

The Youth's Instructor

So This Is COLLEGE!

By Lorena Hymes

BECKY stood looking out of the window, absently watching the autumn rain pour down upon the fallen leaves. Oblivious to all the noises of a busy college dormitory, she silently traced a maple leaf on the steamy windowpane.

Life was so complicated. For instance, take that girl coming down the walk, umbrella in hand, gaily humming a little tune. The town bus stopped at the corner. The girl shut her umbrella quickly and ran to catch the bus. Just as she reached it, the bus began to move. She was too late. With a crestfallen look on her face the girl retraced her steps to the dormitory.

Life is like that, Becky reflected. You hope for something; you plan and struggle toward one end; then suddenly your dream castle topples, your plans are smashed, and in a single moment the joy of anticipation turns into utter disillusionment.

So many hopes that die. Why is life like that? So much of pain and suffering, so many of the sorrowful, ugly, sad things. Why does there seem to be so little gladness, so short a time for the beautiful, happy things? Becky closed the window and turned her back upon the dreary out-of-doors. Despondently she flopped across the neatly made bed. Rebecca was lonesome—unutterably lonesome and homesick.

Here at college she felt a bit out of place. At home she had not been at ease with her high-school companions, because she had not cared to lower her standards far enough to have a really "good time" with the school crowd. She was sociably minded, though, and had absorbed enough of the worldly attitude so that she did not feel at home with the Christian young people of this college group. It troubled her to be left out. Becky found herself in a most uncomfortable position. It seemed that she had one foot on either side of the fence and that she belonged to neither side.

Becky compared her own reactions to college to the girl's disappointment when she missed her bus. For years she had longed to have a part in dormitory life. With envious eyes she had watched her Seventh-day Adventist friends leave for academy or college, and it had seemed too good to be true that at last she herself would have a chance to go away to school. Had she not worked hard all through the long, hot summer to earn a part of her expenses?

Had she not carefully planned her wardrobe and her room furnishings? With what a thrill of delight she had started on this new venture! Here at last was her chance to be "on her own." Rebecca Lane would prove her mettle!

But where were all the glamour and excitement that she had expected? This was not what she had dreamed college would be. Where was the fulfillment of all her eager desires? Everything was disappointing, the college itself and all that was included in it. Certainly the outside appearance was not what Becky had expected it to be. There was the new women's dormitory, to be sure, but it only made the other buildings look more ancient in comparison. The campus, too, came far short of the catalogue description of it. (Turn to page 3)



Becky Decided That She Could Really Enjoy
Herself and Make Her College Experience
Count for Something

Let's Talk It Over

I LOATHE office routine," sighed an unhappy stenographer who had on the spur of the moment enlisted in the United States Navy and been ordered to report for duty at one of the huge Government offices in Washington, D. C. The trim uniform she wore had lost its glamour, and she wished she "might never have to take any more dictation or write another letter" for the rest of her life. "But I suppose I'll have to stick it out for the duration," she acknowledged, adding, "even though I'm the most miserable person in forty-eight States and the routine is deadly, unending monotony."

"I abominate housekeeping," groaned the discontented housewife when a friend complimented her on her comfortable, attractive home, successful husband, and fine almost-grown-up family. "I'd be perfectly happy, I think, if I never had to sweep and dust another room, cook another meal, wash another dish, iron another shirt, or mend another sock! The routine simply gets me down. There's nothing inspiring about it."

"I'm tired to death of setting type. It's just like a treadmill—gets you nowhere. Been doing it for twenty years and I know! If I had the prerequisite education—and the money—I'd take the medical course, or the dental course, or *something*! I'd get out of this grind and really enjoy living."

"I always have a lunch all ready for short-order serving when John comes in," said the doctor's wife as she hurried about her fragrant, homey kitchen. "People who aren't actually *in* it don't realize the strenuousness of the steady grind of this doctoring business. The only thing you can count on for sure is that not a moment of John's time is his own. More often than not he is out all hours of the night. And, of course, office hours take all his spare time during the day loaded to the hilt with patient calls and hospital responsibilities. I've been urging—yes, insisting—that he drop his work on the Lake-wood staff, but with the present doctor shortage he feels that he can't be what he calls 'a slacker'; so I suppose we'll both keep on going till he drops in his tracks."

The plate of crisp sandwiches Mrs. Doctor had been making was ready to be slipped into the refrigerator. As she closed the door she laughed: "You know, John frequently threatens to retire from doctoring and get himself a nice, quiet, stay-home-at-night job in a printing office! He has always had a yen to run a linotype and explore the

mysteries of putting a paper together and to press. At least it would be a change from this unending *grind*."

The telephone rang. My dentist's office assistant was on the wire. The doctor would do his best to work me in for an emergency appointment if I could come promptly at six-fifteen. As I took my seat in the operating chair, I apologized for delaying such a busy man's dinner. He gave a rueful chuckle and said: "We're so rushed these days that I seldom even think of closing before nine o'clock." Evening hours, he went on to explain, had become a necessity with so many war workers demanding attention after their day's work was done. So he ate "on the run," as it were, and kept right on going. "But the routine of one appointment after another, day after day, week after week, has me about 'on the ragged edge' and I think I'll retire and buy for myself a farm, he sighed. At least farmers have time to eat! And they don't plow *every* day!"

And so forth and so on! It is surprising how many people are "sick and tired of" or "on the point of rebellion against" routine. They feel aggrieved and discriminated against. If they could only escape into some realm of living where one could do exactly what he feels like doing just when he feels like doing it, that would be the ultimate of happiness. But, alas, there is no such place. The "monotonous routine" which makes life a burden for these malcontents is really a vital part of living itself.

FOR instance: Your heart beats regularly every second, minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year. If it even took so much as a legitimate brief vacation—where would you be? And the same is true of all the functions of the body. Over and over again they do the same thing in the same way.

We get up in the morning, wash our face, dress, comb our hair, take breakfast, dinner, and supper, then undress, go to bed, sleep, and at the same time the next morning get up and do the same thing all over again, day after day. Suppose your legs should say: "We're tired and sick of swinging along in these same old ball and socket joints and bending in the same place every day," and decide to vary the routine and carry you sideways only instead of straight forward! Or that your hands and arms should say:

"We're going to have a change. We've been grasping the comb and reaching up in the same way to arrange this same old hair every day for twenty years! Now we'll move backward only." Of course it is fanciful, but—just suppose!

Consider the natural world. The very foundation of God's universe is order and system. Constantly, ceaselessly, and without haste or delay the solar system functions, each planet turns on its axis, and each moves in its own respective orbit. Sun, moon, and stars appear regularly and follow the exact routine outlined by their all-wise Creator. The seasons come and go without variation. What if Jupiter tired of the monotony of turning the same way and following the same sky path over and over again, and went off on a tangent? The whole universe would be thrown out of gear and into chaos, for each unit is interdependent. Or suppose the sun should decide to try a new path of its own choosing and mayhap collide with our little world en route—just suppose!

A PROOFREADER said to me the other day—and for routine and sameness proofreading is a job than which there is no whither—"My task may seem very humble and monotonous to some, but to me every piece of copy that passes through my hands presents a real thrill and a real challenge. I must do my best to make it perfect; to send it out so that it will appear in the periodicals or books which are printed by the Review and Herald Publishing Association in such a way as will be properly representative of the high standards and ideals held by Seventh-day Adventists and a credit to us. The general public does not know that I exist, but I know that I am working for God day after day and that I am having a part in sending forth the third angel's message to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. That brings me untold satisfaction."

And I thought to myself as I walked away from her desk with a real lift of spirit: What a difference between a bird's-eye view and a worm's-eye view of life and its routine duties! And how vitally one's state of mind affects one's happiness. Really, how can any task become an intolerable burden if we realize that we are serving our fellow men, and that we are "workers together with God"? Is that not the secret of happiness?

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

And the studies—people expected so much of a freshman. The professors seemed to have forgotten their own school days, so interested were they in piling up work for the new students, whom they expected to know just how to fulfill their assignments.

Lynn timer, Becky's roommate, did not share her troubled feelings, for Lynn timer naturally liked to study and was inclined to be practical, steady, and altogether dependable. Lynn timer had adjusted herself to the new routine and seemed to be making the most of her opportunities. Moreover, as a good Christian, Lynn timer could not see things from Rebecca's slightly worldly point of view. Becky, temperamental and impetuous, felt very much alone. Why in the world had she chosen to start upon this four-year grind?

Suddenly the insistent ringing of the worship bell broke into the girl's turbulent thoughts. The sound greatly irritated her for some reason and a surge of rebellion welled up in her heart. It seemed that every activity of the students' very lives was regulated by bells. Like puppets they were being pulled about on a stage—they were tied by strings to powers over which they had no control.

Becky hastily yanked a comb through her dusky hair, splattered her face with cold water, and marched downstairs with all the grim determination of a soldier going forth to battle. What if she *was* late? A person should be allowed *some* leeway.

As she neared the worship room,

however, she paused a moment on the stairs. Softly and clearly through the open doorway came the girls' voices blended in the strains of "The Larger Prayer." It was one of her favorite hymns. Still standing on the stairs, the girl reflected that never before had she had the opportunity to hear so much good music as during her few weeks on this campus. It was the one feature of college life that she fully appreciated. The wealth of musical talent in the faculty and student body was a constant delight when all the rest of the world seemed black.

Something within her softened. It was in a subdued mood that Rebecca Lane walked quietly to her seat. The music had stirred her and brought a comfort and relief that nothing else could have given her. During that worship period she received a new conception of college life. With a feeling of gratitude in her heart for the opportunities that lay within her grasp, she determined to make the best of her opportunities here. The song to which she had listened had made a lasting impression; it had freed her from that awful feeling of suffocation. Almost immediately college began to take on a new and almost pleasing aspect.

The next morning in chapel Becky slipped into her assigned place just a moment before the faculty took their seats on the platform. After the opening song she was surprised to find a note in her lap from the girl who sat next to her. Rebecca was surprised, because she did not know much about her neighbor, except that the girl, whose name was April, was a "reader" in the English department and had charge of correcting freshman composition themes. Then, too, since April had worked on a newspaper—something Becky had always longed to do—she had the freshman's admiration and respect.

Picking up the note, Becky read as written in April's inimitable style: "I perceive we have something in common. Would you care to take a walk with me? I just read Theme VI."

Theme VI? Oh, of course, it was the informal essay in which Becky had quite completely revealed herself.

It did not take long for her to answer the welcome invitation. Here was one who, unlike most of the girls, shared her love of hiking and the open road. Somehow, through that whole day, the dark-haired freshman maintained a happy, lively attitude and discovered that college was not such a bad place after all. It all depends on the person, she reflected, and the angle from which he looks at things. Becky began to think that

maybe she could really enjoy herself here and make her college experience count for something.

That afternoon as Rebecca and her new-found friend left the college behind and started along a country road they found that they had all sorts of common interests. A gentle rain was falling and the air was cool and crisp. A mutual fondness for walking in the rain drew the two girls closer together, and before the supper bell sounded they had become fast friends.

