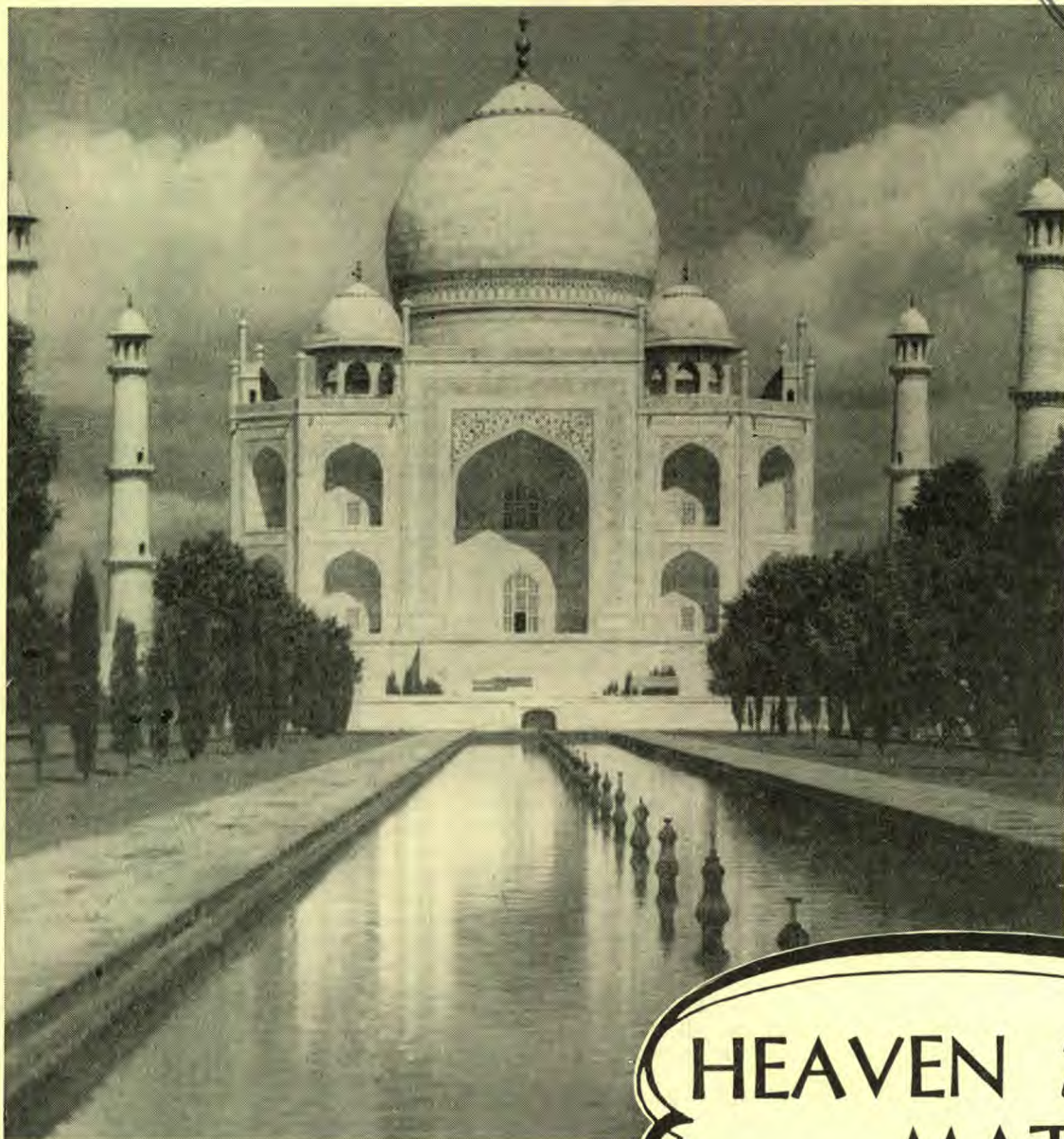


# The Youth's Instructor

TAKOMA  
LIBRARY  
ACADEMY



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Taj Mahal Is One of the Most Beautiful Buildings in the World, but Heaven Will Be Far More Beautiful, and Wonderful Beyond Imagination

HOW much is a "one" with one hundred zeros after it? You do not know? Well, I do not either, and it really does not matter much to you or to me just what such a number is called, does it? But it matters a great deal to the Brahman of India! The Brahman believes in a paradise reached only by one who has first gone through as many worlds as would be numbered by the figure "1" with one hundred zeros after it. The length of each world is as long as it would take a man to rub the world's highest mountain from existence by going once every hundred years with a small piece of cotton and brushing it a few times across the peak of the mountain. Then, after the soul has spent a near eternity passing through all these worlds, his chances of getting into Paradise are equal to the chance of mak-

ing two needles balance point to point by holding one in each hand one above the other and dropping the upper one toward the lower. Such is the poor heathen's conception of God's hereafter! There are probably as many different conceptions of the reward of the righteous as there are different religions or branches of religion in the world. The American Indian was buried with his bow and arrows and his favorite horse, that he might enjoy his conception of the happy hunting ground. When the tomb of King Tutankhamen was opened some years ago, there were found his royal couch, a chariot of gold, furniture of all kinds, and an abundance of embalmed food, all placed there to make him happy

when he reached the mystic land of the unknown believed in by the ancient Egyptians.

Many Christians have rather vague and uncertain ideas regarding the nature of the heaven in which they expect to dwell after death. Some are taught that they will have a "spiritual body" so ethereal that it will be like vapor—nothing real, nothing tangible. Heaven, they say, is to be located in the "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere"—just where, nobody seems to know. They suppose the occupation of these "spirits" will largely be to sit on the edge of a cloud bank playing on harps of spiritual gold.

Responding to such a conception of the eternal home of the redeemed, Channing Pollock, some time ago, for the *North American Review*, wrote an article captioned "Heaven Doesn't Matter," in

## HEAVEN Does MATTER

by ROBERT H. PIERSON

which he very naturally commented, "I've never been able to get excited over heaven myself."

It is easy to understand such a reaction to the popular conception of heaven. But my Bible says that heaven is not some ethereal place with disembodied spirits winging aimlessly around through space. My Bible tells me that heaven—God's heaven—is as real as the very ground upon which I walk!

God's Word declares that this world of sin is to be purified with fire (2 Peter 3:12), and there will come forth from

(Continued on page 13)



# Let's Talk It Over

I WAS indignant—"hopping mad" in American vernacular! It seemed to me that if ever there was occasion for righteous anger this was it. For had I not been the victim of grievous injustice, and of one of those viperlike tongues that do not hesitate to deal carelessly with the truth? But it so happened that when my seething spirits had just about reached the boiling-over point I opened a current magazine and read this challenging statement, "*Nothing can hurt a Christian!*"

The writer of this article went on to point out that the fully developed Christian personality is so balanced and adjusted to life, with all its trials and difficulties, that it refuses to let anything injure it. One who has given his heart entirely to Christ is prepared for anything, because his life is hidden with Christ in God, and resting there in the "peace . . . which passeth all understanding," he is shielded from the word darts and act darts which are sent against him at Satan's instigation. Christ will take all these hurts for us if we only stay in the shelter of His love. It is when we leave that protection that we find ourselves in trouble.

This was a new thought to me, and proved so intriguing that it occupied my mind until the fires of wrath died down to the live-coal stage, then gradually cooled to white ashes, and finally were swept away into the whiteness-of-whither, to be lost in the dust of forgetfulness. Why clutter up one's mind with something not worth remembering?

THERE is a verse in the 119th psalm which deserves the intensive study of every person who professes the name of Christ. It reads, "Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them." "*Nothing!*" That means more than most of us can comprehend. For who among us does not react swiftly to even a fancied slight, an imagined wrong, or the slightest word that reflects on our integrity? But "*nothing* shall offend them." How can one live on that high plane? Only by the grace of God!

This point is well illustrated by a story that came to me from India by way of an Australian friend.

It seems that in a certain town in that land of rare beauty and heartbreaking sadness there was a learned scholar, who was teaching in a government college. He was by religion a Hindu, but much interested in the study of comparative religions. He was dissatisfied with Hinduism and definitely looking for something better.

Then someone called his attention to Christianity and gave him a New Testament and the Psalms. He became interested in this Book as he read it, and in an effort to get to the very bottom of things, he began to translate it from the original tongue into his own vernacular. When he came to The Gospel According to John, and found there the wonderful truths of the incarnation of Christ in human flesh, of His life here on earth, of His ascension

to heaven and His reunion with the Father, and of His desire to live on in the hearts of men, of whom He had become one, this scholar decided that at last he had found that for which he had been seeking.

"But I wonder if the experience set forth here is genuine?" he questioned to himself, "or whether it is just another theory?"

And so, in order to satisfy his mind on this point, he determined to test it out. The way in which he chose to do this was unique. There was in the town a Protestant clergyman who was prominent in civic affairs and a leader in the community. Would he not make a perfect specimen for a laboratory experiment? Surely his life should show whether or not God actually dwells in the hearts of men, as the Book had said.

So the Hindu gentleman disguised himself in the rags and make-up of a beggar, and one morning came into the mission compound just at breakfast time. He found only the servants in evidence, for the sahib was taking his meal. He asked them for food; they gave him nothing and tried to drive him away. But he refused to leave, made his wants known in a plaintive chanting and asking such as is peculiar to Indian beggars, and insisted upon seeing the master of the house. The servants told him that this was impossible, that the sahib was a very great man and could not see a poor beggar.

But the man became so insistent that the sound of his pleading reached the dining room. Finally the clergyman, much annoyed, left the table, went out into the compound, and in no uncertain terms bade the beggar be gone if he did not wish violence done to his person. He went!

That evening there was a social function held in the town, and both these men—the clergyman and the scholar—being prominent citizens, were invited. There the host introduced them to each other. The clergyman was very gracious and expressed himself as being happy to meet the professor from the college.

"Oh," said the professor, "we have met before."

"So? When? I do not seem to recall any such meeting."

"This morning I called at your home."

"You did! I regret very much that I was not there to receive you and make you welcome."

"But you were at home. Do you remember the beggar who came to your compound while you were at breakfast, asking alms?"

"Well, yes," admitted the clergyman, "I do remember that troublesome fellow, and that I finally had to leave my breakfast and go out and order him to be gone."

"I was that beggar, sir," the professor told him. "I have been translating into my vernacular the Book from which you teach, and I became deeply interested in The Gospel According to John, as he pictured your Jesus dwelling in the lives of His followers by His Holy Spirit, and changing them, and then I read the words,

'Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them.' And I thought I should like to test out your religion and find if it really works, if I had found the 'something' for which I am searching. So I disguised myself as a beggar and came to your compound. But I discovered that Christianity is only another philosophy and that it does not at all change the lives of those who profess it."

The clergyman was much chagrined, of course, but he had been tried and found wanting; so he retired in some confusion.

Later this Hindu gentleman came in touch with another missionary, a humble man, but one who loved his God with his whole heart and also loved the people whom he had come to India to help find a better way of life. In telling of his experience he said that the professor put him through such a grilling and testing as he never thought he would be called to undergo. But he kept close to God and with His help kept his temper under the most trying circumstances. Finally the Hindu came to him and looking him earnestly in the eyes exclaimed:

"You have it! It really does work! Christ of the Book actually lives in hearts—for He lives in yours—and your religion is the religion of the Book, for I have tried my best to 'offend' you, but you have not been offended. I want to know this Christ and I want Him to change my life."

SO whatever comes to you, friend o' mine—any untoward thing which may disturb your equilibrium—remember that *nothing can hurt you if you will not let it*. That is, not the *inner you*! For you have an immediate and safe refuge where you can find comfort, help, and wisdom. Never forget that prayer is the key which unlocks heaven's storehouse of measureless power and protection.

And as you step aside and let the shaft which is aimed at you go by, you occupy a position of impregnable safety. Leave all your affairs in your Father's hands; allow Him to have His way. He says, "Vengeance is Mine," and in His own good time He will take care of things and see that you are vindicated. You do well not even to be concerned about *what* He will do. That is His business. You have your life to live. He has commissioned you to do other work, and you cannot afford to spend your limited time and energy being angry with or thinking ill of those who wrong you. Simply walk around them and go serenely on your way.

Keep the thought with you that nobody, except by your leave, can touch the *inner you*. Your Shield is perfect protection, and the fiery darts that otherwise will sear your soul will never touch the Son of God, who is your Saviour, and who could say of those who crucified Him: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Lora E. Clement



## *Vision in the Cornfield*

continued in agonized prayer until the answer came. No voice spoke to them, no supernal vision was vouchsafed; yet they knew that God had

answered. They felt the assurance that their prayers were accepted, that light would be given, that the disappointment would be explained and the way would be made clear. They had gone through a Gethsemane; they had experienced a Calvary; they should behold their risen Lord.

