

The Youth's Instructor



PUBLISHERS PHOTO

A Great Merchantman Being Lifted in the Locks of the Panama Canal

Was I able to comfort her? I fear not. It was she who comforted me. I had always known that she was a wonderful Christian. But never before had I realized the depth of her experience. Her faith in God's wisdom was unshaken. As I saw her calm, serene face, as I heard her words of gratitude to God for His goodness, for His sustaining grace, I somehow caught a new vision of the "blessed hope." And I knew that there was more—much more—for me in the Christian life than I ever before had realized.

One day I stood on the Pedro Miguel Locks in the Panama Canal. The then world-famed battleship, Britain's H. M. S. "Hood," entered the chamber, the gates closed behind it, and I looked down upon more than a thousand uniformed sailors who crowded her spacious decks. Suddenly there was a soft gurgling sound, and in about eight minutes that floating fortress had been lifted up to the high level of the canal. Marvelous! I could not see the power that lifted it, but I saw the result of its work.

Just so I could not see the power

His Grace Is Sufficient

* * *

ANOTHER telegram! With trembling fingers I opened it as I had opened others that had brought me reports from the sick-room. And now the end had come! I had feared that the grim reaper would prevail. But even so I was not prepared for the shock. That dreaded foe had taken a charming daughter just after she had crossed the threshold into the twenties.

With tear-dimmed eyes I read the message once more, and soon I was aboard a train that would take me to that sorrowing family four hundred miles away. I longed to comfort them. But what could I say? Words seemed only empty, mocking echoes in the face of death. *What could I say?*

While my heart ached for all the members in that home, my thoughts

were chiefly with the mother and her devotion to her family. Her life belonged to them and was spent from day to day for their happiness and comfort. But now death had ruthlessly broken the circle. How would that mother meet so severe a trial? Would she be utterly crushed?

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since that sad journey was taken. Many of the events connected with that experience lie hidden in the forgotten past. But never can the strong hand of time tear from the hall of memory the picture that hangs there of that Christian mother when circumstances pressed to her quivering lips a more bitter cup of sorrow than she ever yet had tasted.

that lifted that bereaved mother out of the depths of despair. But I saw the proof of that power. As I have tried to learn her secret through the passing years, I have thought again and again of the ship in the locks. The gates of the lifting chamber were securely closed. Not a drop of water could be seen trickling through. The ship surrendered itself fully to the power operating the locks. That was necessary in order that it might be lifted and sent forth on a higher plane to serve humanity.

And then I said to myself that the secret of the triumphant way in which that heartbroken mother stood face to face with death was her surrendered life. God can do (*Turn to page 12*)

Let's Talk It Over

THE topic of dress is a perennial. In season and out of season it springs eternal to the human lips wherever two or three are gathered together. What to wear? What not to wear? These are ever-present questions.

It is well for all of us to keep in mind the fact that fashion is fickle; that fads repeat themselves, with some slight modifications, again and again. Indeed, there is no accounting for the tastes that have made some of them popular.

For instance, who would dream that women would ever regard a beard as an adornment to be desired? But long ago it was "quite a craze" in the Roman feminine world. Women, so history says, shaved their chins and smeared their faces with various concoctions supposed to encourage the growth of hair. Those who were able to show even a small bit of hair on the face were envied of all who tried but failed. To such a pass did this beard craze come that the rulers of the empire found it necessary to make "a law against the wearing of beards by ladies, which aroused no little indignation on the part of the fortunate possessors." There were many protests. But the men and those of the feminine sex who did not want a beard or could not raise one, strengthened the hands of the lawmakers, and gradually the beard fad disappeared.

As the wheel of time turns, one never knows what ridiculous style may sweep into high favor. Therefore she who would be on the safe, sensible side will refuse to take either fashions or fads too seriously.

But as we consider the feminine attire of today we discover a situation which clearly needs expert attention. Maybe there ought to be a law! However, tastes and temperaments and viewpoints differ so widely and emphatically that to settle the matter of "wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is well-nigh impossible. On the other hand there are certain fundamental principles which guide the well-groomed person in the selection of apparel; and while styles and fads may change, standards never change. Shall we consider some of these briefly?

FIRST, be conservative. Avoid extreme styles as you would the plague. They label you as lacking in good taste and as deliberately designing to attract attention.

She was clad becomingly and simply—this Sabbath school teacher who

was approaching the church that Sabbath morning. Not a question could be raised about her appearance—except—!

Two young men who stood on the shaded entrance steps watched her walk up the street, with lifted eyebrows and a disapprovingly tolerant expression on their faces. Finally one turned to the other with the remark:

"I understand that dresses are to be shorter next year!"

"Oh, surely not *much* shorter!" exclaimed the other, dismay in his voice.

"So far as I know the OPA hasn't announced inches, but the folks down there must like the looks of knobby knees."

"Better than I do," growled the other youth. "I *detest* 'em."

"My sentiments too," agreed the first speaker. "There's a happy medium in dress length that becomes any woman, be she tall or short, or —"

"Yes, I know," interrupted his friend. "I heard grandmother talking to Martha Jean about it the other day, trying to calm her after mother had decreed that the skirt hem of a new dress *simply must* come down two inches before she would allow her to wear it. Sister was terribly upset, and protested, 'But, Grandmother, even in the gay nineties when you were young, didn't girls set their caps for men?' To which grandmother replied with a twinkle in her eye, 'Yes, my child, but not their kneecaps!'"

"That's really good!" was the response, and they laughed together.

Yes, extreme styles always make the wearer conspicuous, and this is something the well-dressed person studiously avoids. All of us may well strive for the "happy medium."

Second, be sure that what you wear is suitable for the occasion, becoming to you, and that the colors of your ensemble harmonize. The fact that a certain style is widely worn does not make it suitable for you, necessarily. Choose clothes that preserve your individuality and lend to grace of form which is your heritage in some degree.

Just a whisper here regarding slacks. I have often wished that most of the women who wear them could stand off and get a full view of themselves! They would then understand the fullness of the meaning of the term "seatopygia" and—well—I doubt they would ever wear them again in public unless it might be on some difficult mountain trail or a not-too-moonlit night.

Third, beware of knickknacks, for

the plainer your attire—within the realms of reason and good sense—the better dressed you will be.

Fourth, choose clothes that you can afford—clothes which you have cash in hand to pay for. Expensive tastes may be a thorn in the flesh to one with a slim pocketbook, but they need not be a permanent handicap—unless you are too weak willed to curb them. It is neither good taste nor good sense to put practically all the money you may have to spend on your back, or to dress out of harmony with your age and station.

Fifth, no matter whether you are rich or poor, do not have too many clothes. One becoming, perfectly fitted garment of good quality can well take the place of a dozen chosen carelessly. A fresh collar and cuff set will do wonders in enabling you to make the "change of attire" which is not only desirable but essential in the school-room or office.

Sixth, try keeping a "dress-up" suit—complete inside and out from shoes to gloves and hat. It will not cost any more in the end, and it will give you a wonderfully secure feeling to know that there is always something ready for wear on the unexpected "special occasion."

Seventh, keep your clothes clean and pressed! There is no excuse for anyone—woman or man—to be a walking advertisement for Heinz's fifty-seven varieties. Soap is not rationed—at least not yet—and water is available for essential needs. Also, fluid cleaners are for sale at every drugstore, and these will keep a non-washable garment spotless until it is ready for a professional renovating. Oh, yes, by all means keep your clothes clean and fresh, and well pressed, no matter how limited your budget may be.

Eighth, be sure that your dress is Christian. You are the daughter of a King. See that your appearance from the soles of your feet to the ends of your fingernails to the crown of your head does Him honor.

THOUGH it may not be entirely true that clothes "make" the man, or woman, they do introduce us to all whose paths cross ours. Don't let it slip your mind that the world regards them as indicative of your standards and of your real worth; that you cannot afford to wear attire that is careless, or daring, or inconsistent with your Christian profession.

Lora E. Clement

A DARK-EYED Spanish girl stood at the door of her father's adobe hut, looking wistfully out across the valley at the beautiful rolling hills. Her heart was fixed beyond those hills and the several miles that parted her from the mission school. Only the week before she had been industriously studying in preparation for the heavenly Master's service in this school beyond the range. There were clean beds, plain but tasty food, work in the garden, classes that taught a better way of life, Christian teachers who filled their students with inspiration, and association with other young people. She loved the mission school. Situated in a beautiful valley, it was to her just like a little piece of heaven. Everyone was so kind to her and interested in her because she was doing so well in her lessons. But one day, as she went about these pleasant duties, a message from home changed this happy existence.

Now all these pleasures were gone. Her dreams were shattered. She could never be a missionary. With these thoughts in mind she could hardly keep back the tears, even though she knew that she must do so for her mother's sake.

It seemed only yesterday that she had received the word that her father had died and that she must come home to help support the family by doing housework in the homes of the town's more wealthy people. Parfeita purposed in her heart that she would bear her yoke silently and patiently, although her heart was nearly breaking.

So faithfully she went here and there, getting jobs through the employment agencies and by other means. Parfeita worked hard. First she cleaned for Mrs. Long, whose husband was a merchant in the city. Then there was washing to do and huge baskets of starched clothes to iron for the well-to-do Rileys, who, with their four little girls, spent their winters in the South. Other days there would be parties or banquets with cleaning and great stacks of dishes to wash.

Parfeita was not the only one who went to the employment agency, however. A wealthy American woman went there to arrange for help, if possible, for two weeks while she entertained guests. The woman at the agency immediately thought of Parfeita and told her she could send her a girl who was neat, clean, and dependable. She also assured the applicant that this servant was honest. "You needn't lock your silverware or hide your money if Parfeita is caring for the house," she told the woman, who laughed at such an absurd idea, for she knew that such girls were not to be found in that locality. "But," added the director of the agency, "there

is one thing against the girl. She has a queer notion about religion and will not work from sundown Friday till sundown Saturday. But she will gladly do double work on Friday."

Through curiosity the woman decided to try this girl who was so "honest and queer," for she had never heard of Seventh-day Adventists.

When Parfeita went into her home she found, as she had in other homes, that there were many temptations awaiting her. When offered a drink of alcoholic beverage in any form, her only answer was, "I can't—my religion forbids it." She had to guard against these temptations, for she was being watched all the time by her employer and her guests. But Parfeita faithfully went about her work from day to day, always as a consistent Christian.

PARFEITA'S RELIGION

By Carroll Ray Davis

Sabbath came. Little did Parfeita realize the test that was before her. She rose early, so that she might get the necessary small tasks finished, and then went to her room. She had planned to study her Bible and pray, being denied the privilege of attending Sabbath school, for hers was the only family in the whole town who kept the Sabbath. She had scarcely opened the Good Book when her mistress tapped on the door. Parfeita answered, wondering what could be wanted of her, since she could think of nothing left undone the day before in preparing for the comfort of her mistress and her guests on the Sabbath day. Her heart was in her mouth, but she decided to be brave and stand for what she knew to be right.

"Come, Parfeita, you must come to the kitchen at once. Our guests prefer a picnic for this evening instead of the lunch we had planned, and you must help prepare more appropriate food for the outing."

Parfeita swallowed hard but answered, "I'm sorry, but I can't today. My religion forbids it."