During the weeks which followed, Becky came to know April as one who shared her tastes in many things. She had always longed for such a friend and was delighted with the discovery. Their literary tastes and ambitions were only one of the ties which bound the girls to each other. There were long hikes together in the hills and fields near the college; April knew all the fascinating trails for miles around. And since she lived outside the dormitory, there were cozy little suppers with cocoa and toasted sandwiches in her room. Oftentimes Becky took her books over to the English room where April corrected papers. There in the "literary atmosphere," either alone or with friends, the girls exchanged ideas and bits of philosophy.

Through April, Rebecca learned to know and to like some of the older students who had been only names to her, and she thoroughly enjoyed her association with these new friends. Meanwhile as she adjusted herself to the routine of college life, she also began to enter into the spirit of the new venture. The girls were the friendliest with whom she had ever come in contact. Then, too, through library work, she became acquainted with almost everyone in the college. It was after all a very friendly place. Even the old buildings were no longer a source of discontent. The "lived-in" atmosphere of the halls and classrooms formed a most suitable background for future memories.

It seemed good to Becky to go home for Thanksgiving vacation; she had looked forward to that three-hundred-mile trip with great excitement. It was delightful to be with her parents and younger sister for a few days; it was good to see her old friends. But the group with whom Becky had been the most friendly had broken up and the members had scattered. Some were working, some were away at college, and some were in business school. There seemed to be a widening breach between Becky and the old acquaintances.

At the end of vacation she was surprised to find herself actually eager to return to college. When the dormitory lights finally came into view they seemed to Becky to be rays of welcome, shining out into the night. She breathed a sigh of contentment and said to herself, It was good to be home, but this is the place where I belong until I have completed my training for service in the Master's vineyard.

Our Adventist Youth

By WELDON TAYLOR HAMMOND

The most beautiful sight I have seen of late
Appeared in our church on a recent date,
When four Christian maidens, comely and sweet,
With heaven-born courage rose to their feet.
In heartfelt expression each told of her aim
To live for the Saviour and honor His name.
And there I envisioned the "Champions of Truth"
Who will finish God's work—our Adventist youth!

O think of the many young people we see
Whose only intention on earth seems to be
To mingle with worldlings in frolic and fun
While eternal issues they pointedly shun.
How different the purpose of these maidens fair
Whose thoughts are of Jesus, of heaven, and prayer.
Praise God for the glorious triumphs of truth
Revealed in the lives of our Adventist youth!

My sincere conviction I've often expressed:
"Our Adventist youth are the 'best' of the best!"
And these Christian maidens are types, I am sure,
Of thousands of others whose faith will ensure.
Tracts may be scattered, bound books may be sold,
And wonderful sermons the message unfold,
But there's nothing more potent to herald the truth
Than the image of Christ in Our Adventist youth!

WALLS

By Winea Simpson, M. D.

BEHOLD, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands; thy walls are continually before Me." Isa. 49:16.

Walls! Walls! Walls! Is there anyone who has not been impeded in his progress by walls? Life is circumscribed by obstacles, perplexities, and human extremities and frailties. But it is comforting to know that God continually keeps in mind our shortcomings, the things which circumscribe us.

If God remembers our walls, we should not worry about the future. Let us read together a word picture from the sixteenth chapter of Mark's Gospel: "Very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great." Peter and John probably were resting late that important Sunday morning. They had been through a harrowing experience. Of all places, the tomb where their beloved Master had been laid to rest was not a desirable place for them to be found just at the moment, much as they longed to be there. Was not a squad of soldiers keeping watch there, perhaps just for them? But note these women. Their love and devotion overcame their fear. Women have never changed in all the centuries. When dominated by love they dare the dangerous, the impossible. As they walk along the road toward Calvary and Joseph's "new tomb," one suggests, "How about that big stone door?"

"Surely Peter and John or some of the other disciples will be there to roll away the stone for us," hopes Salome, anxiously.

"If they are not we shall manage somehow," Mary Magdalene assures her companions. "At any rate we cannot roll the stone away until we get there."

And when they reached the grave site, lo, the stone had already been pushed aside, as obstacles to the approach to uncalculating, loving service always are.

We often perplex ourselves unnecessarily. How shall we ever encompass the multitude of duties that seem to be our "work"? How shall we relate ourselves to sickness or other handicaps that beset us? How shall we discharge our responsibilities? We do not know. We cannot see the way. But, looking

to Him who is infinitely wise, we shall be lightened. He will direct our steps. We may be baffled by the problems which we have no means of solving, but let us go calmly on our way, trusting the all-wise Father. And when we come face to face with our difficulty, we may perhaps find that the stone has been rolled away. Let us leave the future with Him to whom all is one eternal "now." Let us commit the distant in space and in time to Him to whom belongeth alike the far and the near. There is no stone so great that He cannot roll it away, none that He will suffer to hinder or delay the execution of His own purposes.

God does not open paths for us nor remove walls or obstacles in advance of our coming. He does not promise help before help is needed. Step by step He leads us day by day. Yet when we are on the edge of our need God's hand is stretched out to succor. Many of us forget this and are forever worrying about difficulties which we foresee or think we foresee in the future. "Worry is interest paid on trouble before it is due, and often on that which never happens."

As we face a wall we must exercise faith in God. You will recall the experience of the children of Israel at the Jordan. They had to manifest faith by stepping into the water and then it rolled back on either side and they passed through on dry ground. As Annie Johnson Flint has so beautifully expressed it:

"When thou passest through the waters"—
Deep the waves may be and cold,
But Jehovah is our refuge
And His promise is our hold;
For the Lord Himself hath said it,
He, the faithful God and true:
'When thou comest to the waters,
Thou shalt not go down, but through.'

"Seas of sorrow, seas of trial,
Bitterest anguish, fiercest pain,
Rolling surges of temptation,
Sweeping over heart and brain—
They shall never overflow us,
For we know His word is true;
All His waves and all His billows
He will lead us safely through."



"Threatening breakers of destruction,
Doubt's insidious undertow,
Shall not sink us, shall not drag us
Out to ocean depths of woe;
For His promise shall sustain us—
Praise the Lord, whose word is true!
We shall not go down nor under;
He hath said, 'Thou passest through.'"

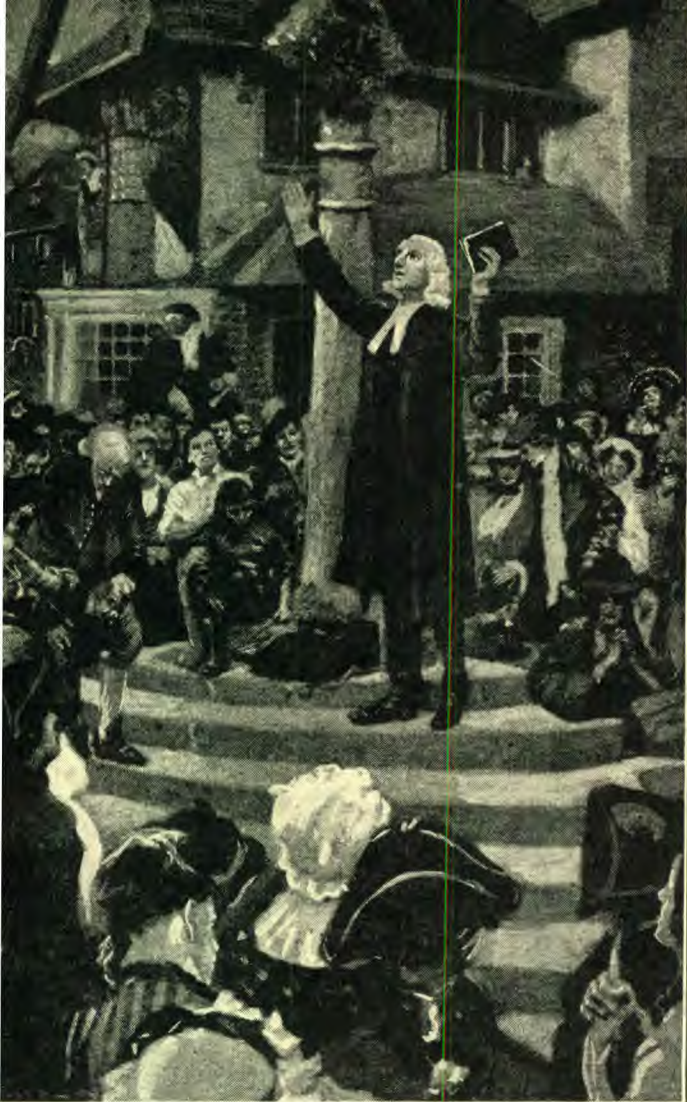
The prophet Ezekiel met high walls in his experience, but he met them with faith and prayed his way through. He records the experience in these words: "Then said He unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door."

John Wesley once put this query to his brother Charles, "If the Lord should ask you to jump through a stone wall, what would you do?" Charles replied, "I would jump, and leave it with the Lord to see me through." If there are seemingly impossible things which we know God wants us to do, we should step forward in faith; and as we thus co-operate with divinity, God will make a door in our wall. The only way to meet the walls of life is to face them squarely on our knees and with a desire to do only that which is good in the sight of God. God hears such prayers and brings help.

God does not always see best to remove every wall that circumscribes our lives. Sometimes He sees that it is best for us to stay for a while within walls. He allows many of His children to enter into the darkened rooms of affliction, and when they come forth again there is more of the beauty of Christ in their lives. The life that is free from trial may be easiest, but it is surely not the most blessed. The crown is not given to the untried.

"In the full light of day, and in hearing of the music of other voices, the caged bird will not sing the song that his master seeks to teach him. He learns a snatch of this, a trill of that, but never a separate and entire melody. But the master covers the cage and places it where the bird will listen to the one song he is to sing. In the dark he tries and tries again to sing that song until it is learned, and he breaks forth in perfect melody. Then the bird is brought forth, and ever after he can sing that song in the light. Thus God deals with His children. He has a song to teach us, and when we have learned it amid the shadows of affliction, we may sing it ever afterward."

Every hard duty that lies in your path has a blessing in it. Not to do it at whatever cost is to miss the blessing. Every hard piece of road on which you see the Master's footprints, and along which He bids you follow Him, surely leads to a blessing which you cannot receive if you seek the easy ways of life. Every heavy load that you are called upon to lift hides in itself some strange secret of strength. "Our walls are continually before Him." He knows our frailty. He remembers that we are dust.



W. HATHERELL, ARTIST

The Great Evangelist John Wesley Preaching in a Market Place

John Wesley

By JOHN BISCHOFF

It was not enough that she should bear nineteen children within twenty-one years (nine died in infancy), but, in addition to household duties, the responsibilities connected with the education of the children were hers, and in this art she excelled.

John Wesley's mother was a deep thinker and well read. She had "set out in life with a determination to think and judge for herself and not to be influenced by custom in matters of

importance, unless custom appeared to be founded in reason and truth." She strove to implant this principle in her children.

Mrs. Wesley took "every opportunity to impress a serious sense of religion on the minds of her children." The Lord's prayer was the first thing each little one learned once he could speak.