How greatly alike were the experiences of the disciples in the first advent, at the cross, and the experience of these disciples in the time of the second advent, at the disappointment. In each case the followers of Jesus had been under a misapprehension of the nature of the event to come. In each case God permitted the mistake, though He did not ordain it. In each case He sought beforehand to soften the blow or wholly dispense with it—with the twelve, Jesus spoke again and again of His coming death and resurrection, but they could not understand; to the second advent believers He sent the vision of the three steps, which would have explained the scriptures that were hidden to their eyes, but the vision was neglected and laid aside.

The twelve disciples were disappointed because their Master did not mount the throne of David; yet how infinitely greater was His being lifted up on the cross to save the world! The second advent believers were disappointed that He did not come in glory to rescue them; yet His entering the most holy, the throne room of the Father, on that day of atonement, was the action which ensured the inheritance of the redeemed of all ages. Christ did not fail. Christ never fails. His promises are fulfilled to the letter and to the day. Because our finite minds cannot wholly read His infinite purposes, we are disappointed, but we need not be. Sometimes the things of little moment, our personal interests, are concerned in the disappointment; sometimes, as in '44, matters of greater moment, involving the whole church or the whole world, seem at stake. But in least or in greatest, from the saving of one hair of a head to the building of a New Jerusalem, Christ is true to His promises. He never fails. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

After breakfast that morning of October 23 Edson said to one of his friends who was still with him, "Let us go over to see some of the brethren who have left us, and comfort them." So they started across lots, these two, going through a cornfield, where the corn had been cut and stood in shocks. Concerned each with his own thoughts, they walked silent and absorbed.

In the middle of the field Hiram Edson was suddenly stopped. He lost sight of his surroundings. As he looked up heaven was opened to his view. He saw the sanctuary in heaven; he saw Jesus, the great high priest, come out of the first apartment and enter the most holy, where was the throne of God. And by the panorama he understood clearly that the sanctuary to be cleansed is in heaven; that Jesus, in fulfill-

ship of Hiram Edson, like William Miller a farmer and local elder. On October 22 this company gathered at the farmhouse of Edson, to pray and to wait. But, as elsewhere, the sun went down upon their hope, and they were left forlorn.

Ah! What a time of sadness! Men and women wept unrestrainedly; it seemed they could not pray. Worse it was to them than if they had lost father, mother, brothers and sisters, and every friend. Nearer and dearer to them had Jesus become than all earthly relations; now they had lost Him. "But we trusted that it had been He that should have redeemed Israel!"

Some of the company slipped away in the darkness to their homes; others, unable to marshal their wills, stayed on. At last the dawn of a new day came, and its grayness seemed the grayness of their lives. Was there, then, to be no second coming of Christ? Were the promises of God but nothing? Was the Bible all false? Should they never see that golden city of the redeemed, nor walk in that country whose inhabitants would say, "I am no more sick"? Could it be there was no God at all?

"Not so, brethren," said Hiram Edson to the few who remained; "let us remember how many times the Lord has sent us help and light when we needed it. There is a God, and He will hear us. Let us go and seek Him for light upon this matter."

In the gray dawn they left the house and went to the barn. Opening the door to the unfilled granary, they went in and knelt upon the floor. Their hearts, numbed by the disappointment, were wakened to life in prayer. One after the other poured out his soul to God in earnest pleading for light and comfort. They were importunate; they would not be denied. They

THE westering sun sank low upon a fateful day. It had been the Day of Hope to thousands of Christians; it was to be to them the Day of Disappointment. By the most careful calculations October 22, 1844, marked the end of the 2300 years, when "the sanctuary shall be cleansed." Accepting the common view that the sanctuary was this earth, and that its cleansing was to be by fire, the followers of William Miller firmly believed that October 22 was the judgment day, when Christ should appear in glory and mark the end of time, the entrance into eternity.

All over the land on that day Adventist believers gathered in homes, in churches, or wherever there might be refuge from mocking mobs, and waited to hear the trumpet of the Archangel. They had closed their businesses, abandoned their fields, wound up their affairs. They had confessed their sins, made right their wrongs, bound heart to heart in the bonds of Christian love. Like Israel of old, their children with them, their staves in their hands, their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, they were ready to leave the house of bondage and go to the land of promise. They were ready. And they waited.

But the sun reached its zenith, it declined toward its setting; and the vision for which they strained their eyes—the vision tarried. The Lord came not. No earthquake shook the land, no lightning cleaved the sky, no trumpet smote upon the ear. The sun went down, and darkness covered the land. Darkness covered the land, and gloom, impenetrable gloom, settled upon a forsaken people.

In the western part of New York, on the Erie Canal, lies the little town of Port Gibson. There was here a little company of Adventist believers, under the leader-

NOTE.—This story is based chiefly upon an account in manuscript by Hiram Edson.



CY LA TOUR

In the Middle of the Cornfield Hiram Edson Was Suddenly Stopped and Given a Vision of the Sanctuary in Heaven



ing the prophecy, was not to come to earth as a king, but still in His capacity as our high priest, He was to enter upon the cleansing of the sanctuary from the sins of God's people. Some words of Scripture, dimly heard before, came to his mind with new meaning: The Bridegroom was come to the marriage; the Son of man was come before the Ancient of days; the judgment was set, and the books were opened. In amazement the humble agent received the revelation of the Lord.

His companion had gone on to the boundary fence. Now, noticing that Edson was stopped in the midst of the field, he called, "Brother Edson, what are you stopping

for?" And Edson replied, "The Lord is answering our prayer. He is giving light in regard to our disappointment." Rejoining his friend, he told him what he had seen. They went on to visit the rest of the families, and related to them what had been revealed. Some believed, but to others "their words seemed as idle tales."

There were two friends of Hiram Edson's who listened and took hope. One was a physician, F. B. Hahn; another was a young man, a very diligent student, O. R. L. Crozier, who sometimes made his home at Edson's. Bringing into use the fragmentary knowledge they had of the Hebrew sanctuary service, after consultation

they agreed that if the vision was true it would be supported by the Bible; therefore the obvious course was to pursue the study of this sanctuary question. Crozier led in this investigation. For a year they studied the subject; and by then the completeness and beauty of the sanctuary truth was manifested—that sanctuary service in Israel which in symbol presented the whole science of salvation and the dual office of Jesus as sacrifice and priest.

"This," said the three friends in conference, "must be given to the believers. It will explain the disappointment, it will unite our brethren upon a solid foundation

(Continued on page 12)

## The Golden Jubilee of Solusi

1894-1944

# A Marvel in Medical Missions

Part 9—By R. M. MOTE

**I**N a three-walled lean-to shed beneath a flat, corrugated, galvanized iron roof, in the midst of two towering old-fashioned cupboards and an examination table, stands a miracle man of medical missions.

For thirty-one years, old Father Jewell as he is now called, with his faithful companion, has been enthusiastically serving the advent cause of African missions.

F. B. Jewell is one of many of the pioneers who took the nurses' course at the old Battle Creek Sanitarium. His diploma, bearing the signatures of many of our pioneer doctors, arrests the attention of every visitor who is privileged to share the hospitality of his home.

Father Jewell, who is now in his seventieth year, is a marvel among missionaries. If you, perchance, should awaken between three and four o'clock in the early morning hours and look across the campus to the humble Jewell home, you would see a light already penetrating the darkness. That light tells a story, for you may well know that morning worship is under way. The Sabbath school lesson is being studied, and some message of the Spirit of prophecy is being cherished.

After worship they write letters to their many faithful friends around the world; then follows breakfast; and by the break of day someone is calling Father Jewell, perhaps to a distant village, to be in attendance at the birth of some child, to give an injection, or to treat some illness.

During the year 1943 he traveled by bicycle 6,170 miles over sandy paths, wending his way over plain and through scrubby bushland and dense forest, visiting hundreds of villages, and like the Great Physician, doing acts of mercy and love for everyone.

Besides attending to obstetrical cases last year, he distributed 27,121 medicines, gave 4,184 treatments, attended 9,265 patients, gave 1,011 injections, and extracted 208 teeth.

The African today who can easily recall the fearsome, spirit-controlled world of his forefathers, is grateful for the work of the medical missionaries and others who have followed in their footsteps. They have liberated the people of the Dark Continent from bondage to tribal and ancestral spirits

F. B. Jewell  
and Wife,  
Pioneers



and the sinister, devilish ministrations of the witch doctor.

Recently, as the result of a special gift, we were able to dedicate our Trott Baby Welcome Clinic to God and to the cause of African missions. At this meeting of dedication the native commissioner, Mr. Fowler, and his wife were present, also a large gathering of Europeans, African chiefs, headmen, and hundreds of natives.

The following is a portion of a newspaper report on the opening of the clinic:

"Mr. W. Fowler, district commissioner, Plumtree, expressed his appreciation of the work and progress at the mission. He paid a special tribute to the principal for the splendid work done in latter years, particularly in providing additional buildings and accommodations for the natives, all without government aid.

"He said Mr. Jewell, the school nurse, was a 'gem' among natives. He had carried out his medical duties among Africans in such a manner that his name now was famous in the Nata Reserve. Nine thousand two hundred sixty-five patients had passed through his hands. He welcomed the presence of local chiefs and headmen, and hoped that they were impressed by what they saw.

The  
Trott Baby  
Welcome Clinic Is  
Dedicated to God  
and the Cause  
of African  
Missions



"Chief Ntando expressed the gratitude of the African people for the work done by all at the mission.

"Mrs. Fowler, wife of the commissioner, opened the baby clinic.

"I am delighted to see that something has been done for the African women," she said. "I feel that unless all the African women help, native welfare can only develop slowly. The women should set a lead. I am particularly pleased to see that Mrs. Garber (the nurse in charge) has arranged a baby show. This will encourage African women to have clean, healthy children, and naturally take more interest in their welfare." Mrs. Fowler said the key, only a symbol, was made to open the door of the clinic, which would always be open to them from then on. In it women would find peace, assistance, and advice, and she hoped that when they were well enough to leave they would do so with hearts filled with gratitude to all who had made this help possible. Thanking Mrs. Garber for her interest and work, she declared the clinic open.

"Before entering the clinic, Pastor Vail, from Bulawayo, Mrs. R. L. Garber, and Mr. P. W. Willmore offered dedicatory prayers.

"The clinic is a picturesque building of brick walls and driven thatch roof, consisting of two wards, dispensary, kitchen, and outbuildings."

The work in the Trott Baby Welcome Clinic is filling a long-felt need among the Matabele people. Mothers come for miles to benefit by the medical care and spiritual inspiration of these faithful workers.

Our new clinic needs extra beds, and then I hope that in the not-far-distant future, Brother Jewell may see a small hospital and dispensary erected, in order that scores of other needy people may benefit by his godly ministry. As you read this timely appeal will you not try to visualize the faithful service of this man of God and the needs of Africa?



"Before They Call

# I WILL ANSWER"

By WILLIAM H. HURLOW



## Part II

GOOD evening," said the traveler as the door of the mission house opened. "My name is Le Fleur, and this is my wife. We have missed the road to Katema and have been directed here."

"Come in," invited the director of the mission. "I am Doctor Ruby, and you are very welcome. You look tired. Have you traveled far?"

"Well, yes," answered Mr. Le Fleur. "We have come from Riversideville and are on our way south to the coast for a vacation. We have had some car trouble today and have been delayed a bit. I had hoped to make Katema before dark and get my car fixed, but as I have stated, we missed the way."

"Oh, that is easy around here," said the doctor. "But here comes Mrs. Ruby; let me introduce you."

"Well," said Mrs. Ruby, "this is a real pleasure to have you visit us, and you must certainly stay. I will show you your room

morrow being the Sabbath, I will be busy with services."

"Tomorrow the Sabbath!" exclaimed Mr. Le Fleur. "Surely not! Have we missed a day in our reckoning on this trip? Isn't tomorrow Saturday?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "tomorrow is Saturday all right, but being the seventh day, it is also the true Sabbath."

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Le Fleur, "you must pardon me. I did not know that you were Jews. In fact, I did not know that Jews conducted missions. Isn't it rather unusual?"

"No, my friend, we are not Jews," the doctor assured him. "We are Christians and this is a Christian mission."

"But isn't Saturday the Jewish Sabbath?" questioned Mr. Le Fleur.

"Why, no," answered the doctor. "Saturday is the true Christian Sabbath, but

Lord's day, the day of the resurrection—the Sabbath of the Christian faith? He recalled that he had heard mention of a missionary society whose members kept the Jewish Sabbath. They were not liked by those of the Protestant society he had joined. He did not know much about it, but he must be careful. He greatly rejoiced in the new light of Protestantism which had recently come to him, and he must not allow it to be dimmed by any false idea. He climbed out of bed and knelt again before the Christ he had learned so lately to trust.

