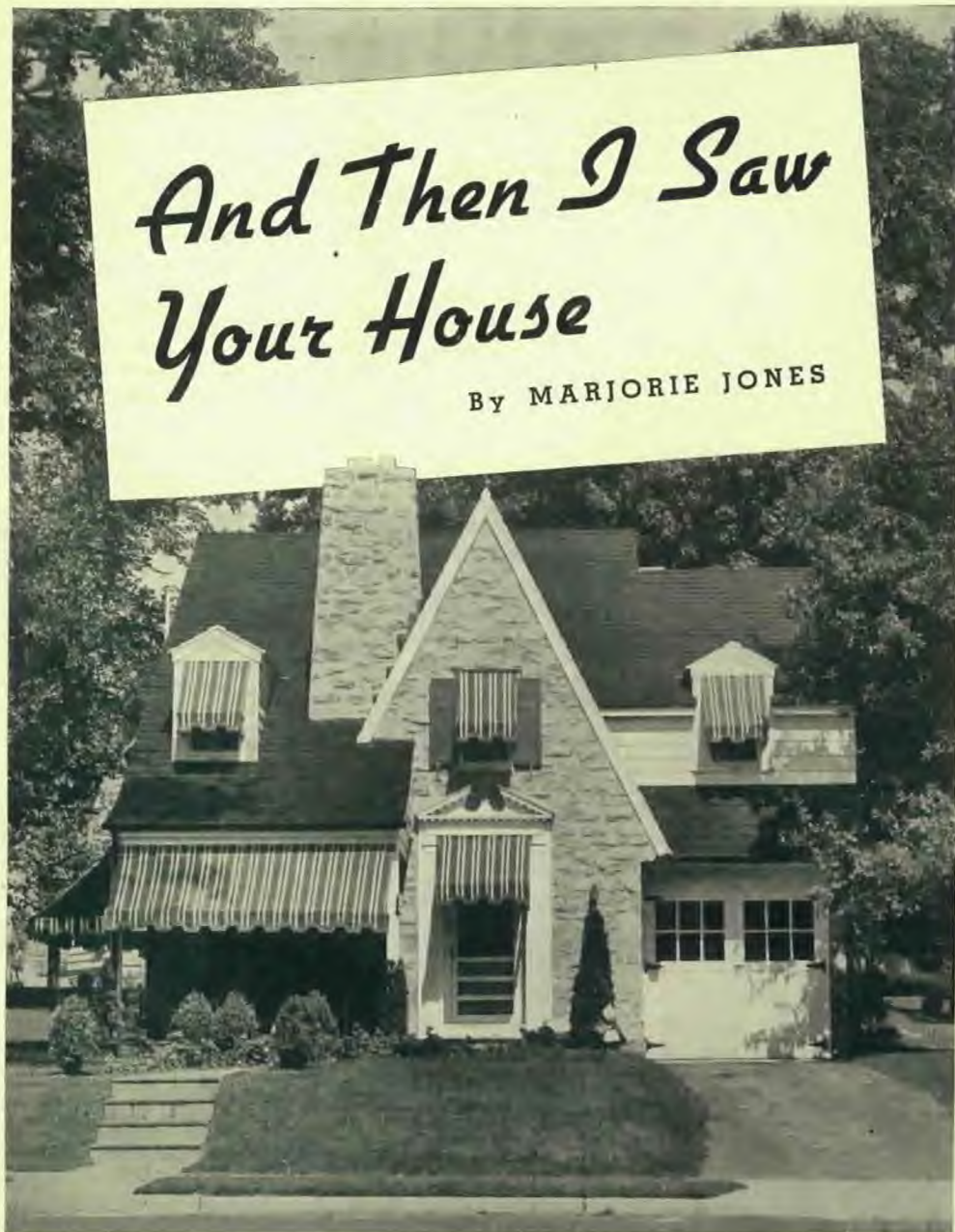


# The Youth's Instructor



## And Then I Saw Your House

BY MARJORIE JONES



H. M. LAMBERT

Because I Met You, I Have Found the Master Architect for My Own House of Life

THERE is something ever so enticing about being on the outside of anything, that makes one desire to look in. All of us at some time have walked along a strange city street and wondered what was behind the closed doors of the homes facing it—some tall, cool, dignified; others long and low and friendly looking. What is more tantalizing than to wander through an almost-completed house and speculate just how it will look when it is ready for occupancy? Such

an experience is always a mild adventure, even if the structure is in such varying stages of development as to send one clambering over planks and plaster bags.

One wonders about the architect who drew the plans for walls and towering cupolas of the homes of our grandfathers with the same interest that one sometimes inquires about the designer of a comfortable cottage or an abundant abode today. Whose taste made the roof low and leaning? Whose

thought was the gracious portal? Who knew the comfort of a wide fireplace on a cold night and placed the chimney where it is?

When I find a house that pleases me, I ask who designed it, who was responsible for its becoming features. Upon learning, I keenly watch for more buildings planned by that architect, questioning whether or not I would wish him to build a house for me.

Not all houses remain the way they were planned by the original builder. But while some fall into decay or are remodeled to suit a different taste, others grow old gracefully and still others are deceiving. A lovely ivy vine may grace the dingy haunt of a miser; well-painted panels hide the loneliness of a death-ridden mansion; fine fronts be only a shield to neglect and decay.

People are like houses. One sees them passing by. Hundreds through the busy streets as buildings line their walks. One wonders what may be behind the brows that knit their way down crowded thoroughfares and move off into the shadows. Many go, cold, stern, and forbidding, striking no note of response in me, and then I see a face that makes me wonder about the interior of that soul house. Occasionally

one has an opportunity to enter such a house, which in the light of pleasant circumstance seemed beautiful and charming. Perhaps we make our entrance as far as the front hall and find that all the connecting doors are tightly closed except one, through which we catch a glimpse beyond, revealing frivolous vacantness. And even more disappointing, beneath it we discover a crumbling foundation.

And then as I went on searching faces, I saw your (*Turn to page 3*)



# Let's Talk It Over

FOR the past six months carpenters, electricians, plumbers, plasterers, cabinetmakers, and painters have held sway on the third floor of the Review and Herald Publishing Association headquarters. The manager, editors, artists, proofreaders, and secretaries, who could not do otherwise than carry on in the midst of the upset, have dodged in and out, climbed over and crawled under, worked at desks moved hither and yon, and generally been in the craftsmen's way. For we have been remodeled!

Now that beautifully arranged order is evolving out of the seemingly hopeless chaos, I am impressed with the importance of plans when any construction project is under way. Frequently during these hectic months we have questioned how this or that was going to be "when it is finished." The construction boss was wont to soothe our curiosity by bringing out his blueprints. And always he ended his illustrated lecture with the observation: "We just follow the plan, you see. When you start out to build something, you have to have a plan; and if you follow that plan, everything comes out all right." Which it has!

Yes, there's no getting around it—plans are important. Come to think of it no one working at anything, be it a building or a life, succeeds without a plan.

BOB and Jack were spending the vacation months at the farm home of a favorite uncle, who brought back from town with him one day a chest of miniature construction tools for each boy. Saw, hammer, plane, chisel, square, screwdriver—not one tool was missing! Delighted—yes, thrilled—they began to clamor for a place to work. Uncle Ben arranged a bench in a light, airy corner of the basement, half of it for each boy. Material to build with? They would find it out in the truck, and soon it was placed in two neat piles—one at each end of the worktable. Now the embryo carpenters were ready for business. Uncle Ben watched them with interest.

Bob thoughtfully looked into his open chest; then he took out the instruction book and, seating himself on his pile of boards, began to read it carefully. As the use of each tool was explained, he took it out, examined it, and then placed it on the bench where it would be within easy reach. Jack did not bother even to open the instruction book. Every tool came out

of his chest in a jumble as he turned it upside down on his section of the worktable, and without stopping to arrange them in any kind of order, he seized the saw, picked up a board, and started to work.

"What are you going to make, Jack?" Uncle Ben asked.

"Oh, I'm going to build something tremendous," the boy assured him, "something I'll think up all by myself as I go along. I'm not going to follow any old pattern." He directed a superior glance in studious Bob's direction.

"And what is this 'something tremendous' and original going to be?" Uncle Ben was persistent in his questioning.

"I don't quite know—yet," Jack answered absently as he sawed and hammered away.

"How about you, Bob? What are you going to make?"

Bob looked up into his uncle's eyes from the page of models he was studying, and answered: "I think I'll start with something easy—maybe this bird-house. If I follow the plan and measurements as they are given, I ought not to have any trouble, and that way I'll learn how to handle the tools right. Then when I've finished that, I'll try something harder. There are a lot of dandy patterns in the back of the book. Someday I'd like to make a bookcase for my room."

"Fine," encouraged Uncle Ben. "And when you're ready for the bookcase, I have some grained oak lumber stored in the barn that will be just the thing to use."

"Could I have some of the oak boards too?" Jack wanted to know.

"When you have decided just what you're going to build," Uncle Ben smiled, "and have drawn a plan which you can follow, then we'll see about it." And he added, "Can you tell us yet what you're making there?"

"N-o-o, not exactly," Jack acknowledged, "only that it's going to be different and—and—gigantic!"

Uncle Ben watched him for a few minutes, then suggested: "Wouldn't it be better to follow the instructions in the book. The person who prepared them and drew the plans for beginners to model was experienced in the use of tools and in building. He knew just what he was doing, which you, Jack, don't seem to know. Why don't you and Bob start together and build the same things for a while?"

"Because I don't want to," answered Jack.

The days passed one by one. Bob, working carefully, soon had a bird-house of which he was proud. Then he began trying his skill at more complicated designs. Jack had a hodgepodge that was good for nothing and resembled nothing so much as chaos.

Bob continued to enjoy his tools through the summer and found much satisfaction in the attractive bookcase he had ready to take home with him, but Jack soon lost interest in his tools. "Building is no fun," he declared, "I'd rather go fishing." Which he did!

People react to life in the selfsame way. Some have a plan. Some have none. Some are willing to follow a plan. Some are not. Those who have a plan and are willing to follow it live reasonably happy, satisfactory lives. The others live pointlessly and are unhappy in the realization that they are not accomplishing anything worth while.

A VIVID memory of my childhood is Amelia Yaegle. She was a short, stout German-Russian eighteen-year-old girl, and how she could work! Where she came from I do not know, but there was not the shadow of a doubt about where she intended to go, for she had a plan. The fact that she had almost no education was a handicap to be overcome, but not an insurmountable obstacle by any means.

Purposefully she entered school with the second-grade children and struggled with arithmetic and grammar. Some folks said, "You'll never make it, Amelia." But she squared her shoulders and declared with conviction, "I may not be a nurse from the Nebraska Sanitarium; but nevertheless I shall be a nurse!"

And she was—eventually. A good one, too! But if she had not made a plan and been willing to follow it purposefully, she would have spent her life cooking and scrubbing in somebody's kitchen, bemoaning her fate.

YES, friend o' mine, plans are all-important, whether you are constructing a building or a life. Sometimes it may be necessary to revise them and make a new set of blueprints, but don't risk trying to live a worth-while life without having a well-thought-out pattern and the will to follow it.