It was her custom to hold a weekly conference with each child and to record in her private papers some incidents therefrom. That there was a special bond between her and Jackie, the name she used when referring to John, is evidenced by this entry made in her diary, "I do not intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been." An incident in the early life of John Wesley had undoubtedly occasioned this entry. One night the rectory caught on fire and the whole family had escaped except John. When almost all hope was abandoned for his safety he appeared at a second-story window. Some neighbors, doing a little quick thinking, formed a human ladder, and he was rescued just a moment before the roof fell through. Influenced by this incident John Wesley refers to himself as a "brand plucked from the burning."

An index to the character of Mrs. Wesley may be gained from a rule she

gave John on one occasion when the peace of his mind had been disturbed: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things: in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind; that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

With the early teachings of his mother forming a religious foundation, John Wesley, at the tender age of ten, "stepped into the competitions and tumult of a great public school," the Charterhouse. Here he displayed "the characteristics of an ideal student—quick, tireless, methodical, frugal of time and sober of spirit." During his stay of six years at Charterhouse, John Wesley developed a strong, tough physique, as well as "courage, hardihood, and self-reliance."

In 1720 he began his life at Oxford, on a scholarship received from Charterhouse. Soon after receiving his bachelor's degree he was elected "Fellow of Lincoln" at Oxford and was confronted with the choice of a field for his life-work. It was his privilege to choose either law, medicine, or the ministry. Fetchett says, "On the whole, the church was, for him, inevitable. The forces of heredity, the whole pressure of his training, and certain qualities of natural temperament carried him in that direction."

Upon acquiring his master's degree in 1727, John Wesley returned to his father's parish for two years and assisted him in his work.

The year 1729 found him back at Oxford. Soon he was associating with a group who were decisively referred to as "Methodists." This epithet was affixed to those who practiced a regular method of arranging their studies and other employments. Lipsky writes, "Besides performing their college work with a regularity offensive to the majority of the Oxford scholars, the members of the club attended all the church rites and services, read the Bible assiduously, prayed in private, visited prisoners, the sick and the poor, and fasted every Wednesday and Friday."

But with all the piety that John Wesley practiced during his youth, he was not satisfied with his religious life. In 1735 he embarked as a missionary to the New World. He wrote, "My chief motive is the hope of saving my own soul. Later, (*Turn to page 12*)

GOD always has direct control over His work and the work of His people. To the human mind there may come times when this control does not manifest itself, but nevertheless, God is, as He has always been, the Master."

Historians record that in England during the early part of the eighteenth century Christianity was moribund, skepticism prevailed, and religion was valued as a means of keeping the lower classes in order. In private circles the correct tone was one of witty cynicism. Publicly people were very careful to exhibit their allegiance to the church. Surrounded by this unwholesome atmosphere, there were, however, those who tenaciously clung to the precious teachings of our Lord and Master. "Rising from the bosom of one such family, which had long been venerable for Christian knowledge and piety," stood John Wesley.

Born in Epworth on June 28, 1703, John Wesley, whose life almost spanned the eighteenth century, to March 2, 1791, was the fifteenth child and second son of Samuel and Susanna Wesley.

His father has been referred to as a man of great courage and wonderful diligence in his study of the Bible, but it was to his mother that John owed most of his outstanding traits of character.

THIRTEENTH Sabbath came while we were at Paruima, and naturally we were curious to see just how they would carry on in this mission Sabbath school. What a crowd gathered that day—270 persons by actual count, of which sixty-seven were children below the age of twelve. We stepped inside and took our seats up front. Mrs. Brooks was at the folding organ playing the chords of the opening hymn, "O Day of Rest and Gladness," and our voices united with those of the Indians in praising God for this beautiful day, which He has made to be remembered. Pastor Sutton led us to the throne of grace in earnest prayer. The secretary's report was read by the Sabbath school secretary, Brother Joshua, most of it being in the Akawaio dialect. He stated that on the previous Sabbath 136 members were in attendance and the offering was \$3.09. Following the reading of the report, this same young man had the lesson review, which was also carried on in the native tongue, as were most of the exercises. A fine-looking young Indian by the name of Ramon, who formerly lived over on the Venezuelan side, and who speaks some Spanish, taught the lesson from the Akawaio book of lessons.

A young black girl, whom we knew only by the name of "Angie" and who worked in the Brooks home, had charge of the children. As the church building was too crowded, they were out of doors, and that is where I found them—a bright-looking group of youngsters among whom were still quite raw heathen, having only the little red loin string for covering.

We listened while several of the older children repeated the memory verses for the whole quarter; and although I could not understand their language, it appeared to me that they did fully as well as any of our children in other lands. Then came the special song by four boys, assisted by Angie. They sang, "I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?" My heart responded to that appeal as these children of the forest sang from the depths of their hearts the great desire of Christian men and women everywhere.

The Brooks daughter repeated a bit of verse for us, and then we had another special song, this time by five girls. While the offering was being taken the whole group of children sang, "Hear the Pennies Dropping," and the people brought their offerings, not all of it in pennies. Some brought large round cavassa bread; others brought plantains and such fruits of the field. The money offering amounted to \$12.08, which was increased to \$13.73 by the addition of the value of edibles contributed. A liberal offering on the thirteenth Sabbath from a poor people back in the bush! To close the Sabbath school we sang that grand old song, "Face to Face With Christ My



WATER TRAILWAYS

By WESLEY
AMUNDSEN

PART FIVE

to the Davis Indians

Saviour," and with a word of prayer were dismissed. We had seen the Sabbath school in action out in the jungle, and it was carried on just as it is in other places, with a few adaptations in order to fit it into the mission setting.

The afterservice will also be long remembered by at least one visitor, for God came down upon us that day at the Paruima Mission. As I spoke to these simple folk about the power of God and looked into their upturned faces, I, too, could feel that power stirring in our midst. At the close of the preaching service thirty people came forward from the congregation and gave their hearts to God. They joined the baptismal class, in which they will remain one to two years before being eligible for baptism.

In the afternoon of that same day

Pastor Sutton baptized twenty-four candidates in the waters of the Kama-rong River. It was a beautiful scene, as the sun was just setting behind the tall trees which formed our horizon in the west. The golden-red colors of the sky were beautifully reflected in the smooth waters. Two deacons—men who had just been ordained that same afternoon—were there upon the bank of the river to assist the candidates into and out of the water. These deacons are the very first to be ordained from among the Davis Indians.

And so ended the Sabbath, our first and last at this mission. What a blessed day it had been to all of us. On the morrow we must set our faces toward the outer world once more, leaving behind us these old and new believers in the faith.

And so the day came for our leaving. Our baggage was all packed. Mrs. Brooks added some of the luxuries of the mission garden to our supplies, and the whole mission family came out to say good-by, some to accompany us to the portage on the mission side of the rapids. Yes, Beulah and Virginia were there with us, too, and I believe I saw a few tears in their eyes as we bade them good-by. Especially shall I remember Beulah with gratitude, for



PHOTOS BY AUTHOR

Above: Christianity and Mission Influences Have Made a Great Change in These Akawaio Indians. Chief Chambers Stands in the Center and Leslie and James Stand on Either Side
Left: Indian Children at Sabbath School, Paru-ima Mission

she picked six of those mean little insects called chiggers out of my feet and toes.

Perhaps I should explain a bit about this. The chigger is a minute insect which lives in sandy places. Its method of attack is to bore a small hole through the epidermis, into which it tucks itself and proceeds to deposit eggs for hatching. While this is in process, an itching of the area indicates the presence of the parasite and calls for immediate action. To extract the chigger and the egg sac without breaking either calls for some skill. But Beulah was adept at this matter of minor surgery. With a common needle she carefully loosened the skin around the egg sac, and then with a dexterous flip she extracted the egg sac, complete with inhabitants and all. The next treatment in order was that of painting iodine into the wound. These chigger wounds, unless carefully attended to, often develop into ulcers. So you can see why I had a special regard for this copper-skinned girl.

I can still see that little handful of people standing there on the banks of the Kamarong River as Pastor Sutton and I, with seven Indians, slipped down the stream away toward home. Ten days more and we would be in Georgetown, and those ten days were to be hard ones, we knew. It may sound intriguing to read about canoeing out on a river, shooting the rapids, and dodging under overturned trees, which filled the creeks and rivers; but to sit in one of those dugouts for ten or twelve hours a day, wielding a paddle, in order to help make speed, with the broiling sun scorching your body, and the narrow confines of the seat making it difficult to change position in the least—that is not so pleasant.

We made good progress, reaching the Membaru Creek and "mountain foot" landing without incident. Then came the three days' trail across the mountains again. We somehow dreaded this part of the return trip. However, there was nothing to do but to press on. We knew well what was before us and just how long was the distance to be covered each day. By now the dry season had set in, and that meant that the ground would be less wet and the roots not quite so slippery. I well recall what Mrs. Brooks said to me back there at the mission station as she helped me care for the strained muscles of my feet and ankles: "I traveled over that trail a year or so ago in the rainy season and it was terrible. I thought that I would never be able to take another step, so lame did my feet become. At one place I became so discouraged

I just sat down and cried." And I answered, "Mrs. Brooks, I almost sat down and cried, too!" It was tough, and that is putting it mildly. A man who has traveled extensively in other lands, including Africa, stated that he had never seen any trails anywhere that equaled this mountain trail in the bush country of British Guiana.

But we made it all right. No doubt we were more seasoned than when we went in, having walked long distances and in addition having paddled in canoes over waterways for more than four hundred miles. I lost some fourteen pounds and Pastor Sutton fell off also. But we were in better trim actually than when we started. Another remarkable thing about it all was that we partook of no flesh foods during our entire trip of thirty-nine days from Georgetown through the interior and back to Georgetown.

When we arrived at Kurupung, Manuel, one of our Indian carriers, developed a terrible toothache. I took him to a dispensary, which was operated by the government for the "pork knockers" of the diamond fields and which was under the charge of a black man from Georgetown. The only thing to do was to extract the offending member, but as I watched the dispenser probe around and first of all set his forceps on the wrong tooth, I thought I had better take things into my own hands. I managed to do this in a tactful way, and without the use of anesthetics we pulled the molar. It was badly decayed below the gum, which, no doubt, accounted for the trouble. Manuel felt better the next day, and we were happy that we could send him on his way back to the mission knowing that he would not suffer during the trip.

We were also able to do some medical missionary work for one of the constabulary police at Kuru-

pung. The man had a large running ulcer on his leg. So painful was it that he could hardly place his foot on the floor. We recommended hot-and-cold water treatment, but when we made the first application, immersing the foot and leg in hot water, it was really amusing. These people are not accustomed to using hot water on their bodies, and although the water was finally cooled to a degree almost below the point where it would be effective, we had difficulty in keeping his foot in it. I placed my hand way down to the very bottom of the container and held it there some minutes in an endeavor to show him that it was not too hot. Then he stuck his toes cautiously into the water and with a grimace pulled his foot out. Then with the perspiration standing out on his forehead he said, "Ooooh! Oooh! Ah can never stan' dat." Nevertheless, we managed to encourage him to continue in his attempts. We remained here for three days, waiting for the river boat which was to carry us to Isano, and our labors of mercy were rewarded by seeing the policeman walk firmly on both feet before we left. He was extremely grateful to us for this ministry. We left papers and tracts with the men at this outpost with the hope that they, too, might find Jesus a Saviour from sin.