Cold gray eyes met warm brown ones; angry words came to the older woman's lips. To think of a mere servant refusing to obey a woman of her social position and wealth. "Then you must go, for although you are a good worker and honest, I am

your mistress, and you must obey me!"

Sadly Parfeita turned, her hand still resting on the knob, thinking both of the pleasant surroundings of this home and of other work she had done that was decidedly unpleasant. But she had determined to be faithful to God, so she began to gather her few belongings. That done, she started for the back door, walked through it and down the path with a prayer in her heart, not noticing the man and woman sitting on the bench near the lily pool.

They called to her as she passed and asked where she was going. She told of the happenings of the past few moments, hesitatingly, apologetically.

"You sit here a moment, please, and talk to my wife," said the man, "while I speak to your mistress."

After a few moments he returned, accompanied by the mistress, who said, "I am glad, Parfeita, to see you stand for what you think is right. You may go home today, but please come back again tomorrow."

So, triumphant, the girl continued her work in that home, but always with a yearning in her heart to be able to go to school and really do something for her Master.

Parfeita's cheerful attitude, her willingness to help, and the thoroughness with which she did her tasks pleased her mistress, who came to like her very much. She often told her neighbors about her charming housegirl. And she

continued to keep Parfeita even after her guests left, for she could depend on her, and life was so much more pleasant when she was around.

Some of the Spanish neighbors invited her to go to dances, to picture shows, and other amusements. Her answer was still the same, "I can't; my religion forbids it."

More and more people began to hear of Parfeita's strange religion and her clean, cheerful, honest ways, until she won the admiration of Spanish and Americans alike in all that community.

A young colporteur tramping up a dusty road one hot, sultry day, such as only Mexican summers can produce, stopped at a home. He was just a little discouraged, for no one seemed to be interested in the kind of literature he was selling. As a matter of fact, the people were forbidden by the priests to read Protestant books and were contented with the way they were living; hence he seldom gained admittance to a home. They seemed to resent any new or strange ideas about religion. But when Juan came to the part of town where Parfeita worked, the situation was different.

The man at this home at least gave him a chance to tell a little of the story of his belief before he began the canvas for his book. Finally, the man interrupted him, "Oh, that sounds like the religion of (Turn to page 14)

The End of the RAINBOW

By BERNARD TILTON

A STALWART soldier of destiny, wrapped in thought, stands in the temple of Zeus at Gordium, an ancient city of Phrygia, Asia Minor. The object of the warrior's attention is an old wagon and oxen yoke preserved as sacred relics. An oracle has declared that whoever shall undo the knot of the yoke, which has been tied so skillfully that no one has been able to master it, shall be the future master of Asia. Determined to do the impossible, Alexander unsheaths his sword and severs the knot with one mighty sweep of his saber. A shout of triumph goes up from his men, for they believe him predestined to become a glorious conqueror.

Thus Alexander the Great, by cutting the Gordian knot, started his career as a mighty empire builder. In eight short years after he left his native Macedonia, the entire civilized world, including the colossal Persian Empire, lay prostrate before him.

Alexander's campaigns were a brilliant rainbow of successes that arched the firmament of the ancient world. Each succeeding battle brought him more prestige and power, mingled in a dazzling array of triumphant color.

With a comparative handful of 35,000 men he routed, in short order, the motley hordes sent against him. At Issus he overcame the Persian host of over half a million men. At Tyre this intrepid leader amazed the ancient world by building a stone causeway to enable his land forces to reach the beleaguered island stronghold. Nothing stood in his way. After a clean sweep of Egypt the Macedonian faced the reorganized Persian army with its imposing array over a million strong.

Alexander was now at the highest arc in the rainbow of his career. Could this main force of Medo-Persia be defeated?

As if the prophecy of the Gordian knot were guiding his fortune, the young conqueror discomfited his opponents completely by his superior discipline and Macedonian phalanx. Not content with the overturning of the Persian Empire, the Grecian forces pressed eastward to India—to the very edges of civilization.

Where should Alexander next turn to satisfy his thirst for conquest? The

unthinkable riches of a world were his. He had found his proverbial "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Still he was not content, and it is recorded that he wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. His joy lay in planning and struggling to reach his goal, but when it was reached he was not satisfied. The future seemed to hold nothing worth while, and his life ended in a drunken debauch. Alexander the Great, when he had gained the whole world, found that it was only dust and ashes. The pot of gold at the end of his rainbow did not satisfy.

About the time of the discovery and exploration of America by the Spanish, there grew up the amazing legend of a wonderful city, somewhere in the northern part of South America, that contained fabulous riches. Into a lake near this city the people cast their gold ornaments, emeralds, and other precious jewels as offerings to their god because they considered the water sacred. When a new king was crowned he was carried in a golden wheelbarrow to this lake in which he bathed; afterward, he was covered with a sticky gum and sprayed with a heavy layer of gold dust. Some said that he was daily sprayed with this precious metal. In his house lined with gold, so the legend said, lived this king, El Dorado (the Gilded One), bearing rule over his dominion of untold wealth.

As the rumors of this legendary kingdom filtered back to Spain, expeditions were organized and went out to find this wonderful place. The story

grew and grew and hung as a mirage on the horizon of the Western world, beckoning men on and on in their search. But the legendary El Dorado was never found. Though gold and silver poured into the coffers of the Spanish conquistadors, the promise of fabulous greater riches in this elusive kingdom seemed to be ever beyond their grasp.

In spite of the fact that their goal was never attained, the stimulus that it gave in spurring men on in their exploration and colonization of the New World is of far-reaching significance. While searching for the goal, the Spaniards laid the foundation for a mighty colonial empire that lasted through three centuries; they subdued and exploited the rich Inca and Aztec civilizations; they contributed much to our modern civilization; and they found a thrilling joy in working toward their ideal, though they could never quite attain it.

In the nineteenth century the English writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, again reminded us of this fascinating romantic adventure by writing an essay entitled "El Dorado." In it he compares human life to a quest for the seemingly unattainable. But according to him, true happiness does not necessarily lie in reaching a goal, but in a joyous striving for it.

Well might we say that in this one essay Stevenson has set forth the guiding principle of his life. For half of his forty-four years he was an invalid and spent dreary days in bed when he dared not speak for fear a severe hemorrhage might start from his consumption-ridden lungs.

But he did not despair, for he believed and practiced the principle that it is man's duty to look for happiness and forget his difficulties. While traveling over half the earth seeking to better his health, he always strove to find a real joy in living. Although his premature death seemingly prevented the attainment of his goal—that of becoming a great writer—yet his name holds a high place among his fellow craftsmen, and is (*Turn to page 12*)



Alexander the Great in Triumphant Procession

GOD SPEAKS

Through Pain

* * *

THE blessings of God were being bestowed most graciously upon Lorene Rabern. Her earnest prayers had been answered in a remarkable way. She had prayed for the privilege of attending a Christian college, and the way had been opened. The fulfillment of this desire seemed like a happy dream. Association with Christian students and teachers thrilled her. God had guided her to her desired haven!

During Lorene's first year, classwork was easy for her and studying a joy. Books fascinated her. During that year she learned to love Jesus more dearly and in the spring she was baptized. Life was vibrant with happiness. She loved it!

Soon after her baptism word came that her father had lost his position. This did not discourage Lorene, for she thought God would answer her prayers and provide another position for him. But no positive answer came. It was then that she could see a few storm clouds gathering on the horizon of her life. She realized that she would have to drop out of school or work her entire way. She chose the latter course and accepted the inevitable with good courage. This choice meant long hours of labor, few vacations, and less time to spend with the books she loved.

Her tasks were pleasant. She assisted the registrar and corrected papers for the department of mathematics, and was thrilled with the thought that she was an important part of the machinery of the school. It seemed that God's hand was guiding her. Days were filled to the brim, but she was happy with the joy of accomplishment.

Then came, like a thunderbolt from the blue, that fateful day—November 9—the day which was different to Lorene alone, the day which marked the beginning of a somber trial in her life. She was working in the registrar's office that afternoon. All was the same around her—the same as any previous day. The other girls were as cheerful as usual; the typewriters were clicking; students were asking advice at the counters. Toward the middle of



H. A. ROBERTS
Lorene Endured the Pain in Silence for Fear of Being Sent Home

the afternoon Lorene began to experience a pain she had never felt before—a pain in her back. Slowly and stealthily it came upon her, growing in intensity until she could hardly endure it. She expected relief to come with rest, but after a restless night she awoke with a throb in her back which increased as the hours passed. Still she hoped that this was just an acute attack—of whatever it was—which would soon leave. Her hope was in vain, for there was no relief. French, mathematics, chemistry, Bible, chapel, church became a burden to her, for she was suffering constantly, intensely. The school doctor could find nothing wrong with her back, and she had no money to consult specialists.

It was then that Lorene questioned the mercy of God. "Why should I have to suffer this agony," she asked herself, "while others around me are blessed with bodies free from pain? How could a merciful Father allow such a calamity to befall one who was following His guidance? And why?" Her grief and pain became too deep for tears.

Lorene endured in silence for fear of being sent home. Even to her parents she did not write much, knowing they would worry about her or would insist that she drop out of school. She wanted an education; she longed to be a teacher. It seemed that God had guided her thus far in the fulfillment of her ambition. Why should He cut short her plans just now?

The girl prayed as she had never

prayed before. She prayed while walking, while working, while studying. She prayed for courage, for strength, for self-forgetfulness, and above all for relief from pain if it could be His will. The pain continued. She was afraid to pray for death; so she prayed for strength in life to endure the ache without complaining. Dry-eyed, she asked for divine help for every task she had to perform.

God answered her pleadings for help—not in the way Lorene preferred, not by release from pain—but by carrying her burdens on His shoulders and by giving her an alert mind. The pain raged on and nearly drove her to distraction at times, but she placed her hand in her Saviour's and pressed on with the hope that someday God would see fit to relieve her of the torture which she often called the "toothache" in her back. Again lessons became easier. She carried high scholastic honors and continued her work.

In her senior year, against her better judgment, Lorene went home for Christmas. She did not want to go, for she feared the effect of her parents' seeing her frail body and the change that had taken place in their happy daughter. It was during this visit that her father said, "This is the first time I've seen Lorene act discouraged!" And really she was disheartened, for she knew that unless a miracle was performed, she could not teach even if she did hold a diploma. When anyone mentioned teaching, she felt like weeping.

During her vacation her father discovered a small lump on her back, noticeable only when she bent over. He did not say much to her about it; instead he wrote to the doctor of the college. This letter led to more suffering for Lorene. But by that time she was ready to endure anything in order to have the pain removed.

The first of March she was placed in a cast from the armpits to the hips. For three months she must attend school in a tight wall of plaster of Paris! How could she endure the strain? Her all-merciful heavenly Father helped her bear the pain and embarrassment. Nights of chills and sleeplessness, days of unbearable heat, work with a stiff, aching body, fear of bumping into someone! She prayed for strength for a day, for an hour, for a minute, and each obstacle was surmounted.

Time marched along. Lorene continued her study and work schedule the same as usual. And the only classes she missed during all her years in college were the ones missed when she was in the hospital. Most of her teachers did not know of her handicap. She was very sensitive about it.

