

# The Youth's Instructor

## Our SERVICEMEN'S CHURCH at Abilene, Texas

By R. R. BIETZ



I AM on my way back to Clovis, New Mexico, by bus, and as it spins along the road I am thinking about my experiences in Abilene, visiting our Seventh-day Adventist men who are training in Camp Barkeley. It was an inspiring experience, and I feel constrained to write a few impressions I received from my visit to this servicemen's church which is located within the Texico Conference, but which really represents the entire North American field. In this church we find men from Washington to Florida and from Maine to California. I recall meeting men from Colorado, Michigan, Illinois, Oregon, California, New Jersey, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Indiana, Wisconsin, and many other States. Because of this I know that relatives and friends in all parts of the United States are interested in this interconference church.

Let me try to picture to you how the Sabbath program is carried out from week to week. It is Friday evening and eight o'clock. We are out at the camp, conducting a vesper service. It is held in the camp chapel and begins with a rousing song service conducted by one of the men. And this singing is something to remember. It seems that the walls of the building must give way because of the enthusiasm manifested. One hundred and fifty men constitute a fine men's chorus. At nine o'clock the service closes and we go back to Abilene. We know that this was a helpful meeting, for the men testified of their appreciation and renewed courage.

It is now eight o'clock Sabbath morning, and Pastor Ragsdale and I are in the car driving over to the Seventh-day Adventist Service Center to open the doors. The soldiers arrive

early. Here they come down the street—six in one group—each with a Bible under his arm. Another group of four are coming from another direction. All streets in the vicinity seem to be leading to the Center. But soon we must be on our way out to the camp again, for a large number of men cannot come in for worship. Some have been in camp only a few days and have no passes; so they have requested a Sabbath morning service in the chapel. We are glad to grant this request.

About six miles out we meet a soldier walking toward town—Bible under his arm.

"Where are you going, friend?" we ask.

"I'm going to Sabbath school."

"You aren't going to walk in are you?"

"Oh, yes, I do this every Sabbath morning. That gives me the chance to use my carfare for a Sabbath school offering. Usually I get a ride the last six miles."

We wish him success in catching a ride and move along, for we must be out at the chapel by nine-thirty. As we ride along I think about the spirit of the man who is willing to walk so that he can use his carfare for missions. Then I ask myself, "Would you do as much? Really, now, would you?"

Here we are, right in front of the chapel; the men are already singing. And how they can sing! Eighty-three of them are out this morning, all eager to hear the word of God. We have a very profitable service. The men thank us for coming, and while they conduct their Sabbath school we rush (*Turn to page 3*)



SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO FROM OWI

Whatever May Be Their Religious Persuasion, Divine Worship Holds a Large Place in the Interest of Uncle Sam's Armed Forces Both at Home and Abroad



# Let's Talk It Over

WHAT time is it for you by the clock of life?

TWO schoolmates of the long-gone "gay nineties" were reminiscing. One was an international authority on psychology and had several scholarly books to his credit; the other was a highly successful businessman who was doing his "bit" for Uncle Sam at a salary of a dollar a year.

"Fred," said the second to the first, "what was the nearest you ever came to giving up the fight?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "Spring term, 1896."

"And what pulled you back into the grind?"

"An interview I had with a four o'clock P. M. man," he replied.

"Who was he, if I may ask?"

"You may, and I'll tell you. He was Charles Brashaw."

"The lumberman-banker?"

"Yes. But let me ask you something, Dan. You knew me rather well in college. What kind of mind would you say I had?"

The businessman smiled as his memory took a backward swing. "You had just about the best piece of working mental mechanism in the whole class, Fred," he answered.

"That's what I thought—then," mused the man of letters, "and I considered a good mind a great asset."

"You don't now?"

"I'm not nearly so sure. You see so much depends on what you do with it."

"Meaning?"

"Well, you see, a Damascus blade is a fine tool if what you want to do is carve your way through beleaguering hosts of Saracens; but if what you want to do is open a few tomato cans, a ten-cent can opener will serve you better. All my first two years at Crandall I used my mind on tomato cans, so to speak. That was really about all I did with it. At home, you see, I had hardly used it at all—not even on tomato cans. My father's reputation really took me through high school, and if it ever threatened to fail me I had only to pull my Damascus blade out of its scabbard just far enough to give my teachers a gleam of it—and without more effort I got a passing grade. I do not mean that I had this all figured out. It was rather—ah—er—instinctive, I would say. Frankly I was lazy—mentally lazy. However, when I actually had to work I could."

"But 'there came a day,' as historians say?"

"Oh, yes! Sooner or later reckoning days always come! At the end of my sophomore year I received a jolt that woke me from my pleasant day-dreaming. I had failed, Damascus blade notwithstanding. My teachers seemed to be in league and to have agreed to give me the grades I had earned. The fact that my worthy parent was an eminent judge and a member of the board of governors of Crandall got me no consideration at all! Such a thing had never before happened in our family. I felt disgraced, and so did they! I wasn't sure I had the mental ability to go through college. I had surely given no evidence of it so far. For a few days I floundered about in a sea of confusion and shame, and then I gathered myself together and went to see Charles Brashaw."

"He and your father were friends?"

"Yes—lifelong friends—and he had been more than kind to me since I had been away from the parental fireside. So it was natural for me to turn to him when I found myself in difficulty."

"And he was sympathetic?"

"In a way. I told him I meant to leave school; that I felt I had disgraced myself and father; that I had decided to go West and get a job in Uncle Jackson's store in San Francisco for he would probably take me on as a clerk and let me forget all about college."

"I discovered that my failure was no surprise to Banker Brashaw. He had been watching my progress and had interviewed my teachers. They all told the same story—that I could do honor-grade work when I tried, but that I almost never tried. He sensed my own discouragement and my father's disappointment and remarked that he thought there was no need for us to talk of those points. 'But,' he said, 'as to your plan for the future, we might talk that over.'"

"Then he went on to say something like this: 'Have you ever thought, Fred, about reducing a life to terms of hours? A man is born, say, at six o'clock in the morning, and dies at the age of eighty-four at six o'clock at night—seven years to each of the twelve hours. This means that at fourteen your day is well started—it is eight o'clock in the morning. When you are twenty-one it is nine o'clock. I'm a four o'clock P. M. man. My day is almost done.'"

"Now at nine o'clock in the morning—you're not at nine o'clock yet?—no, I thought not. About half past

eight? Well, at half past eight it pays to be careful, because you're planning your whole day. Call your life twelve hours, and you've wasted nine minutes—a fraction less. That is not unimportant; it is very important. Still it is not important enough to change the course of all the rest of your day, unless for some other reasons you think it ought to be changed.'

"Then he suggested that if father was willing to give me another chance I come back to college the next year, repeat the courses I had flunked, and make good, and he added, 'Then the chances are you'll be able to choose your lifework and do all the rest of life's long day the thing you really wish to do, choose to do. But if you decide to go into a store right here and now, the chances are that you'll be a merchant for keeps, whether you really want to be one or not. Most men in the world can't pick the thing that they would like to do—only the very fortunate ones like you.'

"Suddenly a thought struck me, and I burst out with:

"Mr. Brashaw, what would you have liked to do?"

"To be a painter,' he answered instantly; 'but instead I'm a banker. I fretted and chafed from about ten till noon, but by one o'clock I had steadied down to my day's work. I've used one of my talents, and I haven't done so badly. The other—well, it's four o'clock in the afternoon for me now, a winter afternoon with lowering skies, and 'the night cometh, when no man can work.' But with you,' he mused, 'it's half past eight in the morning of life.'"

The two friends sat silent for a time, and then the man of letters sighed and said musingly, "Do you know, I've sometimes thought that I slept until half-past eight and that talk was an alarm clock that woke me up."

WHAT o'clock is it for you, friend o' mine?

If you have been living along in a somnambulant state, using your highly tempered Damascus blade to open tomato cans when its keen edge could carve a conquering way for you through beleaguering hosts of Saracens, may this timeless scrapbook story prove the alarm that will wake you up!

For as surely as you are alive, "the night cometh, when no man can work"!

Lora E. Clement



(Continued from page 1)

back to Abilene to be on time for the eleven o'clock service there. "This is a busy life," says Pastor Ragsdale, "but I like it."

Now we are back at the Service Center, which is the only Seventh-day Adventist church in this lovely Southern city. The men are singing here with the same enthusiasm which we witnessed out at the camp. The pianist used to be music instructor in one of our colleges. He knows how to get music out of the instrument before him. This singing is different from that which we hear in most of our churches. My heart thrills as I sit on the rostrum, look into the faces of these men, and hear them sing, so sincerely, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O, what a foretaste of glory divine." I lift my heart to God with a prayer that He will give me a message that will be helpful to these soldiers whose problems are very real.

After prayer and the usual church announcements the plate is passed for the offering. The response is good. It is a joy to speak to these one hundred twelve men who make up the audience. The promise, "My Word . . . shall not return unto Me void," is realized as the morning service closes.

After the benediction the reading and lounge room of the building is

quickly converted into a first-class, cheery-looking dining room. The soldier boys put on aprons and make themselves useful in the kitchen, mixing salads, fixing lemonade, and spreading sandwiches. In a few minutes Mrs. Ragsdale, with her loyal army of helpers, has the food ready—lest we forget, it took hours upon hours of work during the week to prepare this food—and Pastor Ragsdale gives the signal by striking the heavy bass note on the piano. A line of one hundred fifty forms to the right. We are told that the first ten in line will wash the dishes. There is a grin on every face, but it is too late to step out of line now.

In his diplomatic and unique way Pastor Ragsdale refers to a can in a certain place into which money may be dropped which will be used to buy food for next week. That this announcement was taken seriously was evidenced later when the can gave up forty-seven dollars. "We'll have enough now for a few days. Last week we were running rather low," remarks Pastor Ragsdale.

The blessing has been asked on the food, and now the line moves along at good speed. We are urged to help ourselves freely. Second helpings are allowed. How good the food tastes! The empty plates of the men are tangible proof that they agree with me.

Dinner over, Pastor Ragsdale, the "father" of the boys, suggests that any who would like a social good time should report beside the kitchen sink. Silverware has to be washed. Paper plates and cups have to be taken care of and a few other things have to be looked after. The response is good. In a few minutes everything is cleared away, and the dining room is a reading and lounge room again.

It is modern and cozy. Many of the men are now reading the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, *Review and Herald*, the Bible, books like "The Desire of Ages" and "Patriarchs and Prophets" or are studying the Sabbath school lesson. Others are just carrying on friendly conversation—getting acquainted with each other. Here and there you find young couples sitting together enjoying a few pleasant Sabbath hours. Over in that southeast corner are two young people who seem to be especially happy. And why not? They have been married for a number of years, but now, having been separated for six months, they find these hours sacred and precious. They appreciate a place they can call their own, a place where there is an Adventist atmosphere.