*Lora E. Clement*



house! It puzzled me at first. Neither towering pillars nor shining brass adorned the portal; no formal hedge encased the yard nor did the garden blossom with bric-a-brac. There was a strange simplicity and genuineness about the structure, that made me pause. Beautiful shining windows looked straight across at me; and though I hardly dared to think what might lie beyond their depth, your quiet smile encouraged me to step up to your door and knock meekly in hope that you would ask me to enter.

When I reached the door, I found that it was already open as though it were waiting for me. Unquestioningly you asked me into a long white hall and to the spaciousness beyond. The place looked particularly plain. To my eyes, accustomed to clutter, it appeared almost bare at first; but then I realized that it was restraint and simplicity. Everywhere there was harmony in color and a pleasant order. A bright, even light filled every room and shone out through those windows, and from deep within I heard music, not jangling and loud, but soft and beautiful. The whole atmosphere was that of unity, beauty, and fineness to such an extent that I immediately cried, "Who could have been your architect? I have never seen such a lovely place in my life. Did he charge a fabulous fee? Each detail shows restraint and refinement and perfect taste."

You smiled graciously and replied, "I would like nothing better than to have you meet my Architect, for you can have Him design your house, too. He is a Master Builder of long experience. He made the first two houses ever built in the world, but an enemy came in and partially destroyed those

first homes. Since then this Artist has been employed in making over old houses. He is a genius at this work and interiors are His specialty. He can do what no other architect has ever done. Liking nothing better, He delights in making a miserable hovel into a glorious mansion."

Ruefully my mind dashed fleeting glances at my own house. It had suddenly taken on a grimy hue. It was poor, unkempt and run-down, pretentious and proud. Surely that wonderful Architect would never consent to remodel my old self.

As these thoughts struck my heart I heard your words, "Of course you can have Him too, for His only fee is your desire. You need only want Him, ask Him, let Him in. He is knocking at your door right now."

I was amazed and could scarcely believe it. For such a One I had been searching. I asked Him to start work immediately.

This Man works in a wonderful way. It frightened me a bit at first, for He moved my whole house onto a firm foundation, a Rock. But you had cautioned me never to question what He did, because it is always for the best and for the beauty of the whole. And so it proved. His every move was in His blueprints for me.

Next He gave me windows that let in a new light—such penetrating light that some of my poor furnishings looked suddenly threadbare and broken and worn. He seemed to feel that it would be well to replace them with new designs; but I was plunged into despair to know where or how to find that which would please Him, harmonize with what I had, and still not look too strange in that new light. He

quickly explained that He would supply the pieces needed and that I could find them nowhere else. I consented and He brought them as He had promised—objects delightful to behold. Their comfort was such as I had never known, but downcast was my heart when I saw that the rest of my old things did not harmonize with those of His making, and thus it went.

It was all a gradual change. Sometimes I hesitated to part with the lifelong articles of my existence; but He put in their places things of much greater value and made me feel ashamed that I had doubted the wisdom of His working. I was always delighted eventually with what He did to my house, and looked forward to the time when all would be finished. Then He explained that He desired to live there with me and that unless I asked Him to cease working, or made it impossible for Him to continue, He never would be finished as long as I live, for this renovation was to be a work of a lifetime.

"Oh, then go on," I begged Him, overjoyed with the thought.

He worked in first one part of the house and then another, making revolutionary changes, bringing in more and more furniture and hangings made with His own hands, until all things began to harmonize. At length He came upon the attic. Now anyone's attic is commonly a sight to behold. Mine was stacked with odds and ends of mere trash, really, but some of these things I truly treasured.

Surely, I thought, little things like those will not trouble Him. Can it be that they must go?

Go they did, but not without a struggle. When at last (*Turn to page 14*)



## Any Old Gold?

By RAYMOND CRAWFORD

A man came up to the house one day,  
And he asked of me in a friendly way,  
"Have you any old gold that I can buy?"  
"I'm afraid I haven't," was my reply.  
He chided, "Come now, look around;  
You'll be surprised what can be found  
In this same house. For as I go  
From house to house, they all say no;  
But a scanty search uncovers some  
'Most anywhere I chance to come."  
So I searched the house, and here and there  
I found small bits of the metal rare.

He grinned at me and walked away;  
And I learned my lesson for the day.  
Any old talent? any old song?  
Any kind word to help along?  
Any old smile a face to light?  
Any old chance to do what's right?  
Does the world hold in its hand for me  
Any old opportunity?  
Any new friend that I might know?  
Any old pleasure in doing so?  
And I chuckle and think, Life's not so bad,  
For I've more old gold than I thought I had.





J. C. ALLEN

ONE hundred ninety-eight, one hundred ninety-nine, two hundred," counted Mother as she lifted the last fluffy balls of down from the cardboard cartons and placed them carefully under the electric brooder. What lovely little chicks they were, with their bright little black eyes looking trustingly at the world about them. I had a vital interest in those chicks. For months Mother and I had held long and earnest consultations over the subject uppermost in our minds. How could money be earned for me to attend the academy when September came? Many were the ways and means we considered, but most of them seemed impractical for various reasons. At last we decided to raise chickens. The only count against this plan was that neither of us knew anything about raising chickens. We had always lived in the city and only recently had moved to a little place in the country.

Hearing of our plans, our friends and neighbors came in to give us advice, which was by no means encouraging. "The surest way to lose money," one said, "is to put it into chickens. Why I have known people who went into the chicken business and lost all they put into it and more." "I was getting along nicely," another told us, "when some disease struck my flock and they all died." "And anyway," added his companion, "chickens just

eat their heads off." Dire forebodings filled our minds, but we were not discouraged. We would ask God to help us.

It was evident that we ought to seek authoritative information about the business before starting. So we sent for bulletins from the United States Department of Agriculture. One pamphlet described in detail the equipment needed and the methods of caring for poultry; another described the common ailments of chickens and told how to recognize the symptoms and gave methods of preventing disease. From others we learned additional information and our interest grew as we spent evening after evening studying it. We read that a chicken really is a complex organism. The period from the time it enters this world to the age of maturity is only about six months. The very speed with which it matures means that it is subject to many ills.

We decided to consult our State university concerning a good hatchery from which to buy our chicks. The man in charge was kind and helpful. Selecting strong, healthy chicks from

parent stock free from disease is all important, we learned. Then, too, pullets should be bred from the "good layer" type of eggs. Finally we selected a reliable hatchery and found the manager interested in our success. He had good chicks and was anxious that they should live and develop into a healthy flock.

A neighbor who lived across the field came to see them. "Ach!" she exclaimed, "von leedle bit of vind and they are gone!" But we did not find it so. They needed only clean surroundings, plenty of warmth, clean water, and suitable feed. How they grew! In less than a week little wing feathers appeared, and in a few more days they all had diminutive tails. How they ate! Their tiny feet made the bright yellow straw fly as they scratched for food.

They were a month old now and had quite outgrown their brooder. We moved them to a larger house and, flushed with success, we decided to buy two hundred more day-old chicks. It was April and the days were warmer. It would be easier to care for them.

## A "Leedle Vind"

BY MARILYN KNECHT

So we made our purchase. The older ones were out-of-doors every bright day. They scratched and ran about in the warm sunshine, enjoying it and absorbing in their bodies the precious vitamin D from the sun's rays. This is very important for baby chicks, as they get rickets more quickly than do human babies. Even the mash they ate was well fortified with cod-liver oil to guard against this danger. Vitamin A they need also in great abundance. We tried to make sure that they had enough of this by providing for them a large grassy space where they could run. How eagerly they ate the green grass!

Our bulletins, which we consulted frequently, stressed again and again the need of scrupulous cleanliness and sanitation to prevent poultry diseases. We did our best, cleaning and disinfecting the watering dishes of our chicks and keeping their houses spotless. All this required much time, attention, and hard work; but I was happy. I had visions of nests full of high-grade fresh eggs when September came. Those eggs (*Turn to page 13*)



# The Fear of the Lord

By JOSEPHINE CUNNINGTON EDWARDS

WHAT to do with this youngest child of hers—that was the problem that occupied Ma Herkimer's thoughts. Perty as a piney, the girl hadn't seemed to pour into the good old Herkimer mold as had Marthy and Ed, Julia, Tomps, and Jamie. They'd been contented enough to drift out of village school into peaceful contented home jobs or workin' fer the neighbors. Marthy and Julie had both worked out to help get their weddin' clothes. Married good, too, both on 'em. Marthy's man had as good a farm as anyone in the county. Heired it off'n his grandpappy who was rich and closefisted. But he died last winter and left the whole kit and bilin' to Jed Wells. Marthy sure had her nest feathered comfytable and livin' on the very next farm to home, too.

That made Ma Herkimer feel expansive and comfortable. The other married children weren't so far away that a few minutes in their various cars could not bring them all home for Sunday dinner often, and always on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Her huge kitchen, running the full width at the back of the great two-story farmhouse, was a place anyone would enjoy visiting. All five of the senses usually were gratified by so doing. The smooth warmth from the great shining range, which grinned a toothy red smile at you from the depths of its amiable hot grates; the song of the teakettle; the bubble of soup; the crackle of the fire; or the purring of the old brindle tomcat, who had taken possession of a bright braided rug directly in front of the oven door—all taken together made a picture of clean, homely beauty which appealed to feeling, smelling,

and hearing. The great table, oilcloth covered but spotless, dominated one end of the room. The big sideboard with its dish of apples and its display of old-fashioned, ornate plates was a substantial part of the attractive scene. And you wouldn't be long in Ma Herkimer's house before your sense of taste was gratified, for she was a cook of the old school and well known for her hospitality. A broad, motherly woman who would laugh melba-toast-lettuce-leaf reducing diets to scorn and bring on great wedges of apple pie, pitchers of creamy milk, and regular paving blocks of chocolate cake—such was Ma Herkimer.

How this youngest child of hers, Sue Rena, should get it into her pretty head she needed an education dumbfounded her mother. Why she *had* 'tended high school, callin' Ed or Pa away from chores every mornin' to take her into Winthrop. She wouldn't rest, neither, till she graduated and that's more'n any one of the other Herkimer children had wanted to do.

Now college! Ma was flabbergasted. It stood to reason Sue Rena'd up an' git married one o' these days; then what good would larnin' do? Anyhow, how much good would that algebray do in churning up some good butter? Ma had never looked inside a textbook of higher mathematics, and her butter, pound cake, and salt-risin' bread won first prize in the State fair every year.

But the object of her anxiety had just as square and firm a chin as Ma. True, the sweet, fragrant flesh covering it gave her a wistful look that seemed tempered with a never-failing courage. She had the same indomi-

table pluck that Pa Herkimer had when his father's death left him saddled and swamped with debts not his own, which he felt honor-bound to pay. It took years, but he had struggled up and out.

To Sue Rena high school had been but the appetizer—the hors d'oeuvres if you please—suggestive of a delectable meal that could follow. To deny her this would be to deny food to the starving. But Ma could not understand. To her, all things were mundane. If one had bread, why need he hunger for hyacinths?