Toward the close of the year the girl's faculty adviser encouraged her to try for graduation with honors. At first she thought that she never could do the special work necessary. However, God had given her just enough strength to surmount previous tasks;

therefore, she trusted that He would give her an extra supply of strength for these tests. And He did!

Those closing days of college seemed like a nightmare to Lorene, but finally they ended with many congratulations for her graduation with high distinction. All the praises bestowed upon her fell upon deaf ears, for she was too nearly exhausted to appreciate them. Lorene wanted rest. Her cast had been displaced by a brace a few days before commencement, but that, too, was torture.

Soon after arriving home, Lorene received word that the university near the college had awarded her a tuition scholarship to apply on work toward a Master's degree the next year. In spite of suffering, she still liked to study, for mental activity kept her mind off her physical ailment. She hesitated to accept the offer, for she did not know where to get money for board and room. Nevertheless, she planned to start her work the next fall, believing that the means would be provided for her. They were!

Lorene had hoped that the brace would somehow bring her relief, but there was no change. Specialists could not find the cause for her trouble. Finally, the brace was removed about Christmastime. The spine curvature had been corrected, but the pain continued as before.

Sometimes the future looked hopeless to Lorene as she forced herself to study. She could not sit comfortably; she could not stand or walk comfortably. Earnestly she prayed for light to know what course to follow to discover the cause of her trouble. God must have a purpose in allowing her to suffer so and somehow it seemed to her that He must be suffering with her.

When spring came she decided to ask for special prayer for healing, and looked forward with hope to the hour set apart for this purpose. That hour was a crisis in Lorene's life. No, her prayers were not answered in the way she had hoped! There was no immediate positive answer, but needed strength was given her to finish the work for her degree by the first of August. She resolved at that time to take the answer as it was and to carry on the best she could, putting her entire dependence upon God. Whatever way He might lead her, she was persuaded that way was best.

She would teach in a Seventh-day Adventist school, of course, and accordingly applied for a position in several academies. However, no favorable reply came. She was not wanted, and she could not recommend herself. She went home to rest if possible.

In November a teaching position was opened to her. After much prayer she accepted it. During that school year she learned that a teacher with a continual pain and with partial paralysis cannot carry on her work as she should. She resolved never to teach again unless relieved of her back trouble, and went home praying that her life might not be a total failure.

A year passed—a year spent at home on the farm, during which she followed a program of much rest and moderate exercise. Finally, Lorene consulted a new doctor in a near-by city. Somehow this attempt to find relief seemed like one last hope. For several months this doctor discovered no direct cause for her pain, but he kept urging her to return for treatment. About the last of May she began to notice that treatments were taking effect. She could relax better at night. She could see a rift in the clouds of life. With decrease in pain she gained in weight and vitality. By the middle of July she was feeling like a new person. Work became a pleasure. Nature burst into song. No longer was she paralyzed; no longer did intense throbbing pierce her nerves. She was well! She thanked the doctor for his patience with her, and God for leading her.

Now that she was well, Lorene wanted to make use of her education. But it was almost time for school to start and she had no prospects for a position. Also, she was not sure that it would be best for her to undertake work at that time. Again she turned to her faithful Guide, this time with a definite request. She prayed, "Father, if it is Thy will that I teach this year, please send a call out of the clear sky."

About a week later a long-distance telephone call asking her for her qualifications came to her from the principal of an academy. When she hung up the receiver, Lorene said to her parents, "I'm going to ——— Academy." As yet she knew nothing about the school, but she felt that God had answered her prayers and that that was the place for her. Her mother and father were amazed at the positive position she took and warned her that she might be disappointed. In a few days a telegram came. She was to teach in her chosen field!

Today she is happy in her work and associations, and confident that she is in the place God wants her to be.

Is there a merciful God in heaven? Yes! And He spoke through pain to Lorene of His power and love and grace.



I Will

By THEOFIELD G. WEIS

Employ this useful, sunny day
For good before it flies away:

Deprive myself one selfish need
To make another's share complete;

Withhold sly words of hidden stain
To shield some heart from fretful pain;

Retreat from urges in life's race
And meekly seek a quiet place

Where I may close the door to care
And raise a faith-filled voice in prayer:

Enrich my scope of joy replete
With fellowship at Jesus' feet.

PHOTO BY S. A. WELLMAN

Memories of

By L. A. HANSEN

PIONEER PROVIDENCES

WE MAKE A MOVE

AS described in a previous story, we started our treatment-room work at Nashville in a store building, at 717 Church Street. The large twenty-four by eighty-five foot room, with a full-length cellar beneath, was divided into a reception room, food store, massage rooms, and small treatment booths. Our living quarters were in the rear. Partitions were a little more than head high.

Our furnishings were of the simplest order. In the reception room were a rocking chair or two, an old-time sofa, a small table with reading matter on it, a picture, and a mirror. Only one wall was a real wall, the other three sides being wood partitions. Straw matting served for floor covering.

Ours was not a pretentious establishment to which to invite such Southern aristocracy as Nashville knew. Bear in mind, too, that our treatment rooms marked the first enterprise of the kind established by Seventh-day Adventists anywhere outside of our few sanitariums. Turkish baths, used mostly for helping men over a drinking spree or its aftereffects, were available, and plain hot and cold baths were offered by barbershops, but massage, fomentations, salt glows, and other tonic health helps that we were prepared to give were not offered. Because of the conservatism of our prospective patrons and the apathy that generally confronts an innovation of strange order, we had an uphill road. That we succeeded at all in meeting the many obstacles was due to the fact that our health cause has real worth and that God's blessing attends every honest effort made to advance it.

Our work did grow. Our patronage increased. Our little place was crowded. There was need for enlarged quarters and increased facilities. It chanced that near by was a Greek restaurant which had also grown. Its proprietor, when we first came to the city, was running a little open-air lunch stand, chiefly patronized by centennial visitors. Later he took an enclosed room, then a larger room, and now Mr. Popas was eyeing our store-room speculatively.

As we have told in an earlier story, a letter came to us from our Congressman landlord telling us of his having received from our Greek restaurant neighbor an offer of much larger rent

than we were paying. "But," he said, "you are an honest man, a public benefactor, and a Christian, and I shall do nothing to embarrass you." If you read our earlier story about our landlord, you can better appreciate his changed attitude.

We were left to make our own terms for our unexpired lease with our Greek friend and in the end he offered us three hundred dollars cash for it. Since this would give us the needed money for moving to new quarters, we closed the deal.

Now we found ourselves in a new predicament, for we were in the middle of the rental season and could find no place to go. Houses, we learned, changed hands at the yearly moving time and for this year they had all changed. Hunt as we would we could find nothing suitable, and the day for giving up what we had drew apace. The situation began to look serious and kept getting more so, till we were about to conclude that we had made a mistake.

As moving time came very close, a patient friend, or should I say a friend patient, told us that the DeMoville residence a half block from our old location was to be vacated. This was a fine old mansion on the corner of Church and Vine Streets, a section where all residences but this one had given way to commercial encroachment. It looked so large to us that at first it did not even seem a possibility.

But we made some inquiries and learned that the house was owned by a certain banker who might be rather hard to deal with. We were told that if we should be so fortunate as to get it, we would have to pay a high rent and make all repairs and improvements at our own expense. We did not know what to do. This was our only prospect. So we followed our usual course of taking the matter to the Lord in prayer. As we prayed, the conviction came to us that it was the place He would have us take, and with the conviction came assurance that God would help us secure it.

Leaving Mrs. Hansen to pray the Lord for His blessing on my effort, I drove out to the country home of Mr. Banker to ask him for the DeMoville mansion. I felt very poor and humble as I entered that beautiful

country home, with its many spacious rooms, and I felt smaller still when the owner pointed out a line of trees as far away as I could see and told me that was the boundary line of his property.

But my feeling of assurance that God would help encouraged me as I presented our work and its needs to this wealthy man. I offered him the privilege of having a part in our efforts. He smilingly thanked me for "the privilege" and asked what part would be his. I replied, "Letting us have that city place for one hundred dollars a month." He again smiled and told me that he had other requests for the place and that he did not know that he could accept my offer.

I left him to "think it over," and the smile with which he said these words seemed to spell "it is all over already." I went back to town not overly confident that I had made any progress toward moving. But a "no" that looks final does not necessarily mean "no" with God; therefore we kept praying for His guidance and blessing.

In a day or two I was summoned to an interview with Mr. Banker. He then informed me that though he had an offer several hundred dollars a year more than ours, he had been impressed that he should let us have the building. We took it, and our new landlord made every necessary repair and improvement which we asked. We were careful to be reasonable in our requests.

Our new tenancy meant the signing of rent notes for four and a half years to the amount of \$5,400—rather an undertaking when we stopped to think of it as a whole. How can one know the difference between launching out on faith's promise and plunging into reckless expenditure? It was our experiences in asking the Lord for help, confidently looking to Him for it and receiving it, that gave us courage to undertake to fit up a large building on a prominent city corner and expect it to pay its rent and all the other expenses.

A half block was not far to move. We could do most of it by hand and cart. This we did—largely after dark. In a previous story I have told of the boiler that would not work right until after we had sought the Lord for help to know how to set it up. That boiler was rather large for the two of us, Mrs. Hansen and me, to take down and then take up and out through the wide cellar door. But we did it alone, as we could not afford to hire help. Rolling it over to its new home and setting it up was not so much of a task. But let no one think that praying one's way out of difficulty or even into a new home means release from hard work. All my experience has emphasized the fact that earnest prayer and honest effort go together.

The three hundred dollars which we received for the sale of our lease was a great help in fitting up our new

quarters. Our opening was auspicious enough to get a long notice in the newspaper. We now had an attractive layout for treatment rooms, a suitable front room for office and food store, a large reception room in which were a real rug, a piano, and other proper furniture, a café dining room, necessary space for kitchen, pantry, and storeroom, and very comfortable living quarters upstairs, with rooms to spare for a few inpatients.

One time when a leading Seventh-day Adventist doctor from the North was on a visit to the South, he, with several influential friends, called on us. As he stepped into the reception room with its double doors open to the café dining room, he bowed as he said,

"I take off my hat to the nicest place of the kind I have seen." Well, it really was attractive.

We soon added a health-bread bakery and had two delivery wagons serving the city. Then came the need of a country home for house patients. It was not long until we were running all these endeavors with a full force of workers.

At one time when a number of our denominational leaders were visiting the institution, W. C. White made a careful survey of it, and coming into the room where the group was gathered, he said, "Brethren, this comes nearer to being what we have understood we should have for the carrying on of city health work than anything

else I have seen—treatment rooms, food store, health restaurant, health baking, room for patients, and a country place all operated together."

To us it seemed the logical thing for our work to grow into a full representation of what the Spirit of prophecy had directed should be done in a city health effort. We had simply been willing instruments doing what we could, and the Lord had blessed in our accomplishment.

Later we sold to the Castner-Knott Company the lease on this favorable location for \$1,000, and the large department store that now occupies the corner was built. The changes this brought to our work will be related in another story.



"NO!"

Despite efforts of the brewers, more than 5,000 secular publications in the United States, including daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, farm papers, and other periodicals, still refuse to carry ads for alcoholic beverages, according to a report in the "Union Signal," official organ of the W. C. T. U.

FLYING DRY!

