for all that remained upon the ground was melted by the sun."—*Ibid.*

8. What instruction was given concerning the manna to be gathered on the sixth day? How were they to prepare for the Sabbath? Verses 22-26.

"God requires that His holy day be as sacredly observed now as in the time of Israel. The command given to the Hebrews should be regarded by all Christians as an injunction from Jehovah to them. The day before the Sabbath should be made a day of preparation, that everything may be in readiness for its sacred hours. In no case should our own business be allowed to encroach upon holy time."—*Id.*, pp. 295, 296.

9. How did some disobey? What reproof did the Lord give them? Verses 27-31.

10. How long did Israel eat of the manna? Verse 35.

11. Who came to visit Moses in the desert? Ex. 18:1-6.

12. When Moses sat to judge Israel, what question did Jethro ask? How did Moses explain? Verses 13-16.

13. What better arrangement did Jethro suggest? Verses 17-23.

14. How did Moses respond to this suggestion? Where did Jethro then go? Verses 24-27.

NOTE.—"The Lord had greatly honored Moses, and had wrought wonders by his hand; but the fact that he had been chosen to instruct others did not lead him to conclude that he himself needed no instruction. The chosen leader of Israel listened gladly to the suggestions of the godly priest of Midian, and adopted his plan as a wise arrangement."—*Id.*, p. 301.

JUNIOR

II—Knowing God Through His Loving Care

(July 10)

INTRODUCTION

It is hard to believe, but in three days' time Israel seemed to have forgotten God's mighty deliverance. They deserved to be severely reproofed for their ingratitude, but instead God hastened to supply them with what they needed in order that they might know Him through His loving care.

Verse to Be Remembered

"Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you." Ex. 16:4.

LESSON OUTLINE

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Exodus 15:22-27; 16:2-4, 14, 19-26, 35; John 6:48-51.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 291, 293, 296, 297.

STUDY PLAN FOR THE WEEK

Sabbath afternoon: Read carefully all the lesson scriptures, the Introduction, and the Guiding Thought. Be able to answer these questions: (1) Instead of punishing the Israelites when they murmured, what did God do? (2) How did God teach them to believe in His loving care? *Sunday:* Study Assignments 1 and 2. *Monday:* Assignments 3 and 4. *Tuesday:* Assignment 5 and do assigned map work. *Wednesday:* Assignment 6. *Thursday:* Assignment 7 and learn memory verse. *Friday:* Review Assignments 1-6.

Assignment 1

How were the children of Israel tested following their wonderful lesson in God's love and power at the Red Sea? Prove that Israel did not pass the test. Study Exodus 15:22-24, and "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 21, paragraph 2.

Assignment 2

How did God at Marah and Elam once more prove His love and His power in behalf of His people? Exodus 15:25, 27.

Assignment 3

After the experience at Marah God came to terms with Israel. He told them what He expected of them and what they might expect of Him. What one word tells what God expected of Israel? Show that in this transaction God was trying to protect His people and was again showing His care for Israel. Study Exodus 15:26.

Assignment 4

After being on the march for just one month, Israel showed that they had again forgotten God. But God had not forgotten Israel. Prove these statements. Study Exodus 16:2-4, 14, and "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 293.

Assignment 5

What lessons did God teach Israel by the following experiences:

(1) Their supply of manna was good for one day only.

(2) Twice the regular amount fell on the sixth day.

(3) No manna fell for them on the seventh day. Study Exodus 16:19, 20, 22-26; and "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 296, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 6

Show that for forty years Israel was daily reminded of God's unfailing love, and

was reminded weekly of the sacredness of His holy Sabbath. Study Exodus 16:35; "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 296, paragraph 3, and page 297, paragraph 1.

LESSON NOTES

1. After being on the march for just one month, Israel was faced with a serious shortage of food. Forgetting God's wonderful deliverance and care in the past, Israel began at once to murmur against God. An Israel who forgot became an Israel who murmured. But God did not forget His people. (Ex. 16:4.)

2. What God expected of His people could be summed up in one word—obedience. God's terms were these: If obedient, Israel would escape the diseases of Egypt; if not obedient, Israel would not escape. A disobedient Israel will fare no better than a disobedient Egypt. So in requiring obedience God was but protecting His people and proving His loving care.

3. (1) By requiring Israel to depend upon a daily supply of manna, God was teaching His people to trust Him from day to day and to know Him through His daily care. So must we also learn to trust God. We may have no food for tomorrow, but God's promise is, "Your bread is in My storehouse. I shall keep it for you till the morrow." (2) and (3) With an extra amount of manna on the sixth day and no manna on the seventh day, God was teaching His people how very sacred was His holy Sabbath. Every junior can tell what lessons Israel learned from these experiences. The Sabbath is a sign between God and His people, that He is their God, and that they may depend upon His loving care.

4. The children of Israel ate manna "until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan." It was by a miracle that God provided His people with manna, and for forty years they were daily reminded by this wonderful miracle of God's unfailing care and tender love. God performed three special miracles every week for forty years ever to remind His people of the sacredness of the Sabbath. Read "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 296, paragraph 2.