The Missionary Volunteer meeting at four o'clock is conducted by the men. Everyone enjoys the program. The real Missionary Volunteer spirit is manifested here.

The afternoon is about gone. How times does fly! Mrs. Ragsdale with her lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, privates first class and plain privates is back in the kitchen giving orders. And they are obeyed! Here even the lieutenants take their orders without a murmur from their adopted "mother." The work takes but a short time and soon we see sandwiches appearing on the tables by the score—yes, about four hundred have been made today. Of course all this takes forethought, planning, and work, but it is well worth all the effort. Supper is over! We have all had plenty to eat.

The sun is about to set! Now comes the Sabbath vesper service. Pastor Ragsdale is leading out in another spirited song service. To listen to this type of singing is a tonic for the soul. It is inspiring, uplifting, beautiful, and touching. Now the men are singing:

"There shall be showers of blessing;  
This is the promise of love;  
There shall be seasons refreshing,  
Sent from the Saviour above."

They sing this song with new meaning, for some of them did not think they could get Sabbath passes, but the Lord intervened and so they sing from their hearts about the blessings "sent from above."

Some of these soldiers have gone through trying experiences. They have been denied promotion because of their Sabbath convictions, and they have suffered persecution in one way and another, but Jesus has been good to them. That is why they sing, with such earnestness, (Turn to page 13)

Autumn tapped me on the shoulder  
As I walked the woods today,  
And pointed to the drifted leaves  
That in the hollows lay.

She swept the foliage from a bush  
That stood beside a spring,  
And smiled when I saw there revealed  
A nest of grass and string.

She slipped her fingers o'er a bough  
Of hazel, till it glowed  
With spidery, yellow blossoms,  
Close by the forest road.

She patted down the brown pine rugs,  
And closer pressed each fern,  
For well she knew that Winter's reign  
Would be both cold and stern.

She tweaked the beech tree's papery leaves,  
Remembering they might cling  
And neighbor with the russet oak  
Until again 'twas Spring.

She peeked to see if partridge vines  
Were gemmed with berries red,  
And listened at the woodchuck's hole  
To find him safe in bed.

Where'er she paused, the ripened leaves  
Fell softly to the ground.  
'Twas thus I learned how Autumn  
Spreads her coverlets around.

Courtesy of "Nature Magazine"







An Akawaio Indian Family in a "Woodskin"

# Water Trailways

BY WESLEY  
AMUNDSEN  
Photos by the Author

**T**HERE was one more heavy day of trail travel before us. Jones said as he held up three fingers, "T'ree mountain, den we come mountain foot." Three mountains over which we must clamber—mountains covered with heavy bush and jungle and so steep in places that it was with difficulty we made the climb.

Unfortunately I developed a fever. Whether it was from a mosquito or from overexertion and exposure, I do not know. My body felt as though it would burst. My ankles and feet were swollen from incessant twisting and balancing from root to root. I found my pulse and counted—115! I turned to Pastor Sutton, who appeared to be worried a bit and said, "I don't know whether I can make it or not. I feel quite done up." We rested frequently and then were off again. Every step was torture. I prayed, "Jesus, help me to take the next step." And thus we went on together. He did not fail me. My breath was coming in sobbing gasps when we finally reached "topside" at noon that third day.

Now we could rest awhile and eat our midday meal. A huge log lying bare and inviting in an open space near by caught my attention, and soon I was stretched out upon it full length. Then something happened. It was the miracle of restoration. I felt the fever leave my body; my head became cool; my raging pulse dropped to almost normal. I sat up—I was well again. God had compassion upon me.

I have often wondered just why I suffered through that brief experience. Perhaps it was in order that I might feel somewhat as did our beloved pioneer missionary, O. A. Davis, when he drove himself onward, ever onward, to reach the goal of his heart's desire—the Indians of the Mt. Roraima district.

That afternoon on the way down trail to the landing, my heart was as light as my body, and we made good time. I knew that once we reached the river we would have opportunity to rest our feet and legs at least, for much of the travel from then on would be by canoe.

As we neared the Membaru Creek, we questioned our guide as to how we would get to the place where we were to meet Missionary Brooks. "We go woodskin," was his reply. "Woodskin?" I could not quite figure that out. At first I thought he said "goatskin." "Well," I reasoned, "we'll see when we get there." And we did. For out of the bush the Indians dragged two small, fragile craft made of the bark of a tree. Tricky little boats they were, easy to capsize if one did not balance them just so. In these two canoes was placed all our baggage, and then the Indians distributed themselves in their respective positions. Pastor Sutton rode in one seated upon a box of provisions, and I in the other in the same manner. I know that I breathed more freely when the bow of that small craft grated on the glistening sands on the other side of the stream an hour later.

The question now in our minds was, Would we meet our friend Brooks? Would he be on the downside of the rapids waiting for us, or would we have to tarry several days until he arrived? Providence had helped us in timing our arrival. While Pastor Sutton and I were walking across the portage trail around the Membaru Rapids, we met Andrew, one of the Indian boys from the Paruima Mission. A pleased smile broke over his coppery face when he saw us. He, too, spoke a few words of English. "Where is Missionary Brooks?" was the first question we shot at him. "Him down der, wid big boat and more Indian." Our pace quickened and in a few minutes we arrived at the lower camp site. At almost precisely the same time that we had landed above the rapids, they had landed below. It was a grand meeting, I can tell you. Missionary Brooks is a fine, consecrated man. He was born in Nicaragua, his father having also been a missionary among the Mosquito Indians, and so he has the blood of the mission pioneers coursing through his veins. He loves the Indian people and they love him. In his party were ten Indians, two of whom

were young women from the mission station, Virginia and Beulah.

After we had exchanged greetings all around, bag and baggage were loaded into the dugout, a boat made from a single log, and capable of carrying a load of more than half a ton. Then we paddled down the Membaru Creek and out to the broad Mazaruni once more. Missionary Brooks had brought a tarpaulin with him to be used as a cover over our heads at night, and it served as well to cover the supplies in the boat during the day, in case of rain.

What a grand and glorious feeling it was to be with friends of like precious faith out there in the bush. The two girls were excellent cooks, having been well taught in the mission home by Mrs. Brooks. It was a sumptuous feast to which we sat down that night out there on the banks of the Mazaruni River—a feast of ripe tomatoes, plantains, bananas, eggs, bread, butter, and other foodstuffs which had been brought down from the mission.

Inasmuch as we were expected to survey the work that had been built up in recent years, it was decided that we would visit the "New Mission" first. That is the place where A. A. Carscalen and his family were located until recently. As this was Friday we planned to make a long pull and camp near the home of one our brethren named Kenswil, a native of Georgetown, British Guiana, who has lived back in the bush for about twenty-five years.

The trail was upstream, and that meant hard paddling. Part of the distance was on the Mazaruni, and then we turned off into the Kako River toward the west. The rhythmic timing of the paddles was delightful. Pastor Sutton and I paddled occasionally on this first day, but later on we did our regular share of it. It was thrilling to see the way those twelve paddles bit into the stream when we crawled up through the rushing waters of the rapids. In the midst of one quite fast piece of water, our boat stood still, even though the paddles flashed up and



# of the DAVIS INDIANS

Part Three



Seventh-day Adventist Indians at the "New Mission"

down swiftly. We were making no headway. Then Missionary Brooks sang out in that clear voice of his, "Yo ho! yo ho!" The paddles increased their tempo and bit deeper into the raging flood. Slowly we inched our way forward.

Friday night came and we were at rest on the banks of the Kako. All around us the world was at peace—our jungle world. The crickets chirped cheerily, frogs croaked out their dismal songs in the near-by swale. Fireflies, carrying their tiny electric torches, flitted about like legendary wood sprites playing hide-and-seek in the density of forest darkness.

Sabbath morning was ushered in with a beauty such as I have never witnessed in my whole experience. The radiant rays of the tropical sun dispelled the heavy fog which had blanketed river and land during the night, revealing to us the smooth, quiet-flowing surface of the Kako. A variety of birds flitted through the branches of the trees overhead. Except for their occasional songs, or shrill cries, and the subdued sound of voices as our Indian people conversed with one another, everything was hushed to a Sabbath stillness. It was hard to realize that across the seas in other lands guns were booming, bombs exploding, and machine guns chattering their song of death. God was here and we felt His presence.

Our friend Kenswil came over to enjoy the Sabbath school with us, and out there in the jungles we studied the Sabbath school lesson together with our Indian brethren. It was a strange scene. There were no benches, no chairs, no platform, no piano or other musical instrument, no devices of any kind—just a group of people with song-books, Bibles, and quarterlies, seated on the ground or on boxes.

The Indians studied for their Sabbath school lessons those which had been prepared for them several years ago by Missionary A. W. Cott, who was assisted in the printing of them by Frank A. Coffin, who is now connected with the Southern Publishing Association. The title of the booklet is "Akawaio Bible Lessons"—a series of fifty-two studies covering the doctrines of the third angel's message. Inasmuch as these are the only lessons in the language of these people, the same ones are used over each year. Not until we have more of the Indian young people trained to read and speak the English language can we expect to have other lessons.

Well, there we were in our out-of-doors jungle Sabbath school. One of the Indian boys conducted the lesson in Akawaio. We sang songs, studied the Bible, and prayed to our heavenly Father. There were twenty-eight of us, counting the Kenswil children.

Following the Sabbath school it was my privilege to bring a message from the Book with friend Kenswil translating for me. In the afternoon the young folks contented themselves with singing songs both in the English and the Akawaio languages. With no music or pitch pipe to guide them, they did quite well in carrying the tune. It was a pleasant, restful Sabbath, at

the close of which we met once more for worship.

Paddling up the Kako River and the Arabaru Creek to the "New Mission," we were continually reminded of the immensity of our surroundings and of our own insignificance. These rivers during the rainy season are as much as forty-five feet deep in places and flood over the banks to a depth of from ten to fifteen feet. This accounts for the lack of inhabitants along the banks. Back in the distance we could see the towering peaks of Mt. Roraima and Mt. Kukeman, their shaggy heads ever bathed by the clouds, which form a perpetual turban of fleecy moisture around them. It is almost 9,000 feet to the top. They can be scaled only with great difficulty and then only from the Venezuelan side. There are other lesser mountains of 7,000 feet, which stand sentinel around the two giants of the interior jungle lands, together with some foothills rising to 1,500 and 2,000 feet. The huge trees, the dense underbrush, the rushing waters, the roaring cataracts, the companionship of red-skinned people with whom we could converse only through an interpreter, caused us to feel as if we were intruders who had inadvertently stolen their way into a strange land.