It was settled at a conclave the very next Sunday when the whole Herkimer tribe came home for Sunday dinner. Ma was in her element. The table groaned with food her children loved. After the meal Sue Rena's case was taken up and discussed pro and con, right over the girl's head. Her sisters were inclined to be a little smug and laughed at her ambitions. Julia turned to her and said, "Oh, Sue, don't be *silly*! Give that Joe Danforth a little encouragement. You've had 'High'; why not let well enough alone?"

Martha took up the argument a little patronizingly, "Oh, Sue, where'll college get you? You *know* men shy away from a strong-minded, educated woman. You could marry Joe just as easy as not and be comfortably settled on a farm near here. Then we girls could be together." She fell silent for a few minutes. The chubby baby in her arms had fallen asleep and she tenderly smoothed the fuzzy hair on his head. Then she continued, "I hate to see our circle broken, Sue. We have so much fun. Please marry Joe."

But Sue Rena only shook her head. She saw a glimmer beyond her narrow horizon that none of her brothers or sisters had seen. Maybe someday she could be content to settle down. But the world of books looked enchanting and beckoned the girl to come and investigate its wonders and mysteries.

Eventually with her family's good-natured but reluctant help, Sue Rena found herself in the wide halls of Big Stone Business College in a thriving Southern city not too far from home. Even though her brothers had promised to divide her expenses and pay every cent of them and her sisters had pledged themselves to help with her clothes, Sue Rena resolved to be as self-sufficient as possible. She was an independent miss and determined to take as little help as possible.

While she was in the registrar's office signing up for the course she was to take, she timidly asked the young woman at the desk if there was any chance of securing employment in the city where she could work for her room and board. "Employment office, room 101 in the basement," replied the



Sue Rena Herself at Work in the Union College Business Office



girl mechanically, not looking up from her typewriter.

When Sue Rena made inquiry at the employment office, the woman in charge looked her up and down curiously. "Think you could handle our very best 'place' for girls?" she asked. "You receive a small wage in addition to room and board. And besides you get your car tokens to and from the school. They are fine people and very particular. They like things so-so."

Sue had been trained in the gentle art of housekeeping under Ma's exact hand. She knew that she knew how to cook and how to clean and keep house.

"Of course I can," she answered simply. "They would have to be very particular to be more so than my mother."

"Well, then come on and I'll take you out there," suggested Miss Martin. "It's my quitting time anyway and I live in that direction. I'll introduce you."

They were skimming along the smooth, tree-lined avenue when the woman beside Sue Rena suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you one thing, Miss Herkimer. They have one little eccentricity that you might not like. They keep Saturday for Sunday and you do all your Saturday work on Friday."

"Oh, I shall not mind that," laughed Sue.

"Yes, but you get no bacon, ham, coffee, tea, or pork chops. The other girls who have worked there say that they set a very good table though, and they certainly didn't lack for food."

"If I get too hungry, I can always drop a word to my mother. She canned everything you can think of in the meat line and I never did care a great deal about coffee or tea."

"I think you'll probably get on all right then," agreed Miss Martin as she brought her little coupé to a standstill before an attractive English-style brick house. There were evergreens close to the house and the lawn that swept out to meet the street was as smooth as velvet. A flagstone walk curved gracefully around the front stoop where two gleaming white benches stood on either side of a wide front door. Miss Martin smiled at Sue Rena as she pressed the doorbell.

"They really are very nice," she whispered.

When Mrs. Compton answered the door, Sue Rena fell in love with her at once. She was very small and girlish, and two adorable children were clinging to her skirts. A tiny boy in sturdy blue hickory overalls peeped at her solemnly from behind his mother's slight figure, and a lovely little girl of about four with braided hair and print dress and half hose looked up at her too. Sue Rena felt as if she were being measured, itemized, and catalogued.

After the introductions Mrs. Comp-

ten took her into the kitchen, where the maid who was leaving was just finishing up the morning work. "Mr. Compton and I are making a little trip this week end," she said. "Mary can help you get into the swing of things before she leaves next Monday."

Mary proved to be very pleasant and was lavish in her praise of her employers. The children had gone out to the sand pile again, so she spoke of them. "They're just as sweet and nice children as you'd ask for. I wouldn't leave, but I was graduated last June and have been waiting for just the secretarial job that I wanted. I got it last week and gave the Comptens notice, but I surely hate to leave."

Sue soon fitted herself into the round of her work and schooling. She found plenty of time for study in the evening in her own pleasant room next to the nursery, where little Caroline and Alden slept. It took only a few minutes to tuck them into bed and then she had several hours in which to practice shorthand and work on bookkeeping.

One Saturday morning Mrs. Compton asked her if she would take the children to church.

"I caught this cold last week, Sue Rena, and my head is bursting. I hate to ask you, dear, but it is thirteenth Sabbath and the children have parts on the program."

Sue laughed to herself. Such hard work: taking two little children to church. Of course she consented to do as she was asked. Mr. Compton took them in his car, for it was pouring rain. At the sight of the church Sue was much surprised. It was a plain structure, painted white and set on a corner. A walk ran diagonally across the lawn to meet a corner entrance. The entry room was full of coats and overshoes. Mr. Compton took the children to their section which was somewhere in the basement. Presently he returned and took Sue to what he called the "young people's class."

What most people would consider an ordinary, everyday lesson study was marvelous to Sue. She noted that many in the class had studied their lesson daily. She asked for and received a Quarterly, deciding on the spur of the moment to attend this church again. That week she studied her Sabbath school lesson daily with Mrs. Compton's help.

"Why," she exclaimed after the two had gone through the texts together one evening, "there must be something to your religion! But tell me, why do

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**"The way to climb is to remain on the level."**

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you keep Saturday instead of Sunday?"

Mrs. Compton smiled a little and briefly explained to Sue Rena the events of the great apostasy. Then she took two books out of the cases by the fireplace and asked her to look up the subject in them. One was "History of the Sabbath," by J. N. Andrews, and the other was "The Great Controversy."

Sue Rena had to force herself to study school lessons after that. If she had had her own way, she would have devoted all her free time to the Sabbath question.

By the end of a month, the girl was fully convinced that Saturday is the Sabbath of the Lord. She fairly drank in the lessons she studied and the sermons she heard at the little church, and showered Mr. and Mrs. Compton with questions when she was at home. Then she began to observe the Bible Sabbath, much to her employers' surprise and joy.

One week the young people invited her to a social. Sue Rena went, of course, and was pleased to find that even the pleasures indulged in by this group of people, though they were different from those to which she had been accustomed, were really very satisfying. Later the Missionary Volunteer leader asked her to take a part in their young people's program on Friday evening. She accepted the little talk outline with some misgivings, worked hard on preparation, and somehow gave it, frightened though she was.

Sue Rena looked down at the sea of friendly faces that evening as she made her first public speech and her heart swelled with joy. The power and the glory of the wonderful message she had found thrilled her through and through. These were helpful, worthwhile friends, and she felt that she was a part of the group now.

Her letters home created a great furor. Of course they were enthusiastic and bubbling over with zeal. Ma Herkimer wrung her gnarled and work-worn hands and called everyone to witness that it was none of her doings.

"She's unbalanced, she's teched in the head, I tell you she is," she moaned. "Sue ain't ever been strong, and now she's studied and worked so hard it's 'fectin' her brain piece. Tomps, Eddie, Julie, Marthy, do somethin'. Write to her, all of you!" So all of them duly promised to write and Sue received a regular avalanche of protesting letters. Though she did not then know it, she was not the first one accused of being unbalanced because she believed the truth of the third angel's message. Paul was once accused in the words, "Much learning hath made thee mad."

But the letters only served to sharpen Sue Rena's zeal. It is ever thus. Once embraced, truth is so clear, so plain, so irrefutable that one wonders why all the world cannot see it, does not accept it.

(Turn to page 14)



# Memories of PIONEER PROVIDENCES

By L. A. HANSEN

**S**TARTING our treatment rooms at Nashville was truly a pioneer job. For one thing it was the first treatment room of any pretensions established by Seventh-day Adventists. My brother, L. F. Hansen, had operated a small place for a little while at Atchison, Kansas. The horizontal electric light cabinet sent to us from Battle Creek Sanitarium was the first one sent out from that center where many such cabinets have since been made and shipped.

Our large 24 by 85 foot room had to be divided off into food store, treatment rooms, and living quarters. Then the treatment rooms had to be partitioned into waiting rooms, dressing rooms, massage booths, spray room, and so forth. Since our means were limited, this had to be done the cheapest way and that was by doing it ourselves, with what help was donated by our good friends, Fred and Ben Spire, who stood by for service at night after their regular work hours.

Our Nashville church was naturally interested in the new venture. The membership at that time was rather small, and meetings were held in a room on Woodland Avenue, the entrance to which was through a paint shop hallway filled with ladders, paint buckets, and paint smells. It was the best we could do, and it was the beginning of a good work if not a good beginning.

We were then in the period of city missions. In many cities of the United States our churches were operating missions for the poor, the derelicts, and such down-and-outers as are usually reached by that kind of work. There was plenty of material in Nashville for such a mission. It did not take much urging to interest our own church in opening one, and in due time we had the Christian Help Mission located near Hell's Half Acre across from Links Depot.

As I was the chief "mover" in the mission movement, the burden of its operation was mine. After working as long as

## PRAYING ABOUT A BOILER

possible in the treatment room, I would hurry over to the mission on my bicycle, conduct open-air singing, give the evening talk, and then rush back to work some more at partitions. It was a busy time for all of us.

We had hung a sign in the window announcing the opening of our treatment rooms on a certain day, but as shipment of our equipment from Battle Creek was held up for some reason, we had to change the date. This was done again and again, and explanations were made to a waiting public. But at last the shipment arrived. With it came very explicit instructions about how to hook up the boiler and the hot and cold spray. A diagram showing the hook-up was sent, as was also a telegram again reminding us that the connections had to be made just so.

We could understand the importance of properly connecting the spray with the hot and cold water supply. The apparatus had to operate with precision both for proper therapeutic effects and as a precaution against scalding someone. On submitting the diagram to a heating firm we were assured that they could do it easily and correctly, so installation of equipment was rushed. The last announcement sign was hung, giving a definite opening date. The installation was completed just before quitting time the evening before our day for opening. The plumbers started a fire to prove their work. We all gathered at the boiler to see it work, more or less anxious, of course.

The fire burned, the water began to heat, and then came a bang, followed by more bangs, knocking and clanging. At a severe bang that rocked the boiler and nearly wrecked the heating plant, the plumbers ran out the door, drew the fire and the noise subsided. What *was* the matter? The plumbers carefully traced the diagram, comparing their work with it, and declared that they did not know what the trouble was, nor did they know what to do. They left their tools and went home. We faced the inevitable in utter gloom.

Just then the city heating engineer passed through the alleyway and we called him in. He reviewed the plans and the work but could not locate the

trouble. This was a real dilemma. Battle Creek was too far away to do us any good. Tomorrow was our opening day, and there we were with the heart of our treatment rooms not functioning!

Experiences like this are calculated to sober people. Ben Spire, Mrs. Hansen, and I were sobered as we sat down to talk it over. We reviewed our experiences of the past weeks, probing hard into our work. We had been busy here and there for the Lord, putting in treatment rooms and running a mission. But we realized that we had also given way to more or less lightness, probably to ease the pressure of the work.