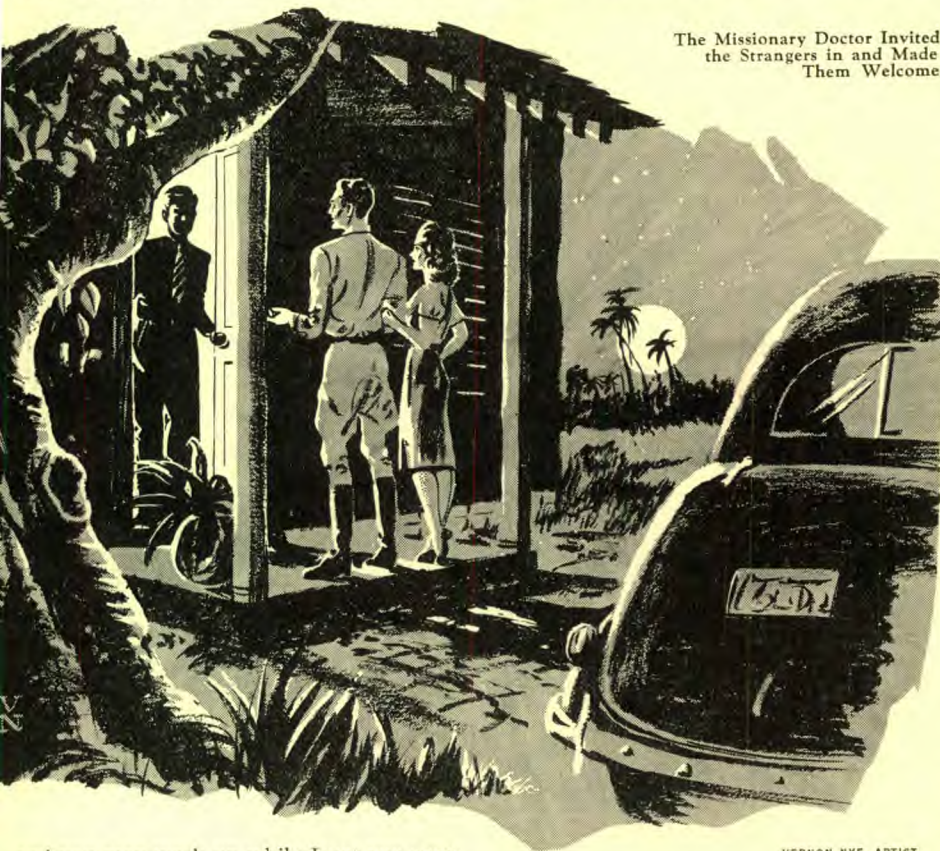
"Dear Saviour," he prayed, "Thou knowest the joy that has come into my heart since I learned to know Thee as my personal Saviour and the only name. I am as a child and do not fully know the way. Protect me, I pray Thee, from error and keep my eyes open only to truth. Permit me not to be led into false beliefs, but keep me true to the message of Thy Holy Word, which I have learned to love and trust as my only guide. For Thy name's sake, amen." A feeling of reassurance descended upon him as he crept back into bed, and peaceful sleep soon overcame him.

In the morning the guests were invited to attend the study of the Sabbath lesson and were introduced to the rest of the mission family. Mr. Tom Sable, the out-school inspector, with his young wife and infant son; Miss Dyke, the hospital matron; and the two happy and lively children of the doctor completed the family circle. Mr. Le Fleur noticed that everyone had a Bible; so he slipped back into his room and returned with his—a very new Bible, one of his latest possessions. As the lesson proceeded, Mr. Le Fleur marveled at the wonderful way in which the subject was developed in a perfect sequence of Bible texts, and both he and his wife found a new value and purpose in the Sacred Word. The church service which followed, attended by a great congregation of natives, was not greatly different from the Protestant services he had recently become accustomed to. There was one thing, however, that he noticed, and that was the greater use made of the Bible not only by the preacher but also by the congregation. These were certainly a Bible-loving people.

As they sat down to dinner, Mrs. Ruby excused the absence of meat from the table by explaining that for health reasons they preferred a fleshless diet. She was greatly surprised, however, to hear Mr. Le Fleur state that he had been for many years an athlete and a physical culturist, and had long ago given up the use of flesh foods, alcohol, tobacco, and tea and coffee as being inconsistent with his calling; therefore the absence of meat from the table really saved him and his wife some embarrassment.

When the table had been cleared, the doctor suggested that now was a good time to go into that matter of the Christian Sabbath, and invited Mr. Le Fleur and his wife to get their Bibles. Then with earnest prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit the two families gathered for study. The doctor presented the Saviour as the

The Missionary Doctor Invited the Strangers in and Made Them Welcome



VERNON RYE, ARTIST

and you may wash up while I get you some supper."

The evening passed very pleasantly as the doctor told of the work of the mission, with its large hospital and leper colony. Mr. Le Fleur felt drawn to the doctor and told him of some of the difficulties he had experienced since he had joined a Protestant church, and how happy he was to find that this mission was Protestant. Just before retiring he asked the doctor if he might, early in the morning, endeavor to find what was wrong with his car.

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose you have a rest tomorrow and I will help you with the car the next day. You see, to-

let us not discuss that tonight, as it is late and you are tired. You stay with us tomorrow, and we shall have plenty of time to talk about it."

"Well, thank you. We will accept your kind invitation. My wife will surely appreciate a day's rest and an opportunity to escape for a while the limitations of the car."

And so that night as he sought sleep, Mr. Le Fleur had something new to think about. What was this idea? Saturday the Christian Sabbath? Surely there was something wrong. Was not Sunday—the



Creator and revealed His relationship to the Sabbath. He showed the significance of the Sabbath, its blessing, its binding obligation to all generations, its presence in the early church, and its universal observance in the earth made new.

"Doctor," said Mr. Le Fleur, "this study of the Sabbath has been a wonderful revelation to me, but tell me, how is it that all the Christian churches except you keep Sunday? Surely they cannot all be wrong. Should we, perhaps, keep the two days?"

"No, my friend," answered the doctor, "God has made only one day holy, and only one day has He blessed and sanctified; so we could not keep Sunday holy no matter how sincerely we tried. But let us take a walk and rest our minds a little, and then we shall study further the matter of Sunday observance. Would you care to accompany me as I make the rounds of the hospital wards?"

"The hospital wards!" remarked Mr. Le Fleur. "So you do not mind doing your hospital work on the Sabbath?"

"Oh, no," replied the doctor, "the Saviour did more healing than He did preaching, and besides He stated, 'It is well to do good on the Sabbath day.' The Sabbath is a day not only of worship but also of opportunity to do the good works in

which a true follower of the Lord Jesus will delight. It is a day of rest from our own works but a busy day in the service of the Master."

On returning to the house they called the women, and a study of Sunday observance began by Doctor Ruby's making the following observation: "In order to understand the origin of Sunday observance one should study some of the prophecies of the books of Daniel and the Revelation in their relation to the rise and apostasy of a great religious power which has figured greatly in the development of what is called orthodox in the Christian faith."

"Oh, do you mean the 'little horn' power of the seventh chapter of Daniel?" exclaimed Mr. Le Fleur. "I have studied that, and I am convinced that the power represented by the little horn is none other than the Roman Catholic Church. It was this fact that first turned me from that church."

"Well, then," continued the doctor, "let us look at some of the prophesied characteristics of this power. You will notice in the twenty-fifth verse of Daniel 7 that he shall think to change times and laws, and oppose the authority of God. I have here some quotations from Catholic catechisms and other writings of the Catholic Church, and

it will be seen clearly that the Catholic Church claims to have changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday. They claim that the power to do this has been delegated to them by the Saviour, and they boast that this claim and the fact of the change gives unchallengeable evidence to Protestants that they do have such power. In fact they taunt Protestants with their inconsistency in keeping Sunday while they refuse to keep the other holy days commanded by the same church.

"Now regarding this change in the law of God, will you please read Psalms 111:7, 8. Thank you. You notice here that the statement is very positive: the commandments of God are sure and stand fast forever. We therefore have the further statement in Psalms 89:34 in which we are assured that God will not break His covenant nor alter the thing that He has spoken. Christ's attitude toward the law is very clearly defined in His words recorded by Matthew. Will you please read Matthew 5:17, 18? Thank you. Now what would you conclude from this text, Mr. Le Fleur?"

"Why, certainly that Jesus did not expect any change in the law while the earth lasted," replied Mr. Le Fleur. "But could not He have changed the day on which Christians should keep the Sabbath? Would not that fulfill the requirements of the law?"

"Well, let us see," said the doctor. "You will remember that in our study this afternoon we found that the Sabbath is not just a religious ceremony, but is itself a day, the birthday of the world, the seventh day of the week which started at creation. Like one's birthday, the day cannot be changed. The seventh day is the Sabbath, and whatever service or ceremony may be held on another day it could not be the Sabbath. In other words, the Sabbath is not something we hold on a certain day. It is that day!"

"However, let us read Matthew 24:20. Here you notice the instruction given to the disciples regarding their relationship to the Sabbath for an event which took place thirty-nine years after the Saviour left this earth. Do you think this instruction would have been given if Jesus had contemplated any change?"

Still puzzled, Mr. Le Fleur replied, "Doctor, that seems conclusive; yet is it not a fact that Sunday was kept in the early church even before the Roman church rose to prominence? Can you explain this?"

"Yes, what you say is a matter of church history. There is no record in the New Testament of any sacredness being attached to Sunday, or the first day of the week, but there is much evidence, which we shall study later, of the Sabbath's being observed by the disciples and their converts. However, there are records that in the second century, when heathen philosophers began to turn to the Christian faith, they brought with them many of their religious practices. One of these was the observance of the first day of the week as a festival day. It has a long history as the day dedicated to the worship of the sun; hence its name, Sunday. Of course, a Christian significance was applied to it, for it was the day of the resurrection; and it came to be called the Lord's day.

The two days, Sabbath and Sunday, ran together in the practices of the church, with varying preferences, until the fourth century, when Sunday had become the more popular day with the majority. It was a

(Continued on page 13)



#### Oh, for a Drink of Milk!

A letter from an American soldier boy overseas says, "Every ship that lands from home vomits out beer by the thousands." He does not say whether the "thousands" number kegs or steins. But he adds, "Why do we get enough beer to float a navy and we almost die for want of milk?" And we echo this "why?"

#### United States Navy Dry?

Yes, to quote an item in a recent issue of **The Voice**, "the Navy drinks ashore, but aboard ship it is dry. On July 1, 1914, the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, issued General Order No. 99 abolishing 'the use or introduction for drinking purposes of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel, or within any navy yard or station.' The order abolished the officers' wine mess; the enlisted men had been deprived of wine, beer, and whisky, when aboard ship, by an order of Secretary John D. Long when McKinley was President.

The order brought down upon Secretary Daniels' head a storm of indignation, but strangely enough, this indignation did not come from the wardroom. The naval officers didn't feel insulted, although the wet newspapers felt very much insulted on their behalf. The New York **World** circularized retired admirals for their opinions in regard to the order, only to be astonished by the fact that it was overwhelmingly approved.

Speaking before a Senate committee, Secretary Daniels said, "The order has proved effective in every particular and I know is approved almost unanimously by the naval officers."

How tragic that this "dry" order did not apply to Navy men on shore leave as well as to the men on cruise!

#### "Spoon-Fed"!

"Ration food if you will. Ration coffee. Freeze the price of milk. Put a farmer in jail for selling the hind quarter of a beef killed on his own feed lot. Do anything in the world, under the star-spangled dome of heaven, to win this war. But if you touch liquor you are just a wall-eyed, crepe-hanging fanatic. Be-

hold the sacred cow who has to be spoon-fed with ambrosia and myrrh! Whosoever tries to ration her diet down to common chop feed is condemned into the seventh hell with a white-hot waffle iron grid of public opprobrium pressing his tummy and warping his backbone."

The above classic is from the pen of the late William Allen White, known as "The Sage of Emporia."

#### One Major Reason!

"Among the major reasons why social progress has been so slow is this fact, that men have **drowned their miseries in drink** instead of putting their wits to work to find out how to cure them," declares Durant Drake.