Animal life is very shy in this part of the world, so we saw nothing but the tracks of some tapir and wild pig. Off in the distance one day we heard the roaring of the monkeys—"baboons," the people call them. They were announcing the coming of rain, and sure enough an hour or so after they commenced their strange rumbling, which sounded very similar to the rushing of water over a falls or through a canyon, the rain came. There are some cheetah back in the foothills which, so we were told, at times travel in packs of as many as two hundred. There are also large deer in these same foothill areas, but we did not get so much as a glimpse of one of them.

There are some snakes in this bush country, one of the deadliest of which is the bushmaster. I saw only one live one, and that (*Turn to page 12*)



Joyce, an Indian Girl Who Lived With Missionary and Mrs. A. W. Cott When They Were Stationed at Mt. Roraima, Squeezing Out Sugar Cane Juice for the Author to Drink on His Recent Visit There



*In Such a*  
**TIME**  
*as This*

By MRS. R. L. CARR

**I**MAGINE the astonishment of some of our forebears could they take a present-day glance at civilization and see the world placed as it were in the hands of the eighteen and nineteen year olds. They would be certain of its destruction in a short time, but today we see the faith of government balanced on the head of teen-age youth.

Is it more than they can bear? Will it crush or will they be able to straighten under the load? What a tremendous challenge to nerve, brawn, and brain, and also to heart and soul. A world watches in suspense as the curtains are drawn back and an army of carefree boys steps to the front of the stage.

Has anything like this ever happened before?

A carefree young girl tripped lightly along the narrow street of an Oriental city toward her home. No heavy responsibility of wearing decisions had ever troubled her mind. She lived with her devoted guardian who had been her father, mother, and counselor from babyhood. Always sheltered by his love, she had never felt the touch of a cruel world, never sensed the weight of others' woes. But in maidenhood, as in childhood, loving obedience and trust had developed a strong character and given her an understanding of God's ways.

"I heard strange things today, Esther," remarked Mordecai as they partook of the simple evening meal. The girl's eyes opened wide with interest as he told about a strange decree of the king and of the likely dethroning of a queen. It did not occur to Esther that this might in any way affect her future.

A few months later we see her standing in the king's palace. Gone is the merry, mischievous twinkle in her eye. Serious meditative thoughts now occupy her mind. Gracefully she moves across the rich, polished floors. Esther is very lovely in her youth and simplicity as she stands clad in the beau-



F. J. BARRIAS, ARTIST

Esther Presenting Herself Before King Ahasuerus to Plead for Her People

tiful garments of a queen, but her thoughts are not for herself. The life of a nation has been placed in her hands. Her own life is in jeopardy. How shall she face so serious a situation?

In Mordecai's heart a struggle is going on. Torn between love for his child and knowledge of his duty before God and his people, he is suffering keenly. But courageously he sends this message to his beloved niece: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" As Esther receives it, a determination to be true to God at any cost fills her heart. Quickly she sends her reply, which ends with these decisive words, "and if I perish, I perish." If the people will fast and pray she will also fast and pray and then leave her life and the life of her people in the hands of the All-wise One.

There were only four worshipers of Jehovah in that camp of long ago. They were facing a peculiar situation

—one they had never met before, one that did not affect the other boys in the camp, but brought these four young men face to face with a decision upon whose issue hung life or death. What should they do? There was no hesitancy or uncertainty in Daniel's eyes as he kindly, courteously, yet definitely explained his position and that of his friends to the governing powers. The king of Babylon was enraged at first, but with Daniel there was no wavering or debating. His mind was settled and at peace. He radiated courage and strength to the others. It even affected the king, and he discovered in these four boys something he needed in the administration of his kingdom.

A frolicsome, fun-loving lad galloped on his Indian pony across the pasture or raced with his playmates or dug caves in a sandbank. No care or perplexity has ever puckered his brow or hushed his hearty laugh. Next we see him at the age of fourteen on the campus of a Sev- (Turn to page 12)



# "BE YE CLEAN

## *That Bear the Vessels of the Lord"*

By JOSEPHINE C. EDWARDS

THERE once lived upon the earth three men who bore the vessels of the Lord. They held grave responsibility in the courts of worship. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were of the number who went up with Moses into the mount and beheld the glory of God. But as time passed a change came over these men. Jealousy crept into their hearts. Then envy. Then rebellion. The rash of sin broke out on their very souls. Their contact with sin made them unclean, for sin is leprosy. They grew so rebellious that they began to justify themselves in their sin and made so many logical excuses that two hundred fifty princes in Israel deserted Moses, God's leader of Israel's host, and joined them.

"And the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up."

Charley bore the vessels of the Lord; he surely did. He might protest that all he "bore" was a *Sabbath School Worker* and teaching a class of juniors. But verily, he bore the vessels of the Lord. If ever anyone ought to be clean it is one who bears that kind of vessel. Juniors are all eyes and ears, you know. Eager to emulate.

For a while Charley did well. But he became a little careless. Once in a while there was a "good show" billed at some movie theater in the city, which was "so educational" that Charley felt he must see it. Right there is where his trouble began. He spent three times as much at the box office of the theater as he put into the Sabbath school offering envelope. Juniors saw him. And Juniors are always ready to follow a leader, you know—especially someone they admire. But he justified himself with such logical excuses until ever so many Juniors had joined him in pursuit of a pleasure that was not clean.

In the end the world "opened her mouth and swallowed" Charley. And there were those also who were swallowed up with him.

Maggie bore the vessels of the Lord. The little brown book with the pages all beginning "Minutes of Sabbath school held—" surely was a vessel for Him. Maggie did not realize it—not really. First she was all enthusiasm and wrote reports that were beautifully worded and keenly interesting. After a while she grew careless and finally she let the writing go until Sabbath morning.

"Father, what was that second song we sang last Sabbath? Remember?"

She wrote the reports hastily, too, in pencil and in hurried, poor penmanship. Sometimes she lost the report book, or mislaid it—there was a welter of magazines and fashion plates in her room. And sometimes she just "did not have time" to write a report at all. Then the superintendent was obliged to say regretfully, "The secretary's report will be omitted today."

Maggie was not quite clean either; yet she bore the vessels of the Lord. She would have protested hotly at the insinuation that she was not clean. Of course she washed. It was not what she *took off*, but what she *put on* that

was questionable. She "made up" her face even quite as elaborately as she "made up" her attire. So she appeared at Sabbath school with her hair done in the most advanced style, a synthetic complexion liberally decorated with carmine, artificially arched brows, and lurid fingernails. Some of her contemporaries did not care for her style, but there were others who followed her lead. Well, eventually, the world opened up her mouth and swallowed Maggie. And there were those also who were swallowed up with her.

Lelia bore the vessels of the Lord. They were sacred ones and precious in the Lord's sight. She was leader of the Missionary Volunteer Society. She had so many good ideas that her society meetings were quite popular for a while. Then she petered out. You see, Lelia was related to Korah in the Bible. She pitied herself. "How much fun a young person misses by being a Seventh-day Adventist," she sighed. "What's wrong with dancing anyhow? David (*Turn to page 14*)



### **DANGEROUS!**

When Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States, he denounced the liquor traffic in these forceful words:

"The friends of the saloonkeepers denounce their opponents for not treating the saloon business like any other. The best answer to this is that the business is not like any other business and that the actions of the saloonkeepers themselves conclusively prove this to be the case. It tends to produce criminality in the population at large and lawbreaking among the saloonkeepers themselves. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish, they are sure to debauch not only the body social, but the body politic also."

### **SENECA SAYS!**

That intemperance was an ancient social problem is set forth in his Eighty-third Epistle. To quote: "Think of the calamities caused by drunkenness in a nation! This evil has betrayed to their enemies the most spirited and warlike races; this evil has made breaches in walls defended by the stubborn warfare of many years; this evil has forced under alien sway peoples who were utterly unyielding and defiant of the yoke; this evil has conquered by the wine cup those who in the field were invincible. Alexander . . . passed through his many marches, his many battles, his many winter campaigns, the many rivers, and the many seas, all in safety; it was intemperance in drinking that laid him low."

### **ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO NARCOTICS!**

"The immediate effect of all intoxicants is a cumulative production of paralysis of various parts of the nervous system, but this effect varies with the amount of the dose and also with the agent, the race, and the individual," to quote from *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 14th edition, "Drunkenness." "In short, from tea to hashish we have through hops, alcohol, ether, tobacco, and opium, a graduated scale of intoxicants which stimulate in small doses, narcotize in larger."

### **A PHYSICIAN SAYS**

To quote Dr. Paul S. Rhoads, associate professor of medicine, Northwestern University School of Medicine: "No young person, when he takes his first taste of beer or wine or whisky, entertains the idea that he ever could be a chronic alcoholic or 'drunk.' Yet if he will analyze the motives that led him to take his first drink, he will find the beginnings of the personality traits which make alcoholic addiction possible. Alcoholic beverages are not particularly palatable. Most people on trying them the first time find them definitely distasteful. Yet they take them, and practically always for the same reason—to be a 'good fellow,' to 'belong,' to be a popular member of a crowd that is drinking, to avoid being singled out from many others as a prude. It is at this time that the higher brain centers are affected, and restraint of self-control is lessened. The warnings of conscience and 'ordinary intelligence' which restrain the person from vicious habits are heard more dimly. Taking a second drink causes less distress of mind than the first." And so on with each succeeding drink until the person is wrecked mentally, physically, spiritually. Doctor Rhoads' advice is, "Don't take the **first drink**. If you have taken the first drink, stop the habit **now**."

### **LIQUOR BANISHED!**

All public houses in the Channel Islands have been closed, according to the London "News Chronicle," and no beer or any other kind of alcoholic liquors are now obtainable. These islands when seized by Axis troops had a population of more than 65,000 persons.

### **BARRED!**

Some time ago the Bern section of the Swiss Alpine Club barred all alcoholic beverages from its mountain shelters. Among other reasons which prompted this decision, it was said that "in our century of sport, an attitude contrary to hygiene must not be favored" and "it is a duty to give a good example to youth."



# ACHAN

By C. A. Russell

**A**CHAN—to those familiar with the Bible story, the very mention of the name suggests other famous, or rather infamous, Bible characters—Ananias and Sapphira, and even Judas Iscariot, the traitor.

When Israel went up against Jericho the Lord declared that the city and everything it it were accursed and should be utterly destroyed, with the exception of "all the silver, and gold, and vessels of brass and iron." These were "consecrated unto the Lord" and were to "come into the treasury of the Lord." But Achan "saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight," and he "coveted them, and took them," and hid them "in the earth in the midst of" his tent. The story as recorded in the seventh chapter of Joshua is a sordid one, nevertheless one with a lesson for us in this our day.