In the United States Air Corps, penalties for drunkenness are extremely heavy; flying is a hazardous occupation, and clear heads among pilots and ground crew mean lives saved. This information is published by the Federal Office of War Information in a report regarding drinking conditions around Army camps.

HIGHEST!

Prince Edward Island has prohibition, and among all the Canadian provinces its young men stand highest in physical fitness with 71.5 per cent making the "A" category in physical fitness tests for fighting men.

ACCIDENT?

"Not at all," declares Dr. H. E. Fisher, of the Public Service Company of Illinois. "Let's get down to cases. A driver takes a few drinks, loses control of his car, crashes into a lamp post. Accidental? Not at all. Blame the liquor or blame the driver's anti-social attitude that told him it was all right to drink, drive, and thus jeopardize the public safety. But don't call it an accident!"

SEVEN TO ONE!

The National Safety Council reports that accidental deaths of American workers have exceeded deaths of American fighters by a rate of more than seven to one, dating from Pearl Harbor. Including the African campaign, to late November, 1942, military losses had been 5,694 dead, 34,335 wounded, and 39,827 missing. Workers had suffered these casualties on the home front: 44,500 dead, 3,800,000 injured.

TEN MILLION!

In three years of European war 10,000,000 cases of Scotch whisky have been shipped to the United States from Britain.

THANK YOU, MOTHER!

From the island fortress of Malta comes this letter from George F. ("Buzz") Beuring, ace airman, to his mother in Verdun, Quebec. He is just twenty.

"Let me put you at your ease now, Mum," the Canadian flyer writes. "I don't smoke and don't drink, and I don't swear either. You advised me not to indulge in any of those habits. You always said I'd thank you someday, and my only regret is that I've not thanked you sooner. In this game split seconds count, and if it hadn't been for your training I probably wouldn't be here. Smoking and drinking slow up the mind. Reactions are bound to be slower."

By the way, over Malta "Buzz" shot down twenty-nine planes—eight of them in two days.

SUCCESS!

If you want to be able to carry on when others are carried out, then leave alcoholic beverages of every kind alone.

NO DRUNKENNESS!

The New York "Tribune" publishes a statement from the Catholic Church newspaper "La Croix" to the effect that "drunkenness has disappeared entirely in France. Before the war in Paris about fifty persons were arrested daily for offenses attributable to inebriety. Now that a bottle of wine costs between 300 and 400 francs, which puts it beyond the reach of the average drinker, and there are strict wartime regulations governing drinking in public places, a great change has taken place.

STATISTICS!

A group of psychologists, psychiatrists, clergymen, social workers, and representatives of Alcoholics Anonymous assembled in New York City recently in a meeting called by the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol. They had come together to consider the causes and cures of alcoholism. During these deliberations the fact was brought to light that "out of every 1,000 adult Americans, six or seven are alcoholics."

WALTER JOHNSON OUGHT TO KNOW!

Two friends were visiting the "Big Train," who is known as the greatest of all baseball pitchers. He now lives on his farm near Bethesda, Maryland. These friends told Mr. Johnson that young people everywhere would like to know what he thinks about using liquor. "A lot of them," they said, "are being embarrassed because they do not drink and are being urged to use liquor in moderation."

"If they will take my advice, they will let it alone," he said. "I have seen man after man come into baseball with brilliant prospects and pass out with his career cut short because he thought a little liquor

wouldn't do him any harm. They can get away with it for a short time, but pretty soon it gets them."

"Some of our young people say they are almost compelled to drink," Mr. Johnson's friends went on to tell him. "They say that if they don't drink, they are accused of 'crabbing the party' and are soon dropped from all social affairs."

"My experience is that no friend worth having ever urges you to drink," the great pitcher declared. "If you refuse to have anything to do with it, they will root for you and be proud of you. When I first came into baseball as a young man, whenever some stranger would offer me a drink, an experienced player would speak up and say, 'No, no, he doesn't drink.' Nobody ever loses out socially or any other way if people realize that he is standing by his convictions."

IS ALCOHOL A STIMULANT?

"No," declares science. Concerning this there is no difference of opinion in the scientific world. A stimulant has been defined as "a substance which will increase the force, frequency, speed, amount, or effectiveness of one or more of the functions of the body." Alcohol is not a stimulant; it is a depressant. A depressant has been scientifically defined as "a substance which alters one or more of our bodily functions by reducing speed, strength, or quality." The apparent stimulating effect of alcohol is due to its suppression of the inhibitions. Functioning is not increased in power or speed, but it "runs wild," uncontrolled by the higher brain. This is why the drinker "talks and acts like a fool;" he or she has temporarily lost the restraining influence of discretion and discrimination.

FARMERS SPEAK!

The attitude of farmers on the liquor question is reflected in the blank which was adopted by the National Grange at its seventy-fifth annual session held recently in Worcester, Massachusetts.

"We recommend that the Granges throughout the land join with other organizations in a campaign of education, calling attention to the evils of strong drink and emphasizing the truth that decency and sobriety are virtues that bring their own reward. We urge that the sale of intoxicating beverages, with all its demoralizing influences, be strictly forbidden in the vicinity of military training camps. Since we are confronted with many serious shortages of material and labor, we urge the use of strict priorities in dealing with the manufacture of liquors."

Advent Youth in Action

In Spite of War

UNDER date of February 11, 1943, I. V. Stonebrook, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Central China Union, writes concerning the problems which he faces in carrying on his work during these unsettled times. He tells us of a meeting which they had recently in Yen-cheng, Honan:

"At that time several plans were laid for the advancement of the Missionary Volunteer work in this division. One action of most importance was the plan to hold three youth gatherings through the latter part of the summer. We are planning for these meetings and hope they will be of real spiritual value for the youth. Our youth in China are facing many problems of many kinds, and the main one is that of military conscription. If they are studying in our schools they have been exempted from service, but how long that will continue, we do not know. This year in Honan has been especially bad, as you no doubt know by reports that have reached the General Conference. They say there has not been a famine in Honan such as this one for sixty years. . . . Prices skyrocketed until flour is sixty cents gold a pound. You can imagine what that would cause in America. . . . I received a few pamphlets from you just before leaving Burma. Much mail was lost then and we have only air-mail service in China now. I wish it were such that we could receive your monthly bulletin, as I feel greatly the need of your suggestions and plans for young people's work."

Let us pray for the young people of these war-stricken fields and for the workers who labor for them.

Zambesi Youth Are Doing Things

The largest class ever invested in the Zambesi Union—81 young Africans—came into the fellowship of Helpers, Friends, and Companions not

so long ago. Writing from Solusi Mission, Nellia Burman Garber says: "For our investiture service we had built a quadrangle of grass, whereon our banners, bearing the various insignia, were hung. Then each group to be invested was seated to form the initial which stood for each class. As each group was invested an appointed leader set fire to the grass near him, and the young people stood at attention while the flaming letters glowed in the darkness of the night. Then as each fire died down the classes sang 'Missionary Volunteers.' It was an impressive sight, and the song was lovely, for no one, unless it be the American Negro, can sing like the African native."

The Sunshine Band Shines

"One of the most active bands in the Milwaukee English Missionary Volunteer Society is the Sunshine Band," reports M. C. Kidd, the leader. "This small group of young people spend Sabbath afternoons in going to various homes for the aged, convalescents, physically handicapped, shut-ins, and others who have learned to look forward to and appreciate these visits of 'sunshine.'"

"Within the past few months some of the persons visited have insisted on donating money saying, 'Buy yourself some new songbooks, literature, or whatever you need.' The members of the Sunshine Band were reluctant to accept these offerings at first, but decided that the money could be used for missionary purposes and for furthering the work."

"While these youth were singing hymns at a convalescent home recently, the woman in charge pressed a five-dollar bill into the hand of the leader and expressed the appreciation of the patients as well as her own for our visits. One of the patients was a young man who had undergone serious surgery and who was to leave for another city the following day for another op-

eration, which we were told would almost certainly prove fatal. It happened that the Sabbath when the Sunshine Band visited the institution was also his wedding anniversary, and a request was made for the group to sing a certain song for the occasion. The number was secular music, however, which the Missionary Volunteers declined to sing on the Sabbath, but suggested that they come back that evening after sundown and do so. This met with the approval of all concerned.

"After meeting at the church for vesper services, the group returned to the convalescent home about nine o'clock in the evening. A short program was rendered, including singing by the entire group and several numbers on the electric guitar by one of the regular members of the Sunshine Band. The superintendent was so much impressed by the program that she presented us with another five-dollar bill. We explained that we did not accept money for our efforts, that we were glad to give these programs to help others, but she replied, 'It is worth more than that to me to see how the faces of these patients are lighted up after your visits, to see how they look forward to your coming.' We are now endeavoring to get the new address of the young man who went away, so that we can present him with 'The Desire of Ages' or some other appropriate book, with the compliments of the Sunshine Band."

Secrets of Success

Ethel M. Walker, M. D., listed the secrets of success when, as representative of the Glendale Society, she spoke at the recent Missionary Volunteer officers' convention held in Paulson Hall, Los Angeles, California. Read them carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully:

1. Plan each program one or two months in advance.
2. Have variety of programs.
3. Ask young people to take part in programs.
4. Advertise meetings.
5. Choose attractive subjects. Add curiosity to title.
6. Display banners: Aim, Motto, Pledge.
7. Have number of leaders dividing responsibility.
8. Have special music.
9. Ushers add to importance and dignity of meeting.

(Turn to page 14)



Solusi Mission 1942 Investiture. Europeans (left to right): Miss Pauline Muller, Miss Evadne Tarr, Mrs. R. L. Garber, Miss E. Ellingworth

Down, 'Way Down

By PHYLLIS L. BUNCH

MISCHIEVOUS little breezes tugged playfully at my blouse, tossed a brown curl over my forehead, and skipped gleefully on their way to tantalize the trees, and every rock formations turned into gigantic weird ghosts by the first suggestions of early morning light, as mother, dad, and I quickened our steps in fear that the King of Day would blaze over the horizon before we had reached the point where he would throw the majestic vastness of Grand Canyon into a golden splendor before us. Slowly our eyes drifted from the green trees on the rim where we stood to the ragged precipice dotted with piñon trees, to a glaring white wall, down over red bluffs to the plateau, and finally eleven hundred feet below to the tiny ribbon which we realized was the raging Colorado River.

The sky in the east grew pale and there were mile-long shadows around us. Timid fingers of sunlight touched the strange peaks far below with a delicate violet which changed to a downy pink and then burst forth in the full glory of gold. Over all was an awesome silence you can never imagine if you have spent your life in a city.

A glance at our watches brought us to the sharp realization that those tricky little breezes whispering through the pines had put a keen edge on our appetites. Finding my brother at the Hopi House, we hurried to breakfast at the little blue and gray cabin tucked away among the trees, not far from the rim of the canyon.

Before we realized it, it was time to report to the little stone corral where we were to begin our trip down to the very floor of this wide and mystifying opening. At nine o'clock on that warm June morning, mother, dad, Jim, and I, dressed in appropriate sport clothes and carrying big hats to ward off the hot Arizona sun, met Jerry Gordon, our guide, as he was loading the saddlebags on our mules. After showing us carefully just how to mount our mules from the left side, Jerry gave us each a boost astride our "broomtails," adjusted our stirrups, mounted his own mule, and we were off down the broad Bright Angel Trail on a trip that I shall never forget.