#### Escape Mechanism!

S. L. Katzoff, writing under the subject "Psychological Aspects of Alcoholism," in **National Eclectic Medical Association Quarterly**, 34, 1943, says:

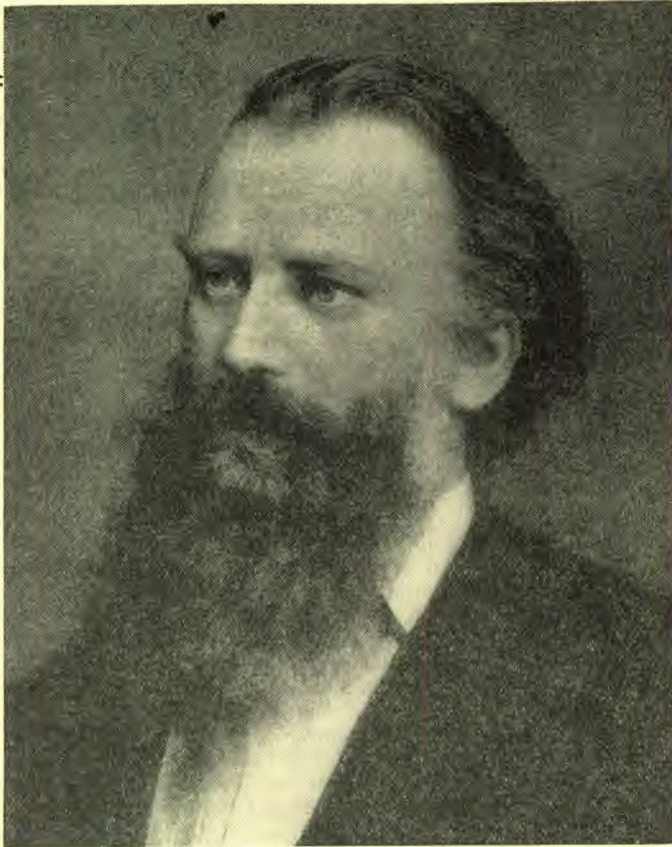
"Alcohol and its derivatives have always served their purpose in the capacity of escape mechanism—good or bad—in addition to being a medicine, a preservative, an antiseptic, an irritant, a poison, a symbol of sociability, and what not. . . . Although the craving for alcohol may have had its origin in social, domestic, economic, or other insecurities, the paradoxical fact remains that the alcoholic feels secure when under the influence. The egocentricity in alcoholism is a marked symptom. . . . The solution of this complex problem . . . necessitates the judicial and objective probing and analysis of those who are scientifically and humanistically minded."

#### Question!

"In the United States, while needed books and periodicals are being denied paper, carloads of paper are going into liquor advertising every week," says the **National Education Journal**; and it continues: "Conventions of important bodies are canceled for lack of railroad accommodation, but a flood of liquor is taking up train loads of facilities. Milk deliveries are reduced, but liquor trucks roam the streets, use rubber, precious gas, and man power. It simply does not make sense." And it really does not—does it?



# MASTERS of MUSIC



## Johannes Brahms

1833-1897

... HE CHISELED IN GRANITE ...

The Best Songs Come  
Into My Mind While  
Brushing My Shoes  
Before Daylight

By ARVID C.  
ANDERSON

HE came from the slums. His baby days were spent in a tenement in the poorest district of old Hamburg. His father, Jakob Brahms, had settled in this port city on the Elbe after roving the country as an amateur musician. Here he played the contrabass in the municipal theater. He was generally good natured, but he was decidedly independent. During a rehearsal, when the orchestral conductor singled him out as playing too loud, he vehemently countered, "*Herr Kapellmeister*, this is my contrabass and I shall play on it as loud as I please."

The house where Jakob Brahms boarded was kept by a little, plain, ailing woman. Whether it was through her motherly ways or her exceptional ability to cook delicious meals, she cast a magic spell over the twenty-four-year-old lad. After just a week's residence he led his forty-one-year-old landlady to the altar.

Johannes was the second of three children. For all their meager fare and damp, poorly furnished living rooms, the early days of the family were happy ones. Johannes loved to marshal his colored lead soldiers into military positions, in anticipation, as it were, of days to come, when he would marshal the hosts of sound with rhythmic precision.

A delightful surprise awaited Papa Brahms one day as he was giving Johannes his piano lesson. While naming the keys the five-year-old boy suddenly turned to look out the window, in the meantime continuing to name the keys. This led his father to test him further, and thus he found that Johannes was gifted with absolute pitch. But this was only the beginning of his gifts.

The news of Johannes' swift musical progress was spread abroad, and offers came to the family for him to make a

concert tour extending as far as America. Fortunately his broad-minded parents did not succumb to the lure of exploitation, but declined the offer, much as they needed what financial gain the tour would have brought. Instead, Johannes continued his training with teachers at Hamburg.

The Brahmses clutched the frazzled end of Fortune's rope. The soup was thin. The rooms were often uncomfortably cold in winter. It became necessary for the children to find odd jobs to help support the family. Johannes, only nine, began playing in dance halls and taverns of the harbor, often into the small hours of the morning. He was thus exposed to life's sordid side in his most impressionable years; further, he heard the poorest type of music as he pounded out the dance tunes for the scuffling feet of drunken sailors and their partners. This irregular program taxed his delicate health, and he became anemic and suffered with severe headaches.

As a lad of fourteen Johannes was invited to visit a friend living in a little town about sixty miles from Hamburg. This jaunt into the country proved a most fortunate change for the little Hamburger. He caught his first glimpse of a new world and of better things, as he passed through the fields and forests. His health, too, was restored during his sojourn at Winsen.

In his later teens Johannes threw himself into whatever tasks he could find to make his living. He was an early riser. "The best songs come into my mind," he said, "while brushing my shoes before daybreak." He gave lessons, continued to play at dance halls, and wrote hack music under a pen name. Then he chanced to meet the Hungarian violinist Remenyi, and played some accompaniments for him. The two became friendly and decided to travel

together from town to town. At least the concerts they planned to give would earn their expenses. So, vagabondlike, they ventured forth, prepared for any emergency. When, at one city, the piano was tuned a half tone too low, Brahms, with his customary ease, transposed the *Kreutzer Sonata* of Beethoven a half tone higher. The eminent violinist Joachim was in the audience and was immediately impressed by the pianistic skill of the accompanist. Later Johannes played his *Scherzo, Op. 4* for Joachim. As a result a friendship developed between the musicians that lasted a lifetime. Joachim was one of the first links in the chain of Brahms' associates who set his fire of genius aglow.

Then Remenyi broke relations with Brahms, saying curtly, "I have no more desire to wander as a musical beggar from village to village. You may try your luck alone." But Brahms was not dependent upon sheer luck to carry him through. He had come from rugged peasant stock with a will to work; his genius and training were sound; and he was acquiring new and finer friendships that would inspire him to his best achievements.

With Joachim's letter of introduction in his portfolio, Brahms set out to visit Liszt at Weimar. The wizard of the piano welcomed him in his usual cordial manner, and the two played for each other. Each was a genius in his way, although they were opposites in nature and style. Liszt enjoyed soaring into the musical stratosphere, while Brahms preferred descending into the musical deep. Brahms would never become one of the many ardent disciples surrounding the Weimar master. Though they parted with a vigorous handclasp they were still strangers at heart.

Young Brahms found the friendship of the Schumanns much more to his liking. He made it a point while passing through Düsseldorf, where they then lived, to pay them a visit. Robert Schumann, then in his early forties, welcomed the youth of twenty with open arms. Shortly after he began to play one of his own sonatas at the request of Schumann, his host broke into the performance and exclaimed, "Clara must hear this!" When his pianist-wife entered the room, Schumann further exclaimed, "Now you shall hear such music, my dear Clara, as you have never heard! Young man, begin the piece again!"

And so one of the great friendships of music was born. Schumann's enthusiasm for the newcomer culminated in an article, written in his journal, announcing the advent of this "new prophet John." Under the title "New Paths," Schumann, among

(Continued on page 10)



**S**ALT is good: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." These words from the Gospel of Luke contain rich food for thought.

The thing that makes a cook famous is her ability to bring out the flavor of the food. The thing that makes an act lovely is the goodness of the heart behind it. The thing that makes a life beautiful is the tenderness revealed in the noble character.

A plate of delectable-looking, white, mealy potatoes whets the appetite, which increases as the gravy adds its aroma. But with the first mouthful—oh! What's the matter? There's no salt in either one! "Salt is good." After a few sprinkles of salt are added, what a difference! All the other elements, tempered with the salt, make a delicious foundation for the meal.

"Ye are the salt of the earth." There is a field in my farm that has grown fine

his saltiness, wherewith will ye season it?" "It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out." "Ye are the salt of the earth."

Here is presented the thought that salt may lose its savor, its usefulness. And its uselessness is emphasized by the fact that men "cast it out." Then the thought is connected that "ye are the salt of the earth." Let us introduce another thought that Jesus expressed as He unrolled world events to His disciples in Matthew twenty-four. "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." There must be some likeness between the man who endures and the saltiness of salt enduring unto the end. If one fails to endure, his experience is similar to that of salt that has lost its savor. Both are good for nothing, and are cast out. If you fail to endure, to be true to God and to live a life consistent with His commandments, you become unfit for the earth. "He that is not with Me is against Me: and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth."

"Salt is good. . . . Have salt in your-

in their speech. It hangs a charming picture on memory's walls. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

What is this salt, this seasoning element without which our lives are tasteless, our conversation undesirable, our deeds disgusting, our characters ruined? The apostle Peter has presented a recipe for making a character. Maybe he will tell us. "Beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity [love]."

The basic ingredient is faith. We add virtue and knowledge to it. Then temperance and patience make it steady. Then godliness and brotherly kindness sweeten it. Ah! Here it is! Here is the salt that flavors everything—love! Love, the motive behind every deed. Love in every word spoken.

Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, illustrates how useless are talents without this seasoning element, how lacking love, our highest endeavors become valueless. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries, and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." God can take these heartless endeavors and put them through channels that will season them with love and make them a blessing to His children and to the world around us.

In this same chapter Paul tells us how effective, how strong, how enduring, how humble, is this controlling influence in the lives of those who possess it. "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, taketh

(Continued on page 14)

# SEASONING

By W. F. B. WATSON

crops of hay, but of late the good grasses have grown shorter and shorter. Other strange plants that I do not sow have come up to choke them out. Also, the loads of hay to come from that field have been fewer and fewer; and in direct proportion their value as feed has lessened. I am told that it is because the soil has become soured. Certain essential elements have disappeared of late because I did not add them to the ground from time to time. The good grasses, which feed upon those elements for their very life, have now withered and died from lack of them; and the coarse, unwanted plants that flourish in sour soil have increased their growth. Their food value is small, the hay almost worthless, and a source of bad seed.

Now, the thing that I must do is to plow that field, turn over that tough, useless sod, break it up with the harrow, and add the elements for good growth—lime, phosphate, potash, nitrate, ammonia. Then I must sow good seeds, and smooth the field, and wait for God's sunshine, rain, and wind to germinate the seed, and dissolve the elements for their roots to take hold of. In due time there will be a new crop of good grain growing luxuriantly, which will eventually fill my barn with food.

How similar to my field are many lives! They once produced worthy plants. There was promise in the crops that they grew. But because of failure to add, at the proper times, the elements necessary to sustain growth, the good crops failed. When we do not feed on the Word of God regularly, our hearts come to lack the elements of Christian growth—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—and become soured by sin, so that the good we do is spoiled by the abundant presence of the evil. Then, if we are ever to harvest a crop of Christian graces, we must allow God to plow and harrow our hearts, do our part to renew the missing elements in their soil and sow the good seed, that we may once more be ready for the Master's use.

"Salt is good: but if the salt have lost

selves, and have peace one with another."

Here is expressed another benefit of having salt to flavor our lives. It brings peace, and peace brings righteousness, and righteousness brings confidence. "Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them." "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever. And My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

We are admonished to use salt in our conversation. How pleasant to have met and talked with those who have used this

Let Us Sprinkle Every  
Word and Deed With  
the Salt of Love



H. M.  
LAMBERT



YOUNG man, here are a package and a letter for you." I lay writhing in pain, but turned agonized eyes toward the woman in white who had spoken. She was the nurse on duty at the moment. Through clenched teeth I managed to mutter "Thanks." Ripping open the package, I discovered a small pamphletlike book tumbling onto the bed. The words on the cover, in a background of camels and pyramids, were plainly read—*Prophecy Speaks*—and immediately I was aware of who had sent it to me; of course, it must be from my brother, who was a minister for a Seventh-day Adventist church several hundred miles from the city in which I lived. Didn't those Adventists know when to leave a person alone?

One week prior to this I had been working at my regular duties for one of the large oil companies. I was in fine health, and though I had received notice that I was to be inducted into the United States Army in two weeks, I was happy in the assurance that life in the service would be just as complete and merry as at the present. Already I had planned to work only three days longer, and then I would lose myself in revelry until the Army called. Several going-away parties had also been planned for me by the company, my club, and friends in general. Such was the state of affairs just before the greatest experience of my life.

The clock struck twelve o'clock midnight as I entered my room—a room in one of the largest and finest boardinghouses in the city. I immediately strode to my bedside and snapped on the radio. This was a nightly habit. It seemed I needed the blare of instruments in swing style to soothe me to sleep, much as a drug addict might need his narcotics.

As I listened to one of the famous bands and the too-sweet voice of a feminine blues singer rendering her version of a popular hit tune, I stood in front of the mirror for a pensive moment. A panorama of my life streamed through my mind—my happy childhood, my graduation from grade school, my entrance into high school. Then while in high school, during a summer vacation a huge revival tent was erected just two blocks from our home.

My parents, who belonged to the largest popular church in town, were quite religious-minded, and the thought of a revival meeting so close at hand aroused their curiosity and pleasure. Soon afterward my mother came into the house from the front lawn, bearing a small leaflet. On being asked what it was, she told us it was an announcement of the tent meeting. At the dinner table that evening there followed a discussion pertaining to the coming revival.