The miraculous victory at Jericho had inspired the people with confidence. The next of the wicked and idolatrous Canaanite cities to be taken was Ai. Joshua sent spies to "view the country." They returned saying that it was not necessary that "all the people go up," for the enemy were "but few." Accordingly a small army of about three thousand men went out to meet the men of Ai. The result? "They fled before the men of Ai." Thirty-six of their number were slain. In terror and consternation they rushed back into the camp of Israel.

"And Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until the eventide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads. And Joshua said, Alas, O Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan, to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? would to God we had been content, and dwelt on the other side Jordan! O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies!"

Humbled to the dust, he heard the voice of the Lord saying: "Joshua, get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed My covenant which I commanded them: for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff."

There was sin in the camp, concealed, accursed sin. Joshua was di-

rected in the casting of lots, that it should fall upon the guilty one. None but Achan and his household knew who had committed this willful transgression. The first lot fell upon the tribe of Judah; that was Achan's tribe. Would his sin find him out? The next lot fell upon the family of the Zarahites; that was the family of his great-grandfather. With a shudder he saw the next lot fall upon his grandfather, Zabdi. Trembling, he watched and waited. Yes, no mistake, the lot fell upon his own father, Carmi. I can picture the pallid face of the criminal, the thief. Trembling from head to foot until he could scarcely stand, he saw the fatal lot fall upon—*himself!* His sin had found him out.

"And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me. And Achan answered Joshua, and said, Indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done." He was ready to admit his guilt when the crime was fastened upon him. He confessed when too late.

Covetousness lies at the bottom of all sin, and one sin leads to another. One never would steal unless he first desired the thing belonging to someone else. First he covets, then he steals, then he lies in his attempt to cover his crime. Sometimes he even murders in order to destroy evidence of his wickedness. Beware the first step. A wrong thought cherished leads to a wrong act performed and all the terrible consequences sure to follow. Even if the sin is not found out before, it will be revealed in the day of God's judgment, "for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

Although Israel had been strictly forbidden to take any of the spoils for their own personal gain or pleasure, Achan allowed himself to covet. "Oh! that rich, beautiful garment," he may have said to himself before he reached out and took the forbidden treasure. "Wouldn't Mrs. Achan look wonderful dressed in it? She would be the envy of every woman in the camp. If I take it no one would ever know where it came from. And all this silver! And this golden wedge! We could use that money when we come to settle down." Then—"What shall I do with it? Where can I hide it?" His guilty mind suggested various places of con-

cealment no doubt, but he decided to hide his stolen treasures in his own tent. They would surely be safe there. And so we may conclude that a knowledge of his crime was shared by the whole family.

Justice was meted out to the guilty ones, the camp was cleansed, and a striking object lesson taught to succeeding generations. Sooner or later sin and crime hidden from human view will be revealed. But how often the sacred work of God is marred by secret sin indulged by those who profess to be His followers.

Something was wrong at the college. Personal belongings and money were missing. Somebody was a thief. The whole school was under a cloud. Who was the guilty one? No one knew. Finally suspicion seemed to point in a certain direction. But there was no direct proof. Then one day quite a sum of money disappeared. Something must be done. Again suspicion pointed in the same direction. Circumstantial evidence was not lacking, but there was no absolute proof. Finally, so certain had we—the president and I—become that the one suspected was guilty that we decided to call her in for questioning. When accused she put on such an air of injured innocence that she nearly had us convinced that we were wrongfully accusing an innocent person. And yet, there were those incriminating circumstances! As we rose to leave the room, the president said with a ring of determination in his voice, "We had hoped to save you a terrible humiliation and to preserve the good name of the school, by opening the way for you to acknowledge your guilt and quietly leave the institution. But since you do not choose to do this, we shall be obliged to turn over the evidence to the proper authorities and let the law take its course."

We had not walked a dozen steps down the corridor before the door we had closed behind us was thrown open and we were called back. Stepping to the table—the very one around which we had been sitting—the girl lifted the cover, reached under, seized the money, and handed it to the president as she said, "Here's your money, if you must have it." Such confessions are too late to benefit the wrongdoer. All this occurred many years ago, but the impression left upon my mind is as vivid as though the circumstances had happened yesterday.

Speaking of Achan and his crime, Ellen G. White, writing in "Patriarchs and Prophets," says: "When his sin could no longer be concealed, he admitted the truth. How often are similar confessions made. There is a vast difference between admitting facts after they have been proved, and confessing sins known only to ourselves and to God."

The underlying sin of covetousness may not be detected (*Turn to page 14*)



# Advent Youth in Action

## Good News From Hawaii

THE Honolulu Missionary Volunteer Society came together one beautiful Sabbath afternoon not long ago to witness the investment of eighty-nine of its members—by far the largest group ever to be invested in Hawaii,” reports Horace L. Tuttle, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Hawaiian Mission. “The service took place in Kohala Park under the spreading branches of a huge Kamani tree. An air of expectancy hung over us as the time drew near to begin services. Some had never witnessed an investiture service and none knew exactly what to expect. Before them was a mysterious piece of plywood four feet high and eight feet long.

“After singing ‘Jesus Loves Me,’ a brief explanation was given concerning the nature of the meeting. Approximately one third of the fifty-six Sunbeams came forward and repeated from memory Matthew 19:14 and then stepped back to make way for the second group who repeated Matthew 18:2, 3. After the last part of the group had come forward and repeated a beautiful poem, the whole group repeated the Sunbeam pledge and law, and then made the park ring with the words of that lovely song, ‘Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam.’

“Following this the audience was given its first hint as to the purpose of the big board when a delegation of fourteen Sunbeams hung a large reproduction of their class pin on the board. Above it they placed the words of their pledge, ‘For Jesus’ Sake I Shall Always Try to Do My Best.’ Below the insigne were placed nine cards on which was written the Sunbeam law.

“A group of Friends next repeated their pledge and law, placing their insigne and law on the board. Another group came forward and gave a knot-tying demonstration, explaining the use of each knot. They then placed on the board the emblems of their high ideals. The next demonstration was made when the third group repeated the ten commandments of God in unison. Three girls then showed, by the use of a large reproduction of a clock, how to tell the various directions without the aid of a compass. Finally, the five boys who remained of the twenty-three Friends repeated the twenty-third psalm.

“The seven Companions gave us a lively demonstration of first aid and bandaging. They took turns bandaging each other and placed upon the board their insigne and the Junior Missionary Volunteer aim, ‘The Gospel to All the World in This Generation.’

“The three Comrades told briefly what each had to do to earn one of the required honor tokens and then placed upon the board their insigne.

“To complete the picture the Master Comrades were called forward. They placed upon the board their insigne and the Missionary Volunteer motto, ‘The Love of Christ Constraineth Us.’

“All listened attentively while the eighty-nine received their charge. Each then arose, came forward, and received the material evidence of the work he had done in preparing himself for better and more consecrated service in God’s vineyard. Twenty honor tokens were given out as we sang ‘Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus.’”

## Booming!

H. M. Larrabee, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Central American Union, sends this good word: “Our Missionary Volunteer work is booming in Central America. Already we have held three large investitures in Panama, two in Costa Rica, two in Guatemala, and one in Salvador. I have every reason to think that we shall be far above our record for 1942.”

## Organize for Temperance

How will you do it? Here are some good suggestions from the *Pacific Union M. V. Telegram*:

1. Secure the names of all those interested in taking part in temperance work and organize them just as you would any other missionary band of the young people’s society. Choose a leader and an assistant, a secretary, and a publicity secretary.
2. Secure program material.
3. Assign different members certain topics to prepare: readings, dialogues, and music to present.
4. Arrange these into a program and present it in your society and in your church.
5. Choose the best speakers, readers, and musicians and organize them into a team or teams as the size of your band will permit. Secure appointments to present this material and program in non-Adventist organizations such as P. T. A. meetings, public schools, Christian Endeavors, and Epworth League groups in non-Adventist churches.
6. Have individual members show temperance films.
7. Hold regular temperance meetings of such nature (*Turn to page 13*)



It Required Two Photographs to Picture the Whole Group of Eighty-nine Who Were Invested as Junior Missionary Volunteer Friends, Companions, and Comrades in Honolulu, H. T. Their Leader Is H. L. Tuttle, Missionary Volunteer Secretary for the Hawaiian Mission



# Try It!

By LOIS COLEMAN



It Was a Great Thrill to Draw His Bow for the First Time Across His Own Handiwork

WHAT a fine collection you have! How did you find all these?" A visitor was amazed to find the biology department of Walla Walla College so completely equipped. "Collecting specimens and studying nature is my hobby. I have followed it for a long time," replied the alert young professor in charge.

Yes, he has been collecting specimens and studying nature since he was nine or ten years old. He has always taken a keen interest in birds, trees, flowers, and insects, and now as a teacher he conducts long field trips every summer for the purpose of adding specimens to the department. He probably did not think of ever becoming a biology teacher when he began his hobby. He simply loved nature and learned all that he possibly could about it. Did it pay? Now before he is thirty, he is the head of the biology department and teaches his classes almost entirely from his own notes. He certainly made his hobby worth while.

In The Dalles, Oregon, a boy sat reading a science magazine. One of the advertisements claimed his attention: "The Art of Making Violins." He read further: "Written Instructions Are Included." It costs very little, thought the boy; it won't hurt to send for the information anyway.

His mother agreed readily to the idea, for she considered his habit of carving up everything he could get his hands on a great nuisance. Violin making would occupy more time with less damage to the furniture.

The boy studied woods, varnishes, and the different intricacies of violin making until he actually began to carve on the first piece. In a year he had completed his first violin. He

hurriedly put on the strings and tuned them up. It was a great thrill to draw his bow for the first time over his own handiwork. Listening carefully, however, he was dissatisfied with the thin, scratchy tone it brought forth. Disappointed? Of course, but not defeated. Undaunted he started to carve, more carefully this time. Profiting by his former mistakes, he made his second violin a very good one.

Since that time this boy has come to Walla Walla College. One of his violins was tried by the violin teacher. A friend of his, concert master in a symphony orchestra, became enthusiastic about the instrument and purchased it. To hear a concerto played by the accomplished violinist on this home-made violin was the satisfaction which paid double for all his efforts.

Then there is a friend of mine here at college, whom I have known for several years. He likes art. He does not paint impressionistic pictures, but applies his talent in a more practical way. He is earning part of his way through college by painting signs, posters, and designing decorations. He has drawn just for a hobby, and I'm sure it has cost him very little; yet look at the joy his hobby brings to others, as well as the pleasure and satisfaction he derives by being able to do something really well.