Down, down, down we went through sections of red dust and sections of white dust, making turns so sharp that the mule's head was out over the canyon wall, until a thousand vertical feet below the rim, after riding a mile and a half, there were before us new glories and a new canyon, entirely different from the vista on the brink of this

wonderland of nature. On downward plodded our faithful steeds over the trail six to eight feet wide, built and maintained by Indian labor. Now and then Jerry would bring the mules to a stop when he knew they must have rest.

Not long before noon the trail leveled out into a plateau and there beneath the parching Arizona sun was the oasis, Indian Gardens. Cool shade under spreading trees, cold water, and the contents of bountiful lunch boxes gave us new vigor and soon we were off down the trail once more.

Along toward the middle of the afternoon Jerry drew us to a stop at River Rest Station. Only a few feet away and a little below tore the muddy Colorado River. After giving our cramped muscles a stretch, we scrambled back on our faithful steeds and started on the final stretch of the trip. High on the side of a granite wall the trail zigzagged for a way, then down onto an engineering masterpiece, the suspension bridge high over the mad river.

It was late afternoon when we came around a huge bend and followed sparkling, gay little Bright Angel Creek to—there it was at last after twelve miles on muleback in the heat and the dust—that little gem of green loveliness and rest, Phantom Ranch. One by one our mules came to a stop in the stone-fenced corral. I attempted to dismount with a fair degree of grace, but it was no use. Every bone, every muscle moaned or creaked a decided protest as I somehow brought myself to the ground and found my way with the rest of the riders to the enticing lawn chairs on the veranda of the recreation lodge.

It was here that we met our jolly French host, M. Poquette, as he brought us ice water and tried to assure us that Phantom Ranch would soon help us forget the hot, tiring, yet

fascinating trip down. For a few minutes we just sat, trying to take in all the scene that lay before us. There was the swimming pool in a lawn of green velvet. Across the lawn was the rambling ranch dining room. Cabins of wood and stone nestled among cottonwood trees, with little streams running past their doors. Close to the western wall of this arm of the canyon gurgled the lovely creek as it rushed to meet the tawny torrent of the river. We were almost a vertical mile from where we had been that morning.

"Time for a good refreshing swim before dinner," smiled our host with a gay twinkle in his eye as he saw my brother and me immediately forget sore, stiff muscles and streak across the lawn to our cabin. A few minutes later, wearing bathing suits, we were back at the edge of the pool and with a run, a dive, and a resounding splash we sank deep into the welcome iciness of crystal clear water. It was a welcome refreshment, for the heat from the sun's rays that had beaten down upon us all day was trapped at the canyon's floor, making even the evenings warm and humid. Somehow just to float lazily on the surface of the water, perhaps diving or swimming vigorously once in a while to avoid becoming chilled, was more appealing than the hard, strenuous swim we had anticipated. Mother and dad joined us soon, and as we sat at (Turn to page 13)



LIONEL GREEN

From the Rim of Grand Canyon a Narrow, Dusty Trail Descends to the Valley Floor and the Turbulent Colorado River 1,100 Feet Below



The Kidnaping of AH CHUN

By MARJORIE WEARNER

THE little Chinese village of Shao-fu-tsun lay wrapped in slumber. A pale-yellow moon hung high over the rice fields. The river flowed in a ribbonlike stream not far away. All was still. Not a breeze stirred in the tall bamboo hedge which surrounded the cluster of houses. Because of hard times the men had gone away in search of work, and this left only a few old women and half-starved children in the old ancestral home. As a result of this situation, Ah Chun, a lad of twelve years, was the headman of the village. He had worked hard in the rice fields all day and now was fast asleep after his meager supper of rice and fish. Very quietly the robber band came nearer and nearer and surrounded the village. They always chose bright moonlight nights for their work of marauding and then would hide as the moon went down.

The fierce barking of the dogs and the screams of terrified women signaled the attack and woke Ah Chun with a start. He sat up quickly in his straw bed. What could be wrong?

Bandits! The thought flashed through Ah Chun's mind with a wave of terror. He knew that the women were screaming from fright. The fear of bandits had early been instilled into his young mind. He knew that even now the homes of his hard-working neighbors were being looted. How soon would they reach the small house where he lay? Surely there was nothing of value in its bare interior, unless, perhaps, it might be the few chickens in the basket in the corner, or the pig.

The little old woman with whom he lived had fled, leaving the door unbarred, but where could he flee? Where was anyone safe? Ah Chun pulled the grimy cotton quilt high over his head and lay very still. Maybe the bandits would not see him if he did not move. His heart pounded fiercely under his thin blue cotton jacket. He heard the angry yells of the bandits as they drew closer to the little house. Surely he would not escape. He knew too well how thoroughly the bandits took possession of a village.

Shuffling of feet at the doorway struck new terror to his heart. If only he could run to the kitchen and bow to the old wooden god that stood there! Only his god could protect him now.

"Get up, follow us," the bandits fiercely yelled, and in an instant Ah Chun was

roughly snatched from his bed and a great iron chain clamped around his neck. He was jerked out into the street and marched out of the village. As the lad was being pulled along by the cruel chain, he saw several of the bandits leading water buffaloes.

How ever will our rice paddies be plowed now? he wondered. And his heart ached, for he knew how valuable these animals were to the poor, hard-working villagers of Shao-fu-tsun.

Kidnaped! What did this mean for the brave young boy?

I shall never escape, he thought hopelessly as he plodded along with the rough men: There is no one at home who could ever pay the ransom they will ask for my release. Life as a slave will be my lot. And Ah Chun thought longingly of those he had left behind in the village.

Have they missed me yet? he wondered.

He overheard the muffled remarks of a hard-faced bandit: "We have stolen a real prize. He is needed in Shao-fu-tsun and they will never be able to pay the ransom we shall demand. He will make a fine slave," he growled. "We need someone to carry water the two miles from the river every day."

As they walked wearily along mile after mile toward the bandit village, he noted carefully every landmark. They passed the little wayside temple where Ah Chun had come many times to worship.

If only I could slip in there now with an offering to petition the old god for deliverance! he thought longingly.

How the chain scraped his tender neck. Its weight made his shoulders ache! He was weary—a long day in the rice field had been tiring for a lad his age.

They passed quietly along the outskirts of several small villages as they hurried on. The bandits said little, only hoarsely growling out a command once in awhile. Since Ah Chun could never quite keep up with their hurried pace, he was rebuked often.

Su Lao, the leader, finally yelled "Stop!" as they neared the village of Sha Liang. There they entered the little wayside temple and prepared to rest. The great chain around Ah Chun's neck was thrown over the rafters and fastened with a Yale lock. This allowed him neither to sit nor to lie down, so he paced back and forth the length of his chain.

A deaf old man was left to watch him, while all the others fell fast asleep.

Back in the village the women were weeping and wailing for Ah Chun. "Kidnaped boys never come back," they mournfully said to one another. "We have no money to pay the high ransom. What can we do?"

A Tin, a little old Chinese grandmother, was especially grieved over Ah Chun's fate. She felt that something must be done, but she could think of nothing.

"There is only one small hope," she said to herself finally. She was afraid to place very much trust in it, but it was a glimmer, since the little god on her kitchen shelf had not answered her agonized prayers.

A Tin walked timidly over to a big house near the city wall, where the "foreigners" lived. She had heard about their God and the great things He could do.

Do you suppose He could bring Ah Chun back? she wondered.

Kind Mrs. Morgan, the missionary's wife, answered her timid knock and asked her caller to come in.

A Tin haltingly told the story of Ah Chun's disappearance and ended with the appeal: "Could you ask the great God to bring the boy back to us?"

"Of course," Mrs. Morgan assured her. "The great God hears and answers prayers. He is alive. He is not made of wood, and although we cannot see Him, we know He hears when we pray to Him."

A Tin remembered the wonderful things Ah Chun had told her about the missionaries. Many times when he had passed by the mission school he had stopped to listen to the singing. Once he had ventured close and peeked inside. The teacher had invited him to come in and join the class, but he had turned and fled.

As A Tin wandered back across the rice fields to the village, the words of Mrs. Morgan rang in her ears—"Our God in heaven can see what happens to His children here on earth and knows all about their troubles. He delights in making everyone happy." It was all so hard to understand. Surely our gods are just as good, she reasoned, but why do they not bring Ah Chun back?

Far away from home with the bandits, Ah Chun wearily walked back and forth bearing his heavy neck chain. The old man left to watch him had fallen asleep. Ah Chun glanced up to where the heavy padlock fastened the chain to the pole.

What! Was that padlock a little ajar? He stared at it in amazement. Then he gave a gentle jerk on the chain. The lock opened a wee bit more. He gave still another jerk—and another. Down came the chain. He caught it in his arms, so it made no noise.

With mingled joy and fear in his heart, he crept stealthily out of the little temple and away from the sleeping bandits. Not

a soul stirred. It was on toward afternoon by now, but the men who had laid his village waste were still sleeping heavily.

Ah Chun adjusted the chain around his neck as comfortably as he could and sped back toward his own village. True, he was very weary after the long hours of standing. But he was free!

As Ah Chun neared the village, he heard the wails of the women. In a moment he stood among them. The wailing ceased and soon they were arguing about how much money the chain could be sold for.

But one woman in the village was more than overjoyed. A Tin remembered what the missionary had told her. The true God in heaven had answered their prayer just as she had been told He would. And her idols had not helped at all in this emergency! She must tell Ah Chun about the prayer that was made to the great God for him. And they must most surely make the acquaintance of the missionaries' God, so that they could pray to Him for themselves. Without doubt he is a God worth knowing!

And such they found Him to be.

His Grace Is Sufficient

(Continued from page 1)

little for the heart that harbors known sin. It closes the door to Him so that He cannot minister to its needs. It has no room for His peace. It cannot trust Him. But she had given her life to God. His plans were her plans. She knew that He would permit no sorrow to come to her without a good purpose, and she was listening for His message of comfort, for His word of explanation. That made it possible for Him to bring to her broken heart comfort and peace.

Then, as if the All-Father would demonstrate still further to neighbors and friends His sufficient grace, He permitted death to visit that bereaved home once again within a few weeks. This time another daughter, just about to leave her teens, was carried forth to the cemetery to rest beside her sister. "O, my Father, not this one, too," cried the mother when the sick girl lay hovering between life and death. But God seemed to say, "Yes, my child, this one, too. Be patient. Someday you will understand." And again she bowed her head in quiet submission, murmuring, "Thy will be done." And again, true to His promise He sustained her.

Several years passed before the grim reaper was permitted to molest that home again. Then he snatched her husband from her side. Many years had they traveled life's way together. Now she must go on alone. It was a sad hour. But across the clouds shone the rainbow of God's never-failing promises. Through her tears she looked heavenward in gratitude to God for His sustaining power; and with clearer vision she looked forward to the glad resurrection morning. Casting herself, her sorrows, and her burdens into the everlasting arms, she thanked God that nothing in this world, not even death, could separate her from her Saviour.