Before we left the bush country, some of the smaller insects of the land made one more savage attack upon my person. There is a species of small amber-colored ants which, while they look harmless enough, carry a powerful venom. Just when they made their attack I do not know, but when I climbed into my hammock and tried to sleep I felt an itching around my middle and down my thighs. I could obtain no relief, and the more I rubbed these spots the more they itched, until I felt that I was on fire in a hundred different tiny areas. So with flashlight in hand I clambered out of the hammock again and found the iodine bottle. With swab and iodine I carefully treated every individual welt—some of which were the size of peas—which had risen on my body. For a while the iodine effect soothed the irritations, but not for long. Soon I was up again with swab and (Turn to page 13)



Lloyd, an Akawaio Indian Lad, Who Just a Few Years Ago Was a Naked Savage Running in the Bush



A Group Gathered for a Baptismal Service, Paruima Mission

The Crown Organ

By ROGER ALTMAN

SOME people say they wish they could live their lives over again. Personally, I would not want to risk it; and if you knew what I know, you would not advise me to. I am not planning to tell very much—just a few incidents of what may be called the era of the Crown organ.

When I was a small boy we lived in Birkenhead, England. One day we went across the river to Liverpool to buy an organ. I remember the sales-room yet—an unlimited expanse of glistening white and black keys, the captivating smell of polish. The salesman was a paragon. He could play everything in the whole establishment—grand piano, upright piano, harmonium, or organ. We bought a Crown organ. It was a magnificent cathedral-like structure, with spires, mirror, carved gingerbread, shelves for statuettes, and a sloping bench. Long rays of gold streamed out from one gold crown inside the capital C and from another inside the capital O. Then there were the stops that hissed softly when you pulled them out, and went “plunk” when you poked them in. I used to wonder what “melodia” and “diapason” meant. I still do. But I do not think I shall look them up in the dictionary. They might not be as romantic as I thought they must be when first I spelled them out, black old English letters on the round white stops of the Crown organ.

In either Liverpool or Birkenhead lived the Drews. Mr. Drew was a ship missionary of independent means. While my parents were away, I spent a few days in their home, where there were two children nearly grown. Of the girl I remember only that her name was Theodosia, but the mother was a dear woman who knew how to win the heart of a little boy. We did the baking together—I helping to count the seconds, so that the scones would not burn, and later helped to eat them, so they would not be wasted. Then there was Miss Yersin. Just what was her connection with the Drew household is a little vague in my mind now, but she was indubitably and indomitably a part of it. Governess by profession, she beheld in me an abyss of ignorance which could not be overlooked. I must learn French and, above all, good manners, Continental style preferred. All she succeeded in doing was to terrify me. I quaked in her presence. Once, in a spasm of nervous agony, I put out my tongue at her. There were horrified remarks, delivered in a rising key, and there my mind becomes blank. I remember no

more of Miss Yersin, but I cannot forget Mrs. Drew and the scones.

About this time a young Bible instructor connected with father's company read me the first vision of Mrs. E. G. White. The vivid description of the second advent made an impression on my young mind which has never faded. The question of visions and dreams worried me for a time. One night I could not sleep, fearing that I might be singled out for a heavenly visitation. I called father to my little attic room and shyly confessed the cause of my agitation. The thought must have seemed strange to him, but he betrayed only kindness and sympathy, explaining the qualifications for receiving visions and the joy with which they would be received by the favored one. Then he left me and I fell asleep. Many times since then I have longed for that childlike simplicity of faith which brings the vision near.

We used to visit an invalid on Sabbath afternoons who was entirely helpless. Her daughter cared for her. Her husband was a florist. I did not like to stay in the sickroom, but enjoyed poking about the greenhouse among the pansies, sniffing up that warm, sweet, earthy fragrance that has no substitute. Before we went home there was always singing, and it was always the same two hymns. One was “Happy Day.” Mother would play the little organ in the corner of the cottage parlor, where the invalid lay. The husband would come in, nervously fumbling his calloused hands. The daughter would stand by the bed, pale with watching, worn with incessant labor. But they all sang. After more than forty years I can still hear the chorus ring out: “Happy day, O happy day; come quickly, Lord, my soul doth say, and bring that happy day.”

The other hymn was “Nearer Home.” I did not know it then, but years later, in an hour of gloom, I was to lie on my own uneasy bed and cling to those same words:

“My Father's house of light,
Home of the soul, how near!
At times, to faith's discerning eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
Ah, then, my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
That blest inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.”

They made an impression then, and I never forgot them. They are “good words, and comfortable words.”

In the province of Natal, South Africa, is a town named Dundee. We lived there for a number of months.

Our house was the last one in town, out where the veld began. There was a peach orchard, but not many peaches. There was a big square concrete bathtub, cold, rough, and forbidding. Father built an outdoor oven in which to bake bread. We would make the fire inside the oven until the bricks were hot, then rake out the fire, slip in the bread, shut the oven tight, and let nature take its course. The oven worked fairly well, except that there was not enough chimney. Father made an extension stovepipe out of newspaper, but it did not last long.

The school I attended in Dundee was a pleasant enough place. There were two flies in the ointment, however—the two sons of the local Presbyterian minister. These scions of the clergy had been taught to dislike Adventists—“those old Advents”—so they instituted a campaign of persecution against me. But I had experienced such things before on the playgrounds of other schools. I knew what it was to leave school early on winter Fridays in order to be home by sundown, and have to make explanations to fellow pupils the following Monday. So the Presbyterian campaign of Dundee was not a novel experience, except that I think it was the first and only time there was such clear evidence that it was being engineered from home, and by a minister at that. “My father's a minister, and he says you old Advents, . . .” etc. “My father got one of your tracts last night. He tore it up and threw it down and said, ‘Those old Advents.’”

About the time for school to close, a spelling contest was announced. I entered. Mother drilled me diligently, and the teacher reviewed us constantly. The Presbyterians were in the contest too, but the “old Advent” won the prize. It was a copy of “The Coral Island,” by R. M. Ballantyne. On the closing day of school I committed a *faux pas*. I appeared in my usual weekday clothes. This gave the Presbyterians opportunity for a parting shot. “Old Advent,” they jeered, resplendent in blue silk shirts, “old Advent, always wears the same clothes.” But I won the spelling prize anyway.

One night father and mother left Stanley and me at home alone while they attended a service. Stanley went to sleep in his crib near the table. I followed suit in my bed across the room. On the table was a cover, its fringe hanging over the edge, and on the cover an oil lamp, which I had left burning. While father was preaching he received an impression that all was not well with us. He closed the service early and hurried home with mother. I was sound asleep, but Stanley had awakened. He was standing up in his crib, yelling as only he knew how to yell, and clutching at the table cover. He had pulled the lamp toward him. A few more tugs and it would have tumbled blazing into the crib. After that, even more than ever, we believed in divine guidance. (Turn to page 13)

Advent Youth in Action

Ingathering for Missions

By R. G. STRICKLAND

THE 1943 Ingathering campaign has reached a new high level in missionary service. Numerous victory experiences are recorded of old and young in many sections of the world field. From Africa comes a story told by J. M. Hnatyshyn, which again shows that God honors those who set out in faith to do His service.

It seems that because of so many war calls and other emergency demands upon the public purse, Helderberg College students dreaded the 1943 Ingathering campaign. They wondered whether this year's goal of 700 pounds (about \$3,500) would be reached. However, with true Christian fortitude and youthful vigor, at the appointed time they completed their Ingathering organization and away they went to do their Master's service.

What a day it was, and how astonished they were! People received them cordially, money came freely for the mere asking. Besides any interest in spiritual things that was discovered, when the funds were counted, they found that their first day's work had brought in more than the whole amount of their goal.

One of the interesting features of their endeavor is found in the efforts put forth by seven young men who worked in a team known to their classmates as "Springboks." (The springbok is a South African gazelle noted for its graceful form and swiftness and for its habit of springing lightly and

suddenly into the air.) It had been customary for a group of carefully selected youth to spend three days touring certain territory, but how could this be done this year? Because stringent gasoline rationing is being enforced in Africa, they could not consider taking a car.

When, at the conclusion of their first field day, all knew that one day's effort had netted, in cash, more than had been gathered in the entire 1942 campaign, spirits soared to what some feared were unreasonable heights. They decided to raise their goal to 1,000 pounds. The "Springboks" would go out and raise the additional 300 pounds.

Without a car, difficulties loomed. How could they ever reach those farmers who had previously contributed? It was finally decided that they would go as far as they could by train, then seek other transportation. "This is the Lord's work," they said. "He has many ways of doing things of which we know nothing." So they set out. But the end of their train journey brought them face to face with their expected difficulty. How were they to reach their field of labor?

There was no help in sight. The hotel owner who was consulted could offer no assistance, only moaning in response to their questions, "This is the end of the world." Finally, the owner of a private automobile offered to take them to their destination for the nominal fee of £4.10.0 (about \$22.50); but because it is unlawful for private conveyances to transport passengers for hire, our law-abiding "Springboks" could not avail themselves of such an offer and were compelled to turn elsewhere.

The young men divided into two groups. One group prayed God that a way would be opened for them to reach their territory, while the other searched. Their prayers and efforts were finally rewarded, and away they went in a properly licensed conveyance. But when they were yet twenty-five miles from the place assigned them to solicit, they had another test of faith. Because he had reached the boundary line, beyond which his license and permit would not allow him to pass, their driver could go no farther. What now? Should they walk the twenty-five miles? Would they not be too

tired to solicit after walking so far? Had they come this long distance for no purpose? They were volunteering time and effort for the good of God's cause, and Heaven came to their aid at this point by providing a rural resident who, without charge, took them to their destination.

Back at the college there was suspense. No one heard from the "Springboks." Many questions plagued their minds. Had the boys been able to get through? Would they find a means by which to reach their prospects? How were they getting on? Why did not some word come back?

Meanwhile, the boys were having their troubles. This kind of soliciting was not like the comfortable way of former times when they could roll up to a man's home in a good car and solicit him with prestige.

Friday came—suspense at the school increased. The Ingatherers surely would return before Sabbath! What story would they tell? How much money had they gathered? Would the school have its second goal? Would the "Springboks" put them over the 1,000-pound mark?

At last the Friday train arrived. Word spread rapidly over the place. The "Springboks" were back! They had the money! Without convenience or conveyance, in the face of difficulties and personal discomfort, in spite of fatigue and distance, they had doubled the excellent "Springbok" record of 1942. Helderberg College now rejoiced in attaining its 1,000-pound 1943 Ingathering goal.

African young people have the spirit of this movement. Helderberg College trains for service in the work of God.

If time and space would permit, stories of Ingathering victories could be told of other schools, some in North America, some elsewhere.