Another person here at college advertises that he will develop films or take pictures. Since he does it as well and as cheaply as the photo shops in town, he has many patrons. This is just a hobby and yet he is certainly putting it to profitable use.

Once I planned to be a nurse. As a matter of interest, I developed my music. I had no money, which limited the amount of training I could receive,

but during the last two years of high school, I worked for my piano lessons. I learned all that I could about music just for my own enjoyment. Now it is paying my way through college. Incidentally, I plan to turn my hobby into my profession.

Not everyone can do this, but everyone can have the pleasure of a hobby. As a matter of fact, every person needs something outside of his studies or work on which he can focus his interest and forget daily routine duties. Each young person who has not definitely decided on the kind of hobby he would like to pursue, should take stock of himself and do something about choosing one.

Write down this list of types of people at the top of a piece of paper: the practical, persons who like to accomplish useful things; the manual, the ones who like to do things with their hands; the poetic, those who like to arrange scrapbooks; the aesthetic, those who have a talent for the fine arts or are interested in the crafts; and the acquisitive, those who collect anything or everything. Now which are you? Classify yourself.

Under these general types might be listed a great many specific hobbies. For the practical there is a variety of useful occupations: needlework, carpentry, sports, gardening, and raising animals, to mention only a few. Many of these are especially interesting for country young people.

Those of you who like to use your hands will be interested in making models, mechanical drawing, photography, metal work, and the like. If you enjoy making scrapbooks, there are so many things you can collect: souvenirs, pictures, poems, stories, recipes, for instance. Sometimes the information in scrapbooks proves to be very valuable.

The fine arts and crafts include such a long list it would take a great deal of space to list them all. Under music there is the organization of bands, orchestras, glee clubs, and choirs. Some people center their interest in one composer or period of music; others have a wider range of musical preferences. The composing and arranging of music must be left to the fortunate few who have that (*Turn to page 13*)





# In the LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS

By Elaine Eldridge

**R**AIN was coming down in torrents. Tomorrow would be Thanksgiving Day, and big plans had been made for the family to celebrate in true American custom. Leslie and Carl were sitting beside the window, wondering what they could do to pass the time. They could not work at any of the chores that gave them their small incomes. A ball game was impossible with the weather like this. No assignments had been given them for schoolwork over the holidays. Both boys had outgrown the stage of "playing in the house," as they had done for several years before and enjoyed it.

"The rain reminds me of our trip to New England when we went sightseeing in the rain," said Leslie as he broke the silence.

"Yes, it does! I don't think we shall ever forget the things we saw. I wish every American boy and girl could take that same trip. It makes our study of history and literature so real when we can see the actual spots where events took place that have established us as a great and free nation," responded Carl.

"Uncle Charles and Aunt Clara showed us many interesting places in the two days we took for sightseeing. Let's see how many places we can remember," said Leslie, leaning back and scratching his head.

"It was drizzling rain when we stopped at Concord, Massachusetts, the site of the Old North Bridge, where was fired the shot that was heard around the world. At one end of it is the famous statue of the Minuteman. Just a short distance from there we visited The Old Manse, first home of Nathaniel Hawthorne. As a young man he took his bride there; the home has been left in its original state. Inscriptions are on the windows that were cut by the two of them with the diamond set in her ring."

"It was at Concord, too, that we saw The Orchard House, home of the Alcotts. Here the famous authors gathered in the big barn to discuss topics of the day and subjects of philosophy. Ephraim Bull found some wild grapes up in the woods behind his home, cultivated and developed them, and now we enjoy the Concord grape."

"Oh, yes, the house with the bullet hole in it was there, too. Folks said it was the first shot of the Revolution," interrupted

Carl; "but Lexington was where the Revolution actually began. The British general called out, 'Disperse, ye rebels!' But those Minutemen were like our American soldiers have been ever since then, and they stood their ground. That's why, when we visit there today, we see a monument on the green in front of the church where they gathered. It was there that Paul Revere was captured by the British."

"When we drove into Cambridge, Uncle Charles stopped the car in front of a house that looked very familiar. I remembered seeing it many times in my literature book and it looked just like the picture. It was the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, our much-loved American poet. All around were spots of interest that inspired him to write his poems. He lived almost at the door of Harvard University." By this time Leslie was so absorbed in memory that he forgot the dreary rain outside. "I shall never forget the unique display of glass flowers we saw at the Harvard museum. They were perfectly real looking and would deceive flower experts," he added, stopping a moment for breath, and then going on.

"Driving toward the city of Boston, we noticed the Bunker Hill Monument. It is similar to the Washington Monument, but not so high. That is where Major Pitcairn's orders were, 'Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes.' In Boston we visited the Charlestown Navy Yard, Uncle Sam's dock for



the big boats. We were lucky to catch the famous old ship, the 'Constitution,' in the harbor and went aboard. It was used by our country in the War of 1812 and named 'Old Ironsides' because a bullet from the enemy failed to make the intended impression. I see our rain has slackened outside, but I remember how hard it came down when we were looking over that boat. We decided that sight-seeing could be more enjoyable with better weather conditions."

"My! How glad we were to see the sun peeping through the clouds the next morning when Aunt Clara suggested that we go to see the Old Mill, located at South Sudbury," remembered Carl. "Henry Ford has done an excellent job in putting the mill into operation again. Our souvenirs were very practical sacks of whole-wheat flour and corn meal—best we ever tasted! And wasn't it fun to see the Little Red Schoolhouse where Mary took her lamb one day? Mr. Ford and his wife are responsible for its coming into use again. Near by is the Wayside Inn, famous in literature, and a place where many renowned people have enjoyed visiting."

"Each place was so interesting that we wanted to stay longer," Leslie took up the story again, "but our day had been planned, so we moved on and found ourselves driving into a quaint town with narrow, crooked, cobblestone streets. A person can feel the atmosphere of early American life in this little town where the witches' house still stands."

Breathing deeply of the savory odors coming from his mother's kitchen, Carl made a gesture toward his stomach and remarked, "I begin to get hungry when I think of that wonderful lunch Aunt Clara fixed for us. Remember how we ate high up on a cliff over the ocean at Marblehead? Below us and as far out as we could see lay the blue waters of the Atlantic. They call this harbor the birthplace of the American Navy. In the town we stopped at Abbott's Hall to see the original painting of 'The Spirit of '76.' It was more wonderful than any reproduction we had ever seen."

Leslie added, "We can appreciate Thanksgiving more when we remember the Pilgrim Village erected there and how our forefathers must have borne many hardships during those early years. Everything was so primitive. Do you remember those two live goats kept in the barn, representing the two brought over from England in 1620? The cabins looked cozy despite their primitiveness, but the stocks and whipping post didn't look inviting."

"Well, the rain has stopped," said Carl. "Maybe we can have a game of pitch after all. It has been fun traveling our trip all over again, but we forgot to mention Gloucester. We saw some unusual sights in that quaint fishing town. On the boulevard we passed the monument to the men who have gone out to sea. It is a seaman with a firm, resolute expression on his face, standing at the wheel of the boat. There is a pier



reaching out over the water, where the women of the city have a special memorial service every year and toss wreaths out to sea in honor of those of their men who have been lost at sea. We saw more fish, fishing boats, and fish markets there than anywhere else."

Carl jumped from his chair and answered the telephone. Then he bounced into the kitchen to inform his mother that all the guests invited to the "big dinner" were coming "for sure." Truly he had much to be thankful for in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

## Water Trailways to the Davis Indians

(Continued from page 5)

fellow was lying sunning himself on a rock right in our pathway. I was in the lead and was about to step on that very rock in order to cross a small stream when I saw him lying there coiled and ready to strike. His beady eyes were calculating the distance and my next step would have put me right in line for his attack. Pastor Sutton, who was behind me, saw me stop, and with a swift stroke of his long staff he knocked the snake off the rock, crushing his head. Yes, we scanned the rocks a bit more carefully after that!

Vampire bats are ever present in these parts of the bushland. Beulah was bitten on the toe by one of these bloodsucking, hideous creatures of the night. It was not a serious wound, only enough to make a small opening from which the bat or bats gorged themselves with blood. We saw many of these mouselike creatures with their tiny childlike faces and silken wings. Hideous enough and yet strangely interesting and curious. We saw them sleeping, attached to the underside of tree limbs overhanging the river bank. At our approach they would loose their hold and fly noiselessly ahead of us until they found another overhanging branch to which they would attach themselves like pieces of steel to a magnet.

We saw interesting bird life also. Kingfishers raced ahead of us along the stream, every now and then darting down to the water's surface to catch small fish, which abound in these upland waters. One gay fellow carried a fish in his bill for miles, always flying ahead of us for a short distance, and then perching on a limb of a tree, hoping to consume his meal, but at our approach flying off again to another tree. He finally veered to one side, and we hope that he managed to eat his dinner in peace and quiet.

Large green parrots screamed through the dense foliage overhead, scolding at us for disturbing their tranquillity. We saw some toucans with their huge, incongruous beaks, which appear so out of keeping with their beautiful plumage. One could almost imagine them clowns in the bird world, trying to be funny by putting on a huge false nose. Black waterfowl appeared now and then on the river. Lifting their heavy bodies slowly from the water, they flapped away clumsily into the distance. Swallows wheeled and circled overhead, diving through the air to catch insects which hovered over the river.

Yes, of course, there were insects of various sorts whose attentions we endeavored to avoid—mosquitoes, chiggers, ticks, and sand fleas, not to speak of ants of various sizes and colors, some carnivorous and others friendly. We were attacked with frequency by these denizens of the forest, some of which are more to be feared than are the larger predatory animals.

The end of our trail up the Kako River and Arabaru Creek brought us to the "New Mission," which had been built by Pastor Carscallen. It is about four



**A day of judgment is surely coming.**

"God . . . hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world." Acts 17: 30, 31.

**Daniel, the prophet of God, was given an impressive vision of the judgment scene.**

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool; His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him; thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him; the judgment was set, and the books were opened." Dan. 7:9, 10.

**Every human being must meet the judgment test.**

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." 2 Cor. 5:10.

**Every act of every human being will be judged.**

"God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12:14.

**Every word we speak will be judged.**

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matt. 12:36.

**Every thought will be weighed whether it be for good or ill.**

"Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts." 1 Cor. 4:5.

**This careful record is kept in books.**

"The judgment was set, and the books were opened." Dan. 7:10. (See Rev. 20:12; Mal. 3:16.)

**God's law is the standard by which all are to be judged.**

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." Rom. 2:13.

**God opens the judgment and presides over it.**

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit." Dan. 7:9.

**Angels assist in the work of judgment.**

"Thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him." Dan. 7:10.

**Jesus Christ stands before the Judge as sinful man's Advocate.**

"One like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought Him near before Him." Dan. 7:13.