"I wonder what sect those people belong to," pondered my father.

"I don't know, but as long as they preach the Word of God I'll be satisfied," was my mother's reply. She was a devout and fervent Christian, and although I would not openly admit it, I was nevertheless secretly proud of her and the noble life she lived.

Night after night found my parents in attendance at the evangelistic services. The rest of the family were perplexed at the seeming change in the attitudes of our parents. They seemed to wear a look of excitement and revelation on their countenances. My mother implored us to come with her, telling us about the marvelous truths that were being revealed at the meetings. All of us balked at going to services, as we did not enjoy attending worship—our interests were in pleasure of another kind.

# Victory

By

E. ROBERT PRIEBE



GALLOWAY.

The Pain Was Becoming Unbearable, and My Landlady Finally Called the Doctor

The meetings continued, and soon we noticed that mother left home without putting on her usual make-up. A short while later I noticed she was not wearing the engagement and wedding rings which she had had on her finger as long as I could remember. I called her attention to the fact, and she told me that the lecturers at the tent had proved by the Bible that those things were wrong and abominable in the sight of God. My reaction was utter astonishment.

I tried to dissuade her, telling her not to believe those fanatics, but to no avail. She stuck to her new faith despite the ridicule of her friends and family.

The final blow fell when my father and mother announced one day that hereafter we would attend church on Saturday instead of Sunday. It is easy to imagine the effect this had on the members of our family, of which I was the youngest. The preacher of the church which we formerly attended rebuked my parents in no uncertain terms, but they stood firm in their new conviction.

After many protests we children reluctantly went to church on Saturdays—a day which the members of the church called Sabbath. They seemed such queer people—to our way of thinking—doing everything backwards. How well I remember the first few Saturdays of going to church via alleys and isolated streets for fear of meeting an acquaintance and having to explain why I was going to church!

I suppose that I, despite my youth, was the most stiff-necked member of the entire family, for soon after my brothers started worship on the so-called Sabbath they, too, were baptized—but not I.

From the standpoint of the Bible I could see that this church had a truer gospel than any other church, but I reasoned that anyone was ignorant who believed in the Bible. My reckoning in this fashion was probably just an excuse for myself, as I knew that if I accepted the doctrines of this church I would have to sacrifice the athletics and dramatics in which I took part in high school. With these would go all my friends. No, I was having the time of my

life—a whirlwind of gaiety, sports, plays, movies, school dances, and possibly a few stimulants thrown in for good measure. Why should I leave these pleasures to accept a life of humbleness and drudgery?

During this time my elder brother entered a Seventh-day Adventist college to prepare for the ministry. My sympathy went out to him, as in my misguided mind I thought he must be doing it against his better judgment.

Thus I graduated from high school and left home to go out into the world against the pleas and exhortations of my mother, who wanted me to stay at home lest I get away from the influence of God completely. Rather indignantly I told her that that was exactly the reason for my leaving. I had never before seen such a pained and stricken look on her face, nor did I ever have a chance to heal the wound I had inflicted. A few years later, with regret I rushed to her bedside as she lay dying many miles from my new home. Alas! it was too late, for she was already unconscious, and she remained so until her death. Her special nurse told me her last prayer, just before she lapsed into unconsciousness, was for me.

After my mother's funeral I went back to my position and my friends. These newly acquainted associates had all contributed to my disbelief in the Bible. I had become a regular atheist. My set was smart and up to date, and thought of anything concerning the Bible as strictly "horse-and-buggy stuff." Had not a radical leader once told me that the Bible was originated in the olden days by a group of the very wealthy people who used it as a club to the poor peasant folk who might become rebellious? This reasoning seemed strictly logical to me.

The face staring back at me from the mirror was haggard and weary. Not enough sleep seemed to be the answer. I turned away and went down to the barroom, with which our boardinghouse was equipped, and ordered a "nightcap" in the form of a highball. As the fiery liquid

(Continued on page 12)



# ★ MASTERS of MUSIC ★

(Continued from page 7)

other things, wrote: "It seemed to me . . . that a musician would inevitably appear to whom it was vouchsafed to give the highest and most ideal expression to the tendencies of the time, one who would not show us his mastery in a gradual development, but, like Minerva, would spring fully armed from the head of Jove. And he has come, a young man over whose cradle graces and heroes kept watch. His name is Johannes Brahms, and he comes from Hamburg."

The wholesome spirit of brotherhood in art as reflected in Schumann's heraldry of the then unknown Brahms, is a lesson on true greatness. All men may not have an equal measure of gifts such as Schumann had, but whoever wishes may emulate his altruistic spirit. Many noble lives, many great deeds, many masterpieces, owe their inspiration to the kindness and the encouragement of a friend.

Brahms profited immeasurably by the endorsement of his older contemporary. Publishers accepted his manuscripts unhesitatingly. The public eagerly awaited his works. Then a new controversy regarding the relative merits of his most recent compositions would inevitably follow. Several appointments came his way, including that of director of the court concerts of the prince of Detmold, which Brahms accepted. The composer stayed here four years and then returned to Hamburg. He made occasional public appearances as conductor or as pianist. In the role of pianist he was forceful rather than accurate. It is very often the case that the composer is not his own best interpreter. However, Brahms introduced many of his new works on these rare appearances.

When, at twenty-nine, Brahms moved to Vienna, he adopted the Austrian capital as his home for the remainder of his days and adopted, likewise, many of the characteristics of Hungarian music. These styles flavor a number of his works such as the *G Minor Quartet*, the two serenades for orchestra, *Opp. 11 and 16*, besides his stirring Hungarian dances.

For some thirty-five years Mother Vienna was to look upon this homespun, interesting, often eccentric foster son. She would learn to know his inner self, his modesty, his love of children, his wit, his depth of thought. She would testify that he remained a student throughout his life, that he was one of the most logical and self-critical of all the masters. She observed that behind his austere appearance there beat a tender, human heart. Though his hands were "rough and hard as files," there welled in the blue of his eyes the "Cradle Song" so tenderly lyric as to stand alone in its class.

Brahms became a celebrity in Vienna and in the whole music world, but he never lost sight of his humble origin. He loved his parents and often sent them gifts, although toward himself he dealt most niggardly. His *German Requiem* was written in memory of the passing of his mother.

He remained a bachelor throughout his life. He had several love affairs and wrote beautiful love songs, but he always stopped short of marriage. Nevertheless, he introduced a new, although doubtful, technique into the realm of bachelorhood; it would

bring him but transitory fame as an inventor, perhaps, but it contributed toward his right to the "degree" of Bachelor of Eccentrics. Reduced to simple terms, his formula was this: When his trousers were torn he filled the gap with sealing wax. Doubtless the results varied with the temperature.

One of Brahms' biographers gave a straightforward glimpse of the character of the composer, as both man and artist, when he wrote: "It is impossible to imagine Brahms manicured and scented, and though he was of the most scrupulous cleanliness in body and dress, he always had the appearance of one who washes with common soap at the pump, and knew nothing of pomatums and perfumes."

The composer cut a rather droll figure as he sauntered down the street in his "high-water" trousers, over his shoulders a plaid shawl fastened in front with a large safety pin, and a derby hat. His short, paunchy build contributed to his wheezing in locomotion. That patriarchal beard, grown at forty-five, was, more than likely, a shrubbery of camouflage, inasmuch as he detested wearing neckties. His rooms, too, were typical bachelor quarters. Music and books were littered everywhere. In one corner stood his innocent-looking trick rocker. As the unsuspecting guest sat down either he would tumble onto the floor or his feet would fly into the air. If Brahms was to make a trip he would throw his wardrobe helter-skelter into the trunk. But out of the chaos of his living quarters he brought out orderly, logical, beautiful music.

The master was fond of food—and drinks. One restaurant, the Red Hedgehog, was a particular favorite with him. Beethoven and Schubert had eaten here. The place seemed to glow with reminiscences of the great in music. Here Brahms exchanged wit with Dvorak, the composer of the *New World Symphony* and the little "Humoresque"; with Johann Strauss, the waltz king; with Von Bülow, the pianist-conductor; and others. Here he found respite from the intense concentration necessary to the production of a masterpiece, be it a symphony or an intermezzo of but two pages.

After Brahms had settled in Vienna he seldom went elsewhere, except for occasional concert tours to Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, and short holiday excursions. The children about the street came to know and love him. They understood that under the shaggy bearlike exterior was the heart of a lamb. They knew that the bulging pockets of his shabby coat were likely to hold candy or some coins for them. And invariably the poorest children were the object of his kindnesses. Biographer Robert Schaffler gives a story-picture of Brahms as the children's friend in the lines following:

## Yule Fire in a Slum

"Between a refuse pile and a pedlar's tray,  
I saw pale children circling, hand in hand,  
Round a green branch—their gutter fairyland.  
Deep in the slush they frolicked, lost in play,  
For this was all the Christmas tree they had:  
A scrap of wilted pine. They had made it glad  
With paper ribbons full of glorious holes—  
The spoil of broken piano-player rolls:  
Festoons of silent music, draped among  
The twigs where toys and candy should have hung.

'Let's make it burn!' The tiny blaze leaped higher.  
Their Christmas tree was now their Christmas Eve;  
And, in the sudden glare, I could plainly see,  
Printed upon a burning paper's end:  
'Johannes Brahms . . . *G minor Rhapsody*.'

"I thought how it would please that children's friend

If he could watch his flaming tones achieve  
Such radiance for a gutter Christmas Eve;  
Though rhapsodies must, phoenixlike, progress  
Into another form of loveliness.  
How that Pied Piper's coattails would grow fat  
With sugar toys; how every bright-eyed brat  
Would encore 'Uncle Brahms' with crow and shout!

Children, is there a candy shop about?"

But it is not given to children to grasp the meaning of his music. That, with the exception of a few short pieces, must be left for mature minds. His music, ranging from the simple folk-music style through the most erudite symphonies, is often on first hearing considered dry and academic. But when it is reheard its dynamic depth and inner beauty come to light.

Brahms is classed with Bach and Beethoven as one of the three "B's" in music. He combines salient qualities of both of these masters with the deeper expression of romanticism. He, as was the case with Bach and Beethoven, was not tempted by mere sensuous beauty, nor did he strive for effect. His music is never superficial, but thorough and intellectual, and built to endure.

In his music—including the intermezzi, the capriccios, the rhapsodies, the sonatas, and up through the symphonies—new and complex rhythms, new harmonic textures, new technical difficulties, are earmarks of his original style. Consistently he draws the waters of his inspiration from solid rock. Only occasionally does he relax and appear in playful mood as in his *Waltzes Op. 39* and in the *Hungarian Dances*. Four great symphonies, the *Tragic Overture* and the *Academic Festival Overture*, fine choral works, and about two hundred songs add to his glory as a sculptor in tone.

Throughout his middle and later life Brahms enjoyed robust health, but toward his sixty-fourth year a liver ailment began to give him distress. A consultation with his physician revealed a malignant condition. His rotund figure soon wasted, his color changed, and he became bedridden. When, on his deathbed, a friend brought him a drink to slake his thirst, the dying master gratefully whispered, "Yes, that is beautiful." These were his last words. In contrast with the penury of the earlier masters, Brahms left, aside from the inestimable legacy of his masterpieces, about one hundred thousand dollars to his heirs.

The art of Brahms is noteworthy for the nice balance maintained therein between musical thought and musical feeling. He was one of the most scholarly of the masters and also one of the most profound in his expression of human emotion and experience. He had been thoroughly schooled in the best classical traditions of Bach and Beethoven, and he adopted their models of symmetrical design as a vehicle for expressing the individuality and integrity of his own personality. His music endures by reason of its perfection of form, its nobility of thought, and by its sincere expression of musical truth.

Brahms was another link in the chain of geniuses that have made musical art the accumulated wealth of centuries in intellectual and emotional idealism. Men of genius, as a group, are a singular manifestation of God's creative power. They

(Continued on page 14)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





VERNON NYE, ARTIST

## A Lesson in Honesty

BY EVELYN KALDAHL

THE little country school had just been dismissed, and the merry voices of the small children echoed through the trees.

It was one of those beautiful autumn days when all nature seems alive with color and activity. The sun shone brightly through the trees, which were gorgeously clad in their lovely dresses of red and gold. Here and there a squirrel could be seen scampering over the ground, through the leaves that had already fallen, carrying an acorn or a nut to some secret storeroom to be used when winter should come.

Along the narrow path that wound in and out among the trees skipped two small girls, hand in hand. Plainly they were enjoying to the fullest extent this beautiful autumn day.

As they entered the clearing where the Blake home stood, Janet suggested to her older sister, Mary, that they stop for just a few minutes to play with Betty and Jimmy Blake.

Mary, deciding that mother simply could not expect them home so early on such a beautiful day, replied, "All right, Janet, but we can't stay very long, as mother might worry."