While I am writing let me also tell you about the children of the little church school in Boise, Idaho. The entire church goal was \$1,100, and the children set out to do their part. By singing bands these devoted young enthusiasts raised more than \$500; an excess of \$1,100 was brought in by the school, which, with results from service rendered by adults, had raised church returns to \$2,200, twice the amount of the church goal. Their church school singing bands consisted of only two or three singers and one solicitor. They would go right up to the door of the house whose inmates they were to solicit, sing two stanzas of a hymn, receive their offering, and pass on to the next house. In one night they received in this way \$140. (Turn to page 12)



Three Young Ingathering Solicitors



FRANK. FROM MONKMEYER

Thousands of Music Lovers Enjoy the World's Finest Music in Their Own Homes

Speaking of Records . . .

By MARGUERITE HANNUM

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,"
squeaked a little wax cylinder,
as Thomas A. Edison premiered his
latest invention. Nervous and a bit
excited at being asked to speak for one
of the first records, Edison's assistant
could not think of a thing to say!

"Just repeat a nursery rhyme—don't
waste time; the cylinder is on," Edison
replied.

Now as he listened to it, he had
visions of its perfection and use in
preserving famous voices for posterity.
But he could hardly have foreseen the
wide use to which records are being
put today.

Postmen are delivering cardboard
disks from men in the armed services
to families all over the United States.

"Hello, Mom and Dad, I just thought
I'd tell you how I'm getting along."

The familiar voice of a loved one
far away comes from the old phono-
graph to the ears of the eager group
gathered around it.

"That's Johnnie's voice just as if he
were here in the room," mother ex-
claims with joyful tears in her eyes.
How priceless these records become as
the men leave the country for danger-
ous posts in foreign lands. Because
of George Robert Vincent's desire to

do his part to help in the war effort,
servicemen can go into a private room
in many USO centers and send a mes-
sage to the folks they have left behind
them.

And records are playing their part
on the home front as well as with the
armed forces. Edison himself was the
first to use "canned music" in factories.
He contributed some of his early wax
cylinders to a cigar factory to help
break the monotony of long hours of
toil. Needless to say, the workers ap-
preciated them and the amount of work
done increased. Bethlehem Steel, Con-
solidated Aircraft, Curtiss-Wright, and
many other war plants today are play-
ing recorded music to the workers
around 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. These are
the hours when boredom and fatigue
are greatest, and consequently are the
times when the most accidents occur.
As an example of how music helps
production speed up, fifty-five clerks
in a Minneapolis post office reduced
their mistakes in handling heavy
Christmas mail by thirteen per cent
when they worked to music.

In some factories where riveting and
similar noisy occupations are carried
on, it would seem almost impossible to
hear anything above the din. The se-
cret is to place loud-speakers so that

the music comes through the noise and
seems to make it recede, not add to it.
Then, too, the people and the type of
work they are doing have a great deal
to do with the music that is played for
them. The routine workers rate lively,
popular tunes highest, whereas mental
toilers prefer the classics. One day
the marches that were supposed to be
played for a room of men were acci-
dentally broadcast to the women work-
ers. Gloom immediately spread over
the place, as the marches reminded the
girls of the men who are going off
to war.

Most colleges specializing in speech
work require students of speech to
prepare a talk to give in front of the
class at the beginning of the year. A
recording machine is set up and also a
moving-picture camera. When these
are put together, the student can see
and hear himself as others see and
hear him, and thus correct his faults.

At a Speech Correction Institute a
new student was listening to a play-
back of his voice. "Do you think there
is any hope for me?" he asked deject-
edly when the record was finished.

"Why, certainly," the professor an-
swered. "Let me play a record a
New York senator made a short time
ago."

(Turn to page 12)



A Friendly Neighbor

By LILITH R. BRANDO

FROM earliest childhood I have always loved nature. I cannot remember the time when my mother first started to tell me about trees, flowers, animals, and birds. It must have been when I was only a baby, even before I could talk, that I first learned of nature. Soon thereafter, or so I am told, I was chattering about bugs, trees, and flowers; but more than anything else in nature, I enjoyed the study of birds. One of the first books I remember having was a large bird book filled with colored pictures. The pictures fascinated me. Soon, however, I began to see that the coloring was not altogether perfect, and I asked mother why the pictures were not in the natural colors and why the publisher made the blue jay purple!

My study of birds continued through my growing-up years. I read all the bird books available, and then promptly started to make a bird book of my own. On each page I drew and colored a picture of each bird, then wrote a description of it. When on walks through the woods, I was always looking for birds' nests. I also tried to learn to recognize and imitate the call of each bird. In the winter I fed them.

One morning, when I was about ten years old, I went out on our front porch and discovered Mr. and Mrs. Catbird busily engaged in building a nest in the calycanthus bush at the end of the porch. At first they chattered and scolded; but as the days went by and we did not disturb them, they evidently decided that we were all right, and became quite friendly. It took only a few days for the two birds to build the nest; and when it was completed, it was a veritable conglomeration of rubbish thrown together: small twigs, grapevine bark, small roots, paper, string, and whatever else was handy.

Soon there were five blue eggs in the nest. For about three weeks peace reigned in the catbird home. The father catbird brought food to the mother. He would often perch on the topmost twig of the bush and sing to her. Then one day there were five hungry babies in place of the eggs, and their parents were kept busy from dawn until dark, trying to find enough bugs and worms to fill the ever-open mouths.

Late one evening my mother and I were in the living room, when we heard a terrible commotion in the bush at the end of the porch. The mother and father birds were screeching and screaming at the top of their voices. We rushed out and turned on the porch light to discover the cause for all the excitement. There was Mr. Blacksnake making a meal of the catbird babies. I ran next door to get one of the boys to come and kill the snake. He chased it out of the bush, but it crawled under the porch and got away.

Then we began to look for the catbird babies. Only three were left. The nest was all broken and the parents were gone.

I went into the house and found among my treasures an old robin's nest, which I had found the previous autumn. My mother unearthed a strawberry box and some string. We decided that the safest place for the babies was in the robin's nest high on the porch, where the snake could not get at them again and where the parents could easily find them the next morning. When we had established them in their new home we went to bed.

Early the next morning we were up to see whether the parents had found their new home. Sure enough, Mother Catbird was perched on the edge of the strawberry box with a worm in her mouth, and Father Catbird was just poking a tasty morsel down the throat of one of the babies. They seemed to have forgotten their other two children, or, perhaps, they realized that it was useless to mourn over them when three hungry, very much alive children still clamored to be fed.

Before long we decided that the strawberry box was rather unsafe for the babies, for they were about half grown and were beginning to be very lively during the day. We were afraid they might fall out and be killed. Again we began to search for a safe place in which to place the nest and its occupants. We could not put them back in the bush again, because the snake was likely to return and finish his interrupted meal. Finally, we happened to think of a dis-

carded flower rack; it had shelves and a round place for a flowerpot on the top. We decided that this would be just the thing. We put it on the porch and placed the nest on the round shelf encircled with wires which held it firmly in place.

Again the family was moved. The mother and father birds watched proceedings from a near-by bush and presently came over to investigate. Evidently they decided that the new home was satisfactory; for, after a thorough examination, they left, and soon came back with bugs for the babies.

The days grew hot; and there being no shade, the babies seemed very uncomfortable. There is an old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," and this time she prompted us to find an old umbrella, which was past its usefulness but did very nicely as a sunshade for the birds. The parents looked it and us over quizzically and apparently accepted it as another of our queer ideas. They also decided that it made a very good perch from which to feed the babies. The parent birds grew so tame that mother and I could go in and out the door any time without disturbing them.

Before we realized it the catbird babies were nearly full grown, and the parents were trying to persuade them to attempt to fly. They demonstrated how it was done by flying from the nest to the bush and back time and time again, and coaxed the babies to try it, offering them tempting worms as a reward. The three babies would sit on the edge of the nest and watch, but they refused to venture into the great unknown world.

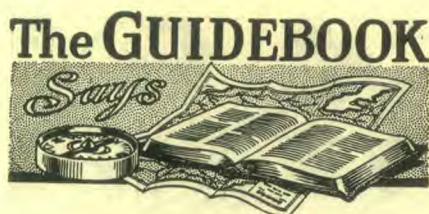
The following day the procedure was repeated. Finally, the parents got two babies out of the nest into the bush, but the third one would not leave the nest until late that afternoon. By this time the parents had taken the others to a snowball bush in the garden. It began to get dark, and baby number three was on the fence down near the ground. We were afraid some cat might harm him; so mother decided to put the contrary little fellow in the snowball bush with the others. Before this, the birds had always let us handle them and had been very tame; but this time when mother touched him, the baby let out a screech which brought the parents flying to his rescue. They saw that he was not being hurt, however, and were satisfied. The next morning all the birds were gone.

About a week later, early one morning mother heard a catbird calling repeatedly. We went to investigate. There, to our surprise, were the parent birds with their three children, all perched in a row on the fence. The parents seemed to tell us that they had taken good care of the young ones and wanted us to see how much they had grown.

This is only one of my several adventures with birds. I regard these little feathered songsters as real friends and plan to continue my study of and acquaintance with them.



Mrs. Catbird at Home



The opening of the judgment has been made known to all the world.

"I saw another angel, . . . saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Rev. 14:6, 7.

In view of the solemnity of this time, "the everlasting gospel" is to be proclaimed anew.

"Having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth." Rev. 14:6.

Every human being will hear this message.

"To every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Rev. 14:6.

All the world is called upon to fear God.

"Fear God, and give glory to Him." Rev. 14:7.

A special reason is given for this call.

"The hour of His judgment is come." Rev. 14:7.

This God whom man is to fear and worship is the Creator.

"Worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Rev. 14:7.

The inhabitants of heaven worship the same God.

"The four and twenty elders fall down before Him . . . saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created." Rev. 4:10, 11.

All must stand before His judgment seat.

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." 2 Cor. 5:10.

God's law is the standard of judgment.

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." James 2:10.

In view of this solemn judgment hour our duty is plain.

"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.

John Wesley

(Continued from page 5)

on his way back from America, he recorded, "I went to America to convert the Indians; but, Oh! who shall convert me?"

During his stay in America, John Wesley became well acquainted with some Moravian missionaries. Just what influence they might have had on him then is not definitely known, but it was through the instrumentality of a Moravian missionary, Peter Bohler, in 1738, after his return from America, that John Wesley experienced a genuine rebirth. It is recorded that "immediately a great change in his preaching became apparent." For twenty-four years he had been in training for his lifework, but in that brief period in which took place his spiritual rebirth, there occurred the most important and most effective part of all his preparation.

He was now thirty-five years of age, and although he had been preaching in the face of discouragement and bitter defeat, he now entered into an experience which "lifted him at a breath, out of doubt into certainty, and transfigured weakness into power." He appeared to be "living in a new spiritual climate;" he had "a real gospel to preach," and he proclaimed it with "new accent of certainty, with a note of victory, a fire of gladness."

John Wesley remained faithful to his stewardship until his death at the age of eighty-eight. He preached his last sermon only a week before he died. Undoubtedly, his travels were without precedent. Over a period of fifty years he covered 225,000 miles and preached over 40,000 sermons.