**In behalf of the condemned sinner He pleads His blood shed on Calvary as the purchase price for his life.**

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before My Father, and before His angels." Rev. 3:5.

miles as the parrot flies from this place to Mt. Roraima, and owing to its close proximity to this famous mountain, and also because one has a constant view of it from that location, the mission was named the Mt. Roraima Mission. The Indians all call it the "New Mission," for it is the latest undertaking in mission building.

Here we spent a few days meeting with the people and endeavoring to discover the needs and possibilities of the place. A few families of Indians have been induced to settle down there and build permanent houses for themselves. It is the beginning of an Indian village, a plan for stabilizing the life of the people. It must be remembered that these Indians are nomadic in their habits. They move from place to place as they feel inclined. If fishing is better in one place than an-

other, they will all pack up their few belongings, place them together with families in the inevitable "woodskin," and off they go. The plan of the missionary is and has been of more recent years that of helping the Indian to settle down in one place, cultivate the land, and develop the work in this way. So at this mission we found good buildings erected, built from hand-sawed lumber.

A group of about sixty persons were present to welcome us and attend our meeting. Eighteen families were living in the community, of which the church, school, and mission house are the center. We were sorry to see that since Pastor Carscallen and his family have returned to the States no teacher had been provided to care for the work. One of the leading Indians was in charge of all these buildings. He conducted the Sabbath services, and thus endeavored to hold things together as best he could.

We met Joyce here also. She is a young Indian woman who was trained in the Cott home. She spoke feelingly of the days when she was in the home of the missionary, and we enjoyed meeting this highly interesting Seventh-day Adventist young person. She typifies in her appearance and daily life some of the outstanding evidences of what the gospel of Jesus Christ is doing and can do for those who have been without God and without hope in the world.

(To be continued next week)

## In Such a Time as This

(Continued from page 6)

enth-day Adventist academy. His face is very serious. He seems glued to the spot on which he is standing. In his own words, "As I saw our car with mother and dad in it slowly disappearing down the highway, bound for a distant State, I thought my heart would burst. I couldn't move. I believe I stood looking down that road where I last saw the car, three hours or more. At last I felt an arm around my shoulders and heard a fellow student speak my name. The lump in my throat was choking me and I could not answer, but I followed him over to the boys' dorm."

In time academy days became almost as carefree and joyous as those he had spent at home with his parents.

Later in a Christian college this youth is writing a letter home. Let us peek over his shoulder and read:

"DEAR MOTHER AND DAD:

"I'm writing by moonlight with the paper on my window sill. The days seem too short! I simply cannot seem to crowd studying, work, and club meetings into the time before the 'lights out' signal. The moonlight is so bright that I can see a city gleaming in the distance even though it has been mostly blacked out. I have been reading some of the promises in the Bible tonight. I know that they are for me. If I should let myself, I would be very homesick for you all tonight, but I am a man now. I must push aside these childish feelings and give attention to other things. In a few months I shall be nineteen, you know."

A few weeks slip by and the newspapers come off the press screaming "Eighteen and Nineteen Year Olds to Be Drafted." "Eighteen and nineteen year olds should be given the right to vote, says ——" "Older men to be sent back from the front, younger ones to take their places."

What does it all mean? What does it mean to you, eighteen-year-old and nineteen-year-old? We parents are the Mordecais; you boys are the Esthers and Daniels. If we with courage, faith, and prayer dedicate you anew to God and

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



give you to your country, will you in loyalty to the Ruler of the universe, and to your country, spurn the unclean as did Daniel and cling to integrity as did Esther even though it call for the supreme sacrifice?

Can you change from a fun-loving schoolboy to a serious-minded man overnight? These are the last days of earth's history. If you put on the "whole armor of God" and "stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," then you will be able to do your part in saving life for the postwar world—a world whose King is your heavenly Father.

## Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 9)

that people will wish to attend for the good they may get from them.

8. Arrange with other dry elements in your community to have a mass meeting with a good speaker.

9. Get hundreds of people to sign the temperance and antitobacco pledges.

10. Pass resolutions from time to time protesting regarding—

- a. The sale of liquor during wartime.
- b. Vice conditions about the camps.
- c. Beer advertising over the radio.
- d. Violations of existing laws and excesses in your community.

11. Endeavor to get articles into the papers regarding the principles for which we stand.

12. Cover the town and the rural routes with good temperance literature.

13. Place *Signs of the Times* and other good temperance material in the hands of the professional men and women of your community.

14. Place good antialcoholic and antitobacco books in the elementary and high school libraries.

15. Co-operate with other dry forces in drying up your township, your county, or town as opportunity offers.

### Literature Banders

Peoria has a wide-awake literature band with a membership of thirty. Also they have been giving strong support to an evangelistic program being carried on in the city. Their male quartet has been a real attraction at the tabernacle services, and they have taken the heavy end of the load in the distribution of handbills.

### An M. V. Thermometer

"212 degrees, boiling. Very enthusiastic. A member of the society. Attends regularly. Always on time. Helps on programs. Is active in doing missionary work. Reports faithfully. Takes part in social and prayer meetings. Gives to missions. Observes the Morning Watch daily. Studies the Bible. Takes a Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. Is or will become a member of Attainment. Works unceasingly for others. Never grows cold, but warms those around. Strives to live a consistent Christian life and is an inspiration to all.

"90 degrees, warm. A member in fairly good standing. Attends meetings quite regularly. Often late. Sometimes inattentive. Does some missionary work. Occasionally reports. Takes part in social and prayer services when in good spirits. Gets discouraged easily. Conditions and influence are dangerous.

"55 degrees, cold. Goes to meeting once in a while. Usually late. Does not

belong to the society. Does no missionary work. Clings to known sins. Is dying fast.

"0 degrees, zero. Does no missionary work. Never goes to meeting. Is dead.

"Look at the engine speeding along the track. It is the great burden bearer of the commercial world. But shut off the steam and it becomes useless to man. Every Missionary Volunteer Society should be a powerful engine for speeding to the world the last message of mercy. But it takes steam to move the engine, and there can be no steam if the water falls one degree short of boiling. Even one member, if unfaithful, may cause the society thermometer to drop. Then see to it that your Christian experience always registers 212 degrees. Keep the flame hot and the water boiling. Never let your fuel supply run low. You will find some of the fuel you need stored away in the chamber of secret prayer; some, among the books of the Bible; and some must be gleaned from the field of Christian service."

## Our Servicemen's Church at Abilene, Texas

(Continued from page 3)

"A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,  
A wonderful Saviour to me,  
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the  
Rock,  
Where rivers of pleasure I see."

The song service closes, and now the Sabbath school lesson is being studied. This is followed by a prayer of consecration and an earnest request to God for help to face the reality of life in the Army for another week. Every man is standing now, and as the sun sinks out of sight all sing solemnly:

"Day is done,  
Gone the sun, from the lake,  
from the hill, from the sky,  
All is well,  
Safely rest,  
God is nigh."

Saturday night is shopping time in downtown Abilene for a goodly number. Others are staying in the Service Center for recreation. The evening passes. It is ten-thirty; the doors of the Center are closed and locked. The men are now on their way back to Camp Berkeley. It has been a good Sabbath day.

As I left the Service Center that evening with Pastor and Mrs. Ragsdale I said, "You are tired, aren't you?" "Yes, we are," they replied, "but it is good work."

And indeed it is good work. I wish you could have been with us to catch the inspiration of the day as I caught it. If you had, you would say with me, We cannot do too much for our servicemen. They belong to us. They are fine men. They are our church in the Army. We are proud of them. We will continue to plan and work for them. God bless them and place His arms of protection about them from day to day.

## Try It!

(Continued from page 10)

ability, but all of us can make listening to good music a hobby.

Combining the arts and crafts, there are many hobbies in this field: painting, clay modeling, block printing, poster making, designing bookplates or cards or clothes, arranging flowers, wood carving, weaving, glass blowing, and collecting histories of arts.

Talented writers are few and yet many of us like to write poems or stories for

our own enjoyment. It certainly is an inexpensive hobby. Another is public speaking and giving readings. Some make foreign correspondence their hobby, which is still an interesting one in spite of the wartime mail difficulties.

The last type, the acquisitive, forms one of the largest groups of individuals—those who make collections of all sorts and descriptions from toothpicks to license plates.

How does your list stand? If you are normal, several hobbies will appeal to you. If they do, why not develop more than one? Who knows, someday one of them may become your profession.

A hobby will make you a more interesting person and help you to develop confidence in yourself. Yes, a hobby pays. Try it—I dare you!



BY LOUIS O. MACHLAN, JR.

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

HAVE you ever wondered at the things that interest you? I have tried to analyze my interest in philately and discover if possible the reasons why it appeals to me. I have also attempted to delve into reasons why some countries appeal to me more than do others.

I have always enjoyed the study of countries and the ways and habits of their people. When I look at a certain stamp it attracts me. It seems to be a bit of the country which has appealed to me in a special way and brings me nearer to the people it represents. So I collect stamps.

Naturally some peoples and some lands have interested me more than others. I have relatives who are missionaries in Africa. This has made the stamps of that great continent mean a great deal to me. I have classmates who have gone out as missionaries to South America, India, and other far parts of the world. Each in turn adds new zest to the collection and study of stamps from the place where he is serving. Now that the United States is at war, friends and loved ones have gone far afield in the armed services, bringing the many countries which their feet traverse nearer to me and quickening my interests in them.

I always have enjoyed and probably always shall enjoy collecting the stamps of the country that above all countries I love and appreciate, this greatest single nation in the world, where freedom of life and enterprise is fostered and protected. The stamps of the United States have vividly pictured the struggle of our forefathers for freedom and they have traced our history and growth as a nation until today when we are in the throes of another great conflict. But even in the midst of war they continually remind us of the heritage that is ours.

I have also enjoyed collecting stamps for their beauty and individual charm. The stamps of the British colonies have always seemed to me to rank high in artistic coloring and attractiveness. Others have apparently shared this opinion, as the collecting of stamps from these outposts of the British Empire ranks next in popularity to the collecting of United States stamps. The shape of stamps seems to make a great deal of difference in their collecting rating. There is hardly a person living who will not stop to take a second look at a triangular stamp.

Why not join the ranks of the million or so stamp collectors in this country



and the many others in different parts of the world, and share with us many hours of rich enjoyment.

The Stamp Corner will terminate its activities with the end of the year, at least for the "duration." Supplies are difficult to obtain and the writer is leaving for the West to study medicine. But while the year lasts we shall be more than happy to send you a free packet of stamps, all foreign, and instructions to help you get started on your collection. Send in your penny postcard today.