When they entered the kitchen door they found Mrs. Blake busily canning apples while Betty and Jimmy stood on either side of her, watching.

"Come out with us, won't you? How can you spend such a lovely day indoors?" As Mary said this she flung her books on the kitchen table and bounded out the door, followed by Janet, Betty, and Jimmy.

The four children had played together for nearly an hour when Mary reminded Janet that they must start for home, as it was almost suppertime.

They had to go into the house to get their books, and when they were coming out Mary caught sight of an apple that had rolled very near the door. Cautiously she looked around and then picked it up.

As they were starting home she asked, "Janet, want half of my apple?"

"No," replied Janet, "I don't even want a bite."

"Why not? I never saw you refuse anything to eat before."

"I'm not hungry—at least not for a stolen apple!"

"Stolen apple? Why, this apple isn't stolen. I—I just took it."

"Well, what difference is there between stealing and 'just taking'?" With these last words Janet pulled her books more tightly together and began running toward home as fast as her short legs would carry her.

Mary watched her out of sight, thinking of what she had said about the stolen apple. The great tears welled up in her eyes and rushed down her cheeks as she thought of what she had done. She had not realized until now that she had really stolen the apple. How would she ever be able to face her parents again? Janet had most likely told them about it already. If Betty and Jimmy should hear about it they would know that she was a thief and probably they would never want to play with her again. All these and many more thoughts surged through her mind in rapid succession while the tears kept rolling down her cheeks.

Finally, just around the bend, she caught sight of home; and there, out under the oak tree, was Janet playing on the swing father had made for them. She was glad she was nearly home. But how could she enter the house with her face all red and swollen from its recent bath in salty brine? She sat down under a large tree until she was sure that her face and eyes looked better.

When Mary finally entered the little home cottage there were still traces of tears in her eyes, but neither parent seemed to notice them. They had decided when Janet had told them the story that they would let Mary tell them about the apple without their mentioning it to her.

During the evening meal Mary was unusually quiet, but neither mother nor father asked her why she was not her usual sunny self. Bedtime came, and they still had not seemed to notice her silence. This relieved her very much. She hurried into her bedroom, undressed, and plunged into bed without even kneeling to say her prayers. Then she yanked the covers across her head. But try as she might, she could not sleep. The little clock by her bed seemed to say, "Thief, thief!" With each tick its voice seemed to grow louder.

Should she tell mother and father? How could she ever make them understand?

She decided to wait until morning, and possibly she would be able to get it off her

mind by that time. After all, an apple was such a little thing! But still sleep would not come.

Finally she heard her parents go to bed, and she was still awake! Oh, why had she taken that apple?

Her little clock said eleven-thirty, and still she was not asleep. "Maybe I'd better tell daddy," she decided. It really was a very hard thing to do, but she bounded out of bed before she had a chance to change her mind.

"Daddy," she whispered when she had reached her father's bedside, "are you still awake?"

"Mary, is something troubling you? Please tell father all about it."

"Well, Daddy, Janet and I stopped at the Blakes' on the way from school, and I picked up an apple that was lying on the floor. When we were coming home Janet told me I was a thief, and I guess I am."

"Now, Mary, you realize that you did wrong. What do you think you should do about it? Do you think Jesus would want you to make it right with Mrs. Blake, or just forget about it?"

"Of course I suppose He would expect me to make it right, but how can I do it?"

"The right thing for you to do would be to take a nice, red apple to Mrs. Blake and give it to her to replace the one you took; then tell her all about it."

"Do I have to tell her about it? Why couldn't I just put an apple in the place where I got the one I took and say nothing?"

"Well, that would hardly be a true confession. If you tell Mrs. Blake about it, I am sure that it will teach you a real lesson, and you will never again be tempted to take anything that does not belong to you. Now that you know what you should do, don't you think it would be a fine idea for us to kneel together and ask Jesus to forgive you, and to give you the courage to confess to Mrs. Blake in the morning?"

Together they knelt beside the bed while Mary sent up a petition to her heavenly Father, asking for forgiveness and the courage to tell Mrs. Blake. After listening to her humble petition, her father followed her with a prayer for his small daughter.

"Mary, I'm so glad you came and told me about taking the apple. Janet told us what you had done, but mother and I wanted you to tell us about it yourself. I have been waiting for you to come to me. Now run along and sleep tight."

"Good night, Daddy."

Next morning Mary was up much earlier than usual, for she had to start to school before the usual hour so that she would have plenty of time to stop at the Blake home. She hurriedly gulped her breakfast



down and then was off for school, carrying her books and a large red apple. She hurried as fast as possible for fear she would lose her courage.

When she came in sight of the Blake home she began to feel quite shaky, and almost decided not to stop. Then she thought of how disappointed her father would be if she did not; so she bravely walked up the steps and rapped on the door.

"Why, good morning, Mary. Aren't you going to school a little earlier than usual this morning?" questioned Mrs. Blake.

"Well, I guess I am." Mary was tempted just to ask if the children were ready, and not even mention the apple. But a small voice seemed to say, "Get it off your conscience."

She decided right then that after she had got so close to doing what she knew she ought to do she would surely not give up.

"Mrs. Blake."

"Yes, what is it Mary?"

"Do you know what I did when I was here yesterday?"

"Why, no; what did you do yesterday?"

"I—I—er, I stole, I mean I took an apple; so now I've brought one to take its place. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

Of course Mrs. Blake forgave Mary, and Mary, though she was only a small girl of seven, learned that honesty, even in very little things, can save one from a lot of misery.

## The Everlasting Gospel

(Continued from page 4)

of faith and understanding. It will open new doors of Scripture knowledge. It will mean a forward movement of the army of God."

In the '44 movement these three had been associated in publishing, at Canandaigua, New York, a second advent paper called *The Day Dawn*. It had lapsed with the conclusion of the campaign. Now Edson, Hahn, and Crozier agreed that they would share the expense of issuing another number to contain the exposition by Crozier of the light on the sanctuary. This they did, and they sent this *Day Dawn* broadcast to as many believers as they had names and addresses. The substance of the matter was soon republished in a Cincinnati paper, *The Day Star*. The similarity of the name and the practical identity of the material has caused confusion; but Edson's testimony is explicit as to the name of the original medium, where copies of *The Day Star* are extant.

*The Day Dawn*, with its exposition of the sanctuary and its cleansing, spread a wave of hope and cheer throughout the broken ranks of the believers. Many, indeed, doubted and refused to believe. But among those who received it gladly were two who were destined to figure even more prominently in the later work than they had in the early mission of '44. These two were Joseph Bates and James White. Each of them sent word to Edson, "You have light. This, we believe, is the truth."

Soon a meeting was appointed at Port Gibson for those who would consult and study together on the sanctuary question. James White planned to come, but was prevented by the death of a relative. Joseph Bates did come, and in study with the Port Gibson brethren accepted their view of the sanctuary. He brought with him, also, another truth, the seventh-day Sabbath. When he presented it to the

assembled company, nearly all embraced it. And there was formed the nucleus of the church which much later was to be named Seventh-day Adventist. Bates formed a connecting link between the Port Gibson company and James and Ellen White. Very soon the Spirit of prophecy in Ellen G. White confirmed the truths both of the sanctuary and of the Sabbath, which, with the second advent, make the three great distinguishing doctrines of this church.

The first angel had done a mighty work. He had opened the final campaign in the wars of God. Over all the world, but most intensely in England and America, had flamed the message of the second advent. In the midst of the battle he had been joined by the second angel, with his message of separation from the evils of the world and from association with those who countenanced them. But scarcely had the second angel effected the beginning of his reforms when with mighty power the third angel joined them, and the triad of commanders was complete. Thenceforth to the whole world was to go that threefold message which today is lightening the earth with its glory.

Now in the distance appears the Supreme Commander, for the hour of judgment is come. "I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on His head a golden crown, and in His hand a sharp sickle."

Wave after wave of the angelic host now is thrown into the conflict, each led by a commanding angel. "Another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to Him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in Thy sickle, and reap: . . . for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

"And another angel came out from the altar, . . . and cried with a loud cry to Him that had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in Thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe."

All the forces of heaven are joined to the army of God on earth. The battle grows fiercer; the contending forces meet with greater shock. The banner of Christ

advances; it is planted even now upon the ramparts of the enemy. The victory is certain, the triumph sure!

Bright o'er earth's gloom, upon earth's sable night  
Break now the glories of the kingdom's day.  
A moment, and the bars with sudden might

Shall burst before the King upon His way;  
And Death again shall grave his records never, never,  
No; not forever.

## Victory

(Continued from page 9)

coursed through my veins I felt somewhat better. Going back to my room, I prepared to retire for the night. As I took off my clothes, I ground a last cigarette into the ash tray atop the dresser. I turned off the radio and slipped between the covers.

During the very early hours of the morning I was awakened by a pain which centered in the region of my left knee and ankle. I could not imagine what it could be, but passed it off as nothing very serious. The next morning when I attempted to arise I noticed that my knee and ankle were stiff. What a tough break! and just when I wanted to celebrate, I mused. I managed to flounder through the day, but the swelling in my joints increased. That night as I lay in bed the pain extended to my right elbow. It was becoming almost unbearable now. The landlady finally called the doctor.

"You have an acute case of arthritis," was the doctor's terse statement after he had given me a thorough examination. He ordered me to a hospital immediately. The first three weeks of hospital life were a nightmare. My body was racked with the most severe pains.

As a last resort I remembered the instruction of my mother, who had taught me to pray. As I offered fervent appeals to my Lord, I noticed a miraculous lessening of the pain almost immediately. Whatever pain I might have had after that quickly disappeared whenever I began to pray.

So it was that I decided to actually read the little book entitled *Prophecy Speaks*, more as a token of appreciation than anything else. As I read on and on I became amazed. Why, here were astounding things forecast hundreds of years prior to the actual happening. I certainly never knew these things were in the Bible. After I finished the booklet I wondered why my family had never told me these things. With shame I remembered how I had rudely cut them off every time they had mentioned the Bible.

The hospital in which I was confined held hundreds of patients, and there were many who were on the verge of death. Sorrowfully I recalled my conversations with several who were aware of their nearness to death. Usually they were dejected and anguished as they awaited a future of inevitable despair, because they had not lived a Christian life and had no hope for the future.

All these things set me to thinking one night as I lay sleepless. I had been in bed nearly seven weeks now, and the same doctor who told me that I would most likely be a cripple for life had surprisingly informed me that I was well enough to leave the hospital the next day.

Suddenly all the pent-up emotion caused by my new knowledge of the Bible and the answer to my prayers overwhelmed me, and I promised God that night that I would consecrate the rest of the life which



1. Is this true or false: Australia has contributed more fighting men to the war effort in proportion to its population than either Great Britain or the United States.

2. What notable philanthropic gesture was recently made by Bernard M. Baruch, financier, philanthropist, key figure on the American home front in two World Wars, and known as our "Elder Statesman"?

3. What prominent member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet died recently?

4. Approximately how many men of draft age in the United States have been classified as 4-F?

5. If you were "bumped off" a transcontinental air liner, would you suffer severe injuries?

6. A new radio station known as "Absie" went on the air in England recently. What is the full name of the station and what is its purpose?

7. What is the recently opened Canol Oil Refinery?

8. What essential antimalaria drug has been artificially produced, thus ending a hundred years of chemical research?

9. What per cent of the land area of the earth is under British Empire rule?

10. Does the President of the United States have power to make treaties?



He had so graciously spared me to doing His will.

The first few days after I left the hospital I had qualms of misgivings. I had a fear that perhaps I would be unhappy in my new life. After all, I would be sacrificing almost everything around which my interests had been centered.

Several months passed, and I decided to attend a Christian college, where I am writing this story. As the Lord has guided me I have become happier than I ever was in my former life.

Mine is a deeper and richer joy, which cannot be compared to a selfish, godless existence.

Yes, God moves in strange ways His wonders to perform.

## "Before They Call I Will Answer"

(Continued from page 6)

time of grave apostasy in the Christian church, and many other heathen practices had been incorporated into Christian worship. It was during this time, at the Council of Laodicea in 364 A. D., that the Roman church finally transferred the obligations of the Sabbath to Sunday and, in a manner, abolished the Sabbath. Here is a copy of the action at that council, and we shall read a number of other statements by both Catholic and Protestant writers."

"Indeed," said Mr. Le Fleur, "these quotations are certainly a revelation, and settle the matter for me. Why, it almost seems that this Sabbath question is a trial of strength between the authority of God and the authority of the Catholic Church."

"You are more right than you realize," rejoined the doctor, "and we will study that phase of it if you care to take the time later."

And so the Sabbath passed in Bible study, and it was a very thoughtful pair who joined in the bright little service of song and prayer as the sinking sun closed the day of rest. Sunday was spent in remedying the trouble with the car and in studying the Bible further. In fact, Mr. Le Fleur seemed to have forgotten his holiday, and stayed several days at the mission studying the message which God has given for these last days. When he resumed his journey he carried with him a quantity of literature for further study and gave an assurance that one of his first acts on reaching their destination would be to look up the local Seventh-day Adventists.

(To be continued)

## Heaven Does Matter

(Continued from page 1)

the Creator's hand a renewed creation, restored to its pristine Edenic splendor. "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." Isa. 65:17.

This new earth with its new heavens shall be as materially real as is our present planet! The prophet Isaiah speaks of peaceful green pastures replacing the desert places. Lofty mountains and evergreen hills decked with graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers of every known delicate hue will be found there. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and

singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." Isa. 35:1, 2. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." Isa. 55:13.

There will be animals there—not savage, wild beasts such as roam the jungles in many parts of the world today. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord." Isa. 65:25.

Throughout this beautiful new creation shall run a wonderful highway on which the redeemed shall walk. "An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it. . . . But the redeemed shall walk there." Isa. 35:8, 9. This highway will lead up to heaven's capital—the New Jerusalem, that glistening jewel of God described by John the revelator in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation.

A few years ago it was my privilege to visit the beautiful Taj Mahal in Agra, North India. It was one of those beautiful moonlight nights that only the Orient can witness. Streaming through dark outlines of Indian palms a brilliant full moon flooded the picturesque minarets of the Taj Mahal with a purplish haze. In this world of sin I had never expected to see God and man collaborate so perfectly in producing such a picture. Constructed of glistening white marble throughout, it stood out in the lavender haze like a perfect pearl carefully laid in velvet. There before us in all its Oriental splendor was the Crown Tomb—for "Taj Mahal" means tomb—of an old Mogul emperor who had sought to do his favorite wife special honor.

As I sat there that summer evening and drank in the scene before me, I was reminded of other mansions—not built to house the dead, but built to delight the living. Mansions, the Saviour says, that He Himself has gone to prepare for those who love Him. These mansions will be ours in the New Jerusalem!

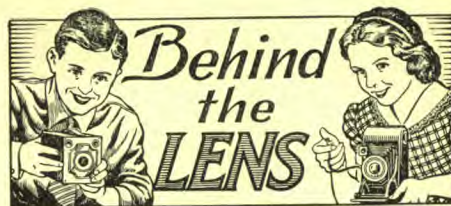
What a splendid sight the Holy City with its mansions will be! According to the Scriptures it will be three hundred and seventy-five miles long on each of its four sides. How magnificent it will be with its walls of jasper resting upon a dozen dazzling, gem-studded foundations!

But now let us turn our attention to the people who will inhabit God's new earth. All trace of sin and suffering will have been removed. "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." Isa. 33:24. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." Isa. 35:5, 6. What a day of rejoicing that will be when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. 21:4.

Now if you have conceived of heaven as being a lazy man's paradise, you are wrong! Heaven will be a place of activity. "They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them." Isa. 65:21. There are going to be carpenters and farmers there!

In this life many times misfortune overtakes us and in a moment the work of a lifetime is swept from our grasp. The

(Continued on page 14)



## Behind the Lens

By ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

**A** PLACE in which to do our photographing is an important consideration, of course. It will need to be a room which can be completely darkened. Merely pulling down the regular window shades will not accomplish this. A surprising amount of light comes through and around a window shade, even at night, unless one lives entirely out of range of street lights or the lights from other dwellings. The wartime black-out shade should come very near solving this problem, and if this is not available, a dark curtain which covers the entire window area, or even a large sheet of building paper hung over the window with the shade pulled down, will serve the purpose. After all window openings are covered, the door keyholes stuffed, and the crack at the bottom of all doors covered with rugs or strips of cardboard, we shall remain in the darkened room long enough for the eyes to become accustomed to the darkness, and then check for the least bit of stray light.

We shall need a work shelf or table, which can be placed near a light socket and also near a water faucet if possible. An ironing board will do very well for the workbench, and the faucet suggests the basement laundry room or the bathroom. It is possible to print pictures without having running water at hand, but it is not nearly so convenient, since sufficient wash water must be available for ten or twelve complete changes in the washing utensil.

There are a few other items needed before the first print can be made: a general safelight which will not fog the printing paper, a white light, and a frame, or holder, for keeping the negative and paper tightly together while exposing to this white light, a graduate for measuring solutions, a thermometer, and a stirring rod.

As to the safelight, a double thickness of solid red Christmas paper tied about a low-wattage light bulb, so that the paper does not touch the bulb and so that no white light escapes, will serve until a regular ruby safelight can be obtained. A test of the "safety" of this improvisation is advisable and will be explained later.

The white light can be a medium-wattage bulb in a gooseneck desk lamp or in an open pull-chain socket, so arranged that the printing frame can be placed fairly near it and in a fixed relationship to it. This fixed distance, possibly twelve or fifteen inches, eliminates one variable factor in the matter of properly exposing the printing paper.

A workable substitute for the regular manufactured printing frame is easily made with two pieces of clear, flawless glass, somewhat larger than the negatives to be printed. All edges are bound with scotch tape, and the two pieces of glass are then hinged snugly to form a book. A negative mask, the same size as the glass, made of opaque paper, in the center of which an opening is carefully cut slightly smaller than the actual picture area of the nega-



tive, completes this item of equipment. The accuracy of the cutting on the mask opening determines the smoothness of the edges of the white margin on the prints. Now we have the darkroom equipment ready for the real fun. After a generous spreading of newspapers, the solution pans should be lined up on the worktable, so that the developer is at the left, the stop bath in the middle, and the fixing solution to the right; and with the table located to the left of the water tap, the pictures will always move along from left to right.

Next time we shall make our first print.

Heaven Does Matter

(Continued from page 13)

house of our dreams is lost! But in God's tomorrow there will be no crop failures, no mortgage foreclosures. "They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." Isa. 65:22, 23.

The prophet further states, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Isa. 11:9. The messenger of the Lord, in commenting on this scripture, has said:

"There every power will be developed, every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of body and mind and soul.

"All the treasures of the universe will be open to the study of God's children. With unutterable delight we shall enter into the joy and the wisdom of unfallen beings. We shall share the treasures gained through ages upon ages spent in contemplation of God's handiwork. And the years of eternity, as they roll, will continue to bring more glorious revelations."—Education, p. 307.

Fellow young people, when we read such thrilling statements as these we cannot but be convinced that heaven *does* matter and that it matters a great deal! Are you preparing to develop *your* talents with the redeemed throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity?

Seasoning

(Continued from page 8)

not account of evil; . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."

Yes, this seasoning element of love, added to all our motives and endeavors, puts godliness into our lives, builds Christ-like characters, and prepares us for the kingdom of heaven. "Now abideth faith, hope, and love." Faith, the basis of all action, the premise of all thinking; hope, the inspiration of every endeavor, the realization of every promise; love, the sweetening of our lives, the beautifying of the character. "The greatest of these is love."

No wonder the Saviour, as He was leaving His disciples, gave them a new commandment, to help them in the work they were to carry on without the inspira-

Answers to Quiz

- 1. True.
- 2. He gave \$1,100,000 for research in "physical medicine, which involves the diagnosis and treatment of disease by such external physical agents as light, water, heat, electricity, exercise, and massage." Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York University's College of Medicine, and the Medical College of Virginia will collaborate in this research.
- 3. Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, aged seventy.
- 4. Approximately 3,500,000, according to Selective Service Chief Hershey.
- 5. No, because to be "bumped off" is to be put off the plane by someone who holds a higher priority.
- 6. American Broadcasting Station in Europe is the official name. It has been set up by OWI to broadcast "the American point of view to occupied Europe." It is expected to have an important influence in the Allied invasion of the Continent.
- 7. The \$130,000,000 American-financed oil project in northern Canada. Completion of the project, which ranks with the 1,523-mile Alcan Highway as one of the great engineering feats in Canada's war-opened northwest, was accomplished in record time of twenty-two months. It is linked by 585 miles of four-inch, above-ground pipe line to the oil source at Fort Norman.
- 8. Quinine. The achievement is credited to the Polaroid Corporation of Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- 9. One fourth.
- 10. No. Under the Constitution of the United States treaty-making power is lodged with Congress. The Senate, by a two-thirds vote, must approve all treaties with foreign nations.

tion of His presence. It was this: "That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

John was known as the "beloved disciple," the one who leaned on Jesus' breast at the last supper. His love made him follow the Saviour from the garden, to the trial, to the cross, and to the tomb. Later he was honored in receiving the revelation of Jesus Christ to His church. And then he wrote his wonderful epistle, in which is revealed the depth of his experience in the love of God. Here are some verses from the fourth chapter of his first epistle:

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man has seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. . . .

"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him, because He first loved us. If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Love is that seasoning element. Let us sprinkle

every word and deed with that salt. It will beget peace. Love is the triumphing element that has redeemed a lost world. If it reaches our hearts it will redeem us. If it flows out from us to others it will draw them to that redeeming love. As Jesus said, "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them."

Masters of Music

(Continued from page 10)

are "instruments used by God wherewith to improve mankind." They live in a world apart. They breathe the rarefied air of the mountaintop. Theirs is the task of bringing advance light to the world. Theirs are the privations and pains, the sorrows and the joys, the solitude and absorbing passion that attend the creative process in great works of art. Their gifts enable them adequately to express that universal search for truth and beauty, for love of freedom, for brotherhood.

While we of the common cloth are incapable of changing the world's horizon or of opening new vistas to mankind, we are, nonetheless, accountable for the light that we have. Ours is the responsibility and privilege, musically, of abiding in the truths which the masters established; of perpetuating the ideals for which they gave their utmost devotion; and of using our best thought in discriminating between the holy and the common. It may mean such a small matter as the turn of a radio switch, for, alas, there is nothing more pernicious than the habit of assimilating consecutive radio programs, indiscriminatingly, to the detriment of our musical judgment. It may mean simply turning another page or two in the hymnbook, while weighing the merits of hymns. Thereby we choose only those that worthily express the high praise that is due the Author of holy music—hymns that will promote a spirit of Christian unity among the worshipers and that will edify their souls. Whether in the field of religion or music or literature, prudence and vigilance must ever stand guard at the portals of our minds, that we may keep truth and tinsel forever separate.

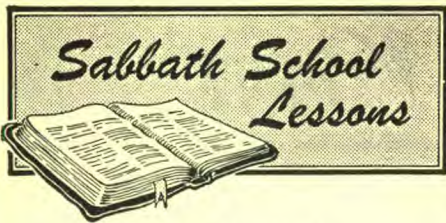
Inasmuch as "music is the only art of heaven given to earth and the only art of earth we take to heaven," can we lightly regard our trust in keeping pure that art which is so closely associated with the Infinite?

Answers to Last Week's Crossword Puzzle

H	A	N	D	S	C	O	M	E	S
H	E	B	E	N	O	T	A	L	L
E	R	A	L	I	T	T	L	E	
A	D	U	T	Y	D	C			E
L	A	U	G	H	E	D	W	E	E
E	R	E	A	L			V	I	E
D	E	A	F	R	A	I	D	E	T
		M	A	S	T	E	R	N	A
I	T	S	M	E		A	R		
	R	U	L	E	R	F	O	L	L
T	E	L	A	I	E	L	O	I	S
O	N	L	Y	B	E	L	I	E	V
E	D	S	A	S	L	O	S	E	I

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## SENIOR YOUTH

### IV—A Prime Minister Tested

(July 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 6.

MEMORY VERSE: Daniel 6:22.

LESSON HELP: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 539-548.

1. What responsible position was given Daniel in the Medo-Persian kingdom? Why was he preferred above others? Dan. 6:1-3.

2. According to Daniel's enemies, how faithful was he? How did his enemies seek to trap him? Verses 4, 5.

3. What scheme was laid for Daniel's destruction? Verses 6, 7.

4. Not understanding the real motive of the princes in writing the decree, to what did Darius consent? Verses 8, 9.

NOTE.—"The enemies of Daniel left the presence of Darius, rejoicing over the snare now securely laid for the servant of Jehovah. In the conspiracy thus formed, Satan had played an important part. The prophet was high in command in the kingdom, and evil angels feared that his influence would weaken their control over its rulers. It was these satanic agencies who had stirred the princes to envy and jealousy; it was they who had inspired the plan for Daniel's destruction; and the princes, yielding themselves as instruments of evil, carried it into effect."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 540.

5. How was Daniel affected by this proclamation? Verse 10.

NOTE.—"Although he [Daniel] knew full well the consequences of his fidelity to God, his spirit faltered not. Before those who were plotting his ruin, he would not allow it even to appear that his connection with Heaven was severed. In all cases where the king had a right to command, Daniel would obey; but neither the king nor his decree could make him swerve from allegiance to the King of kings."—*Id.*, p. 542.

6. When the princes saw Daniel praying, with what question did they introduce the matter to the king? What accusation was then made against Daniel? Verses 11-13.

7. What shows that Darius did not intend to expose Daniel to the danger of this decree? Upon what did Daniel's accusers insist? Verses 14, 15.