The effect of his life upon the people of his time was profound. Thompson reports, "Without intention on his part, John Wesley became not only the greatest social reformer of his day, but possibly the greatest in all the history of England." The greatest service that Wesley rendered his country was, in Lecky's opinion, to save her from a cataclysm like the French Revolution. Social conditions were as ripe for one in England as in France. The English clergy "did not preach Christianity but moralism, that is, decency, respectability, temperance, charity." Just as Luther had aroused the Reformation in Germany, Wesley brought about a revival in England. An epidemic of drunkenness raged among the poorer classes when Wesley began preaching. "The moralists were powerless to check the prevailing immorality, drunkenness, and licentiousness. Wesley and Methodism did it. He made his preachers set the example."

A sense of the scientific trend of his mind may be gained from his statement, "We should not sell or derive profit from anything that tends to impair health. Such is all that liquid fire commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders, although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner."

"The drama, indecent speech, luxurious dress, and card playing were attacked as outposts of Satan's advancing legions" by Wesley. "They were hurled back and the so-called 'prudery of the Victorian era' marks the high tide of the successful Methodist campaign." The humanitarian movement which arose about the middle of the eighteenth century is distinctly traceable to the religious revival. Wesley was among the first to speak out against slavery. He denounced it in 1758 and in 1774 published his "Thoughts on Slavery."

There can be no question that John Wesley was a light bearer of Him who commissioned His followers: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He had brought religion up on a new level. Of him it is said, "He was a great master of the art of influencing the behavior of men, of shaping thought, and directing will."

Truly, what wonders a mere man can perform if he places his life entirely in the hands of his Master.

Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 9)

Before going out, each of the children learned a canvass. They went in pairs, the boys on one side of the street, the girls on the other. They canvassed everyone who could be reached, slighting none, civilians and men in uniform alike. According to the solicitors, service folk were especially friendly.

Those who were most successful were young. A little eleven-year-old girl gathered \$267; a ten-year-old lassie brought in \$240; while a fine, energetic boy of twelve solicited over \$230, making a total in excess of \$700 for three church school children. May God bless these faithful young workers and help them to present to Him the fruit of consecrated lives, as well as so many dollars "Ingathered" in season.

In Ingathering what one says is not so important as is the spirit and the way in which he says it. One of the little solicitors used a canvass something like this: "We, the young people, are trying to raise over \$100 for world-wide missions to help the Chinese and others. Wouldn't you like to help?"

In Kearney, Nebraska, a little seven-year-old girl, whose parents are not Adventists, has caught the spirit of missions from the Bible Correspondence School. Up to the middle of July, Doris solicited \$44.05. Her canvass was pointed: "Pardon me, would you please make a gift for missions, and I will give you this paper."

We particularly like Doris' way of canvassing, because by giving the paper she is doing home missionary work, while at the same time she aids foreign missions, and many people will be enlightened regarding what Seventh-day Adventists are doing in all the world.

Young Ingathering workers all over the world have done valiantly this year. God's blessing will surely rest upon their labors. Let us pray that some precious souls will be led to Jesus as a result of the faithful work done.

Forward, youth of the advent movement! Slip into the ranks of service and advance for God.

Speaking of Records . . .

(Continued from page 10)

On one side of the record was heard a man who stuttered so badly that almost none of his words could be understood. On the other side he spoke in unhesitating, oratorical tones. Records are proving to be invaluable aids in helping these students overcome their speech defects.

Records are also being used in other fields of education with increasing success. Music students who cannot hear all the concert performances of their favorite artists, may have great masters and their works at their disposal for study and listening inspiration. Typists begin clicking to slow rhythms that gradually increase until a good speed is acquired. Foreign languages may be learned and a good pronunciation achieved by listening to courses prepared on records made especially for this purpose.

Formerly, blind persons who for any reason could not learn to read Braille were limited to the kindness of their friends in reading aloud to them. Now books are recorded in record albums and may be had at no expense to the blind.

Some doctors are even bringing the phonograph into the operating room. Music helps to soothe and relax patients who are having surgery done by local anesthetic. Other doctors furnish earphones so that the patient can hear music and thus relax muscular tension and aid the surgeon, and yet not hinder the operating-room staff. This same idea is good for wards—patients who wish to hear music may do so by the aid of pillow earphones and those who do not may sleep. The use of sleep-inducing sedatives dropped off a third when lullabies and a similar type of music were played for patients at bedtime.

Nervous and mental cases may be helped and sometimes cured by the use of recorded music. It is jokingly told that bagpipe music, played to help a Scot, killed fifteen Englishmen in the same hospital. In many cases music helps amnesia victims to associate a link of the past with the present. Pulse, respiration, and blood pressure are very definitely affected by music. Records have a distinct advantage over radio in that one can have on hand the selections

particularly suited to one's moods—melancholy, gay, or serious, at any time.

There are several thousand record collectors in the United States. Some of them are general collectors; that is, they collect all varieties of records. Some specialize in orchestra, vocal, or instrumental records, or in records made by a particular artist, or music by certain composers. One of the fascinations of this hobby is that at any time you can summon the voices and works of great artists, many long since dead. Mr. Vincent, who has done so much to help with the USO recording project mentioned earlier in this article, is recognized as having one of the best libraries of voice recordings in the world. Thomas Edison himself started him on this collection. When Vincent was about thirteen years old, one of his friends took him to see Edison, and he told the great inventor of his passion for listening to people's voices. He said he wished that he could hear the great people of history speak.

"I've always wanted to do something like that, too," Edison said, impressed with the boy's sincerity. "Here's a voice-recording set. I'll turn that job over to you."

Vincent has done very well with this work. He has over five thousand recordings of such famous persons as Florence Nightingale, Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, Buffalo Bill, and Rudyard Kipling. There is also a good collection of famous voices safely stored in the Bureau of Archives in Washington, D. C.

Although collecting records on such a large scale is too expensive and impractical a hobby for most of us, there is a great reward in collecting the records we particularly enjoy. It is now possible to purchase at a moderate price albums of the world's greatest symphonies, performed by outstanding orchestras. By listening to the best that is offered, we may greatly increase our appreciation and enjoyment of the better things in life.

Water Trailways to the Davis Indians

(Continued from page 7)

iodine, putting more yellow medicine on the bites. Once more I crawled wearily into my hammock, but not to sleep, only to twist and turn and fight those searing fires which pierced me like red-hot needles. There was nothing to do but get out of the hammock once more and do something more drastic. With a stub of a candle for a fire, I sterilized the tip of a needle and proceeded deliberately and carefully to open every one of the small hillocks of fiery flesh. Into the lacerations I rubbed iodine, until I had treated the whole area in the same way. Back into my hammock I climbed once more, and with the sting of the iodine counteracting the burning of ant venom, I finally fell asleep.

So it is in the jungle. One has to fight against things seen and unseen—the blistering sun of noonday, the treacherous trails, the heavy rains of the wet season, the mosquitoes carrying malaria or yellow fever, and all manner of small insect life which is always on the attack. But someone must go back there with the third angel's message. Others must follow those who have gone on before. As I write these words, plans are being laid for that new school building and for three families of teachers from Trinidad to move in to help the Brooks family carry the load. The Indians are expecting us to carry on. God expects it. The enemy is trying to bring our work to

nought. We are the only missionaries operating in this region. No others have reached back beyond Kurupung. *These are our Indian people!* They have been bought by the blood of the Lord Jesus and, in a sense, by the blood of Pastor O. A. Davis.

STAMPS

BY LOUIS O. MACHLAN, JR.

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

IF you study Cuba's recent philatelic contribution, it will provoke you to serious thought. One of the stamps, the 10-cent value, has already been mentioned in "Interesting Stamps" of a previous issue. These stamps were issued to admonish the citizens of Cuba not only to be careful regarding fifth column activities but to destroy them whenever possible. There are five attractive stamps in the series, 1-cent dark blue-green, 3-cent dark red, 5-cent blue, 10-cent brown, and 13-cent dull rose-violet. All these stamps have a star watermark and are perforate ten.

Just to be on the safe side, we suggest that you get a good supply of stamp hinges now. We understand there will be a shortage in the near future. We are out of business on supplies, so slip into the business place of your nearest dealer or into a dime store and pick up three or four packages. They will not cost much and this bit of forethought will help you out for the duration, when so many common things are difficult to secure.

We urge again that if any of you wish to purchase one of the new Scott catalogues, you see your dealer at once. The printers were oversubscribed months ago, and we understand that a number of the dealers already have orders for all they will be able to get.

The Post Office Department has now announced all the dates for the remaining issues in the Overrun Nations Series. The last of these were placed on sale December 7. The last stamp honors the courageous people of Denmark.

We would certainly like to hear from any stamp clubs that may have started since the beginning of the present school term. We are interested in promoting an interest in stamp collecting among these groups. We are still willing to send free sample packages to any and all who wish them. If clubs so desire we shall be glad to mail enough to the club secretary to supply each member with one. This offer to any and all expires December 31, 1943. Send a card before you forget.

Interesting Stamps

About ten years ago Postmaster General Farley was instrumental in having the Post Office Department issue a dark-blue three-cent stamp. The body of the stamp has a map of the world so projected upon it that the whole world is visible. There are dotted lines showing various famous voyages and their dates, especially the treks of Admiral Byrd's expeditions of 1927 and 1933 to Little America and the South Pole. At the time the stamps were issued, you could send a letter to be canceled at Little America for the very small additional fee of 50 cents. The stamp has the words "Byrd Antarctic Expedition II" at the top and "U. S. Postage" with "3 cents 3" just below, across the bottom. The stamp is perforate 11, no watermarks.

The time came for us to take leave of our Indian friends and brethren, and so we said good-by to those who had helped us with our baggage down the river, over the trail, and on into Kurupung. We remember some of them by name: Andrew, Moses, Abraham, James, Benney (who with his wife and boy accompanied us for part of the way), Melton, Manuel, Van, Vincent, Ramon, Walker, not to forget Beulah, Virginia, Angie, Dora, and the host of others, including the three Indian chiefs and their families. Those who accompanied us to Kurupung remained with us until we were seated once more in the motorboat which was to take us to Isano. They came close to us in their own little canoe, and their eyes expressed to us their love and appreciation as we grasped each one by the hand and bade him Godspeed.

I well remember the pleading prayer of one of those boys out there in the darkness of the jungle. I was almost asleep when I heard the sound of a voice coming from one of the near-by hammocks. I could not understand the words, for the language was Akawaio, but I knew that someone was praying to the Father of us all. The voice rose and fell in earnest entreaty, and my heart joined in that plea to God for that Indian who, in the stillness of night, there alongside the rushing river, was keeping watch with his Master. How wonderful is the gospel of the Lord Jesus! How simple and effective! It reaches into the hearts of the most primitive of people and also finds its way into the lives of the more favored of earth.

Our trip is ended; we have arrived back in Georgetown. It was a hard trip, but through it we learned to know God better. We saw Him working out His plan of salvation in the lives of the poorest of the poor and the most benighted of people. As we see what He is doing, our hearts rejoice that we may share in the abundance of His grace.