From time to time I saw her through the lonely years after that first grave was dug. Her courage was always good. She missed her dear ones, of course. Others could not fill those vacant chairs. But she pressed closer to her Saviour. She knew she could trust Him. His words of comfort were sweet to her. The Bible was her constant companion. Its promises shone with greater brilliancy than ever before, now that she had passed through the furnace of affliction. And although she knew it not, her life was stronger, richer, and more beautiful than

ever before, because she had met life's hardships and sorrows in God's way. The quiet life of this humble woman preached a powerful sermon in the community. She was a joy and a benediction to her friends and through her lips others were lifted from discouragement and despair and helped heavenward.

Each day God's word and God's promises meant more to her. Clearer and clearer grew her vision of the future.



Shorthand

BY NORA M. BUCKMAN

I REMEMBER hearing one of my teachers say that when she was working on a thesis at the Library of Congress she had spent the entire afternoon searching for a certain quotation and found it about three or four minutes before the closing hour of the library. She wrote as fast as she could, but was not able to get the entire selection and had to make another trip to the library to finish it. If she had had training in shorthand, she could have written it easily and saved herself the trouble of going back the second time.

Some historians try to date the use of shortened characters for writing as far back as 1,000 years before Christ, which may be correct, but it was not until 1588 A. D. that the first modern shorthand work was written and printed in London by Dr. Timothy Bright and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. Through the years different countries have adopted their own forms of shorthand, and these are invaluable aids in carrying on the legislation of their governments.

Besides being profitable from a financial standpoint, the knowledge of shorthand can bring adventure and unusual experiences to the writer. I read recently of a girl who was recommended to an elderly gentleman who was seeking for a reporter to take down the conversation between a ten-year-old boy and himself. It seems that the elderly man had brought a country boy to the city for one day and was planning to give him the time of his life. They had a mutual interest in football.

At first the girl, whose knowledge and speed were limited, demurred, but the gentleman offered more and more as an inducement after each refusal, until she finally decided to try the venture. She spent an exciting, if nerve-racking, day taking notes from all angles and from various places, but she thoroughly enjoyed it and was richer by \$100 that evening. Of course her experience is one that would come only once in a lifetime, but it is a sample of what *could* happen.

There is always the thrill of taking a sermon and getting it word for word. You'll get more out of it, too, because you have to listen very closely.

For a hobby that is "tops" in every way, try learning shorthand.



Once when we were visiting she said, "Well, my girls are where the enemy cannot hurt them with his subtle temptations. God knows best." Then she led our conversation to the glad hope for that "better land." She longed to see Jesus face to face.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

She knew that great reunion day for which her heart ever yearned was near at hand. Perhaps her heavenly Father would spare her to see it without "seeing death." Still, as the weary years dragged on and she neared the fourscore mark, she longed to rest beside her loved ones until Jesus returned to call forth His sleeping saints.

And so one cold winter morning not so long ago, there came the message over the wires that God had granted her desire. He had given His beloved child sleep. As we looked at that dear peaceful face resting on the snowy-white pillow in the casket, it seemed illuminated with the peace of heaven. And those lips, now silent in death, seemed to whisper, "His grace is sufficient. You can trust Him. He will sustain you in every trial, in every hardship, in every sorrow. Only trust Him."

We cannot analyze God's method of comforting. Each must taste and see for himself. We stand in silent awe before this manifestation of His power, even as we do before His power to make the lilies grow, to turn the food we eat into bone and muscle and nerve, to keep the sun moving in its appointed orbit. But it is just as real. Sympathetic friends and loved ones help us along the way, but only God, who made these hearts of ours, can keep them from breaking under the crushing loads of disappointment and sorrow. "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."

Whatever experience comes to you, do not forget that God knows best. "Only trust Him!"

The End of the Rainbow

(Continued from page 4)

a veritable synonym for fortitude and courage.

Stevenson, too, envisioned a pot of gold at the end of life's rainbow. Although he apparently never reached it, he found a great satisfaction in appreciating and helping others to appreciate the brilliant hues to be found in vital, worth-while day by day living.

"To be truly happy," he declared, "is of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have." These words embody the philosophy which motivated this great man, who is considered by many the best-loved author of his time.

So let us take courage. Some of us may be denied the benefits of an education for which we long, but that does not prevent us from making the life that we do live worth while. Others of us may have a wide variety of high ambitions that we are almost, but not quite, able to reach. Even though life may be disappointing, it is our privilege to make it a noble endeavor by finding a source of pleasure in working for the seemingly unattainable.

To still others of us who have our goal within sight—it may be a chosen career for which we are preparing—let us take time as we go along to make life's journey to the end of the rainbow a delight.

Let us build into our experience a rich abundance of appreciation for what life has to offer. Then when the primary goal is won, we will have a firm foundation upon which to build a satisfied life out of our success. It will serve as a steppingstone to still higher achievement, for always there will be greater heights ahead to beckon us onward and upward.

"Little do ye know your own blessedness," to quote Robert Louis Stevenson again, "for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and true success is to labor."

The GUIDEBOOK



There are spirit beings.

"Of the angels He saith, Who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire." Heb. 1:7.

There are two classes of these beings.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. 1:14.

"Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Matt. 25:41.

What we know as spiritualism existed in ancient times.

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them." Lev. 19:31.

God commanded Israel to put to death all persons consorting with spirits.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Ex. 22:18.

It is Satan and His angels who seek by this means to deceive men and women today even as in the long ago.

"Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness." 2 Cor. 11:14, 15.

We should remember that the dead do not know anything.

"The dead know not anything." Eccl. 9:5.

The dead cannot possibly communicate with the living.

"Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." Eccl. 9:6.

"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." Ps. 146:4.

When miracles are performed by spirits claiming to be those of our dead friends, we are to attribute them to the powers of evil.

"They are the spirits of devils, working miracles." Rev. 16:14.

Spiritualism is one of the outstanding last-day apostasies.

"In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." 1 Tim. 4:1.

Before the end of time Satan himself will attempt to counterfeit the coming of Christ.

"Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." Matt. 24:23, 24.

We are warned to be on guard constantly.

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5:8.

Down, 'Way Down

(Continued from page 10)

the pool's edge discussing what that day had held for us so far, a call even more welcome than the suggestion of the swim was heard. Dinner was served! The

call echoed between the high cliffs and in a moment sent four hungry people to the cabin and then back across the little bridge and up the walk to the stone steps of the dining hall.

Inside we found ourselves in a large rustic room. Chairs, tables, and all other furnishings blended perfectly with the huge rough beams overhead. As we were the only guests at Phantom Ranch that evening, we found only one table set ready for service. How we enjoyed that delicious meal.

The quarter-mile-high walls to the east and west of the ranch bring an early sunset for Phantom with an ensuing long twilight while thousands of feet above the sun is still bright on the white and red walls of the rim. A fairylike atmosphere settled with the long twilight as we strolled about after dinner, each one discovering fascinating things in this haven of rest. Down the winding trail past the lawn and recreation lodge, past the stable yards where Jerry lounged on the rough fence watching his mules frolic, past the meadow to the orchard we went and there we came to a sudden stop. Far over among the plum trees there was a slight rustling; then something moved. In the deepening twilight these creatures, the usually timid deer, came closer. Plums picked from the higher branches that had escaped their nibbles heretofore enticed them to eat only a little way from where we were standing.

Walking was still rather uncomfortable to stiff muscles and so our little expedition of exploration ended back at the central ranch buildings in the cottonwoods, where we enjoyed a chat with our genial host. Enraptured, we listened to the story of how Phantom Ranch came into being—how the beams in the dining room and all the building material were brought down the old steep trail by mule-back, how the immense boiler was loaded on one mule and how it was changed to the back of another mule on the narrow trail when the first mule gave out, how the stoves, the furniture, and literally everything came down to the floor of Grand Canyon on the backs of faithful mules and on the backs of hard-working Indians. "By the time our coal and hay get down here we pay eighty dollars a ton for them," M. Poquette told his spellbound audience of four. During the course of the visit dad mentioned the fact that "Buzz" Holmstrom, a man from our home town, had come down the Colorado River in his boat a few years ago. Of course Phantom's host knew "Buzz," knew him well. Imagine our surprise to find someone on the floor of Grand Canyon who knew someone from our own home town! Although complaining muscles and the damp heat made sleep a bit difficult, we were well ready for bed by ten o'clock.

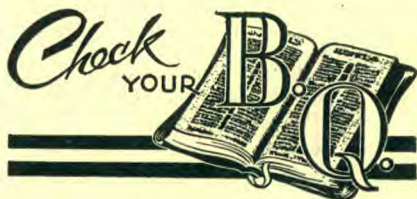
The gray of early morning was beginning to give way to long fingers of sunlight. The rim high above appeared like a solid bank of pure gold as the fresh morning sun bathed the majestic canyon walls in splendor, sending tricky little shadows across the lawn as we entered the dining room. A hearty breakfast served ranch style had just been finished when the hostess set before us more hot cakes and bread. "Take them with you," she suggested. "You will have friends waiting outside." And indeed we did. From all directions came deer of every size, violating every rule of etiquette in an effort to be the first fed. Dad ran for his camera, but the rest of us were kept busy satisfying the seemingly endless appetites of these usually timid creatures.

"Hi-ho!" It was Jerry ready to be on the trail, for it was already eight o'clock and the upward way would be slower. Reluctantly we eased creaking bones back into the saddles, because in the few hours that Phantom Ranch had been our "home" we had learned to love it.

This time it was up, up, up. Back across the ever-raging Colorado, back along the trail parallel to the river, back up Bright Angel Trail, over the Devil's Corkscrew and the figure "5," we came once again to the welcome shade and long-looked-forward-to rest at Indian Gardens, where we were 1,100 feet above Phantom Ranch.

Once more astride our four-footed elevators, as one canyon "fan" has termed these mules, with four miles to go, we found that the sun was settling down to real shining. It was hot! Deep dust on the trail stung our nostrils and gave our skin, clothes, and hair an ashen-gray appearance, but nevertheless we found the upward way a wee bit easier riding. The trail really started up as our mules plodded on up over Jacob's Ladder, back into the red dust—back into the white dust. The air became suddenly a little cooler and we caught the fragrant odor of pines. We were at the top by five o'clock that afternoon—actually back on the rim. This time our stiff muscles and cramped bones protested more loudly than before at being moved as we tried to dismount, but we managed.

Happy although hot, tired, and still carrying traces of the odor of a Missouri mule, we took a last glimpse at the south rim of Grand Canyon from the top of the Hopi watchtower before climbing into the car and heading south to visit Hopi and Navaho Indian reservations. We fully intend to go back to the canyon someday when we can stay longer and have more time to drink in its marvelous beauty.



Sepulchers

BY CLYDE ROSSER

1. In what sepulcher are buried three men and three women?
2. What sepulcher contains the bones of two prophets?
3. Who was buried beneath an oak?
4. What grave contained one man and the head of another man?
5. Of what grave was it said, "It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it"?
6. When was an unsuccessful attempt made to bury a man in a prophet's tomb?
7. Where is the first tombstone mentioned?
8. What king's body was burned and then buried under a tree?
9. What king was given "the burial of an ass"?
10. Who was buried 189 years after he was put in a coffin?
11. What blind man was buried "with the burnings" of his "fathers"?
12. What priest was buried in the royal sepulcher?
13. Of whom is it said, "No man knoweth of his sepulcher"?
14. Of whom did Peter say, "His sepulcher is with us unto this day"?
15. Of whom was it said, "He only . . . shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing"?
16. Where is the text, "And He made His grave with the wicked"?
17. Who was carried out for burial, but was not buried?