### Interesting Stamps

In 1937 Costa Rica brought out a most unusual stamp. It is perfectly square, but so printed that in order to read it, you must look at it as you would a baseball diamond. There is a border running around the edge. The two sides read "Correos de Costa Rica" and "Exposición Nacional" and the two bottom edges read "Agricultura, Industria" and "Comercio, Diciembre 1937." In the center is a branch with a cocoa bean on it. The value, 3c, appears at the left and right corners. This stamp symbolizes products in which all Americans are interested, especially chocolate bars, which at present are more or less of a minus quantity. The stamp is printed entirely in light brown and has a perforation of 12.

### "Be Ye Clean That Bear the Vessels of the Lord"

(Continued from page 7)

danced, didn't he? Didn't Deborah dance? The children of Israel all danced—the Bible says so! Anyhow, it's healthful and gives one poise." At last she convinced herself that poise was just what she needed and that was her situation in a nutshell.

Finally the world opened up her mouth and swallowed her. And because the power of influence is a very potent thing there were those also who were swallowed up with her.

Judas bore the vessels of the Lord. He could see with his own eyes what the sons of men through the ages had prayed to see. He was endowed with power to perform miracles when the twelve went forth to preach. Yet he was not clean. Even the Master in talking to the disciples at the first communion service said, "Ye are clean, but not all." He carried the money on which the infant church subsisted. Envy, greed, and jealousy sullied and made him unclean; malice, theft, and treason gathered him into its cesspool of filth until the earth verily opened its mouth and swallowed him up.

Are you bearing the vessels of the Lord? If you are, "be ye clean." For it will surely follow that he who bears them with unclean hands will one day be swallowed up by the world.



### Woodworking

BY WILTON WOOD

THE realization of accomplishment is one of the greatest thrills we can experience—whether it is the first scratchy picture drawn by a small child or the birdhouse built by a boy or the beautiful piece of furniture made by a

craftsman. We have all experienced this thrill, no doubt, as the result of constructing something. Whether we make what we make for pleasure or profit, we are learning and at the same time enjoying it. Witness the feverish activity of a boy just about to set up and make use of his finished product. He will forget all else until he has completed his project.

Not everyone is apt enough with tools to accomplish what he would like to. Many feel that they are not fitted for this certain line and excuse themselves. It probably is true that some are naturally gifted, and those should take advantage of this by learning all that they can about woodworking. For those who are not especially talented in the handling of tools, it behooves them to learn the simple operations, as a means of repairing household articles, and thus be able to engage in woodworking as an avocational interest for spare-time enjoyment, as well as a means of experiencing the thrill of accomplishment.



The ability to use woodworking tools is a valuable one, and all should get some practice to enable them to do those things from time to time which need to be done with these tools. Many people have the mistaken idea that only those who plan to earn their living by the use of tools should use them. The Great Teacher began His career in the woodworking shop as a preparation for greater things to come. Just so it is our privilege to become acquainted with tools and their use, and thereby not only find enjoyment but also learn many important lessons in life.

"Practical work encourages close observation and independent thought. . . . It develops ability to plan and execute, strengthens courage and perseverance, and calls for the exercise of tact and skill," says Ellen G. White on page 220 of her book "Education."

If one is interested in this line of endeavor, he should first purchase a few tools or perhaps obtain them from relatives and then set up a bench in the corner of the basement. Begin construction experiments on something easy, work carefully, and you will be surprised at your accomplishments.

It is very easy to obtain plans and self-teaching books today which contain many pictures and give explicit directions for each operation. Your local hardware merchant can tell you where to secure plans if a hunt through the library proves fruitless. Most public libraries have magazines on their shelves which are for the homemaker's use.

### Achan

(Continued from page 8)

until it bears fruitage in actual theft. Covetousness harbored in the heart will surely lead at last to destruction and death. In Colossians, Paul, enumerating a long list of hateful sins which are to be cast out of our hearts, classifies covetousness as idolatry. Beware how this pernicious seed is permitted to grow in the garden soil of the heart, for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."



### IX—Lessons From the Life of Samson

(November 27)

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 7:12.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 560-568.

#### THE LESSON

1. After an angel of the Lord had appeared to Manoah's wife with the message that she should have a son, what was the burden of Manoah's prayer? What instruction was repeated by the angel when he appeared a second time? Judges 13:8-14.

NOTE.—"There is a special plan or purpose for each soul born into this world. He who submits to be guided by God will be led to fulfill the purpose of his life. The purpose of God for Samson was that he should 'begin' to deliver Israel from the Philistines. Samson's life and its mistakes should be a special warning to all young people who have special advantages of birth and training, and whose parents have had instruction from God as to what they and their children should eat and how they should care for their bodies, that they may be kept in health. Such special advantages put one under great obligation to devote all the powers of body, mind, and soul to the service of God."—*Old Testament History*, McKibbin, p. 213.

2. When Manoah and his wife attempted to entertain the messenger, how were they convinced that he was an angel? Verses 15-21.

3. What name was given to their child? As he grew to manhood, what came upon Samson at times? Verses 24, 25.

4. From what heathen nation did Samson select a companion? Judges 14:1, 2.

NOTE.—"For a Christian to marry one who is destitute of the divine life, is not only to set Christ's law at defiance, but to incur the misery of perpetual discord. It is impossible to have perfect fellowship with one who is not agreed with you in your deepest nature."—*F. B. Meyer*.

5. What experience did Samson have one time near the vineyards of Timnath? What did he find when later he returned to this place? How did he use the honey? Verses 5-9.

NOTE.—"How inspiring is the thought that on us also the Spirit of the Lord may come mightily! There is no limit to His gracious and irresistible operations, save that imposed by the narrowness of our faith. Notice how the apostle piles up his words in Ephesians 1:19. Whatever be the cords of evil habits, woven through long years, and however entangling your circumstances, God's indwelling power can set you free."—*Through the Bible Day by Day*, Vol. II, pp. 32, 33.

6. At the wedding feast what riddle did Samson put forth? How did his companions find out the answer? With what result? Verses 10-20.

NOTE.—"At his marriage feast, Samson was brought into familiar association with those who hated the God of Israel. Whoever voluntarily enters into such relations will feel it necessary to conform, to some degree, to the habits and customs of his companions. The time thus spent is worse than wasted. Thoughts are entertained and words are spoken, that tend to break down the strongholds of principle, and to weaken the citadel of the soul."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 563.

7. When he repented and returned to visit his wife, but was rebuffed by her father, what did Samson do in his anger? Judges 15:3-5.

8. When the Philistines retaliated by destroying Samson's wife's family, what did he do? When he hid himself, what did the Philistines demand of Judah? Verses 6-10.

9. To what did Samson agree when the men of Judah sought him? How did he show his great strength on this occasion? Verses 11-15.



10. When his enemies attempted to lock him within Gaza, how did he escape? Judges 16:2, 3.

11. What plan did the Philistines form to find out the reason for his supernatural strength and to bring about his ruin? What was the result of three attempts to carry out their plan? Verses 4-14.

12. How persistent was Delilah in her request? How was Samson deprived of his strength? How was he treated when the Philistines took him? Verses 15-21.

13. For what purpose did the Philistines hold a feast? While praising their god and making merry, for whom did they call? After a time, what did Samson say to the lad who led him? Verses 22-26.

14. What prayer did Samson silently offer to God? What did the Lord help him to do? Who came to bury him? Where was he buried? How long had he been a judge of Israel? Verses 27-31.

NOTE.—Physically, Samson was the strongest man upon the earth; but in self-control, integrity, and firmness, he was one of the weakest of men. Many mistake strong passions for a strong character; but the truth is that he who is mastered by his passions is a weak man. The real greatness of the man is measured by the power of the feelings that he controls, not by those that control him. . . .

"He [Satan] attacks us at our weak points, working through defects in the character to gain control of the whole man; and he knows that if these defects are cherished, he will succeed. But none need be overcome. Man is not left alone to conquer the power of evil by his own feeble efforts. Help is at hand, and will be given to every soul who really desires it."—*Id.* pp. 567, 568.

## JUNIOR

### IX—Samson Strong in Body But Weak in Character

(November 27)

#### INTRODUCTION

ISRAEL did evil again in the sight of the Lord, and then God permitted them, as He had before, to be oppressed by their enemies. The enemies oppressing Israel at this time were the Philistines. It was when Israel was in this distress that Samson was born.

#### Guiding Thought

Samson grew stronger in body because he used his strength in fighting the Philistines; but he grew weaker in character from time to time because he wasted his strength of will in pleasing himself and not God. Finally God's Spirit departed from his heart, and he was then not only weak in character but weak in body as well.

#### Verse to Be Remembered

"When he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction." 2 Chron. 26:16.

#### LESSON OUTLINE

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Judges 13:1-5, 7, 8, 12, 24, 25; 14:1-3, 5-19; 15:4-8, 11-16; 16:1-31; Numbers 6:2, 3, 5; Deuteronomy 7:3; 2 Chronicles 26:16.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 560, 562-567.

#### STUDY PLAN FOR THE WEEK

*Sabbath afternoon:* Read carefully the lesson scriptures, the Introduction, and the Guiding Thought. Be able to answer: (1) Why was Samson strong in body? (2) Why was he weak in character? *Sunday:* Study Assignments 1 and 2. *Monday:* Assignments 3 and 4. *Tuesday:* Assignment 5 and learn memory verse. *Wednesday:* Assignments 6 and 7. *Thursday:* Assignment 8. *Friday:* Review Assignments 1-8.

#### Assignment 1

(1) Israel's experience for the past forty years was a repetition of past experiences. Explain. Study Judges 13:1; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 560, paragraph 1. (2) When was Israel's deliverer to be dedicated to his great task? Study Judges 13:2-5; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 560, paragraph 2. Consult Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 2

(1) Why do you think Manoah and his wife were chosen to be the parents of Is-

rael's deliverer? Study Judges 13:8, 12. (2) What do we know about Samson's childhood and youth? Study Judges 13:24, 25. Consult Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 3

(1) Just as Samson was entering upon manhood, the time above all others when he should have been strong, he began to show a great weakness in character. There is a statement of four words found in Judges 14:1-3, 7, which tells what this weakness was. Explain. (2) What were the sad results of Samson's having had what pleased him well? Study Judges 15:4-6; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 563, paragraphs 1, 3, and 4. Consult Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 4

(1) Through a clever riddle Samson was trying to tell the Philistines of his marvelous strength of body. Explain. Study Judges 14:5-18. How did he show his great strength at Ashkelon? at Timnath? when delivered into the hands of the Philistines by the men of Judah? and at Gaza? Study Judges 14:19; 15:7, 8, 11-16; 16:3; and "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 564, paragraph 1. (2) What was the reason for Samson's marvelous strength? Study Judges 13:7; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 566, paragraph 2. Consult Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 5

Samson again showed his great weakness of character in his experience at Gaza. Show that this time, in spite of his marvelous physical strength, he narrowly escaped with his life. Study Judges 16:1-3; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 565, paragraph at top of page. Consult Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 6

(1) One violation of the Nazarite requirements led to another. What were these requirements? Study Numbers 6:2, 3, 5; Deuteronomy 7:3. (2) Show that his final violation of the Nazarite vow came when he threw down his badge of consecration to God. Study Judges 16:4-21; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 565, paragraphs 1-3; page 566, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 7

(1) When did Samson fulfill his commission to "begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines"? Study Judges 16:22-31. (2) What were the results in Samson's experience of strength of body without strength of character? Study "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 566, paragraphs 2-4; page 567, paragraphs 1 and 2. Also Lesson Notes.