There remains a great work to be done among these people. There are still thousands back in the forest fastness who have not heard the message of redeeming love. We must train our Indian youth to work as missionaries among their own people. There are other hundreds who have been in touch with the third angel's message who have gone back to the regions of the Cuyuni and into Venezuela from whence they come. We must find these people again and help them to become fully established in the faith. There are Carib Indians in western British Guiana among whom we have never done any work. The Paruima Mission is the center from whence the message must now be spread to all the outlying regions. To those who have read this travel story we wish to pass on this request from the Indian boys and girls at the infant Davis Indian Training School: "Please tell all our people in other lands that we thank them for sending the missionary to us with the message of hope. We shall be so happy if they will continue to help us secure a better training school and help us to learn how we, too, may become missionaries for Christ."

Will you answer that request with your prayers and in any other way that God may call you to answer it? And do not forget to pray for the missionaries in British Guiana and Venezuela, who are sacrificing to the limit in order that the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour may be carried to earth's remotest bounds.

The Crown Organ

(Continued from page 8)

When we left Dundee there was an auction of our household goods. I was quite charmed by the hustle and bustle,

the stream of people, the pleasant briskness of the auctioneer, the astonishing virtues he conferred upon our humble belongings. But mother was depressed. When it came about time to sell the organ, she and I slipped away to the open veld, down a small ravine, where, something like Hagar hiding from the impending end of Ishmael, we would not see the "death" of the Crown organ, with the spires, and the mirror, the stops that hissed and plunked, and the long golden rays from the "C" and the "O" in front of the shining keys. We got a good price for it, as I remember, but we never had another Crown organ.

No, I would not choose to live it all again, but I would not have missed any of it for anything.



Hiking

BY NORA M. BUCKMAN

WHEN autumn comes the woods beckon us to explore their depths, where trees laden with green, red, brown, and yellow-gold leaves drop their fruits for the tiny animals and their leaves to carpet the earth. What fun it is to spend a few hours roaming in the out-of-doors, perhaps stopping now and then to snap a picture, to gather a few nuts, or just to rest and dream and drink in the inspiration such surroundings yield.

Perhaps you live in the city, and woodlands are inaccessible. You can enjoy a hike to a park, where you can study birds and trees. Or you and your pal can visit another land by taking in some of the shops of our "newer Americans" and becoming acquainted with them.



When you go hiking, have some destination in mind, but do not make your plans so binding that you cannot slip off on a new trail if you find one. There is nothing quite so intriguing as venturing into new territory to discover what is at the end of the trail.

When you have a whole day to spend and are hiking with a group, care should be given to the selection of proper clothing and food. Nothing can spoil a walk more quickly than uncomfortable clothing, shoes in particular. And you will find it extremely difficult to enjoy your hike if you have indigestion. Simple rations that give quick energy are the best and usually the lightest to carry.

Be it ever so clear and sparkling, the little brook along the way is probably

not fit to drink, so carry your canteen filled with pure water from home so that you can enjoy refreshing draughts along the way.

Do spend some time in God's beautiful wonderland of nature.

Who Am I?

CAN you guess my name before you reach the last paragraph? If so, credit yourself with the score you earn.

My father was a Yankee farmer and a respected and influential citizen of West Hartford, Connecticut. My political idealism and lifelong dedication to the cause of national unity were the outgrowth of a heritage of sturdy, democratic principles. As a young boy I showed an eagerness for books and study that my father wisely permitted me to satisfy as far as the limited educational facilities of colonial New England allowed.

I entered Yale, a small and struggling college, in a class of forty members and graduated with honors after a brief interlude as volunteer soldier in the Revolutionary War.

I faced the necessity of launching myself in a career without influential backing or financial assistance, and turned to schoolteaching as a means of supporting myself while qualifying for admission to the bar and earning the degree of Master of Arts from Yale College.

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Through a long and amazingly versatile life, the early title, "a Yankee schoolmaster," clung, and while often used in derision by my political and scholastic opponents, was nevertheless eminently appropriate, since it was through my tireless efforts for the improvement of the new nation's school system that I contributed so memorably to my great ideal of a unified republic independent of European influences and worthy of a place among the first-rank nations of the world.

My theories of health and discipline in the schoolroom were revolutionary, and the textbooks I prepared replaced to a great degree the stilted and inadequate texts previously used. The innovations of my spelling book—known to generations of scholars as the "blue-backed speller"—were not superseded for more than one hundred years, reaching in that time a circulation estimated at a hundred million copies. To it more than to any other book except the Bible the United States owes its national unity of speech. A grammar, readers, and other texts later took their places with the speller in American schoolrooms.

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In a tour of the colonies, only recently become members of a loosely knit federal government, I preached the doctrine of national unity and a strong central government. Though I was only an unknown, itinerant schoolteacher, my tireless lecturing and writing of tracts and newspaper articles had a definite influence in the adoption of the recommendations of the Constitutional Convention.

I was an advocate of feminine education, copyright and patent laws, phonetic spelling, the antislavery movement, unemployment insurance, public-health measures, improvement of penal laws, forest conservation, organization of charitable societies—to mention a few of the progressive ideas that constantly engaged my attention.

As editor and founder of *The American Magazine*, *The American Minerva*, and *The Herald, A Gazette for the Country*, I won an honored place among American pioneers in the field of journalism.

Stimulated by the outbreak of a plague

of yellow fever, I compiled a monumental volume of all available data on the causes and control of epidemics, called "A Brief History of Epidemics and Pestilential Diseases," which, though I was ignorant of modern medical findings, reveals a tremendous capacity for the collection and organization of knowledge.

My activities also included the holding of various local offices in New Haven, Connecticut. I was one of the founders of Amherst College and president of its board of trustees.

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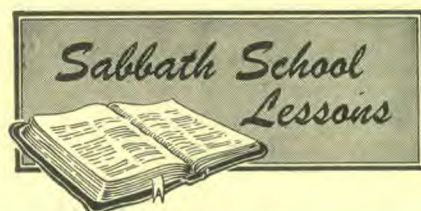
The greatest accomplishment of my life, begun when I was past middle age, was the work of twenty years—an American dictionary of the English language which has made my name synonymous with the word "dictionary."

I was master of twenty-five languages, and besides the fruit of my gift for defining words, my dictionary contained a vast fund of knowledge of the derivations or etymology of words never before touched in any dictionary. Ten years spent on the comparison of words in twenty different languages revealed previously unsuspected relationships and helped to lay a foundation for modern language study.

The last years of my life were devoted to a revision of the King James Version of the Bible, much of which was incorporated in the American Revised Version.

Through eighty-five years of constant activity and achievements as great as they were numerous and varied, I won the title, "America's greatest schoolmaster."

I am Noah Webster.



SENIOR YOUTH

XI—God's Acceptance and Reward of a Mother's Gift

(December 11)

MEMORY VERSE: 1 Samuel 2:9.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 569-580.

THE LESSON

1. What family is mentioned as going up to Shiloh to worship and sacrifice? 1 Sam. 1:1-3.

2. Over what did Hannah grieve? When taunted because she was childless, how did Elkanah seek to comfort her? Verses 4-8.

3. To whom did Hannah take her trouble when visiting the temple? What vow did she make? As she silently prayed, what did Eli think? How did he rebuke her? Verses 9-14.

4. When Eli saw Hannah's trouble of heart, what encouraging words did he speak? How did she show that she knew her prayer would be answered? Verses 15-18.

5. What name did Hannah give to her son? When it was again time to go to Shiloh, what reason did she give for remaining at home? Verses 20-23.

NOTE.—"Hannah's prayer was granted; she received the gift for which she had so earnestly entreated. As she looked upon the child, she called him Samuel—'asked of God.' As soon as the little one was old enough to be separated from his mother, she fulfilled her vow. She loved her child with all the devotion of a mother's heart;

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day by day, as she watched his expanding powers, and listened to his childish prattle, her affections entwined about him more closely. He was her only son, the special gift of Heaven; but she had received him as a treasure consecrated to God, and she would not withhold from the Giver His own."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 570, 571.

6. When Samuel was weaned, where did his mother take him? What is said of his age? To whom did Hannah bring him? How did she acknowledge God's goodness? For how long did she give him to God? Verses 24-28.

7. In her prayer of thanksgiving, what did she say of the Lord? 1 Sam. 2:1-10.

NOTE.—"How full of the Lord the song is! The overflowing heart ascribes its rapture to the Rock of Ages. He saves; He is holy; He knows; He weighs; He kills and makes alive; He brings down to the grave and up; He will vindicate our trust. We do not prevail by strength, but by yielding ourselves into His hands. God answers our prayers thoroughly. The gifts that come from above are good and perfect."—"Through the Bible Day by Day," F. B. Meyer, Vol. II, p. 52.

8. When Elkanah and Hannah returned home, what did they leave Samuel to do in the temple? Verse 11.

NOTE.—"All are given an opportunity to develop character. All may fill their appointed places in God's great plan. The Lord accepted Samuel from his very childhood, because his heart was pure. He was given to God, a consecrated offering, and the Lord made him a channel of light. If the youth of today will consecrate themselves as did Samuel, the Lord will accept them and use them in His work. Of their life they may be able to say with the psalmist, 'O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.'"—"Counsels to Teachers," p. 537.

9. As Samuel ministered before the Lord year by year, how did Hannah show her love? Verses 18, 19.

10. What is said concerning the sons of Eli? How greatly did these young men sin against God? Verses 12-17.

NOTE.—"Belial" means lawless, worthless. Hophni and Phinehas were sons of Belial because they had no regard for any of God's laws. They caused the service of the tabernacle to be abhorred because they did not offer the sacrifices as the law prescribed. The fat on the sacrificial animals represented sin, and was to be carefully removed and burned by itself, thus typifying the final destruction of all sin. Only certain portions of the sacrifices were for the priests; but these priests took whatever they wished. As a result, many of the people ceased to come to Shiloh to worship. They excused themselves because the two young priests were so very wicked. This was not a good reason for neglecting the services of the house of God, for Hannah, a sincere worshiper, received a great blessing when she prayed in the sanctuary court. We should not turn away from God and be unfaithful even if those in the highest positions are wicked and apostate."—"Old Testament History," McKibbin, p. 218.

11. When Eli heard of the wicked ways of his sons, how did he reprove them? How did they respond? What did God purpose because of their evil conduct? Verses 23-25.

12. Even amid corruption, how did Samuel's life develop? Verse 26.

NOTE.—"The life of Samuel has many beautiful and important lessons for children and youth as well as for older people. He served God all his life, was faithful in little things, and developed a strong, pure character in an evil time among wicked associates. Like Moses in the Egyptian court, he remembered the teachings of his mother, and he followed the godly example of Eli."—"Old Testament History," McKibbin, p. 218.

13. What message did a prophet of God bring to Eli? What sign was to be the fulfillment of the prophecy? Verses 27-34.

14. What is said concerning the kind of priest God promised to raise up? Verses 35, 36.

JUNIOR

XI—The Results of Honor and Dishonor

(December 11)

Guiding Thought

Samuel proved that the smallest child can honor God by being faithful and true in little things. Because he honored God, Samuel was sure to succeed. Because they dishonored God, the sons of Eli were sure to fail.

Verse to Be Remembered

"For them that honor Me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." 1 Sam. 2:30.

LESSON OUTLINE

LESSON SCRIPTURES: 1 Samuel 1; 2:1-19, 23-36.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 569, 570-573, 575-577.