NOTE.—"When the monarch heard these words, he saw at once the snare that had been set for his faithful servant. He saw that it was not zeal for kingly glory and honor, but jealousy against Daniel, that had led to the proposal for a royal decree. 'Sore displeased with himself' for his part in the evil that had been wrought, he 'labored till the going down of the sun' to deliver his friend. The princes, anticipating this effort on the part of the king, came to him with the words, 'Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, that no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed.' The decree, though rashly made, was unalterable, and must be carried into effect."—*Id.*, p. 543.

8. Before Daniel was cast into the den of lions what encouragement did the king give him? Verse 16.

9. What unusual care was taken that Daniel should not escape? How did Darius pass the night? Verses 17, 18.

10. Hastening to the den early the next morning, what did the king cry out? Verses 19, 20.

11. How did Daniel reply to King Darius? What reasons did Daniel give for God's protection? Verses 21-23.

NOTE.—"Heaven is very near those who suffer for righteousness' sake. Christ identifies His interests with the interests of His faithful people; He suffers in the person of His saints; and whoever touches His chosen ones touches Him. The power that is near to deliver from physical harm or distress is also near to save from the greater evil, making it possible for the servant of God to maintain his integrity under all circumstances, and to triumph through divine grace."—*Id.*, p. 545.

12. What punishment did the king then mete out to the accusers of Daniel? Verse 24.

13. How did Daniel's faithfulness result in the true God's being made known to many people? Verses 25-28.

14. What lesson may be learned from the story of Daniel's deliverance?

Answer.—"From the story of Daniel's deliverance, we may learn that in seasons of trial and gloom, God's children should be just what they were when their prospects were bright with hope and their surroundings all that they could desire. Daniel in the lions' den was the same Daniel who stood before the king as chief among the ministers of state and as a prophet of the Most High. A man whose heart is stayed upon God will be the same in the hour of his greatest trial as he is in prosperity, when the light and favor of God and of man beam upon him. Faith reaches to the unseen, and grasps eternal realities."—*Ibid.*

## JUNIOR

### IV—Daniel Tested Again

(July 22)

LESSON TEXT: Daniel 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me." Dan. 6:22.

#### Guiding Thought

"A man whose heart is stayed upon God will be the same in the hour of his greatest trial as he is in prosperity, when the light and favor of God and of man beam upon him. . . . The power that is near to deliver from physical harm or distress is also near to save from the greater evil, making it possible for the servant of God to maintain his integrity under all circumstances, and to triumph through divine grace."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 545.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text.

Study the memory verse. Why could Daniel claim God's protection?

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### Daniel's Greatness

Read Daniel 6:1-3; also 5:30, 31.

Darius, of Medo-Persia, reigned only two years in Babylon. He died, and his nephew, Cyrus, became sole ruler. Dan. 5:30, 31.

1. When Darius became ruler how did he arrange the government of his great kingdom? Who was chief of the presidents? Dan. 6:1, 2.

2. Why was Daniel made chief president? Verse 3.

NOTE.—"Daniel was a chief actor in the kingdom of Babylon in the height of its glory; and from that time on to the time when the Medes and Persians took the throne of universal empire, he was at least a resident of that city and acquainted with all the affairs of the kingdom."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 115, 116 (1912 ed.).

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### A Plot Against Daniel

Read Daniel 6:4-9.

3. What attitude did the princes and presidents take toward Daniel? Why could they not find anything wrong with his work and life? Verse 4.

NOTE.—Jealousy is a terrible thing. It leads to hatred and murder.

4. How was Daniel different from these men? Verse 5.

5. What plot did the presidents and princes work out to get rid of Daniel? What did Darius think was the purpose of the decree? Verses 6-9.

NOTE.—These men rushed in to the king. They hastily told him what they wanted. Without giving him time to think they urged him to sign the decree. Of course it was flattering to think that no one could pray or make any petition without asking him. And since the laws of the Medo-Persians were never changed, everyone would have to do this for thirty days.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### The King Learns the Reason for the Plot

Read Daniel 6:10-15.

6. What was Daniel's attitude toward the decree? Verse 10. Read also Matthew 4:10.

7. What report was brought to the king by the princes? Of what did they remind the king? Dan. 6:11, 12.

8. How did they reveal their reason for asking the decree? What shows that the king did not intend to entrap Daniel? What did he try to do? Verses 13-15.

NOTE.—The king knew now that it was only jealousy, or envy, of Daniel back of this decree. Because he was a just king he tried to save Daniel,

but the decree could not be changed, according to the law of the Medo-Persians.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### Daniel in the Den of Lions

Read Daniel 6:16-23.

9. What order was the king compelled to give concerning Daniel? What words of encouragement did the king speak to him? Verse 16.

10. What was done to make sure Daniel could not escape? Verse 17.

NOTE.—Babylon was surrounded by two great walls with an open space, or moat, between them. "In the moat within the double wall were probably kept the lions to which Daniel was thrown."—*The Ancient Stones Cry Out*, p. 105. "The ruins of Babylon today show portions of the double wall, its great massive brickwork evidencing the vastness of the original fortifications."—*Ibid.*

11. How did the king then pass the night? Verse 18.

12. Where did he hasten early in the morning? Of what do you think he was certain? Verses 19, 20, first part.

13. What was Daniel's answer to the king's question? How did the king now feel? What was his command? Verses 21-23.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### Result of the Plot

Read Daniel 6:24-28.

14. What command was given concerning the princes and their families? What was the result? Verse 24. Read also Proverbs 11:8.

15. How did Daniel's faithfulness result in the true God's being made known to many people? Dan. 6:25-27.

NOTE.—Through many years Daniel witnessed for God under Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Darius, and into the reign of Cyrus, the Persian king. "Thus God not only honored Daniel by a most miraculous deliverance, but his integrity was the means of publishing the truth throughout the world. From this time Daniel prospered—during the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus, who issued the wonderful decree for the deliverance of the Jews."—*The Story of Daniel*, p. 87.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

1. Because of Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, what kings issued decrees? Dan. 3:29, 30; 4:1-3, 37; 6:25-27.

2. What were the decrees?

3. Because of their faithfulness, what honors were bestowed upon these men? Dan. 1:19, 20; 2:47-49; 3:20-30; 5:29; 6:2, 3.

4. Name three tests which came to them.

5. What could Daniel say concerning his last test? The memory verse.

6. Ask yourself: Am I doing my best every day? Do I honor God in every thought and word and deed?

Now read the Guiding Thought.

Ask your teacher to tell you the story in the *Worker* for this lesson.



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#### ARE YOU MOVING?

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



# The Listening Post

► EGYPT is now planning postwar developments.

► A PEACH weighing 13½ ounces was picked recently in Bedfordshire, England.

► You may be surprised to learn that India is the largest sugar-producing country in the world, with a productive capacity of about 1,500,000 tons of white sugar annually.

► THE number of Federal employees on Uncle Sam's working staff increased in fifty years from about 175,000—including well over 100,000 postal workers—to a wartime peak of more than 3,000,000 in 1943, not including those in military service.

► THE Ohio State Safety Council reports that an annual average of 13,732 farm accidents in that State cost 275 deaths, 187,153 days of lost time, and over \$7,000,000. Governor Bricker proclaimed January as a Farm and Home Safety Month.

► PRODUCTION of 400,000 pressure cookers for home canning use has been assigned to manufacturers by the War Production Board. The production must not interfere with war work and must be completed by July 1. The cookers will be made of aluminum in seven-quart and fourteen-quart sizes.

► BECAUSE of the mounting cost of food and the shortage of zoo attendants, park commissioners in Elgin, Illinois, decided last April to liquidate the three black bears of Lord's Park. The animals were fed enough potassium cyanide and strychnine to kill scores of men—and then begged for more. Finally the idea of poisoning the bears was given up, and they later succumbed to rifle bullets.

► THE first all-American-owned-and-operated commercial radio station in Europe began direct service to the United States recently. The station "somewhere in Italy" is operated by the RCA and was installed at a cost of approximately \$250,000. The staff of eighteen men have experimented with the high-speed equipment, which is intended chiefly for movement of news dispatches from the war fronts, and 240 words a minute have been transmitted in tests.

► ELEVEN hours and thirty-five minutes is the transatlantic air speed record from Montreal to Britain made by Captain Richard Allen, an Australian member of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, which operates the North Atlantic ferry shuttle service for the RAF Transport Command. The non-stop flight of 3,100 miles was made in a Liberator bomber and breaks by twenty-one minutes the record established seven weeks previously by a Lancaster bomber. Captain Allen traveled at 240 miles an hour and made an average ground speed for the whole flight—with the aid of a 45-mile tail-wind—of 275 miles an hour. No special attempt was made to set a record.

► MORE than fifteen million books were collected for soldiers and sailors in the Victory Book campaign recently conducted by the American Library Association with the cooperation of the USO and American Red Cross. Forty-seven States now have State-wide library extension agencies—all except Arizona. South Carolina and Wyoming were the last to be added to the program. The trend toward war industries and organizations in the armed forces has created an acute shortage of librarians. The association is planning postwar library developments, with library service to help ease the adjustment of demobilized servicemen and industrial workers to normal peacetime living.

► How often can you donate blood to the Red Cross? "Every three months" is the answer given by doctors who have been studying human abilities to "regenerate blood." Many can give more frequently with perfect safety, but for the average person the longer interval is desirable.

► A PATENT has been issued to Allyn Harris for his economical and timesaving device which provides refrigeration for perishable produce in transit. The insides of freight cars and trucks are sprayed with dry ice. The walls must be well insulated and rough so that the dry ice will cling to them.

► SHARKS do not have skeletons of bone—they are cartilage.

► BECAUSE of a break in the modern water mains, Carrick-on-Sur, Eire, has had to return to its ancient wells, and owners of donkeys and carts are carrying supplies from the stream and wells outside the town.

► A NEW kind of table sirup, for use on pancakes, waffles, etc., is now being made from apples, as announced by the American Chemical Society. It is "extremely sweet and palatable," but is not yet in commercial production.

► MACY's department store in New York City introduced a fifth-floor "barnyard," offering chickens for sale a year ago. Now pigs, goats, sheep, and a line of Mediterranean donkeys, described as "small and docile," have been added.

## ★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

Great Britain  
April 25, 1944

Dearest Mother,

Tonight, I sat down to begin a letter to you in commemoration of Mother's Day. As I thought more of you, however, I realized that it is at times like this that one comes to know the meaninglessness of words. I found that you mean more to me, Mother, than I can express in one short letter. I hope you will accept what little thanks I can offer for all you've done for me.

First I wish to tell you how much my Christian training means to me. Especially since I have been in the Army, I can see how you have worked and sacrificed and prayed to the end that your children might grow up with the realization that there are far greater values in life than the things of this world. I remember that many times you insisted that I do a number of things that I then thought silly and perhaps a bit old-fashioned and strict. I know now that it wasn't easy for you to punish me for things that other parents ignored in their children, but I thank you for it, Mother, for I now see so many fellows my age who disregard the rights of others, as well as the principles of truth and purity.

In a few more days I shall be twenty-one, and the laws state that I will then be independent of parents and guardians. Nevertheless, I know that, as in the past, so in future years, the thoughts of my mother and her principles of truth, faith, and honor will be a mainstay in overcoming the problems and trials of life. May I have half as much success in my task as you have had.

Each passing day brings closer the time when victory shall be gained and we shall be homeward bound. Until then, Mother, I'm sending you a couple of little snapshots to let you know that England isn't being too hard on me—physically, at least! I'm not bragging on them, but I guess I can't expect too much with the material at hand.

Happiness galore, to the best mother in the world, is my wish to you!

Best love,  
Clayton.

Mother's Day is long past, but soldier, are you writing your home folks regularly and frequently? They are thinking of you and praying for your safety in danger, for your sustained courage in discouragement, for your determined resistance to the temptations that beset you on every side. Here is one father's prayer for his "Medical Soldier"—and you may be sure that it finds its echo in your father's prayers for you:

"My boy today is far away  
Camping near the Bristol Bay.  
At night he sleeps midst Army jeeps,  
While God above His vigil keeps.

To save a life he'll do his best;  
In peril and strife he'll stand the test.

"Ever alert, at beck and call  
To ease the hurt of those who fall;  
Trained to save and not destroy,  
This medical brave, my soldier boy.

"From harm and danger everywhere,  
By Thy blest unflinching care,  
We ask Thee, Lord, protect our son  
And guide him till his work is done.

"His to go, though under fire,  
To friend or foe, with one desire—  
To render aid to injured ones,  
Quite unafraid of booming guns.

"And speed the day when wars shall cease,  
When boys away return in peace.  
It will be grand to have our men  
From foreign lands 'back home again.'

"And trusting all to Jesus' care,  
Where duties call, he will be there.

"And at that time we'll not forget  
The 'Lord of Hosts is with us yet,'  
And by His grace, both now and then  
We'll rest our case in God. Amen."