#### Assignment 8 and Summary

To complete the following statements select the right phrase or word from this list: God's Spirit, defeat, his long hair, forsaking God, a child, his own way.

1. Again and again Israel repeated the experience of .....
2. Samson's marvelous strength was not due to .....
3. Samson's great weakness was wanting to have .....
4. Samson was strong in body because he possessed .....
5. Strength of body without strength of character resulted in .....
6. Israel's deliverer was to be dedicated to his great task when .....

#### LESSON NOTES

1. (1) The history of Israel can be summed up in four short sentences: (a) The people did evil; (b) The Lord allowed their enemies to oppress them; (c) The people cried unto the Lord; (d) The Lord heard their cry and delivered them. This was Israel's experience and it was repeated time and again. (2) To be a Nazarite one must be fully consecrated to God in all his habits of life. It is in childhood, even before one is born, that the tendencies are formed. Therefore the Lord planned that Samson should be dedicated at his birth in order that he might form right habits from his earliest childhood and be strong someday to deliver God's people.

2. (1) Manoah and his wife were godly people and were willing to do just what God had commanded in order to help their child form right habits. How fortunate is any boy or girl whose parents, in their

home training, do as God has directed. (2) From the beginning of his life God blessed Samson in a special way, and he grew to be a strong boy. Right habits of life always bring health and strength. As Samson grew older God's Holy Spirit came upon him, and he astonished his friends with his marvelous feats of strength.

3. (1) Samson's weakness in character was revealed in the words, "She pleaseth me well." This was Samson's weakness—wanting his own way, pleasing himself more than God. Giving up one's own way to do God's way builds character just as exercise builds muscle. (2) Having his own way and securing what pleased him well brought treachery to Samson and destruction to his wife. One gains nothing by having his own way just because it is pleasing, for he loses God's blessing and only evil can result.

4. (1) Samson's experience in slaying the lion empty-handed was fresh in his mind at the wedding feast, and doubtless he was eager to tell his riddle, which told of a slain lion and the curious circumstance of the swarm of bees in its dead body. (2) Some might think that Samson's long hair was the reason for his great strength, but this is wrong. Samson's loyalty to God was the reason for his strength, and his long hair was but the sign of his loyalty to God. As long as Samson gave this proof of his consecration to God, he was blessed with marvelous strength.

5. While in Gaza, Samson was aroused at midnight. Doubtless it was his guardian angel who awakened him. "The accusing voice of conscience filled him with remorse, as he remembered that he had broken his vow as a Nazarite."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 565, top of page.

6. (1) Breaking, as he did, God's command against marriage with the heathen, it is not to be wondered at that Samson also broke the special Nazarite requirement against drinking wine. ("Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 565, paragraph 1.) All that remained now to show that he was a Nazarite was his long hair. (2) Samson had every reason to know that if he revealed his secret to Delilah, she would betray him into the hands of the Philistines, who would lose no time in using a razor on his head. But he was more anxious to please this wicked woman than to please God.

7. (1) Samson knew that when the pillars of the temple fell, it would mean death to him, but he was willing to die with the Philistines in order to fulfill his commission to "begin to deliver Israel." (2) Poor Samson! He was so strong and yet so weak. He could conquer the Philistines, but not his own spirit. Had he been true to God, he would have fulfilled his commission with honor and promotion instead of disgrace and death. God measures the success of a man, or a junior, not by the power of his muscles, but by the strength of his character.



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# The Listening Post

❖ THE American Red Cross has more than 800 women workers serving overseas.

❖ FOUR million barrels of oil were pumped into the new "Big Inch" pipe line in Texas before it began to pour from the eastern end.

❖ ARMY post offices expect to handle ten million Christmas packages for soldiers overseas, each one of which must be opened for inspection.

❖ MEDICAL authorities report a marked decrease in beriberi and pellagra in New York's Bellevue Hospital since vitamin enrichment of bread was instituted on a wide scale.

❖ MEDICAL officers in the Royal Canadian Navy are being supplied with belts which hold certain essential medicines and instruments, making them more accessible when treating the wounded in the midst of the dark and confusion of naval battles.

❖ SUPPLY ships returning to America from overseas carry, among other things, cargoes of scrap from battle fronts to be remanufactured into war material. One such cargo recently totaled 550 tons of wrecked plane parts, scrap rubber, metal containers, and 100,000 pairs of worn-out shoes.

❖ WITH the growing prevalence of infantile paralysis, doctors are recommending general safety measures to limit its spread, although no definite preventative has yet been discovered. General sanitary conditions and the avoidance of contaminated drinking water, overexertion or chilling, and injury of nose and throat membranes are suggested.

❖ FORMERLY imported exclusively from Japan, loofa sponges—the fibrous center of the loofa gourd—are now being grown in the United States. Their principal use is as filters in certain marine engines in Navy and Coast Guard boats. Because they do not absorb water as marine sponges do, they can be used to strain oil and dirt from water as it enters the engine boiler.

❖ EVER hear of sunflower sugar? We already eat quite a bit of it in the form of sweet fruits and honey, but it is not yet on the market in refined crystals like ordinary sugar. If it were it would be a great help in the present food emergency, for it is sweeter than beet sugar and more easily digested. This sugar-producing sunflower is the vegetable known to gardeners as the Jerusalem artichoke, a plant that will grow almost anywhere with very little care. The sugar is obtained from the tuberous roots which resemble potatoes.

❖ A YEAR ago last August three Swedish ships sailed from Montreal to Athens, bearing the first cargoes of food which were permitted to go through the Allied blockade of occupied Europe. Since that time eight neutral ships have been engaged in a regular service that has carried to the starving Greeks nearly 6,000,000 bushels of wheat and thousands of tons of milk, dehydrated vegetables, and other essential supplies. The food has been distributed by the International Red Cross, and there is no evidence that it has been diverted from its purpose. It is not too much to say that the shipments have literally saved the life of the Greek nation.

❖ FAR more important than their value as jewels is the place diamonds fill in modern industry. Without them the high speeds of modern aircraft would be impossible, for diamond tools produce the high finish which reduces friction between the various working parts of airplane engines. Diamond tools are also used in the manufacture of precision instruments, such as chronometers and gauges. The making of prisms and lenses used in gun and bomb sights depend upon diamond cutting tools.

❖ COLGATE UNIVERSITY psychologists have discovered that liars can be detected by a measurable expansion of the pupil of the eye. The tests, which were made with a telescope equipped with an automatic recording pen, are yet in the early experimental stage.

❖ THE 100,000 American farms acquired by insurance companies through mortgage foreclosures during the depression years are fast returning to individual ownership under the stimulus of increased farm earnings.

❖ MEXICO's new volcano, Paracutin, has built up ejected lava to a height of 900 feet since its first eruption in a plowed field on February 20.

❖ BAGS of silica gel are placed in containers with machinery to be shipped overseas to absorb moisture and prevent corrosion.

❖ TRACTORS and automobiles are responsible for the reduction in farm horses in the United States from 21,500,000 in 1915 to 9,750,000 today.

❖ A BEESWAX salvage program has been started in the United States to supply the needs of the Army and Navy. A million pounds is the goal.

❖ NYLON has proved a superior filter material for straining blood and plasma to remove small clots which may have formed in blood banks.

❖ CHINA's four evacuated universities enrolled 1,000 new students during the last school year in spite of the difficult conditions under which they are forced to operate.

❖ THE automobile holds the distinction of stimulating American ingenuity more than any other invention. U. S. Patent Office records reveal that more than one fifth of all the 2,300,000 patents issued since the system was originated in 1870 have to do with the automobile.

❖ THE U. S. Bureau of Mines has a small plant in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where by a chemical process called hydrogenation gasoline is obtained from coal. The operation, which is still in the experimental stage, involves cracking apart the molecules of coal and adding hydrogen. The process is also being used in Germany and England.

## ★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

"The Army is all right—it really is—but I can say this much about it: If a fellow wants to be a conscientious, consistent Seventh-day Adventist he can expect to see the opportunities for advancement pass him up right and left. It is discouraging at times, but we cannot afford to become discouraged, for we can be sure that if we are faithful God will give us better things than any we may lose. Personally, I have had a chance to do several worth-while things—things I would love to do and that would further my education—but because Saturday is usually the busiest day, I have seen these opportunities go a-glimmering. I knew before I came into the Army that I would meet such things, but no one can understand how hard it is to face such a situation unless he has actually done so.

"The opportunities in the Army are unlimited and plentiful, and Seventh-day Adventists are not, at least in my experience, discriminated against. We simply do not fit in with the program, for it is set up on a seven-day-a-week basis. I am not saying this to complain, for I have made my own decision, and I cannot disobey God nor deny my Saviour for any advantage, position, or rank in the Army or anywhere else. I am telling you this that you may tell the young men with whom you come in contact who will be called into service soon—brilliant young men who can really 'go places' if they will just lay aside their 'peculiar' religious scruples—that they will most surely be tempted and tried in ways without number. Only by maintaining a close, daily walk with God will they be able to resist these so-called 'opportunities' and stand firm for what they know to be right, in harmony with divine command.

"The United States Government has been most considerate in recognizing the noncombatant status of Seventh-day Adventists and in making provision for us to have God's Sabbath free. Our boys will have no trouble if they are gentlemen and willing to do their part. But if they are human as I am, they will have a struggle to control their worldly ambition and to put first things first and keep them there. There is a tendency to reason with yourself when the temptation comes to break the Sabbath that 'it is all contributing to the care of the sick,' etc. They will be told that by their superior officers. I was. In such a trying moment it will not pay to use the 'head.' The only safe course is to allow conscience to tell where to draw the line and then follow its guidance. Mine does not allow me to go very far without drawing this line—others might go farther—but mine is all for which I have to answer."

So reads a letter from a soldier lad who was called out of school to serve his country. As you who are in uniform meet temptation in its varied guises, remember that One who "was in all points tempted like as we are" and who overcame, stands ready to keep you in every trying hour.