STUDY PLAN FOR THE WEEK

Sabbath afternoon: Read carefully the lesson scriptures and the Guiding Thought. Be able to answer: (1) What lesson may we learn from the child Samuel? (2) What lesson may we learn from the sons of Eli? *Sunday:* Study Assignment 1. *Monday:* Assignment 2 and learn memory verse. *Tuesday:* Assignments 3 and 4. *Wednesday:* Assignments 5 and 6. *Thursday:* Assignments 7 and 8. *Friday:* Review Assignments 1-8.

Assignment 1

Elkanah was a godly father. Hannah was a praying mother. What circumstances in our lesson tell us this was true? Study 1 Samuel 1:1-10; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 569, paragraphs 1, 3, 4. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 2

Hannah knew how to pray. What may we learn from her experience in praying for a son? Study 1 Samuel 1:11-19; 2:1-10; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 570, paragraphs 1-3. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 3

(1) Give the meaning of Samuel's name. Study 1 Samuel 1:20 (margin). (2) In caring for her child, Hannah kept in mind continually her vow to the Lord. What part of the story tells us this? Study 1 Samuel 1:21-23. (3) Show that Hannah fulfilled her vow as soon as it was possible. Study 1 Samuel 1:24-28; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 570, paragraph 4; page 571, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 4

(1) What two verses show that Samuel, young as he was, could be used in the temple service? Study 1 Samuel 2, middle of chapter. (2) What were some of the things he may have done in the temple? Consult Lesson Notes. (3) Show that by faithfulness to little duties Samuel proved himself ready for greater duties. Study 1 Samuel 2:18; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 573, paragraph 3. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 5

A part of this story shows that in after years Hannah continued to be grateful for God's answer to her prayer. What part is it? Study 1 Samuel 2:19; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 572, paragraph 2. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 6

(1) Describe the character of Eli's sons. Study 1 Samuel 2:12-17. (2) What was Eli's weakness as a father? Study 1 Samuel 2:23-25, 29; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 575, paragraph 1; page 576, paragraphs 1, 2; page 577, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 7

Show that the memory verse describes the experiences of Samuel in contrast with the experience of Hophni and Phinehas. Study 1 Samuel 2:26-36; also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 573, paragraph 1. Consult Lesson Notes.

Assignment 8 and Summary

Character study. Number the quality in the second column that corresponds with the character in the first.

1. Peninnah	() faithful
2. Hannah	() indulgent
3. Elkanah	() rebellious
4. Eli	() haughty
5. Samuel	() prayerful
6. Hophni and Phinehas	() godly

LESSON NOTES

1. Elkanah faithfully served God, for he went up yearly to attend the feasts of the tabernacle at Shiloh. His wife, Hannah, was also a true Israelite. Instead of complaining of her great disappointment in not having a son she "prayed unto the Lord."

2. Surely Hannah knew how to pray. First she *told* the Lord about her sorrow. (1 Samuel 1:16.) Next she made a solemn *promise* of consecration to the Lord. Now she was ready to *believe*; "her countenance was no more sad." When she had received the answer, she *thanked* the Lord and as soon as it was possible she *paid* her vow.

3. (1) Hannah selected a name for Samuel which would always be a reminder of her vow that he should be the Lord's "all the days of his life." (2) During the time that Samuel was a small child, Hannah stayed at home to care for and train this child who belonged to the Lord. (3) When Samuel was but three years old, Hannah took him to Shiloh to enter the temple as a helper. To Hannah a vow to God was sacred and must be carried out as soon as possible.

4. (1) It seems impossible that so small a child could be of any help in the temple service, but verses 11 and 18 definitely tell us that he was. (2) As young as he was, he had his duties to perform; perhaps little errands like getting a drink for Eli; perhaps trimming the lights, and bringing the oil for the lamps; perhaps only holding a dish or shutting a door or lighting a candle. In these little ways Samuel "ministered unto the Lord." (3) It was not customary for the Levites to receive the linen ephod until twenty-five years of age, but the young Samuel was so faithful that the linen ephod was placed upon him when he was still a child.

5. (1) The sons of Eli were irreverent and disobedient. When their father reprimanded them, they would not listen; they were rebellious. Thus they dishonored God and despised His service. (2) Eli tried to cover up the sins of his wicked sons and did not punish them.

6. In spite of the evil influence of Hophni and Phinehas, "the child Samuel grew on." Every day saw some improvement in his service. He was in favor with God. Because he honored God, Samuel was blessed with life and happiness. Because they dishonored God, Hophni and Phinehas were punished with sorrow and death. How sure are the results of honoring and dishonoring God.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Listening Post

★ JOHN LUCIAN SAVAGE, chief designing engineer of the U. S. Reclamation Service, has designed sixty large dams, including Grand Coulee and Boulder.

★ SULFA-MERAZINE, one of the latest developments of the sulfa drugs used in treating a variety of ills, is claimed to be the best yet. Few bad reactions result from its use.

★ THUMBSTACKS are being replaced with adhesive stickers of paper thickness to keep drawings and blueprints on drafting boards. T squares slide over the easily applied stickers which require no moisture. They can be quickly detached.

★ HENRY KAISER, the "one-a-day" ship-building wizard, announces that he will turn his postwar energies into the automobile business. He plans a \$400 car, to be sold at every gas station in the country. They will sell for cash, thus eliminating finance charges.

★ SCIENTIFIC discovery involves the use of vegetable stabilizers which prevent ordinary cream from souring, and one of the to-be-looked-for wonders of tomorrow which housewives may count on for use after the war is Alvose, a newly developed sterilized dairy cream which will last for months. The armed forces require the present available supply.

★ A NATION-WIDE "air bus" system is now a definite possibility for postwar travelers, according to plans being laid by the Greyhound Corporation. A flying fleet of helicopters will provide high-speed passenger, mail, and express service over some 60,000 miles of present highway routes. Bus terminals and garages are expected to be ideal landing ports and maintenance hangars.

★ WOOL material to be used in Army uniforms, blankets, sleeping bags, etc., is first tested in the Quartermaster Corps's Philadelphia laboratory to determine the exact degree of protection it will give against the cold. In the laboratory, equipped to produce high winds and low temperatures, the cloth is wrapped around a robot and its resistance to weather measured by the rise and fall of mineral oil inside the robot.

★ THE University of Pennsylvania Hospital has developed an X-ray Turnable machine that enables physicians to move the position of a patient at will during delicate operations such as removing foreign bodies from the lungs, etc. The X-ray machine, a biplane fluoroscope, enables examinations to be made in horizontal and vertical planes, making possible pictures from any angle without lifting the patient bodily, and has been installed in the hospital's \$200,000 department of radiology.

★ SINCE the need for conserving burlap has become necessary, bags from "wet-strength" papers are being used to ship vegetables whose moisture would cause ordinary paper to burst. These bags have demonstrated their worth in safely carrying frozen foods and other commodities for overseas shipment. "Wet-strength" papers are also furnishing material for maps, blueprint papers, and charts, as well as books and pamphlets used by the armed forces which are subject to dampness in the field. Paper towels may be used, washed, dried, and the process repeated if they are made from "wet-strength."

★ NURSES attached to the U. S. Army Air Transport Command are given a six-week course at the Army Air Forces of School of Air Evacuation at Bowman Field, Kentucky. Graduates of the school are assigned to transports to care for wounded soldiers being evacuated from battle fronts to army hospitals by air. The course includes special training in aviation medicine, crash procedure, and the technique of loading and unloading the wounded.

★ THE du Pont Company reports that coal, one of nature's most common raw materials, is potentially richer in rubber than all the islands of the East; more bountiful in fiber than all the Japanese silkworms; wealthier in colors than the rainbow; and abounding in curative medicinal.

★ GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK has been named president of China's national government, succeeding the late President Lin Sen, who died last month. For the duration of the war General Chiang will remain at the head of China's armed forces.

★ A NEW kind of sponge rubber used for crash padding in tanks, helmets, and other military applications, is now being made from koro-seal, a synthetic which is not inflammable.

★ IT is estimated that apple production in the United States will be approximately 28 per cent less than in 1942, or about 93,000,000 bushels.

★ THERE is a newly patented device in which an egg may be scrambled in the shell.

★ CAMEL's milk is superior to the milk of almost all other mammals in its vitamin C content.

★ MALARIA costs the United States \$500,000,000 annually. About 4,000 deaths occur every year in the southern United States from this disease.

★ A PLANE with a maximum speed of 400 miles per hour recently flew the 1,400 miles from Moscow to London in one morning and returned the afternoon of the same day.

★ SKI-TROOP footwear for mountain climbing, which automatically clears itself of snow and ice, is now in production. These new boots have rubber-cleated soles and heels, and are practically noiseless in use.

★ MILITARY goggles fitted with red plastic lenses, in use in the armed forces, make it possible to follow the path of tracer bullets in broad daylight, and enable pilots to adapt their eyes to darkness. Other color lenses are used for special purposes.

★ HOME economists of the Department of Agriculture say that a blacked pan uses less fuel than a bright one. A dull surface absorbs heat, while a bright one reflects heat. Tests revealed that cookies baked on blackened tins could be baked in an oven twenty-five degrees cooler than those baked on shiny new tins.

★ U. S. ARMY medical officers report a new rash widely prevalent among troops serving in India, Burma, and China. The rash has been traced to the laundry markings placed on clothing by native washermen. The fluid used for identifying labels is taken from the nut of the ral or bella gutti tree, and proves to be highly irritating to the skin with which it comes in contact.

★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

A young man of Seventh-day Adventist persuasion was called into the armed service of the land "down under," and as his first Sabbath in camp approached he asked to be released from routine duties during the holy hours, from sunset Friday to sunset Saturday. His request was refused. Not knowing what else to do, he took his problem to his heavenly Father in earnest prayer.

At seven o'clock on Sabbath morning he was summoned before his commanding officer, who inquired whether he had a Bible. At the reply of "Yes, sir," the C. O. said: "Get it and give me from it two reasons why you should have today off duty."

The young man's reply seemed satisfactory, and the next question was, "What will you do if the privilege is granted?" To this the soldier replied: "I would go to some quiet spot in the bush, sir, and there prayerfully study my Bible, meditate, and generally make it a real rest day."

He was granted freedom for the day, but the story does not end here.

That evening at seven o'clock he was again summoned before his commanding officer and sharply asked how he had spent the day. His report was a reiteration of the statement made just twelve hours before.

"That is correct," rejoined the officer, "because I had you watched, and had you deviated from the program which you outlined to me this morning, this would have been the last Sabbath liberty granted you." With that the young man was dismissed.

But Sunday morning at seven o'clock he was surprised by another request to appear before his commanding officer, and this time to bring his Bible. The interview was just long enough for the officer to borrow the Book.

Twelve hours later an orderly was again dispatched to summon the soldier for his fourth appearance before his C. O. "Young man," said the officer earnestly, "thank you for your Bible. I have spent today prayerfully studying the word of God and in meditation and rest. I feel better for so doing. You may have your Sabbath free as long as I am commanding officer in this camp."

What a wonderful God we have! Even before His children call He answers, and "while they are yet speaking," He hears their cry for help.