It was quite clear to us that while we had been busy working for the Lord, we had not taken enough time for Bible study and prayer to prepare ourselves for that work. And now, facing the opening of what was to be another link in God's institutional work



Treatment Rooms and Health Food Store in Nashville prospered under God's blessing



and, as we were to know better later, the beginning of a larger work for the South, we were to learn more of what it meant to depend entirely upon our heavenly Father.

We reviewed His promises to give wisdom to him that asks and not to upbraid. Somehow there came to me the word from the third chapter of John: "Man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven," and I made application of it to our situation. God would show us what to do with that boiler if we would ask Him. We knelt in prayer making our confessions, earnestly seeking forgiveness, and asking wisdom for our need. We rose from our knees confident that God had heard our cry.

First we opened the water drain to empty the boiler; then we hurried over to the plumbing shop and found our

men still there. We secured the privilege of using their tools and shop equipment as we might need. Ben Spire was not a plumber and neither was I, but as we unscrewed those pipes and put them back the way we thought they should be, we felt that every turn of the pipe wrench was in the right direction. We found the trouble, a simple matter of the main check valve having been installed in reverse so that it sent the hot water in the opposite direction from which it should go.

It was midnight before our work was done and we could again run water into the boiler. But we lighted the fire with assurance and were not surprised to see the temperature go up and the water begin to circulate without noise. The boiler never again gave a bang!

Often after that when confronted with what seemed a difficult or even

hopeless situation, we had but to say to ourselves, "Remember the boiler." And we found it easy to realize that a boiler or any other material equipment is not the most important thing in running a work for God. In later years, as manager of the Nashville, Graysville, and Washington Sanitariums, I profited many times by what I had learned in our boiler lesson at Nashville.

Our treatment room doors opened on schedule with our last announced date. Women patients came in the forenoon hours, men in the afternoon and evening, which meant anywhere up to midnight. We still gave home treatments, arranging the hours to fit with our treatment room program.

The public did not rush into our treatment rooms. Nashville was and is a conservative (*Turn to page 12*)

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# BEYOND REACH

*By Elton A. Jones*

**O**UR kitten showed me a neat lesson the other day. I saw it and was much interested in it. Now don't ask me if I have *learned* it! I myself do not know yet. But I probably shall find out as soon as the appropriate set of circumstances confronts me.

You have watched a kitten, too, haven't you? Of course; who hasn't? And you have seen it reach and stretch for some object which attracts its attention. Often it fails in the attempt. But it prances off to something else which may be even farther out of its reach and seemingly gives not a second thought to its failure. If it cannot reach the second desired object, it will scamper off to the third and be happy about it.

But if it is like the kitten I watched, it will keep up its search for something with which it can play. So I made this not-too-astute observation: Persistence rewards a cat.

There is another lesson which I think I saw, but which I am not sure I have actually learned. And that is to reach up for what I want—really to stretch myself for it. Now if the objective is a worthy one—and I hope it would be—that is a much-to-be-desired quality to have in one's make-up.

Shall we mention a few specific things? Maybe you wanted to go to college or to an academy instead of high school, or to pursue some branch of education a little further and were not able to do it last year. So you had to make a quick change-over in your plans. Could you make it with the

ease and the grace of the kitten as he leaves the unattainable?

But suppose now, just suppose, that you have your plans laid for another year and all indications seem to point to the possibility of carrying them through to completion. Suddenly something happens and those plans have to be laid aside. Then what? Well, if you follow the example of the kitten, you will turn to something else—quickly.

Let us not deceive ourselves. A certain amount of disappointment is good discipline. It has in it the potentialities of building stamina, fortitude, and the ability to do an about-face without feeling that the whole world has "gone to pot." Versatility—the ability to do more than one thing—is a valuable asset in any life. And if one does not learn it early, sometimes one learns it later and under less pleasant circumstances than would otherwise be necessary.

What if you are planning to be a musician? The ability to saw a board to a line or drive a nail straight will never lessen your musical talent, and it will be most convenient to be able to tinker around your home later on—to put in cupboards where none now exist, to change windows for more agreeable light. See what I mean? Never release your grip on your determination to be a musician, but if you find you must detour, make the most of it and get the most out of it. Although you may see no reason for it now, a good reason may be very evident by and by.

Do not be afraid to strive for a high mark. The kitten was not. The higher you aim the higher you will shoot, even if you miss a bull's-eye. To put the idea into the words of another, "If you don't win, make the fellow ahead break the record."

There is something stimulating in having high aims, lofty ambitions. "Make no small plans. They have no power to stir men's blood." If you need authority for this sentiment, you will find it in "Testimonies for the Church," Volume VIII, page 322: "Let the student take the Bible as his guide, and stand like a rock for principle, and he may aspire to any height of attainment." That is a sentence to remember!

But what about the failures? Just a minute now—not too fast. Are you sure they *are* failures? Defeats, yes, perhaps. Detours, maybe. But a failure as I understand failure, does not come until every effort has been put forth—until the last attempt has been made. And you have not yet made that last effort. Perhaps Paul had had an experience just a little like that. He tried to do many things, and all of them good things, too, apparently, but some of his plans he never was able to carry out. Opposition followed him and persecution hounded him. A lesser man would have been frustrated to the point of bewildered despair, but Paul bravely declared: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark." If the trials and obstacles which were Paul's did not discourage him, maybe we—you and I—are too easily deterred from our objectives.

The next time I see the kitten reaching for something beyond his reach, then turning to another object perhaps still farther away, I hope I shall remember a few of these simple, common-sense conclusions. How about you?





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# Acquaint Now Thyself With Him

By DOROTHY HUNTON

**W**HAT if I fail my examinations?" wailed Betty. "Why, I'm so worried I can hardly sleep at night when I think about them." Then in a burst of confidence she added, "You know, last night I was so worried that I even prayed about them."

That last remark somehow stuck in my mind, and as I walked home from school that day, I found myself thinking about the real meaning of prayer. Do we use this Heaven-bestowed opportunity merely as a last resort? After all other means have failed, after we have tried every other way around some mountain of difficulty that rises across our pathway, do we wait until then before we cry to God for help?

It is true that "man's extremity is God's opportunity," but it is often entirely unnecessary for man to reach such extremities. If God were given first place in the life *always*, many sad and discouraging experiences might be averted. Why is it then that we are so neglectful of forming an intimate and abiding friendship with Jesus through daily and even hourly communion with Him?

There may be something in our lives that is keeping us from enjoying this blessed experience. Any sin, any unsundered treasure, is a barrier which comes between God and the soul, and breaks the contact with heaven. It is Satan's first business to keep at least one of these barriers set up in the door

of each heart. He well knows that when there is "nothing between the soul and the Saviour" the battle is lost for him. He knows too that the surest way for the Christian to rid himself of these barriers is to persevere faithfully in secret prayer. No wonder, then, that it appears almost impossible to find the time for an unhurried, heart-to-heart talk with the Master each day.

What are some of the obstacles which Satan places in the way of our realization of this close fellowship with Jesus? From my own experience I believe that one great difficulty lies in giving up too soon. The apostle Paul tells us that we are to "pray without ceasing." To succeed in any undertaking, we must persevere until the desired object is obtained. This is especially true of prevailing prayer. Satan is constantly on hand with reasons why you should not engage in prayer today. He knows that if he can influence you to neglect prayer just once, the next time it will be much easier, and the next time easier still; until, finally, he is able to break completely your contact with the Saviour.

When the Holy Spirit comes to arouse you out of this fatal spiritual sleep, you begin to pray again, but there is something wrong. Somehow heaven does not seem so near, nor Jesus so real as before. Now it requires much perseverance and determined effort to mend the broken connection. How much easier it would have been to resist the devil at the very first temptation to neglect the exercise of prayer! If you would enjoy a successful prayer life, then remember that perseverance is an important factor.

Another barrier which the devil often sets up at the heart's door is that of depending too much upon feeling. You must persevere in prayer regardless of how you may feel. Of course you should *know* that all is right in your heart, that you have confessed and put away all sin; but it is not necessary to experience a feeling of sorrow, joy, or any other emotion every time you pray. God wants us to exercise the faith that He has given us—to believe that He answers our prayers because He has promised to do so in His word. He is not pleased when we depend upon our feelings instead of upon the "exceeding great and precious promises." I do not mean to infer that it is wrong to experience deep emotion, for it is not. It is wrong only when the sincerity of the religious experience is based upon the show of emotion. If our prayers are fervent and sincere, we can rest assured that God will hear and answer them even though we have no tangible proof.

The greatest need of humanity in this restless, Christless age is to spend more time in prayer. Not spasmodic prayer when some great crisis impends, but daily, unhurried, earnest prayer is needed. If you would find peace, leave all the (Turn to page 13)



*I Want to Be*

# A DOCTOR

\* \* \*

SINCE I was just a little boy my ambition has been to be a doctor. That ambition has been burning deep within me all these years, and I expect it to be burning for about eight years more before I am permitted to attach "M. D." to my name. At times various circumstances have caused this ambition to be suppressed. How thankful I am that it suffered only temporary suppression rather than complete stifling!

While I was attending Forest Lake Academy in Florida, I learned the printing trade and earned a large portion of my expenses by working in the press there. After my graduation in 1939, I set out to find a place for myself in the printing field. I had not forgotten my ambition to be a doctor, but had decided that the cost was too great.

I visited every printing establishment in near-by Orlando, but no one needed printers at that time of year, because business was poor. I was somewhat disappointed, naturally, and I had just decided to go to my home in Birmingham, Alabama, and continue my search for a printing job, when a friend told me of a possible opening with a large and progressive lumber concern near by. I did not know the first thing about the lumber business, but I was very much interested in staying in Orlando; so the next morning found me interviewing the president of the firm. A few days later he hired me, not because of any merits of mine, but because I am a Seventh-day Adventist. He had been interested in the students from the academy for some time and decided he wanted one in his employ.

I was particularly fortunate while working with the lumber company, for after a few months I was sent to a newly acquired branch office. Another month or two passed, and I was made bookkeeper there. The branch manager as well as the owner was good to me, and I took a special interest in my work. With a sigh of regret I resigned myself to the life of an accountant and decided to work to that end.

After having been with the lumber company nearly a year and a half, I took a certain young woman into my confidence, and we decided that there was enough in my pay envelope for two to live on. So in September, 1940, we took the fatal step and were mar-

ried. The Lord greatly blessed us financially as well as spiritually, and we were able in a few months to build a small home.

Occasionally we discussed going back to school, but from a financial standpoint that seemed impractical. However, Ruth was very much in favor of my studying medicine. She wrote to a number of our denominational colleges, inquiring regarding the possibilities of a couple's attending school without any cash for expenses. Nothing definite came from our inquiries immediately, but the next June we received a letter from the manager of the Atlantic Union College Press, in which he said that he had two places open that we could fill. Here was the opportunity for which I had hoped.



But when I talked the matter over with my employer, he said I would be foolish to leave just then, because I had a good job with excellent possibilities for advancement.

It was difficult to make a decision, but after talking it over at length and praying about it earnestly, we wrote the press manager that we would come. We gave the company six weeks' notice, and prepared to leave for Massachusetts.

We arrived at the college and began our work in the press, which brings us to the present time. Now, I would not want to give anyone the idea that we think the next lap of our journey will be a few short years of easy life climaxed by the presentation of a diploma. On the contrary, we know that we have before us a long struggle—a struggle for scholarship and a modest living.

The other day someone asked me how we expect to get through medical college without a substantial sum of money in sight. I could not answer him in so many words, because I do not know exactly. Perhaps it seems to you rather foolish for anyone to start, without the wherewithal, something that takes as long a time to finish as a medical course. Well, I must confess that I myself have had similar thoughts a few times. The other day when just such a thought was running through my head, I sought an interview with one of my teachers. She told me similar experiences of other young men, and her simple recounting of how the way was opened up for these boys to become doctors illustrated how the Lord stands by those who trust His wisdom and fully dedicate their lives to His service. Listen!

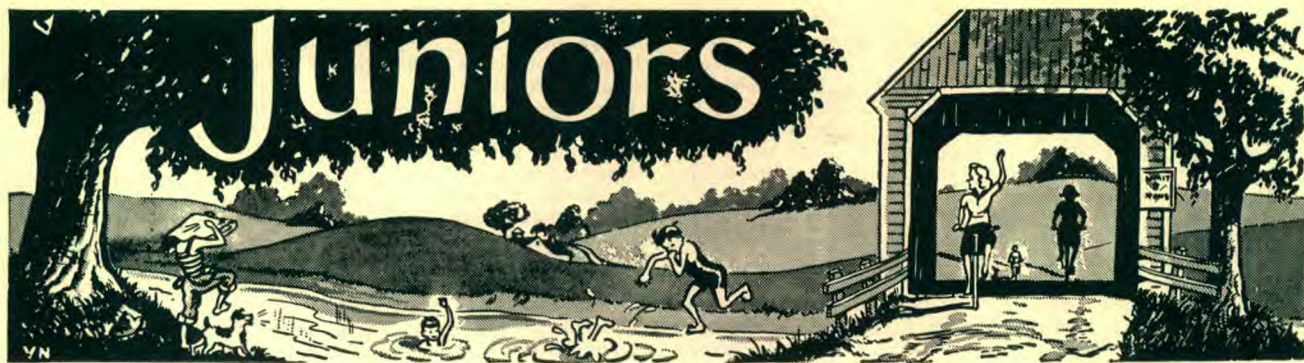
Bill was not his name, but let's call him that. Bill was poor. He worked his way through college, and then he wanted to continue his studies in the field of medicine. He went to one of his teachers who was always ready and willing to help anyone through a difficulty. Bill told her that all the money he had to his name was ten dollars. Ten dollars with which to go through medical college! That boy had faith and lots of it. They talked the problem over pro and con and finally decided that it would be best for him to go on from where he was and get his Master of Science degree at the State university as the next step toward his goal. They reasoned that he would be much better prepared to enter medical college without funds if he had this degree.

While attending the university he made his expenses by doing janitor work in a large clinic. Here he was given opportunity to experiment in the laboratory. After a while he became interested in a certain problem that the laboratory experts (*Turn to page 14*)

H. A. ROBERTS

"If a Person Has a Vision, Man Cannot Stop Him, and God Will Not"





# Just Little Things

By DOROTHY ACKART

"Oh, look at those pretty flowers!" Lois exclaimed to a group of chattering friends as they passed an old vacant house around which flowers were growing in profusion.

"Let's pick some and take them home to our mothers," Lois suggested. "No one lives here, and the flowers would die anyway."

"But the flowers don't belong to us, and we shouldn't take them," Eloise objected. "See the 'No Trespassing' sign?" Although she was the youngest member of the group, she was more conscientious than the others.

But in spite of her protest, Lois's enthusiastic arguments finally won out, and although Eloise felt very guilty, she went with Lois and the other girls to pick the flowers. In a few moments each had a large bouquet. As they hurried along toward home, the girls chatted about the latest events in the village and of school incidents, but Eloise was strangely quiet. She was thinking of what she and the other girls had done. Of course it wasn't much—only a few flowers—but even so, the flowers didn't belong to them, and she couldn't shake off the feeling that they had done wrong.

"Hello, girls!" Startled, they turned to find that the call came from a young woman sitting in a lawn chair in front of the house they were passing. As they stopped to speak to her and show her their flowers in response to her very evident interest, Lois had a sudden idea. Why not sell the flowers to her? The young woman immediately agreed to take the flowers and any others that the girls cared to bring. She dearly loved flowers and could afford to have as many as she wished.

The girls were soon on their way to the drugstore to spend the money they had received for their flowers. As Lois ate her ice cream, she glanced up into the large plate-glass mirror in front of her. She stared at the picture she saw there, critically eyeing her brunette pig-tails. Out of the corner of her eye she could see a display of gum and candy easily within reach. It would be a simple thing to take a piece, but somehow the face in the mirror held her back. Turning toward Eloise, Lois saw that she too had noticed the display.

"It looks good, doesn't it, Eloise?"

"It certainly does. I wish I hadn't spent all of my money; I would like to have a piece."

"I'll get some, Eloise. Just wait until the clerk goes over to wait on that customer that just came in."

"Oh, no, Lois, don't do that!"

"Don't do what? What are you two girls talking so mysteriously about?" broke in Eva, who had been listening to the conversation. "I think you girls would get along better if I sat between you," she added. "Shall we try it, Eloise?" Eloise readily agreed.

"Yes, Lois, it does look good, and incidentally the clerk is on the other side of the room helping that customer," Eva whispered so that Eloise could not hear.

Lois was in a predicament. She knew that Eloise was right, but she also knew what Eva would say if she didn't take any of the candy or gum. Just then Eloise and Betty jumped down from their stools and asked if the other girls were ready to go. As Lois prepared to leave, she laid one hand casually on the display of gum. Eloise noticed Lois's hand and looked quickly away. Why did she always see things like that? If she didn't see them, she wouldn't have to worry about whether she should do something. Should she tell some older person who might be able to help Lois? Eloise wondered. Presently other things drew her attention and she forgot the little incident in the drugstore.

Every morning on the way to school the girls had to pass a small store owned by an elderly couple who lived in the rear of the store. As they passed the store one morning, Lois asked the girls to wait a moment while she ran in to get some candy for them. At the jingling of the bell on the door, the little old man would shuffle in to wait on his customer. Lois stood before the candy counter, trying to decide which she should buy. Something seemed to say to her, "Why not reach in and take some before anyone comes out? They're so slow they will never know who did it and you can



save your money for something else." No sooner had the thought entered her mind than she acted upon it. When she rejoined the group, she had a candy bar for each.

When the proprietor came out, he no doubt found an empty room and a disturbed candy counter. From the door he could have seen a group of school children hurrying down the block. And if he could have looked into one particular girl's heart, he would have found a conflict raging—a conflict between right and wrong.

The day for final examinations came at last. The students dreaded them, but for the eighth graders there was the compensation that these would be the last ones they would have to take in grade school—if they passed!

All went well for Lois until she came to her geography test. She just couldn't remember the name of that large river in South America. Her eyes strayed momentarily in the direction of Billy, who was working away industriously next to her. When she came to a list of countries whose capitals were to be given, it was an easy matter to supply a blank space or two in the same way. By courtesy of Billy's paper, she wrote an almost perfect examination.

When the teacher corrected the papers, she was surprised to find that Lois's and Billy's papers were exactly alike. When questioned, Lois only answered, "Why, Mrs. Brown, you wouldn't accuse me of cheating would you?"

"No, Lois, I wouldn't accuse anyone of cheating. I am very sorry though, that I cannot give you the honor of being valedictorian." Lois didn't care too much. She was thankful that she had not failed.

The next year the congenial little group was broken up. Eloise and Betty were sent to a Seventh-day Adventist academy and Eva and Lois attended the local high school. Four years later when Eloise had graduated from the academy and was home for the summer, her mother told her that Lois was soon to be married. Deep in their hearts was the prayer that Lois would live a better life.

It was Thanksgiving Day a year and a half later. Eloise was home from college and was helping her mother with the baking. The conversation turned to Lois.

"What has happened to her, Mother?" asked Eloise. "I haven't heard you speak much of her lately."

"It's a sad story, Eloise. There are unpleasant reports about her—that she lies and steals, and that one deception too many broke up her home."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! If only someone could have shown her where those first wrong steps would lead!" And for the first time Eloise told her mother of Lois's little deceptions when they were children in school together, and how they had disturbed her.

"Yes," her mother agreed sadly, "it is tragic that those little things, which she thought so unimportant, have ruined her whole life."



## Trees

BY RETHA H. ELDRIDGE

COASTING down a mountain atop a pile of lumber on a Japanese logging railway has sensations all its own. In the morning we had been pulled up by a horse over the toylike rails, but now gravity supplied the motive power. Flashes of lightning illuminated the darkness of a late afternoon thunderstorm as we rolled around curves, passed through a horseshoe tunnel, and skirted cliffs two or three hundred feet high. The Japanese lumberman was seated on his heels at the back of the pile, holding the pulley device that served as a brake. Clothed in a rush rain cape and a wide-brimmed hat, he did not seem to notice the heavy shower that beat upon us.

"What beautiful trees!" I said, by way of opening a conversation, pointing to the groves of sugi (cedar) and hinoki (cypress) that grew on either side.

"Yes," he nodded, and his swarthy face, tanned by years of outdoor life, bespoke intimacy with trees as he continued, "but the wood is so different."

"I have heard that temples are built only of hinoki. Is that true?" I asked.

"Yes, it is; and floors on which the *odori* (Japanese dance) is performed are also made of hinoki. It is also used for constructing beautiful ceilings."

"Tell me, what makes that wood so desirable?" I inquired.

"Well, it is hard and enduring and has a very beautiful luster. See that tree over there?" he asked, indicating a tall sugi. "It is about twenty years old,

whereas it takes the hinoki thirty or thirty-five years to grow as tall."

Pondering over the greater usefulness of the hinoki, and its slow growth, I asked about the price.

"It is very high," was the reply.

These two trees present quite a contrast. Smiled on by sunshine and fed by rain, they both grow. Beset by wind and storm, they both learn strength. But hinoki, benefiting from extra years of quiet growing, develops qualities that sugi does not possess, and finds its ultimate place in temples of worship, to be admired by the great of earth.

Now trees and people have many qualities in common. Everyone shares God's blessing. Everyone is beset by temptations. But some profit from these varied circumstances, and develop the abiding qualities of hardness and endurance as good soldiers of the cross, and shine with a bright luster for their Master in this present world.

Sometimes it is hard to wait. We see the years passing, and long for visible results. However, we must remember that in any business it takes hard effort, and plenty of it, to make a skilled workman out of an apprentice. Then we should not be too impatient for advancement, because years of patient effort have contributed toward any success we may see others enjoying. If we long for a Christlike character, we should remember that "sanctification is the work of a lifetime," and when we fall, take courage to rise again.

As you respect the place that hinoki has in temple construction, think of your greater possibilities as a Christian. Are you developing the qualities of hardness,

endurance, and luster? You should be, for you know, "the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

## Memories of Pioneer Providences

(Continued from page 8)

city. There were two medical colleges, enough physicians, and ample medical facilities to care for its sick without the help of such a new thing as a place where they gave you electric baths, massage, salt glows, and hot and cold sprays for what ailed you. In fact, after the first rush business slowed down considerably.

Later a treatment room opened in a neighboring city with thirty or forty patients waiting. When these had received their round of treatment, there was such a lull that the place had to close. It lacked groundwork. But with us it was different. An interest in Battle Creek methods of treating the sick already existed in Nashville, and with the foundation work we had done, we were able to keep going.

But our rent had to be paid every month. The banks gave three days' grace. Once we had to take advantage of the full three days. It was in winter and people were not coming often for treatment. It looked as though we would fail to have the money to pay the bill. I went out on the street to see if I might meet someone who owed us money. A man came along to whom I had sold a washing machine. He paid me fifty-five cents.

A little while before bank closing time we scraped together every cent we had in the place and thought it came out exactly to the amount needed. I hurried to the bank and shoved it through the teller's window with a feeling of relief. He counted it and recounted it and shoved it back to me with, "Ten cents short."

As I walked back to the treatment rooms, I was pretty blue and for once was inclined to chafe. "What does it mean?" I asked myself. "Here we are working our lives away and cannot even pay our rent. Is God with us or is He not?" As I opened the door, I said in despair, "Well, Anna, it is ten cents short."

She answered at once, "Here, I just sold a package of granose biscuit," and handed me the dime. I got back to the bank in double-quick time just as the door was being shut. It was the last moment of our three days' grace. That was our closest financial shave and I was ashamed of my murmuring.

Patients did come and in time we could number thirty-two doctors in the city who had sent us patients or who were themselves taking treatment. Nashville boasted many schools and colleges. We had professors or the wives of professors from every one of them as patients. One railroad president was a regular patient and members of the families of two other railroad presidents were on our treatment list. Lawyers and businessmen of all classes patronized us. There was scarcely a home among the better class of people where our work was not known even though some of the women were years in making up their minds to come to us for help.

Need I say that it was because God was blessing our work that success attended it? Little did we then know that He had chosen Nashville as a center for His work in the South and that our health work was the logical opening wedge. But a wedge can sometimes split things wide open, and next week I must tell you of an experience where it really did just that.

## STAMPS

CONDUCTED BY LOUIS O. MACHLAN, JR.

Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C.

NEW ZEALAND has just issued stamps that will meet the approval of most stamp collectors—the new triangle health series. These are semi-postals, one bearing the picture of Princess Elizabeth and the other, of Margaret Rose. They are in two values. One is one penny with a half penny designated for the Children's Health Fund, and the other, two pence, with one penny for the fund. As far as I can learn from the catalogue, these are the first triangle stamps from New Zealand.

The American Stamp Dealers Association is planning an auction for the benefit of the United Service Organizations to take place late in July or early in August. Their slogan is "Send Your Stamps to War." They are soliciting really salable donations from philatelists for this unique sale. Do not send stamps unless you feel that you are willing to spare something worth while from your collection. Contributions should be sent to Mr. Bruechig, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Stamp values have gone up; of this there is no question. If you are desirous of selling your stamps, as some have expressed in letters to us, you should have no great difficulty in doing so. If there is not a good stamp dealer in your city, I suggest that you write to some of the many firms advertising in the stamp journals. In most of the large Sunday newspapers you will also find ads of firms really anxious to buy your stamps.

However, I would like to make it clear, we do not buy collections.

Perhaps you are wondering, as have many others, why the American Bank Note Company is printing the eleven new five-cent stamps honoring those heroic countries of Europe now overrun by the Axis powers, who are still signifying by their actions a desire to be free. Because of the rush of work going through the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and because of their inability to print the flag in colors in the same operation that the steel engraved design on the border is printed, the work has been turned over to the American Bank Note Company. Many are disappointed that the engraved design was not darker so that the flags of the various countries would stand out more clearly and effectively.

Many thanks to Mrs. Ethel Long, Mrs. Naomi Dickerson, and Harold G. Thayer for their thoughtfulness of beginning collectors.

A new Automobile Use Stamp will have been required by the time you read this article. Remember that putting the stamp in a little cellophane envelope and affixing the envelope to your windshield will keep the stamp in perfect condition for removal a year from now.

## Interesting Stamps

OCCASIONALLY there comes to the Review and Herald Publishing Association an air-mail letter from Jamaica. Occasionally, too, there is a shilling stamp on the envelope. This is a brown and green stamp depicting natives gathering sugar cane by hand and placing it on their mule-drawn cart to be carried to the refinery, which can be seen in the background. The sugar industry is one of Jamaica's largest and most remunerative of industries. The stamp belongs to the 1938 series and is in current use. Perforate  $12\frac{1}{2} \times 14$ . Watermarked with multiple crown and C. A. watermark.



## Acquaint Now Thyself With Him

(Continued from page 9)

strife, worry, and endless care outside while you step into the audience chamber of the Prince of Peace. You will never fail to receive the "peace which passeth all understanding" if you will only wait long enough to "acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." Remember it takes time to become really acquainted.

"Prayer changes things." Prayer changes you—when you pray. It is impossible to imagine an active criminal spending much time upon his knees in prayer. Prayer and sin just do not go together. Where one is, the other cannot remain. It is not prayer alone, however, that so effectively drives out sin. Prayer must be accompanied by Bible study. When two friends are together, it is not probable that one will monopolize the whole conversation and not care to hear anything that the other has to say. If this were the case, their friendship would soon cease to exist. Just so, when men and women talk to Jesus, they will also want to do all that He tells them. Prayer inspires study of the word and then imparts strength to live out what is written therein. Prayer and sincere Bible study are inseparable companions.

There is so much more evil than good in the world today that sometimes we become confused and are in danger of losing our hold unless we spend much time in observing the true Pattern. On every side, in places where we least expect it, we are confronted by disappointment and disillusionment. We wonder if perhaps our standards are set too high. The very foundation of our Christian experience begins to reel. Then is the time to flee to the secret place of prayer; for where else can strength and assurance be gained than in some quiet spot alone with God? We come from this interview with new zeal and courage, and even higher standards and loftier ideals than we had before. No one can behold Christ for long without experiencing an unutterable longing to be like Him. His perfect example is the one ideal that will never fail or disappoint you. Talk to Him often and let Him speak to your soul.

There is scarcely a limit to what could be said about the blessing and comfort to be found in prayer, but one still would not understand the reality of the prayer experience unless he had known the blessing and comfort himself.

A little boy who had been blind from birth loved nothing better than to have his mother describe to him the beauty of a sunset or a tree or flower, or the grace and color of the bird whose sweet song he could hear. Whenever he grew tired, he would beg his mother to come and "see" for him awhile. Then one day the brave little lad underwent an operation in the hope of receiving his sight. Oh, how anxious he was for the bandages to be removed so that he could really see! At last the day came, and after his first rapturous look upon the world about him, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, why did you not tell me things were so beautiful?"

"I did, Son," she replied, "but you could not understand until you saw them." And neither shall we understand the precious privilege of prayer until we have experienced it for ourselves.

To get out of the day all the joy that there is in it for you, you must begin it with prayer. To lie down in truly peaceful sleep when day is done, you must commend your life into His care. Harriet Beecher Stowe has expressed this thought in the beautiful words:

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'er-shading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there."

Think of the possibilities that lie within the reach of every man, woman, and child through the simple avenue of prayer! It is "the key in the hand of faith that unlocks heaven's storehouse" to each of us. How can we afford to neglect such inexhaustible resources? Prayer raises poor, sinful mortals into the very presence of God and transforms them into His own likeness. Truly the privilege of prayer is a mighty challenge to every Seventh-day Adventist youth. God is waiting to reveal to the world through the lives of consistent, prayerful Christian young people, potentialities of accomplishment and service beyond anything yet seen or imagined.

## A "Leedle Vind"

(Continued from page 4)

I knew would provide money for academy tuition.

Everything had been going smoothly. We began to laugh at our fears. It was May and life seemed very pleasant, when one balmy morning I opened the chicken house door. There on the floor lay seven dead chickens! And many of the others looked sick as they stood about with drooping wings and a listless attitude. That "von leedle bit of vind" has come, I thought, and could have cried. Mother and I at once joined in a season of prayer. We prayed that the Lord would help us find out what to do and not to let us fail now. We consulted the bulletins on diseases. Yes, the symptoms appeared to be those of coccidiosis. We called the laboratory doctor at the university. He confirmed our fears. "It sometimes causes the loss of half the flock," he said. That would be tragedy for us. He advised us to clean the chicken houses thoroughly each day, empty all the drinking water, and replace it with milk. It would be helpful to keep the milk before the chicks for several days, he suggested. We learned that this disease was caused by a tiny organism that grows in the soil and thrives in damp weather. That explained it. We had just had a long rainy week. So we rolled up our sleeves and went to work. Day after day we cleaned the house and put down fresh straw. We saw signs of improvement at once and soon the disease had entirely disappeared. No more chickens had died.

In July the cockerels, which had been kept apart from the pullets for a few weeks and fattened with yellow corn, were ready for market. They were handsome big fellows and were bought eagerly by our customers. When they were all sold, we had enough money to replace what we had invested in the chicken business thus far, and we had almost two hundred fine pullets giving promise of eggs before long.

We were rather excited when we found the first eggs—the first fruits, as it were, of our labors. By September the pullets were laying well. How happy I was to gather the eggs and feel the basket become heavier after each nest! One day I gathered one hundred forty-five eggs and I just had to go across the field and show them to our pessimistic neighbor. I thought perhaps she could see that "a leedle vind" of circumstance cannot prevail against hard work and earnest prayer.

All winter people have been happy to secure strictly fresh eggs from our

healthy, well-cared-for hens. The money I have earned has more than paid my school bills. Now it is March again and time to start some more chicks for next year's layers. Having had this experience, I am no longer afraid. I know that God will help me and bless my efforts so that I can be in school next year.



## Lettering and Poster Designing

BY VERNON NYE

HAVE you ever realized while reading your Bible, that we enjoy its truth-filled pages today only because God-inspired men accurately preserved its precious verses by laboriously translating them in hand-drawn characters? The invention of type and modern presses has made the Bible available to millions, but hand-drawn letters are still very much in use in advertisements, posters, and in connection with illustrations. Good letterers are in demand, and although you may never expect to use this ability commercially, you will find it handy to be able to "knock off" a fair job of lettering when it is needed. Fortunately no special talent is required to gain proficiency in this work.

As for materials, there are several types of good lettering pens on the market. Secure some round, square, and oval ones, and practice with these until you get the "feel" of them. Learn what each style can do and select the one best suited for the letter you intend to make. Don't attempt to make your letter pictorial—there are scores of good alphabets and there is sure to be one that fits your particular need. Get a good lettering book—one with several basic alphabets—and learn these so that you can tell the Roman from the Gothic styles.

There are generally two major differences governing all styles of letters. These may be classified as physical and personality. Every letter has these two characteristics. In the physical sense some letters are short and fat; others tall and thin, as you would describe



some persons you know. In dealing with the personality of a letter, you must consider appropriateness. For example, you would not use a delicate script letter for the word "rugged"—it just wouldn't suggest ruggedness. Keep your letters in personality—adapted to the character of the word.

Above all, learn to form your letters well, strive for uniformity, and watch your spacing.

If your poster is to be effective, it must first of all attract attention—it must break through the average individual's lack of observation. To do this you must select the one message it is to



convey and follow through with singleness of idea and effect. What are you trying to say and to whom are you trying to say it? A poster is not a guessing contest. Keep your poster big and simple. Don't clutter it up with any more lettering than is absolutely necessary to get the idea across. If there is to be an illustration on the poster, execute it in a few broad, flat masses. Thus it will be recognized at a glance and at a distance. If you have several messages to convey on one poster, block them in separate groups.

Get the basic materials and launch out. Think of the fun you will have being the artist for your group the next time your society has a social. Your first attempts may be crude, but by observing these simple rules and those on lettering, you will soon be surprised at the professional look your poster will have.

## The GUIDEBOOK



The earth will be terribly shaken at the second coming of Christ.

"They shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." Isa. 2:19.

The greatest earthquake that has ever been or ever will be, will take place at that time.

"There was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great." Rev. 16:18.

As a result of this upheaval even mountains and islands will disappear.

"Every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." Rev. 16:20.

There are no human beings left on the earth, since the righteous are in heaven (1 Thess. 4:16, 17) and the wicked are dead (Jer. 25:33; 2 Thess. 2:8).

"I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled." Jer. 4:25.

Immediately following Christ's coming Satan will be bound in this desolate earth for a thousand years.

"I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years." Rev. 20:1, 2.

Being bound means that he has no one to tempt.

"And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season." Rev. 20:3.

The wicked are raised to life at the end of the thousand years.

"The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." Rev. 20:5.

Satan is then loosed.

"When the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea." Rev. 20:7, 8.

Under his leadership the wicked gather to take the city of God which has come down out of heaven.

"They went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city." Rev. 20:9.

While engaged in this effort, Satan and his followers are destroyed by fire.

"Fire came down from God out of heaven and devoured them." Rev. 20:9.

This same fire purifies the earth from sin.

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter 3:10.

## I Want to Be a Doctor

(Continued from page 10)

had failed to solve. He worked on it for some time and made excellent headway toward its solution. As a result of the remarkable progress he had made, he was sent to the Mayo Clinic to finish the job.

At length he found the solution and was asked to join the staff of the Mayo Clinic. The officials of the clinic promised to teach him medicine and pay him while he learned it. But he felt that the Lord had given him this measure of success to enable him to enter the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda in California. This young man had a vision, and today as a doctor he is carrying on a great work for God.

Bill did not know how his ten dollars would get him through medicine, but he had faith to believe that if God wanted him in the medical work, He would provide a way.

When I heard this story it gave me new courage. I had a stronger determination than ever before that I would do all in my power to accomplish what I had set out to do, knowing that when I fail, God will lift me up and help me to get a new start.

My wife and I believe that if we do our utmost, the Lord will do the rest. And we confidently believe that He will see us through the medical course.

Perhaps you are wondering just why we think a knowledge of medicine is worth all the hardships and difficulties we expect to go through before we reach our goal. Is it the money we are after? Is it fame? No; it is neither of these. The Adventist doctor is not often wealthy, especially if he goes to the mission field; in fact, it is often hard for the medical evangelist in foreign fields to get what we would consider the bare necessities of life. Rather than a wealth of money, we shall receive a wealth of satisfaction in knowing that we have had a small part in accomplishing God's work on this earth through medical evangelism.

The sincere medical evangelist is not looking for fame. He uses his faculties and the knowledge God has permitted him to obtain in service for his fellow men. As a return for this service, his only hope is that God shall be glorified and man shall be benefited.

If we can find joy and contentment in making others happy, and I know we can, I believe we can find no better way to serve the Lord. Carlyle once said, "If a person has a vision, man cannot stop him and God will not." I believe we have a vision. It is this vision that keeps us looking forward to our final goal of tomorrow and makes us forget the petty trials and hardships and obstacles of today.

## The Fear of the Lord

(Continued from page 6)

She was baptized on the fifteenth of May, near the end of her first year at the business college. Vacation was coming, but she realized that she must not go home just yet. Every letter from the dear ones there fairly bristled with hostility. She felt that she must do something concrete toward spreading the message of Christ's soon coming.

During that first summer after she said good-by to her friends the Comptons, Sue did housework for a Seventh-day Adventist doctor's family in Arkansas, canvassed in large cities for *Health* and *Watchman* magazines, and helped with a colporteur institute.

Just at this time a stenographer in the local conference office resigned and Sue was offered the job. This she gratefully

accepted, putting into immediate use the secretarial training she had received.

But this was not the end of the road for Sue Rena. Her ambition still soared and led her truant imagination on to greater heights and greater service.

After she had saved some money, at the advice of conference officials she wrote a timid little inquiry to Union College. Within a few days her application was accepted and Sue Rena found herself in the midst of the busy activity on the campus of one of our oldest senior colleges.

Now she is in her junior year, an efficient, earnest Christian girl who sought wisdom and in so doing found "the fear of the Lord."

## And Then I Saw Your House

(Continued from page 3)

I gave them up, I again felt chagrin, for He put love, joy, and peace, with long-suffering, in place of care; gentleness and meekness He put where hate and greed had been; patience and kindness filled my shelves, where before only sorrows had been stored. Then echoing through the whole structure I heard most lovely music, which reminded me of your house and how, because I met you, I have found the Master Architect for my own home of life.



### SENIOR YOUTH

#### VI—The Ten Commandments the Law of Love; Rewards of Obedience

(August 7)

MEMORY VERSE: 1 John 5:3.

LESSON HELPS: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 287-290 (new ed., pp. 290-293); "Mount of Blessing," pp. 73-80.

1. How is the love of God seen in the life of the Christian? What is said concerning His commandments? 1 John 5:3.

NOTE.—"Obedience is not a mere outward compliance, but the service of love. The law of God is an expression of His very nature; it is an embodiment of the great principle of love, and hence is the foundation of His government in heaven and earth. If our hearts are renewed in the likeness of God, if the divine love is implanted in the soul, will not the law of God be carried out in the life? When the principle of love is implanted in the heart, when man is renewed after the image of Him that created him, the new covenant promise is fulfilled, 'I will put My laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them.' And if the law is written in the heart, will it not shape the life? Obedience—the service and allegiance of love—is the true sign of discipleship. Thus the Scripture says, 'This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.'—*Steps to Christ*, p. 65.

2. What is the effect of the law of God upon the heart? Ps. 19:7-9.

3. What is the evidence of the love of Christ abiding in His followers? John 15:9, 10.

NOTE.—"If we abide in Christ, if the love of God dwells in us, our feelings, our thoughts, our actions, will be in harmony with the will of God as expressed in the precepts of His holy law."—*Id.*, p. 66.

4. At Christ's appearing, what message will be given to those who have loved and obeyed God's commandments? Matt. 25:34.



5. Why were the inhabitants of the antediluvian world destroyed? Gen. 6:11, 13.

NOTE.—“After the fall, men chose to follow their own sinful desires; and as the result, crime and wretchedness rapidly increased. Neither the marriage relation nor the rights of property were respected. Whoever coveted the wives or the possessions of his neighbor, took them by force, and men exulted in their deeds of violence. They delighted in destroying the life of animals; and the use of flesh for food rendered them still more cruel and bloodthirsty, until they came to regard human life with astonishing indifference. The world was in its infancy; yet iniquity had become so deep and widespread that God could no longer bear with it.”—“Patriarchs and Prophets,” p. 92.

6. For the same reason, after the flood, what was destroyed? 2 Peter 2:6; Jude 7.

7. Who only were saved in both instances? 2 Peter 2:5, 7, 8.

8. Who will be among those who are finally destroyed? Rev. 20:12-15.

9. What will the followers of Christ do if they love Him? John 14:15.

NOTE.—Obedience to God’s commandments “is the only safeguard for individual integrity, for the purity of the home, the well-being of society, or the stability of the nation. Amidst all life’s perplexities and dangers and conflicting claims, the one safe and sure rule is to do what God says. ‘The statutes of the Lord are right,’ and ‘he that doeth these things shall never be moved.’”—“Patriarchs and Kings,” p. 83.

10. How did the psalmist express his attitude toward God’s commandments? Ps. 119:127.

11. In Christ’s teaching, on what basis did He say the final rewards will be given? Matt. 16:27; Rev. 22:12.

NOTE.—“The Lord has a great work to be done, and He will bequeath the most in the future life to those who do the most faithful, willing service in the present life. The Lord chooses His own agents, and each day under different circumstances He gives them a trial in His plan of operation. In each truehearted endeavor to work out His plan, He chooses His agents, not because they are perfect, but because, through a connection with Him, they may gain perfection.”—“Christ’s Object Lessons,” p. 330.

12. In what spirit should we serve God? With what will those be rewarded who serve Him? How justly will judgment be made? Col. 3:23-25.

13. How does John the revelator picture the home which is to be the reward of all the obedient? Rev. 21:1-7, 9-27; 22:1-5.

## JUNIOR

### VI—Knowing God Through His Law

(Our Duty to Man)

(August 7)

#### INTRODUCTION

JESUS summed up our duty to man in these few simple words, “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” How important are these commandments, for we cannot be true to God unless we are true to those about us.

#### Guiding Thought

Every commandment on the second table of stone tells us how we may be true and fair and kind to everyone whose life touches our life.

#### Verse to Be Remembered

“Keep My commandments, and live;... write them upon the table of thine heart.” Prov. 7:2, 3.

#### LESSON OUTLINE

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Exodus 20:12-19; Romans 7:7; Galatians 3:24; Psalms 111:7, 8; Matthew 5:18; Proverbs 7:1-3; Ephesians 6:1.

LESSON HELP: “Patriarchs and Prophets,” pp. 308-310.

#### STUDY PLAN FOR THE WEEK

*Sabbath afternoon:* Read carefully all the lesson scriptures, the Introduction, and the Guiding Thought. Answer: (1) Why are the last six commandments so important? (2) What should be the guiding thought of this week’s lesson? *Sunday:*

Study Assignment 1 and learn memory verse. *Monday:* Assignment 2. *Tuesday:* Assignments 3 and 4. *Wednesday:* Assignments 5 and 6. *Thursday:* Assignment 7. *Friday:* Study commandments 5-10 and be able to repeat them from memory.

#### Assignment 1

The giving of the law continued, and again God’s mighty voice pealed forth from Mt. Sinai. This time Israel heard the solemn words of the fifth commandment. How can we show our parents the honor that is due them? Study Exodus 20:12; Ephesians 6:1; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 308, paragraph 2.

#### Assignment 2

Another solemn silence, and again God’s voice rose above the noise of the thunder. In reverence and awe Israel next listened to the sixth and then the seventh commandment. These commandments are short, but they are full of instruction on our duty to our neighbor. Explain. Study Exodus 20:13, 14; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 308, paragraphs 5 and 7.

#### Assignment 3

God’s sacred voice next proclaimed to Israel the seriousness of stealing and lying, in the eighth and ninth commandments. These commandments are broken in many thoughtless ways every day. Explain. Study Exodus 20:15, 16; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 309, paragraphs 1, 3.

#### Assignment 4

The last commandment, the tenth, strikes at a sin so serious that it lies at the root of many other sins. Explain. Study Exodus 20:17; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 309, paragraph 5.

#### Assignment 5

Why did God’s law so terrify His people? Study Exodus 20:18, 19; Romans 7:7; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 309, paragraph 7, page 310, paragraph top of page.

#### Assignment 6

Why did God write His law upon tables of stone with His own finger? Study Psalms 111:7, 8; Matthew 5:18. Consult Lesson Notes. Where else must God’s law be written? Study Proverbs 7:1-3.

#### Assignment 7 and Summary

After each of the following statements write the number of the commandment which is broken in each case:

- (1) Pretending to be working when we are not.
- (2) Being displeased when our friends succeed.
- (3) Reading impure books.
- (4) Behaving in a way that will bring shame to our parents.
- (5) Hating someone who displeases us.
- (6) Accepting more money than is coming to us.

#### LESSON NOTES

1. Envy lies at the root of many sins. It was envy of the birthright that led Jacob to lie and to steal. It was envy of Joseph’s coat of many colors that led his brothers into hatred and finally to the point of murder. Most serious of all it was envy of Jesus in the heart of Lucifer that led him into rebellion against God and against everything pure and holy. Lying, stealing, hating, murder, how terrible they are, and envy is the father of them all.

2. Here are some of the ways in which we are in danger from day to day of breaking the eighth commandment. (1) Accepting wrong change from a storekeeper who has made a mistake. (2) Failing to pay a debt, though it be but a penny. (3) Failing to return money or articles we find, although we know the rightful owner. (4) Borrowing articles from our friends without their knowledge or consent.

3. Here are some of the ways in which we are in danger from day to day of breaking the ninth commandment. (1) Pretending to be working when we are not. (2) Agreeing by our silence to a lie. (3) Lying by our actions as Jacob did. (He lied before he actually said, “I am Esau.”) (4) Cheating in school examinations. (5) Misrepresenting our age in order to secure reduced railroad fare.

4. Since our neighbor’s life is so sacred in the sight of God, how careful we should be never to hurt or to mistreat anyone in any way. If we cherish hatred toward another, God says we are murderers at heart, for hatred leads to murder. Some break the sixth commandment by shooting, for the fun of it, the helpless creatures of air and field. Life even in the weakest of God’s creatures is precious and should be cherished by us who are stronger.

5. The seventh commandment does not refer alone to husbands and wives, requiring them to be true to each other. The commandment worded in our language is, “Thou shalt be pure in thought and word and deed.” The root of all iniquity is in the thoughts. If we refuse to think about anything impure, our words and our deeds will always be pure.

6. It has been said that our parents stand in the place of God. How we should delight to honor them. Are you sure you are doing this every day? Your answers to the following questions will tell whether or not you are. (1) Am I giving true obedience to father and mother, doing just as they say, promptly and unquestioningly? (2) Am I bringing honor to their names by my behavior at school and at church? (3) Am I trying to protect my parents from overwork by not leaving them anything to do that I can do before or after school? (Most mothers work too hard. Does yours?) (4) Am I always courteous to father and mother? (You may forget at times to say “Thank you,” “Pardon me,” when speaking to others, but should you ever forget when speaking to father and mother?)

7. (1) Anything that is written upon stone cannot be changed. God wrote His sacred law upon stone in order to make us understand that His law will never be changed. It will stand forever just as He wrote it on Mount Sinai. (2) God’s law must be written also upon our hearts. He will write it there if we ask Him to. It is only as it is written upon our hearts that we can keep God’s law. If God does write His law upon our hearts, it will be just as easy to obey it as it is to breathe. Why? Because God’s law will control our acts just as His law controls our breathing and our heart action. It was because God’s law had been written upon his heart that David was able to say, “I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart.” Ps. 40:8.

8. When God’s people heard the reading of the law, they began at once to measure their lives by it. They saw they had not been keeping the law, and they realized how sinful they were. It was the knowledge of their sins that made them fear and tremble. When we earnestly study God’s law, it is just like looking into a mirror, for it will show us the uncleanness of our lives, just as a looking glass will show us the uncleanness of our faces.

## The Youth’s Instructor

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#### 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

❖ In an Australian railroad station parents may check their children. There is a nursery maintained for this purpose.

❖ An armored division of the United States Army "is a great many vehicles." If strung out along a highway it would cover eighty-eight miles.

❖ THE United States is suffering from a flag famine. The demand for flags has been unprecedented since Pearl Harbor, and today some manufacturers are a year behind in filling orders.

❖ LEE HOLDAKOWSKI, a retired United States naval officer, residing in the San Fernando Valley of California, has the largest collection of dwarf trees in the United States and one of the largest in the world. It is valued at \$100,000.

❖ For the first time in its 151-year history, the New York Stock Exchange recently admitted a woman to the floor as an employee. Helen Hanzelin, eighteen years old, took up her duties as order clerk calmly and discharged them efficiently.

❖ AMERICAN families have been receiving presents of rationed goods from sons, husbands, and friends in service outside the United States—butter from New Zealand, shoes from Mexico, and coffee from Panama. Customs officials are collecting the proper ration points before releasing the packages.

❖ No wonder the American farmer is confused! The Department of Agriculture, Office of Price Administration, War Production Board, Office of Defense Transportation, Lend-Lease Administration, Board of Economic Warfare, Army, Navy, War Manpower Commission, and the War Food Production agencies are all trying to help him run his business.

❖ Two English doctors, writing separately in the British *Lancet*, report a simple method of preventing colds and flu. When you feel the first sneeze coming on, hold your nose and stifle it, they advise—if necessary, sneeze into your stomach. They believe from their own experience that this measure prevents colds from developing, and speculate that this is accomplished by preventing the spread of organisms through the tissues.

❖ In Springfield, Massachusetts, a swarm of bees settled at the city's busiest intersection. Policemen tried in vain to dislodge them. A young woman finally came to their assistance, by handing one of them a mirror and making a suggestion as to its use. A beam of light was flashed into the midst of the swarm, then suddenly switched to a wall of a near-by store. The bees followed the light away from the intersection to the building and traffic resumed.

❖ SOMETHING like a year ago Western Union began advertising for men over fifty "to come out of retirement" and serve as messengers. It was necessary to replace the thousands of sixteen-to-twenty-year-olds it was losing to the armed forces and better-paying war industries. The results were surprisingly satisfactory, according to reports of personnel managers, for "the older folks have enabled the company to provide an efficient communications service which otherwise might have broken down." More than 1,500 middle-aged messengers are working hard and gladly for thirty cents an hour.

❖ LOOKING forward to postwar possibilities, the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company has produced what it calls "the kitchen of tomorrow." Built purely for demonstration purposes, the kitchen is 97 per cent glass—everything from refrigerator to the stove and wall panels. The General Electric Company and General Motors Corporation have made tentative arrangements to co-operate in its production in the manufacture of various units when peace comes.

❖ At the beginning of World War I the Allied forces had a total of 700 planes, and when the United States entered the war, the Army and Navy together had only 55 planes, 51 of which had been pronounced obsolete. When the war ended, Britain's air force numbered 14,000 planes; France's, 12,000; the United States', 10,000; and Germany's, 11,000.

❖ WORD comes to the general public through neutral sources that the famous Maginot Line in France is being demolished to make more land available for cultivation. Approximately 1,000 concrete tank barriers are being removed daily from the broad fortified zone.

❖ THE United States Treasury's thirteen-billion-dollar issue of War Bonds required 120 tons of paper—almost enough, when spread out, to cover a plot of land a mile long and a half mile wide, or in Western words, a half section. The printing required fifteen days.

❖ X-RAY therapy is proving an effective treatment for gas gangrene, a wartime menace heretofore nearly always fatal. It is also being used effectively in treating other infections where chemotherapy is unsuccessful.

❖ THE smallest species of hummingbird native to the United States is the calliope hummingbird of the Southwest, barely three inches long.

❖ HEREAFTER every rosewood tree cut down in Brazil must be replaced by a new one.

❖ ALL Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Coolidge, have been depicted on postage stamps.

❖ THERE are in the United States two famous trees that own themselves, both in Georgia. One is in Athens, the other in Oxford.

❖ WRIGHT FIELD is to have an airplane-testing tunnel in which will be produced wind velocities up to 600 miles an hour and temperatures as low as sixty-seven degrees below zero.

❖ THE ashes of Major Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A., retired, carrier of the famous "message to Garcia," were buried in Arlington National Cemetery. The Spanish War hero died at his home in San Francisco several months ago.

❖ HOME sewing is coming into its own again in the United States. Pattern-makers report an increase of 35 to 40 per cent over last year's demand for patterns. Sewing classes are now being conducted in many of the metropolitan department stores.

❖ HERBERT COREY, writing in *Nation's Business*, says that "by the end of 1943 the national debt of the United States will have reached approximately \$900 per American." That takes in everyone from the youngest infant to the oldest grandfather. "By the end of 1943 the family of five will be in debt to the sum of \$4,500, more or less."

❖ THE Mellon-endowed National Gallery in Washington, D. C., has already taken its place as the most popular museum in the United States. Now it bids fair to become a shrine of national art as well. Sixty-three American portraits, including nineteen by the early master, Gilbert Stuart, have recently been presented to the gallery. The most famous of the collection is a painting believed to be one of the three portraits of George Washington painted by Stuart from life. It is the "Vaughn Washington," so called after its first owner.

## ★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

Six British soldiers, weary and travel stained, were making their way across one of the highest mountain ranges on New Britain Island, hoping to reach the coast and safety before the invading enemy overtook them, when they unexpectedly came upon a native village which was entirely different from any other they had seen during all the days of their anxious journey. Evening shadows were falling as they entered this clean, well-laid-out little settlement surrounded by extensive gardens.

"It was Saturday," reports one of the men—for they made good their escape—"and we heard the sound of singing coming from the large 'house-lot' (church) in the center of the village. We waited until the service was ended, then approached the 'luluai' (headman) and told him we would like some food and a house to sleep in. He immediately offered us his own house and insisted on our taking it, while the women set about preparing a meal for us. The most striking thing about the villagers was their shining white teeth. It was the only village we passed through in which the natives did not chew betel nut. The 'marrys' (womenfolk) wore spotless print smocks, and all the boys were wearing clean 'lap-laps' (loincloths). We enjoyed a sumptuous repast, which was indicative of the hospitality extended to us for the next two days.

"On the second evening we were invited to the 'evensong' conducted by the mission boy; and to listen to them sing familiar hymns with feeling, and to hear the mission boy read a short lesson from the Bible brought us much nearer home. We are deeply grateful to these natives who gave us such help—they also carried for us five days over the mountains—and grateful to those who taught them the principles of cleanliness and honesty, which they are now putting into practice. It was the only Seventh-day Adventist village we contacted, and it was a credit to their church."