(Answers on page 14)

Parfeita's Religion

(Continued from page 3)

Parfeita Romez. Do you rest the seventh day of the week?"

Astonished at this outburst, little by little Juan drew out the story of the faithful girl who went about letting her light shine. This gave him a new idea. The rest of the day he sold books with a new inspiration. Wherever he went he introduced his book as a book of Parfeita's religion.

Many, who otherwise would not have been interested, bought the books just to find out for themselves what she believed. And many asked him questions about this religion that makes folks so different.

Thrilled by the widespread interest, the joyful colporteur sent for a preacher who, after a series of evangelistic meetings, baptized twenty-two faithful persons into "Parfeita's religion."

At home Parfeita still goes about her work as usual and is faithful in her duty to her mother. She still longs to be a missionary, but who shall say that angel hands above have not peened on the pages of the book of life, "Parfeita Romez, missionary among the hills of Mexico"?

Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 9)

10. Do you have grumblers? Give them a special part on the program.

11. Conduct bands: literature bands, jail bands, Progressive Class work bands.

12. Give personal invitation to friends and neighbors.

13. Seek the blessing and help of the Lord in conducting programs. This is most important.

A Fine Record

Several weeks ago a memorable investiture service was conducted at Maplewood Academy (Hutchinson, Minnesota) by W. A. Howe, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Minnesota Conference. Twenty-three persons—two Master Comrades, ten Comrades, five Companions, and six Friends—received their insignia. A large number of Vocational Honors, Bible Year Certificates, and Reading Course Certificates were also given out on this occasion.

Thirty-six Reading Course Certificates

The Auburn (Washington) Missionary Volunteer Society made its goal. There are only twenty members, but they earned 248 Reading Course Certificates during the last school year—77 Primary, 153 Junior, and 18 Senior. In addition to this, they earned six Junior and two Senior Bible Year Certificates. Every member of this society is pursuing the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course with the idea that it will enable him to influence other boys and girls to study the Bible and help him to prepare to give Bible studies. Also, the members of the society mail out thirty-eight copies of the *Signs of the Times* each week.

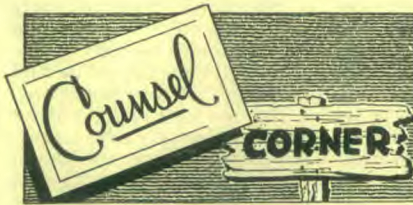
324 Awards!

At the close of the Training School at Walla Walla College (College Place, Washington) 324 young people received awards for creditable work done. One hundred twenty-one received Progressive Class insignia; Junior Reading Course Certificates were issued to 120 children; Vocational Honor tokens went to 83 who had done especially fine work.

Boise M. V.'s Set a Record

The young people of the Boise church set out to Ingather with a will. The

singing bands brought in \$500, and \$700 was raised by the Junior school children. The singing bands consisted of two or three singers and one solicitor. Two stanzas of a hymn were sung at the door of a home and then an offering was received. In one evening eight such groups received \$140. The school children were allowed to solicit people on the streets of several cities. They used cans and in a few hours received more than \$100.



Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column under the supervision of the Young People's Department. The answers are not to be taken as a denominational pronouncement, but rather as good, sound advice in harmony with the principles and practices of the church. While each answer appears over the signature of an individual, it has been carefully considered and approved by the Counsel Corner Committee. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your problems. When writing, please sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to the Counsel Corner, in care of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C.

Is tithing part of the ceremonial law? Was it nailed to the cross with the sanctuary service?

Tithing was ordained of God from the very earliest days. It is clearly taught in Scripture, and there is nothing in the Bible to indicate that it has ever been abolished. It is not a ceremony pointing forward to the death of Christ. It is returning to God His own portion of our income. To withhold it is robbery. (Mal. 3:8.) The first reference to tithing is found in Genesis 14:20, where Abraham, the father of the faithful, paid tithe to Melchizedek, priest of the most high God. Christ is a high priest forever after the order of Melchizedek. It is true that tithing is included in the instruction given to the children of Israel during the Mosaic dispensation, but it was not a new regulation. Jacob was a tithepayer. (Gen. 28:22.) When Jesus Christ was on earth He commended tithe paying as being just as truly necessary as judgment, mercy, and faith. (Matt. 23:23.) In the seventh chapter of Hebrews, tithing is referred to as one of the fundamentals of the Melchizedek priesthood under which we now live and under which the practice of tithing first comes to light in the Scriptures.

We therefore see no ground whatever for the view that tithing has in any way lost its importance. If there ever was a time when it might have been suspended, it would have been during the Aaronic priesthood before the priestly work of Christ began, but God gave particular instruction to the children of Israel to continue faithful in the payment of tithe. Thus the divine plan for the support of the gospel was in effect when the gospel was preached to Abraham (Gal. 3:8) and will continue until the work is done.

"The Lord created every tree in Eden pleasant to the eyes and good for food, and He bade Adam and Eve freely enjoy His bounties. But He made one exception. Of the tree of knowledge of good and evil they were not to eat. This tree God reserved as a constant reminder of His ownership of all. Thus He gave

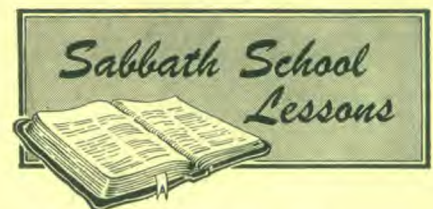
them opportunity to demonstrate their faith and trust in Him by their perfect obedience to His requirements.

"So it is with God's claims upon us. He places His treasures in the hands of men, but requires that one tenth shall be faithfully laid aside for His work. He requires this portion to be placed in His treasury. It is to be rendered to Him as His own; it is sacred, and is to be used for sacred purposes, for the support of those who carry the message of salvation to all parts of the world. He reserves this portion, that means may ever be flowing into His treasure house, and that the light of truth may be carried to those who are nigh and those who are afar off. By faithfully obeying this requirement, we acknowledge that all belongs to God."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, p. 386.

ROGER ALTMAN.

Answers to Check Your B. Q.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Gen. 49:28-31. | 10. Gen. 50:26; |
| 2. 1 Kings 13:29-31. | Joshua 24:32. |
| 3. Gen. 35:8. | 11. Jer. 34:4, 5; 39:7. |
| 4. 2 Sam. 4:12. | 12. 2 Chron. 24:15, 16. |
| 5. John 11:38. | 13. Deut. 34:5, 6. |
| 6. 2 Kings 13:21. | 14. Acts 2:29. |
| 7. Gen. 35:19, 20. | 15. 1 Kings 14:13. |
| 8. 1 Sam. 31:11-13. | 16. Isa. 53:9. |
| 9. Jer. 22:18, 19. | 17. Luke 7:11-15. |



SENIOR YOUTH

II—God Makes a Way for His People

(October 9)

MEMORY VERSE: Joshua 1:9.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 481-498.

THE LESSON

1. While Israel was encamped near the Jordan, what command did Joshua give? Joshua 1:10, 11.

2. After the tribes of Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh had received their inheritance east of the Jordan, how were they asked to help their brethren? Verses 12-15.

3. What response did the people make? Verses 16-18.

4. In order to get information regarding the city of Jericho, what did Joshua do? Where were the two men hidden? What was told the king? How were the pursuers turned aside? How did the spies escape? Joshua 2:1-7, 15, 16.

NOTE.—"The words and the experience of Rahab show that the people of Jericho and of the rest of Canaan all knew of the power and the wonderful works of God. They had had great light. When they rejected all this light, their case was hopeless. There was nothing more that could be done to help them to know God and to yield to Him. They were destroyed because they defied God. If they had lived, they would only have added to their sins. Rahab was received into Israel, and shared all the blessings of God's people."—*Old Testament History*, McKibbin, p. 175.

5. After the spies had promised Rahab protection when the city was taken, by what was her house to be identified? Verses 17-21.

6. What did the Israelites do after the spies had returned with their report? What instruction did Joshua give as the people prepared to cross the Jordan? What did the Lord promise Joshua? Joshua 3:1-7.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

NOTE.—“Leaving their encampment in the acacia groves of Shittim, the host descended to the border of the Jordan. All knew, however, that without divine aid they could not hope to make the passage. At this time of the year—in the spring season—the melting snows of the mountains had so raised the Jordan that the river overflowed its banks, making it impossible to cross at the usual fording places. God willed that the passage of Israel over Jordan should be miraculous. Joshua, by divine direction, commanded the people to sanctify themselves; they must put away their sins, and free themselves from all outward impurity; ‘for tomorrow,’ he said, ‘the Lord will do wonders among you.’”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 483.

7. What were the priests commanded to do? How were the Israelites to know that the living God was among them? What did the Lord promise concerning the waters of the Jordan? Verses 8-13.

8. How fully was the promise of the Lord to Joshua fulfilled? Verses 14-17.

9. How did God again manifest His power in the taking of Jericho? Joshua 6:12-16, 20.

NOTE.—“By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.” The Captain of the Lord’s host communicated only with Joshua; He did not reveal Himself to all the congregation, and it rested with them to believe or doubt the words of Joshua, to obey the commands given by him in the name of the Lord, or to deny his authority. They could not see the host of angels who attended them under the leadership of the Son of God. . . . The very plan of continuing this ceremony [of marching daily around the walls of the city] through so long a time prior to the final overthrow of the walls, afforded opportunity for the development of faith among the Israelites. It was to be impressed upon their minds that their strength was not in the wisdom of man, nor in his might, but only in the God of their salvation.”—*Id.*, p. 493.

10. What lesson did the Lord teach the Israelites when they attempted to take Ai without awaiting His direction? Joshua 7:2-5.

NOTE.—“Israel was taught that victory is possible only where there are exact obedience and sincere consecration. . . . Ai lay two miles north of Jericho, and was a comparatively small place; but without God the smallest opposition is too great for us.”—*F. B. Meyer*.

11. What had prevented Israel’s taking Ai? How was the guilty man discovered? What was His punishment? Verses 10-15, 22-26.

NOTE.—“If when Achan yielded to temptation he had been asked if he wished to bring defeat and death into the camp of Israel, he would have answered, ‘No, no! is thy servant a dog that he should do this great wickedness?’ But he lingered over the temptation to gratify his own covetousness, and when the opportunity was presented he went farther than he had purposed in his heart. It is exactly in this way that individual members of the church are imperceptibly led on to grieve the Spirit of God.”—*Testimonies*, Vol. IV, pp. 492, 493.

12. How complete was the victory over Ai when sin was removed? Joshua 8:25-29.

JUNIOR

II—Murmuring—the Cause of Israel’s Delay in Reaching Canaan

(October 9)

Guiding Thought

“God speaks to His people in blessings bestowed; and when these are not appreciated, He speaks to them in blessings removed.” So it was with God’s people, as we shall see in our study of this week’s lesson.

Verse to Be Remembered

“Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer.” 1 Cor. 10:10.

LESSON OUTLINE

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Numbers 11:4, 5, 31-33; 12:1, 2, 10, 15; 13:32; 14:2, 33, 34; 16:1-3, 31-33; 20:7, 8, 10-12, 21; 21:5, 6, 9; 20:24; 1 Corinthians 10:4; John 3:14, 15.