5. Following their wonderful experience at the Red Sea God's people were permitted to be without drinking water for three days. God had proved Himself their mighty Deliverer just three days before; now would Israel trust Him to care for them by supplying their daily needs? This was their test, and they failed shamefully in meeting this test. The record against them was, "The people murmured against Moses."

6. Though they murmured against Him, the Lord proved Himself Israel's God by His loving care in supplying their wants. It was God's power in the leaves that sweetened the waters of Marah. It was God's love that led the people from Marah to Elim, where they found not only one but twelve wells of clear, sparkling water.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued by

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

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

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

ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even if you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.

The Listening Post

❖ AMERICAN railroads have moved 10,000,000 troops in sleeping cars during organized troop movements since the beginning of the war.

❖ THERE are at present three times as many college graduates and six times as many high-school graduates in the American Army as there were during World War I.

❖ VICTORY gardeners are requested by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to share packages of seeds which usually contain a much larger supply than can be used in a single garden.

❖ THE Chinese press reports that a five-year-old boy living in the town of Likhwa, Sikang Province, in far Western China, has been declared the true reincarnation of the Panchen Lama, spiritual leader of Tibet, who died November 30, 1937. This boy is one of the three "divine children" found last spring to have been born at about the time of the late Lama's death.

❖ A NOVEL "gas mask" for automobiles, capable of converting any closed vehicle into a ventilated, gasproof shelter, is a recent Army invention. It is designed to protect persons who may be riding, from possible enemy gas attacks.

❖ DRIED peas and beans to be used as seeds are not included in rationing restrictions, according to the Office of War Information.

❖ A UTAH farmer reported that he had cleared his squash patch of bugs by planting in it nasturtiums, whose odor is offensive to the insects.

❖ "ARASAN," an organic sulphur compound which disinfects seeds and protects vegetables against disease, is on the market as a new and effective aid to Victory gardeners.

❖ THE U. S. Army Medical Corps has developed a standard snake-bite kit, which contains a plastic suction pump to remove venom, a tourniquet, bandages, iodine, and ammonia.

❖ MECHANICAL pencils are now being made from four instead of seventy pounds of metal for every thousand pencils, through the use of a new cellulose nitrate plastic developed in du Pont's laboratories.

❖ THE Library of Congress, which today has a collection of well over 6,000,000 volumes, was re-established in 1815, after having been burned during the War of 1812, by the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's collection of 6,700 books.

❖ THE U. S. Navy summer work uniforms of khaki are being replaced by less conspicuous slate gray to "provide greater protection to forces afloat." The new order provides a transition period during which officers will be allowed to wear their khaki uniforms.

❖ ONSLOW LASS, a seventeen-year-old cow owned by Miss Mary Hopper of Nova Scotia, held the title of world's champion Ayrshire butterfat producer when she died recently. Her record for eleven officially recorded years was 195,565 pounds of milk and 8,367 pounds of butterfat.

❖ AN automotive engineer has developed a bus which will carry 250 passengers safely at the speeds of regular buses. This huge, low-slung van with a capacity greater than a railroad boxcar, was built for the Colorado Springs Bus Company, which was unable to supply transportation for soldiers stationed at near-by Camp Carson.

❖ BRITISH sailors stationed at the Royal Naval Encampment at Asbury Park, New Jersey, while their ships are in port, are helping to relieve the labor shortage on surrounding farms. Volunteer squads under the supervision of a petty officer are sent out for eight-day periods to farmers, who must pay the cost of transportation and living expenses for the sailors but are not permitted to give them other compensation.

❖ DOCTORS are now turning against the use of heat in cases of shock. Professors of medicine at Tulane University and Indiana University report experiments which indicate that shock patients should be kept comfortably warm by the use of blankets, but that the application of hot-water bottles, as advised in first-aid handbooks, aggravates the difficulty by dilating the surface blood vessels and causing the flow of blood into them from the patient's already inadequate supply. Too much heat also speeds up chemical reaction, causing oxygen lack, and increases perspiration, a condition which results in still further fluid loss.



Man Turns to the Word of God

A fighting man speaks from the floor of a storm-tossed raft. . . . "Is there a Bible among us?"

On a burning African desert a voice reads quietly . . . and a thousand heads bow reverently.

In the silence of night on a Kansas farm . . . a mother finds solace in its thin, worn pages.

Quietly . . . its words of comfort are spoken in solemn requiem . . . as rough hands grown tender lower a hero's body overside.

In the search for peace through generations . . . man has turned to the Bible. For the things men live by are found in this book that is the word of God.

In its pages . . . men have found help for their deepest needs. Comfort for their shattered spirits. Light for their darkest hour.

Always the Bible has inspired the noblest courage and the most sublime actions of man. Heroes have dedicated their lives to its principles. Martyrs have died with its words on their lips.

Now an anguished world turns to this Book that has molded the life of man. For its lessons of mercy, humanity, tolerance, charity. For a restoration of the spirit torn with grief. For a return of the hope and faith grown weak under the whip of despotism.

And here in its pages to seek the flame that lifts men's souls. The courage to face tomorrow. The faith, that in good time . . . the sound of war will end . . . and men shall live again in brotherhood and peace.

Courtesy, SATURDAY EVENING POST.