LESSON HELP: “Patriarchs and Proph-

ets,” pp. 378, 383, 391, 402, 411, 422, 425, 429, 431, 470.

STUDY PLAN FOR THE WEEK

Sabbath afternoon: Carefully read the lesson scriptures and the Guiding Thought. Answer: In what two ways does God speak to His people? *Sunday:* Study Assignments 1 and 2. *Monday:* Assignments 3 and 4. *Tuesday:* Assignment 5 and learn memory verse. *Wednesday:* Assignment 6. *Thursday:* Assignments 7 and 8. *Friday:* Review Assignments 1-8.

Assignment 1

The Israelites were a healthy people, with rosy cheeks and strong muscles. But alas! They did not appreciate the blessing of health. Prove this statement. Study Numbers 11:4, 5, 31-33; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 378, paragraphs 1 and 3. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 2

What led Miriam into the sin of murmuring? Why did her sin bring about God’s sore displeasure? Study Numbers 12:1, 2, 10, 15; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 383, paragraph top of page. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 3

At Kadesh on the borders of the Promised Land, Israel was turned back to wander for nearly forty years in the wilderness. Show that this was both just and merciful. Study Numbers 13:32; 14:2, 33, 34; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 391, paragraphs 1-3. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 4

God regards murmuring against His chosen leaders as a very grievous sin. Prove this statement. Study Numbers 16:1-3, 31-33; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 402, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 5

Had the people not murmured when they thirsted at Kadesh, what sad results might have been prevented? Give the meaning of 1 Corinthians 10:4. Study Numbers 20:7, 8, 10-12, 21; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 470, paragraph 1; page 422, paragraph 6; page 411, paragraph 3. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 6

Aaron died and was buried on Mt. Hor. Name three serious mistakes he made as a leader. What might be said in his praise? Study Numbers 20:24; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 425, paragraph 4. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 7

In their long journey around Edom, why did God permit His people to be exposed to the fury of the fiery serpents that infested the wilderness? Give the meaning of John 3:14, 15. Study Numbers 21:5, 6, 9; also “Patriarchs and Prophets,” page 429, paragraph 1; page 431, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 8 and Summary

Complete the following statements:

1. A blessing unappreciated may become a blessing _____.
2. Moses might have been permitted to enter the Promised Land if Israel _____.
3. Israel were free from disease as long as they ate _____.
4. Two symbols of Jesus in this lesson are _____ and _____.
5. God permitted so many of His people to die in the wilderness because they had said _____.

LESSON NOTES

1. “We never fully appreciate our blessings until they are taken away.” Israel was blessed with wonderful health. There were no signs of feebleness or disease in all their ranks. But they did not appreciate the blessing of health until disease invaded their camp and thousands died. Then it was clear that in demanding flesh food in place of the health-giving manna, they were choosing between health and disease, life and death.

2. Miriam was not satisfied with her high position in the camp of Israel. She wanted to be equal with Moses in power and influence. It was jealousy that caused

this wonderful woman to stoop to murmuring. When she praised God, she led the hosts of Israel, but when she murmured, she was an outcast from her people. Her punishment was severe because she was a leader and should have set a better example for the people whom she led. That she had murmured against His chosen leader, Moses, sorely displeased God. The better our chance to know what is right, the more displeasing is murmuring in the sight of God.

3. At Kadesh on the borders of the Promised Land God turned Israel back to wander for many years in the wilderness of Paran. This was just, for the people had declared when they heard the evil report of the spies, “Would God we had died in this wilderness.” God often gives us what we ask for, although it may not be for our best good. Because of their murmuring and unbelief God could not manifest His power to subdue their enemies.

4. When we are tempted to criticize our pastor or church elders, we should remember the words of David about Saul, “Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord’s anointed?” The terrible punishment inflicted upon Korah and his company is a warning to us of God’s sore displeasure toward those who criticize His ministers and His leaders.

5. After thirty-eight years of wandering in the wilderness Israel again reached Kadesh on the borders of Canaan. Because they murmured again at Kadesh they were forced to take the long, hard journey around Edom instead of passing peacefully through this country. But saddest of all, Moses, wearied by the continual murmuring of this ungrateful and unbelieving people, disobeyed God and because of this was unfitted to lead them into the Promised Land. Nothing is ever gained by murmuring and how very much is lost. What a striking symbol of Jesus is the rock smitten in the wilderness, for He was smitten on the cross for our sins. As life-giving waters flowed from the rock, so life-giving blessings flow from Jesus to all who will receive.

6. In their long, dangerous journey through the wilderness God often delivered His people from dangers seen and unseen. But they did not appreciate these daily deliverances. So God removed His loving protection and at once they were exposed to the fury of the fiery serpents. Read the reference in “Patriarchs and Prophets” for the meaning of John 3:14, 15.

7. Aaron’s three mistakes are listed in “Patriarchs and Prophets.” Which do you think was the most serious? Although Aaron made his mistakes, God counted him a righteous man and chose him to be the high priest in Israel. Aaron loyally stood by Moses’ side through all the hardships of the wilderness travel and faithfully held up the great leader’s hands when the Hebrew hosts were in battle. He received uncomplainingly God’s punishment for his sins and those of his sons. Little wonder that the congregation sorrowed for Aaron.

The Youth’s Instructor

Issued by

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

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

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

ARE YOU MOVING?

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

Milk and milk products form 25 per cent of the principal foods consumed by the American people.

Men's suits are reported to be sold in Greece for \$200 and men's shoes for \$105 a pair.

New coins in Northern Ireland have a bird on one side and the king's head on the other.

Spaniards outnumber all other immigrants now entering Argentina.

While traffic drives to the left in Argentina, automobiles sold in Buenos Aires are of right-hand drive.

London's metropolitan area had 113,361 registered aliens at the beginning of the war.

North Africa soldiers have been advised to eat guavas because of the vitamin C content.

South America is 56 times the size of the British Isles.

Benjamin Franklin invented the harmonica.

A Scotsman built the first self-propelled torpedo from plans drawn up by an Austrian.

Costa Rica has a standing army of 500.

Texas is wider than the distance from New York to Chicago.

The Aleutian race is a polyglot people, part Russian, part native, numbering less than 1,000.

Ninety-eight per cent of the population of Australia is of English, Scotch, and Irish stock.

Peter was a married man. Matt. 8:14.

The inmates of mental institutions in the United States number approximately 564,000. Of these 54 per cent are males and 46 per cent females. Occupants of prisons (not including county and city jails) are 161,000.

Germany has captured over 50,000,000 barrels of petroleum from conquered countries.

Java, Netherlands Indies, is one of the most intensively cultivated regions in the world, according to the Department of Commerce.

The use of rotation grasses has in some places raised the animal capacity of the Argentine and Australian pastures by as much as 500 per cent.

One oceanographer says that the Pacific Ocean is two feet higher on the Australasian side than on the American.

The weight of a dozen eggs may vary as much as 10 or even 15 ounces.

A Seminole Indian woman may wear 25 pounds of beads in the chains that encircle her neck from chin to shoulders.

If fish had no fins, the weight of their backs would make them turn over.

Alaska's gold production hit an all-time high in 1940 with \$25,375,000 worth of gold.

When tea was first introduced into Europe, people were advised to drink forty or fifty cups a day of this "divine herb."

A pound assortment of candy frequently used to contain products of as many as 29 countries on four continents.



Ninety per cent of all women in the U. S. use face powder.

Blood donations to the Army-Navy plasma supply increased 100 per cent after the Pearl Harbor attack, the Red Cross reports.

U. S. Department of Agriculture tests show that knit cotton underwear, worn by boys and girls, can "take it" longer than rayon.

According to the Better Vision Institute of New York, the size of the human eye increases only 3½ times during life as compared to an increase of 21 times for the entire body.

Hair grows about one-half inch a month.

Water spiders can stay under water for hours or even days.

At one time coffee was considered an intoxicant. Its use was forbidden throughout the Ottoman Empire under penalty of death.

Buddhist monks live chiefly on soy-bean cheese.

Most bacteria cannot grow in a 5-8 per cent solution of salt.

Phosgene caused 80 per cent of the poison gas fatalities of the last war.

Many female spiders devour their spouses after mating.

An egg is two thirds water.

Emotional upsets use energy as rapidly as hard work.

An oyster may change its sex from year to year.

Animals are generally immune to poison ivy; some species eat it freely.

Enough lumber is used in crating a bomber to build a five-room house.

General MacArthur and all the other MacArthurs are really a branch of the great Scottish clan of Campbell, for back in the thirteenth century the Campbells were in two great divisions, those of MacCalein and those of MacArthur.

Seven minutes is the longest possible time for an eclipse of the sun.

Pork products represent about 10 per cent of the food dollar spent by American consumers.

Birds have a higher body temperature than other living organisms.

Adult mosquitoes may travel as far as 15 miles.

There are approximately four ounces of table salt in the human body.

Japanese beetles prefer yellow; traps painted that color captured 50 per cent more beetles than standard green-and-white traps.

Single Chinese radishes may weigh as much as 10 pounds.

The average American soldier now weighs 152 pounds, while during the Civil War he weighed only 136 pounds.

Some species of mice can jump ten feet at a bound.

Few migrating birds can fly higher than 3,000 feet.

A halibut lies on its left side, and both its eyes are on the right side.

Poker is the most popular game with 22 per cent of American card-playing men.

The whale shark is so sluggish that it sometimes fails to avoid collision with ships.

Oyster culture was practiced before the days of Christ.

At birth a baby bear is smaller than a baby porcupine.

Ninety-nine per cent of the world's people use cotton.

With 1,200 people to the square mile, Barbados is often called the most densely populated area in the world.

There are no true bones in the skeleton of a shark—the skeleton is entirely of a cartilaginous, or gristly, material.

Saccharin, a coal-tar product with a very sweet taste, cannot be used in canning, because it becomes bitter when heated.

The early Egyptians were expert glassmakers; artisans prepared glass of many colors, artificial gems, and even enamels.

Indians obtained flour and edible oil from sunflower seed.

If women would dress warmer 'n winter and men would dress cooler in summer, difficulty and expense of heating and cooling buildings would be lessened, two scientists report.

Seven different colors of human eyes have been listed: blue, brown, black, gray, hazel, green, and, in albinos, pink.

Benjamin Franklin forecast the use of parachute troops.

Dakar, says a geographer, is the only city—as we think of cities—in all West Africa.

Malaria is blamed for more than a million deaths in the British Empire each year.

It takes a pearl from fifteen to twenty years to develop fully in an oyster.

Only about 4 per cent of the world's population lives in South America, which contains about 13 per cent of the world's surface.

The record wheat season in the United States was 1915, when 1,025,000,000 bushels were harvested.

Agar is a gelatinelike substance of vegetable origin, extracted from two closely related species of seaweed.

Soy flour is being used in dehydrated soups for the Army.

At some British clinics children are given a special black-currant sirup, reported to contain five times as much vitamin C as orange juice.

Pronounced toughest of farm animals, some British pigs are said to sleep through air raids, even when roofs overhead are wrecked.

About 600,000 persons in this country have fits, meaning that they are the victims of epileptic seizures.

Eighteen species of insects are mentioned in the Bible.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR