

# The Youth's Instructor



EWING GALLOWAY

To Aid and Counsel Seventh-day Adventists in Industrial Relationships and Difficulties, the Church Has Recently Established the Council on Industrial Relations

## NONCOMBATANTS in Industrial Warfare

By CARLYLE B. HAYNES

THE international war is ended, as far as actual fighting is concerned. Seventh-day Adventists maintained their noncombatancy throughout.

Industrial warfare is being renewed on a vast scale. With reference to this, too, Seventh-day Adventists are noncombatants. They stand apart from conflict and violence.

In the raging conflict between capital and labor Seventh-day Adventists have no part except that for which God brought them into existence—to deliver His message of saving grace and truth to all men, all groups, all parties, all races, all nations.

There are powerful organizations of employers ranged against equally powerful organizations of employees. They have both assembled enormous armaments of industrial warfare and are girding for battle. Each side is determined to gain control.

The tension between them is felt in all relations of human life today and affects all aspects of human society.

Seventh-day Adventists cannot narrow their mission in the world by taking sides. Their message is to both sides. As in actual warfare, so in this, they must stand apart and above the conflicting factions.

This does not mean that we are without our sympathies. We believe in an adequate and secure standard of living for all men, in a high level of production, in good housing, in sufficient protection against hazards of accident, illness, unemployment, and old age, in proper wages, proper working hours, in the fundamental rights of labor.

Most of our members are of the working class. If our church were classified, it no doubt would be recognized as a workers' church. We have few rich men among us.

We are not unaware of the teaching of Scripture regarding rich men. Our sympathies are definitely fixed.

But as in armed warfare, so in this, "the servant of the Lord must not strive." Our business in the world, as disciples of our divine Master, is not that of violence, of fighting, of contention, even for right objectives. It is to deliver a message, a message sent to, and needed by, all men.

We are men under orders. We have a mission to carry out, a message to deliver, a warning to give, a stupendous announcement to make. We cannot discharge our responsibility if we allow ourselves to become entangled in the strife of parties and groups. Every energy of our beings is to be directed to one end, and we are to enter upon no alliance which would interfere with this.

Our orders are, "We are now to use all our entrusted capabilities in giving the last warning message to the world." And immediately this caution is sounded: "In this work we are to preserve our individuality. We are not to unite with secret societies or with trade-unions. We are to stand free in God."—ELLEN G. WHITE, *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VII, p. 84.

These are the reasons why Seventh-day Adventists generally do not unite with lodges, fraternal organizations, secret orders.

These are the reasons they think they should stand apart from labor unions. They are a separate people. They would maintain that separateness in their relationships with worldly organizations.

Their sympathies may range in many directions. Their interests may be in many fields. Their associations may be connected with every social stratum. But their membership, higher than any other on earth, is in the church of the living God. Their energies, their money, their abilities, their time, are given to advancing the interests of God's cause among all men.

Gigantic monopolies have come into being. Industrial titans are mustering for battle. Their announced principles seem quite innocent. Men joining them, how-

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# Let's Talk It Over

TWO great heroes sat on the platform at worship time this morning in our Review and Herald chapel. They presented striking contrast; yet there was also a striking similarity.

One had hair of darkest brown; the other wore a snow-white crown. The age of one was twenty-six; the age of the other, seventy-five. One had worn the uniform of the Army of the United States for three years and six months, and had served with distinction at the forefront of the Battle of the Pacific, recently ended; the other was in civilian attire, but he, too, was a distinguished battle veteran with fifty full years of front-line service to his credit. One had just received the Congressional Medal of Honor from the President of the United States; the other wore no decorations visible to the human eye, but, having "fought a good fight" across the velds and jungles of Africa for half a century, he has the satisfaction of having brought thousands to the foot of Calvary's cross. One was retiring from Army service to take up civilian pursuits and build a home; the other was retiring from fifty years of foreign missions service to spend his sunset years in less strenuous endeavor. Both men, hearts beating high with hope and faces alight with expectancy, look forward to that glad day when the King of kings shall appear in the clouds of heaven, and place upon the head of each faithful witness "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

CORPORAL DESMOND T. DOSS has been much in the news these last few days as he, with thirteen fellow servicemen, came to Washington, D.C., to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor. The presentation of this decoration upon this particular soldier occasioned much comment, for it is the highest honor within the gift of this nation and has never before been given to a conscientious objector. But there was not a breath of suggestion that he was not well worthy to receive it.

As a stretcher-bearer and first-aid man he was in the thick of the fighting on Guam, Leyte, and Okinawa. Again and again he proved his mettle and risked his life to save his fellows.

What was perhaps his outstanding exploit was performed on Okinawa, where this courageous medic who carried no arms at all, and was well known as a Seventh-day Adventist who stood true-blue for his religious convictions, was credited with saving the lives of at least seventy-five wounded soldiers on a Sabbath day when the fighting was heavy on a fifty-foot escarpment. On three previous occasions his company had tried to take this position, but each time had been driven off by withering fire. Each time he had stayed up on top of the height and lowered wounded men one by one to his comrades below in makeshift rope halts. Each time he was the last man to leave; and each time he had climbed down unscathed. Once his buddies had tossed a thousand grenades over his head at the enemy while he lowered wounded men for three hours. On

the fourth attempt to capture the escarpment the platoon was again repulsed with heavy losses. When they regrouped and counted heads, Doss was among the missing. For twenty minutes there was no trace of him. Then someone shouted and pointed to the height. There stood the lone figure of the aid man silhouetted against the sky. He was frantically waving for help to get the wounded down again. He succeeded once more—and once more he was the last man down the rope.

Corporal Doss humbly gives God all the glory for his great exploits, and says that he has proved the present truth of every verse of the ninety-first psalm, "for I was

## YOUTH'S FORUM

### Current Proposition:

Is it necessary that one be on the denominational pay roll in order to be in the Lord's work? The physicians, dentists, nurses, carpenters, mechanics, farmers, and day laborers who consistently live their religion day by day and loyally support the church and its activities at home and abroad—are they not as much in the Lords' work as if they received their pay from the conference?

### Deadline: November 30

And be sure that your contribution to the discussion is not late, for **if it is late it will be too late!** Mail to Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

### Sign Your Name!

Anonymous communications, no matter how good they may be, will not be considered. Indicate also the Missionary Volunteer Society which you represent. No names will be used in print, neither will your society be named, but we require this information for our files. It will be held confidential.

### Remember the Deadline: November 30!

just as scared as anybody, but my business was to save life, and I felt that I must save all I could."

No wonder the 77th Division is proud of Desmond T. Doss! In recognition of his valor "in three major battles, with total disregard for personal safety," he has received the commendation of his division commander, the Purple Heart, the Oak Leaf Cluster, the Bronze Star, and now the Congressional Medal of Honor!

In an interview given the press the day he received this last and greatest honor, he said that he felt Seventh-day Adventists in the armed services are wrongly classified as "conscientious objectors"; that a far better, fairer classification would be "conscientious co-operators."

Corporal Doss is a fitting symbol of the more than twelve thousand service personnel of this church who have worn their country's uniform in the conflict just closed. Many of them are still wearing it. Most of this group have served both their God and the United States of America with credit, many of them with distinction.

A goodly number have been awarded citations and medals for bravery in action. And those who have made the supreme sacrifice sleep honorably, whether it be beneath restless ocean waves or in graves marked by white crosses set row on row. Also they sleep in "the blessed hope" of a soon-coming Saviour and a joyful resurrection morning.

So we doff our hats in salute to our Seventh-day Adventist youth in the armed services. Indeed, they are heroes all!

PASTOR W. H. ANDERSON holds the record, among the great company of missionaries this church has sent out to other lands, for the longest continuous service. The fifty years he has been following the trail of Livingstone throughout the length and breadth of Africa—and blazing many of his own—have been fruitful years in soul winning. He is an evangelist, and believes that heathen can be converted by the spoken words of God's messengers just as well as can those who live in civilized parts of earth. He does not know how many he has helped to find in Jesus a personal Saviour from sin, but those who have followed his work reckon that the number runs well into thousands.

As a fitting climax to these fifty eventful years, he spent most of the last twelve months of the time in Ethiopia, with a flying trip to India thrown in. Of this latter he says that he was in the country *one hundred days*, traveled into every part of it, and *preached one hundred and twenty-two sermons*. Quite a record for a man of seventy-five!

Returning to Haile Selassie's land, where he had interviewed the emperor several times and secured permission for the reopening of all Seventh-day Adventist missions that had been in operation at the time of the Italian invasion, he made preparations to journey far into the interior and hold an evangelistic effort. In company with eight native helpers, a native nurse for dispensary work, and Mission Superintendent M. J. Sorenson, he set out in an ancient truck which proved so temperamental that they finally ended their journey on muleback, repairing roads and rebuilding wrecked bridges en route. For no one had journeyed that way since the Italians had left. The effort was a real success, for 226 persons joined the baptismal classes. Pastor Anderson assured us that if most of his helpers (who were teachers from the boys' and girls' schools) had not been obliged to return to their classrooms, he would still be in Ethiopia, holding more evangelistic efforts.

HEROES! After all, what makes one a hero? It seems that doing unselfishly, faithfully, courageously the duties that come with each today is to live heroically. Are you doing this kind of day-by-day living, friend o' mine?

Lora E. Clement





Do You Long for Action? for Adventure? for Thrills? Then Dare for God!

# Daring for God

By GLENN FILLMAN

**D**ID you ever meet a person who almost always takes a dare? I have. There are people who seemingly feel duty bound to accept the challenge of the words, "I dare you."

There is something about energetic youth, especially, which makes them want to accept a challenge. They hate to appear "soft." They like to show the "stuff" they are made of. They want to demonstrate their strength, their skill, their endurance, their bravery, their courage, their daring. They like to do the impossible. Never do they wish to be considered weak or cowardly or yellow—and in many ways that is highly commendable.

This reminds me of an amusing incident which happened one winter while we were conducting a Medical Cadet Corps camp for the Northern Union Conference at Hutchinson, Minnesota. Another member of the staff and I shared an upstairs room. It was ten degrees below zero that night, and we went to bed with cold feet. It seemed that they simply would not get warm. I suggested that it was probably because our feet were an unusually long distance from our hearts. My roommate admitted that this could have something to do with it, but said he could tell me a quick way to get my feet warm. He explained that if we would walk out in the snow, barefooted, it would increase the circulation in our feet, and they would soon be warm and comfortable.

Being a little skeptical, I challenged him to try this method. He told me to go to the window and watch, and then to my surprise he quickly put on his bathrobe, went outside, and ran through the snow, kicking it from side to side with his bare toes. When he came back to bed he insisted that his feet felt warm. At any rate he demonstrated that he had the courage to do something which very few would do.

You may be sure that as you associate with different classes of people you will receive many dares. You will face one challenge after another. You will have your mettle tested. You will meet issues which will try your courage.

Let me remind you, however, that it is not always good judgment to take a dare. Sometimes it is not wise to accept a challenge. At times you may show the most courage by simply saying No.

You see, our adversary, the devil, is a good student of psychology and has learned a great deal about human nature. He is very clever at making people want to do what he suggests. One of his favorite tricks is to dare folks to do things, and he certainly gets results.

Just take for example a boy who is generally very well behaved. Then suppose his chum dares him to let the air out of the neighbor's tires. Immediately there springs up within this boy a determination to show that he is brave—that he is not afraid. So out goes the air, and the next morning the bewildered neighbor makes blisters on his hands pumping the tires up again.

Perhaps you can remember experiences in which some generally fine and well-behaved young man or woman did an unwise thing because of a dare.

I think of an experience which happened while I was in boarding school. A boy or two conceived the idea of having a chicken roast. Finally they persuaded six others to go with them by daring them. At twelve o'clock on the appointed night they all climbed out through windows and stole some chickens from the school farm, went to the woods, and had their chicken roast. Everything went according to plan until they got back to the dormitory and started to climb in through the windows. Just then the night watchman came on the scene—which was *not* according to plan—and so the boys were all called on the green carpet and, of course, had to be punished severely.

This matter of daring people to do wrong is not a new invention of the devil. He has used the method with success for thousands of years.

Before sin first entered this earth Satan appeared to Eve through the medium of a serpent and suggested that she eat of the forbidden fruit. She explained that God said not to eat this fruit or even to touch it, lest she die. Then Satan said that God was selfish and was trying to withhold something which would really make her and her husband, Adam, wise. He challenged her to take some. In effect he said, "I dare you to try it." She accepted the dare, and all the tragic experience of sin, suffering, sorrow, bloodshed, and death have come to mankind as a result.

This sinister method had been so successful that it was used to attack our Saviour in the wilderness. Here is what Satan implied: "You claim to be the Son of God. If you are the Creator of the universe, I challenge you to turn these stones into bread. After all, why should *you* go hungry?" and then, "I dare you to jump off the pinnacle of the temple. Certainly the angels would protect *you*." We can be ever so thankful that Jesus did not yield to these temptations.

I believe God had a purpose, however, when He implanted in our nature this venturesome spirit—this will to do and to dare. He knew that we would have obstacles to meet, and that we would need courage and strength to surmount them. So He gave us the inward urge to want to meet challenges, and made us strong to be able to do it. This is especially true with youth. You remember that John, in his first letter, says, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

Yes, God gave us this strength and courage and daring for a definite reason—and

obviously it is not to be used to please our adversary. On the other hand, God needs the strength of our youth. He needs plucky young Christians who will stand for what they know is right in any kind of crisis. He would have us recognize the true gallantry there is in being a Christian. *He wants us to dare for Him.*

Some people have the impression that Christianity is only for women and sissies, and not for real "he-men." Never was anything farther from the truth. Anyone who has a yellow streak up his back will never be able to stand the test of being a Christian.

Let us notice the real bravery, the true greatness, there is in daring for God.

Bill finds himself in the company of several other young men who are not Christians. They are all smoking, and one of them offers him a cigarette. "No, thanks," he says, "I don't smoke." "What's the matter; can't you take it?" someone chides. "I just don't smoke," he adds. And then the whole group begins to make fun of him. "Sissy," blurts one. "He is afraid it will make him sick," says another. And still another: "His mamma might *spank* him." Finally one says, "Aw, come on, Bill, show them you are a man." Now, which would show more genuine courage—for Bill to take that cigarette, or to steadfastly refuse it?

Mary spends the week end with her cousin who is not a Christian, and she invites several friends in for an evening. One of the boys goes after a case of beer, and the drink is passed around. Mary says, "No, thanks, I wouldn't care for any." "Why, Mary, a little beer won't hurt you." And then all the girls and boys begin "razzing" her. At last her cousin puts her arm around her shoulder and pleads, "Come on, Mary, be a sport. What will my friends think of you?" And then a boy adds, "I *dare* you to drink it!" Again I ask, Does Mary show more pluck by drinking a little, or by standing the taunting of her companions?

A young man goes to the State teachers' college. He is a natural-born athlete. He is the star runner on the track team in the 100-yard dash. How he loves to beat everyone to the tape! And then the day approaches for the district competition. He is asked to help represent his school—but, as usual, the event is scheduled for Saturday, the Sabbath. He informs the coach that he will have to count him out. The coach and others beg and plead with him to go "just this once!" Which will be the greater victory in his experience, to win the race, or to resolve firmly to stay at home and attend the little white church on the corner?

A young man was inducted into the Army and was sent to a certain camp for his training. Although he was registered as a noncombatant, he was asked to drill with a gun. "I'm sorry, sir," he said to his superior officer, "but while I am willing to do any kind of noncombatant work, I cannot drill with a gun." He was or-

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# John Dwight Comes Back

By MAY COLE KUHN

JOHN DWIGHT hurried along the glass sidewalks of Tremont Street, doing a bit of swift window shopping, scanning the faces of the crowd, with his nose ailt for news. The Common promised nothing; perhaps it was too cold for anything to happen!

Several persons nodded to him as they passed, for he was a well-known figure in the newspaper world. At least half the people he met wore glasses, he noted. A group of lawyers scurried by, their green felt brief cases tucked under protecting arms. It seemed that everybody was heading for the subway in a flurry to get home to his own fireside before the storm blew harder. Snow began to fall lightly, and the glass walks grew slippery. A chill "no coat, however stout," could quite shut out permeated the dusk. Then, halfheartedly, the lights came on and attempted to dispel the twilight of a day ended too soon.

John strode on past King's Chapel, Tremont Temple, and Park Avenue to the Hotel Touraine, where he paused and hailed a taxicab.

"Guess I'll go home," he muttered, and gave the driver a number on Marlborough Street.

"Home," he said to himself ironically. "Home!" He had not known the meaning of that word for many a long year. As out-of-town correspondent for a Boston

daily, he posted from one great occasion to another, covering news that involved delicacy of touch and strength of expression. Tossed here and there by the activities of nations and men, he lived wherever he happened to be, but he kept his apartment in Boston, because he wished a place to "come back to."

For two years past he had been working in Washington for his paper. Now an important assignment had brought him back to Boston. The Beacon Street accent was as music to his ears, and the mellow brogue of the Irish policemen gladdened him as they passed the time o' day with acquaintances on their different beats.

Now the cloisters of Trinity Church stood out for an instant; the white, beautiful public library gleamed across Copley Square; then the cab sped down Commonwealth Avenue, turned into Marlborough Street with a flourish, and stopped before a dignified brown-brick house. John paid the driver, fitted his key into the lock of the heavy door, swung it open, and closed it again quickly. Inside, all was warm and cheery. He started up the stairs to his rooms, then hesitated on the landing. The door to his apartment was open, and a light glowed in his sitting room.

As John entered he saw a shy, overgrown boy sitting in one of the big upholstered chairs, surveying his surroundings curiously. He arose and introduced himself. "Your landlady said I might wait for you here. I'm Dan Tilton. My folks told me to look you up and that you would help me about my business here. Did you get mother's letter?"

"No, but it doesn't matter," replied John. "Dan Tilton," he mused. His mind flashed back through the years. "Tilton, Tilton, why this would be Nell Winslow's son." He had not even thought of her for ever so long.

"Have you had dinner?" he asked the lad as they shook hands.

Dan shook his head and asked, "Have you?"

"No, I haven't eaten recently," John replied, laughing.

The boy from the backwoods of Vermont looked into his eyes searchingly for a moment; then he said, "Dad and mom sent you some apples and some maple sugar. Shall I give them to you now?"

"Why, yes, of course. Thank you," replied John, still a little perplexed.

"Dan opened a telescope suitcase and extracted a large carton of maple sugar; then he produced a box of maple sugar hearts and leaves, and a quart crock filled with maple cream. From the depths of the suitcase he drew a cardboard box and uncovered it carefully, peering inside to see whether the contents were intact. They were. A dainty, golden pumpkin pie came into view. Dan placed his offerings on top of a glass-covered desk near his host.

"The apples are here," he said, going into the bedroom. "Ben Davises, Baldwins, Porters, russets, Gillyflowers, and a few Red Astrachans that kept over. There are winter pears in that cedar box," he added, "and some prince's pine wreaths and cones that mom sent. She makes up these cedar boxes for Christmas trade, you know."

John accepted the gifts graciously. "Mom" had been one of the girls at the old school that had been more like home to him than any other place he had ever known.

That pumpkin pie! Unwrapped from its waxed-paper covering, the pie exuded the tang of Thanksgiving. He could almost see Nell Tilton stepping busily about her immaculate Vermont kitchen with a dab of flour on her face. He had never actually been in her home, but he knew how she had worked at school, making pies for a hundred hungry lads who worked on the farm or in the dairy or anywhere else a boy works at school. Neat as a pin, Nell always was, he recalled. Then he brushed away the picture.

"Come, let's eat," he said to Dan. "You choose where tonight. Here, put on your coat." Taking Dan by the arm, John ushered him down the stairs and out into the "weather." The lad did not mind. The snow had stopped falling and the lights were brighter.

"Shall we walk?" questioned John.

"If you like," answered Dan. He loved the sting of the dry Vermont cold, and this Boston chill was only a damper variety of what he had at home. The two walked briskly through the streets, past fine hotels, stores, and cafés. At last they came to a restaurant, white and shining under the glow of a galaxy of lights. How clean it looked.

"Let's eat here," suggested Dan.

After dinner, or supper, as Dan called it, John and his guest returned to Marlborough Street. They talked of Dan's home, of John's work, and of the days when John had been a student at a Seventh-day Adventist college. That had been where he knew Nell Winslow.

Time came for sleep, early sleep, for Dan was not accustomed to late hours. The lad's lack of sophistication touched John's heart. He sighed as he glanced at the boy's cheeks, ruddy from the keen air. "He makes me think of

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H. M. LAMBERT

In Spite of a Veneer of Indifference There Lurked Deep Down in His Heart a Love for the Man of Calvary





# "From Sea to Shining Sea"



H. A. ROBERTS



H. M. LAMBERT



EWING GALLOWAY

MUCH is said these days concerning the American way of life and "what our boys have been fighting for." We speak of our mode of living as if it were a creed, uniformly practiced by 130,000,000 Americans; as though it were a recipe which, if carefully followed, will turn out "average Americans," like biscuits, from proportionate amounts of the ingredients in Uncle Sam's pantry. But our American way of living is contrary to this idea to the extent that it is the actual antithesis of it; for the uniformity of the American way lies in its nonconformity to any formula or set of standards. And the average American is an individual only in himself.

That you may grasp more fully the thought that I am trying to convey, let us pretend—were it possible—that you have forgotten what America is and what it means to be an American. Come with me and learn again of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Listen anew to freedom's ring; see again the flare of the torch of liberty and feel again the shelter of Old Glory, unfurled. . . .

You are in a large industrial city afire with the mad production of biggers-and-betters-than-ever-before. The city throbs to the pulse of industry, and it seems that you are standing still, while the world, with its deafening noise, its busy throngs, its dazzling lights, roars by. You feel alone and bewildered. But before you have time to ask yourself, "Is this America?" a stranger steps from the street crowd into your path.

Who are you?

I am an American. I work over here [thumbing over his shoulder] at Fisher Body Corporation forty-eight hours a week. I have a devoted wife and children. Turning screws and "miking" metal doesn't require a college education, but it's good, honest labor, the kind that makes men. You see, I'm just a common laborer, one of the millions of my kind who make up

By JEANNE WAGNER

our nation's backbone. My father and mother are Slavic; but I am an American.

He is an American. And this is America. But while you stand and watch, he and the city disappear in a flash of light, a puff of smoke, and a crash of noise.

There is silence. . . .

You are standing on a rustic country bridge. To your right, green pastures roll gently—in the sunshine; to your left spread amber waves of grain. You have heard that before—somewhere. You are thirsty, so you idle over the way to a farmhouse to ask for a drink of water. A middle-aged woman answers your knock. She has soapsuds on her hands and a wisp of damp hair on her forehead. Her smile is pleasant and somehow familiar. A pretty girl in early womanhood, busy with a dish towel, watches you with guarded eyes at the same time. A youngster plays on the clean linoleumed floor. A dog lies in the corner, breathing heavily in sleep. It is contagious; you want to stretch out, too. You forget your thirst. You have been here before; you have seen these folk—

Who are you?

I am an American. I'm a farmer's wife—mother of four children. We like it here in the quiet country. It's pretty and peaceful. True, it's just ordinary scenery. Probably never inspire an artist to paint; no breath-taking mountains, no crystal lakes; but I like the deep green of the fields and the rich, black, freshly plowed loam, and the nearness of nature. I can even tolerate ugly mud and drab paint while I wait for the leaves in the spring. Perhaps I'm not a pure American, for I can't trace my ancestry to the men who landed on Plymouth Rock. I come from German stock and my husband comes from Scandinavian. But we're Americans. You knew that, didn't you?

You nod your head. She is right. You knew—all along. It is good to know again, and to remember. But the sparkling kitchen fades quickly from sight, and you are not sure, now.

The road across the rustic bridge wanders into a village. The sign by the way says, "Hometown: Population, 1,549." Ah, this is America; it must be. A bank, small and secure looking; a filling station; a beauty shop and dry-goods store; one traffic signal, lonesome for traffic; a newsboy peddling papers; a grocery store which bears a brave but weather-beaten sign: "U. S. POST OFFICE." It sounds comfortable and patriotic. You step through the door. There are several persons inside: a housewife, debating what kind of cheese to put in John's sandwiches; a man in overalls, triumphant for having remembered to stop for milk on the way from work; a youngster, nose pressed flat against the glass of the candy counter; others. They wait indulgently while the white-aproned grocer jokes and gossips, counts and recounts eggs and change. He is everyone's friend, apparently, and they will wait. No hurry, anyway. You are curious, so you walk over to the counter and interrupt a column of figures making slow progress in an account book at the hand of the grocer.

Who are you?

I am an American—a small-town American. Besides my grocery, I handle the post office and serve on the town board and fire department. I know everyone in town by his first name—and all the latest local news, too, for everyone stops in here at least once a day. It's sort of a news center [with a chuckle and a wink]. Those little flags in my display window stand for all this inside [this time, an inclusive gesture taking in people, counters, the very atmosphere]. I am an American.

You agree. Those flags mean—all this. America, at last! But quickly you are carried away. It is as in your childhood days



when you took your picture books and allowed the leaves to fly swiftly, too swiftly to let you see any one picture, only snatches of gay colors; occasionally something would take your eye and you would try to stop the flight of the pages, but before your hand could find the place it was a hundred pictures behind. Thus the scenes spin by. You have glimpses of mountains, rivers, plains, and canyons; there are villages and cities, farms and ranches, vast fields and blue lakes. At last you find yourself in a huge metropolis of 3,000,000 people. You feel certain that this population has turned out en masse, for you are literally carried along the street by the crowd. You take refuge in the magnificent City National Bank Building, where you enter, uninvited, into one of the offices. It is luxuriously appointed, with floors spread deep in carpet, handsome furniture, windows hidden in blinds and drapes. You feel suddenly quite small and unpolished and in need of a shave. Seated behind a shining mahogany

desk and lending further dignity to the picture is a white-haired man. His eyebrows are question marks; his look demands explanation. You flounder for words, and then, impulsively—

Who are you?

*I am an American. I am also the first vice-president of this bank. I have a large estate on the edge of town and a country home by a lake. My wife is president of the Women's Club and of the local chapter of the Red Cross. She knits for the soldiers and sponsors war work of several varieties. My son and daughter are both in college. Politically, I am a Republican. Never had any use for the Democrats. At the present time I'm not so much concerned who is in power; we have won a war; now we have a peace to win, an America to keep free. When things smooth out again, I'll be a strong Republican again, but right now, I'm just an American.*

Just an American.

The spacious office shrinks to a small,

rather dingy room; the polished desk of the banker becomes the scarred and cluttered desk of a newspaper editor. Waste-baskets, surrounded by misaimed scraps, overflow about the room. News notes born and killed, proofs peppered in red with the language of printers, are strewn everywhere. The suave banker becomes a bald and harassed printer with ink-stained fingers. You are at ease at once. You already half know the answer before you ask—

Who are you?

*I am an American; a newspaper man, editor of our eight-page weekly. I'm responsible for the editorials that demand a new school bus or town clean-up drive. I write most of the news stories, too—and even some of the poetry and fillers. Once I thought I'd like to be a reporter for a large newspaper, as my nephew is now, but I gave up that idea. My little newspaper is too valuable to our community. It's*

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# Eyes Right!

**A PAGE DEVOTED TO YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS**

Sign all questions with full name and address. Neither names nor initials will be published, and we assure you that every confidence will be faithfully kept. The problems for which you seek help will be considered by men and women of experience who are sympathetic with the youthful viewpoint. Their frank answers will reflect the personal convictions of the writer, and in no case is any of them to be considered a denominational pronouncement. Address all communications to Editor, "Youth's Instructor," Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

## Secret Marriages

*What do you think of secret marriages? About six months ago my boy friend and I suddenly decided to get married. We were not even engaged, but we had been friends and schoolmates most of our lives. We were out on a picnic with our class—we were academy seniors—when Harry suddenly suggested, while we were canoeing, that we stop in the city on our way home and get married. It seemed to be a good idea at the time, for all at once we knew that we loved each other. He expected a call from his draft board just any time then, and argued that it would be much easier for him to go to the battle front if we belonged to each other. So we "lost" the rest of the crowd at a busy transfer point and carried out our plan. However, after we really were married we got "cold feet" about telling our folks. We knew they would disapprove—both families of them. So we decided to keep it secret, and each of us kept on living at home and going to school. Now Harry is in the Navy and before long will be going to sea. I feel that we should tell about our marriage, but he does not agree. Do you think we should tell? Advise us, please.*

Marriage is the result of one of life's most important decisions. The following factors contribute to a successful life partnership: (1) mutual faith in God and adherence to righteous principle; (2) the attainment of maturity on the part of both young people, assuring adequate physical, mental, and social basis for happiness; (3) common interests, intellectual equality, and acquaintance of sufficient length to be reasonably sure of compatibility; (4) a common commitment to a life purpose worthy of children of God.

In the case cited above let us assume that Factors 1, 3, and 4 are favorable to the marriage contracted by the two young people. Obviously Factor 2 is against them, because of their immaturity. The fact that the young man was facing induction introduced a psychological and emotional factor which led this couple to abandon their caution in regard to age and parental approval.

Leaving the safe channel of sanctified reason and unshaky judgment, listening to feeling and emotion, they veered into the very questionable plan of a secret marriage.

Marriage is honorable and should be treated in a straightforward, candid, and frank manner. I can find no justification for a secret marriage in the situation presented by the questioner. The Spirit of prophecy has this to say about the questionable practices of some in courtship and marriage: "In order to accomplish their ends, they act a part that is not frank and open and according to the Bible standard, and prove themselves untrue to those who love them and try to be faithful guardians over them. Marriages contracted under such influences are not according to the Word of God."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 445. Again on page 449 of *Messages to Young People* are these words of admonition: "Take God and your God-fearing parents into your counsel, young friends. Pray over the matter. . . . The step you are about to take is one of the most important in your life, and should not be taken hastily."

Now, let us assume a mistake has been made, in the hasty, secret marriage. The error may be corrected by the young people when they frankly tell their parents what

they have done. Undoubtedly the parents will be glad to forgive them. Have the fact of the marriage announced. Establish whatever home is possible under the circumstances. Both the young man who serves his country and the young bride who waits at home can do so with greater fortitude and courage than if they were still attempting to deceive parents and friends. There is nothing that prepares a man or woman for the stress and strain which is sure to come in every life like a conscience that is void of offense toward God and man.

"If you have an eye single to the glory of God, you will move with deliberate caution."—*Testimonies*, Vol. III, p. 45.

"Early marriages are not to be encouraged. A relation so important as marriage and so far reaching in its results should not be entered upon hastily, without sufficient preparation, and before the mental and physical powers are well developed."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 358.

"The young man who makes the Bible his guide, need not mistake the path of duty and of safety. That blessed Book will teach him to preserve his integrity of character, to be truthful, to practice no deception. . . . If there is any subject that should be considered with calm reason and unimpassioned judgment, it is the subject of marriage."—*Messages to Young People*, pp. 446, 447.

"If there is any subject which should be carefully considered, and in which the counsel of older and more experienced persons should be sought, it is the subject of marriage."—*Ibid.*, p. 465.

L. A. SKINNER,  
Missionary Volunteer Secretary,  
North Pacific Union Conference.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



# "FEAR THOU NOT"

By Mrs. Rogers Henderson

IT was a clear night, though the stars were scarcely noticeable above the brightness of the city below. The streets were thronged with gay people on pleasure bent. The lights of the theater flicked out their invitation. The rhythmic clank of the bowling pins added their siren song of enticement, and the hum of roller skates served as an accompaniment to the laughter and music of the rink which drew crowds of amusement seekers.

Gail hardly noticed these activities, usually a source of interest and enjoyment to her, as she slowly walked down the busy street. She was on her way home from a large tent, where she was attending a series of evangelistic services. There was a troubled and anxious look upon her face, and there was rebellion in her heart.

"Oh, why did I ever start going to those meetings?" she asked herself. "If only I hadn't, I would be spared this terrible inner conflict."

But the truth was, she had gone, and that could not be changed now. Furthermore, the truths of the third angel's message, which she had heard there, had brought conviction to her heart. Again she thought, "I am foolish to allow myself to be upset this way. Can keeping the seventh-day Sabbath and adhering to all these other strange beliefs really be that important?"

But search diligently as she did for something to ease the mental distress of indecision, nothing seemed to soothe her troubled heart.

Her mind drifted back to a few short weeks. How well she remembered the Sunday afternoon that the dear old neighbor whom they all loved came to her home and invited her and her sisters to the first

religious meeting being held in a large tent. She did not want to go. The theater held much more attraction for her on that particular night. But after talking it over, the girls decided to accept the invitation out of courtesy to this valued friend, since they had refused many times to attend her church, which held services on Saturday.

Strange, but the girl had found these meetings intensely interesting, and each evening after work she hurried to the tent to listen to the explanation of the truths of the Bible which the evangelist gave. It had been easy to listen and enjoy these messages; but tonight it was different—it was disturbing. The minister had called upon each one present to decide for or against obedience to God's word of truth as it had been presented. As people began to go forward one by one, Gail vainly tried to find some fault with the message so that she might remain in her seat conscience free. However, she soon realized that it was faultless, for it was based upon the Word of God.

The challenge of the minister, quoted from Holy Writ, resounded in her ears, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin," and "the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

If only she had never heard! If only she could forget and go on living as she had formerly! But there could be no such easy solution for her problem. She realized that there was only one thing to do—face the issue. As she thought of that, it seemed as if a great wall loomed up in front of her and a voice in the darkness said, "Others may, but you cannot. Think, Gail. Think of your friends. What would

they say? How many of them would remain true and be sympathetic and understanding? Think of your job. You can never keep it if you observe the Sabbath. Your boss would think you insane. If you should lose your job, how could you make a living? Think of your own family. You cannot hope to carry on this plan of life in your home. No one there would put up with such foolish ideas. No, Gail, think again. Is it worth the sacrifice?"

It seemed to the girl, as she slipped into her bed that night, that even death would be welcome, so great was her confusion of mind. It was not easy to fall asleep. She went over the proof for each truth again, hoping *this time* to find some way out. But, alas, she was unsuccessful. After several hours she fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed.

It seemed as if she were walking down a beautiful path in the woods. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing melodious songs, colorful, sweet-scented flowers were on every hand. All seemed so peaceful and happy. Soon she came to a little bridge that crossed a sparkling brook. As she stood on the quaint structure and gazed into the bubbling water below, something caught her attention that she had never heard before. It was a low, moaning, pleading sound. Immediately Gail climbed down the bank and began to search for the source of the sound. It seemed to come from a cavern back in the rocks. There she saw a strange sight. The sand in front of the cavern was in the form of lips, and she recognized as soon as she saw them that they were the lips of Jesus. The strange sound was formed by the water as it gently lapped over the lips. There in the sand beside the cavern she saw two tables of stone lying face down. She knew that written upon them were the Ten Commandments.

Gail realized that Jesus was pleading with her to take the commandments and read them and obey them, but something within her made her refuse to do so. Then she noticed that the pleading was growing fainter and fainter. The water was rising and had almost completely covered the lips of sand.

Conscience-smitten, Gail turned her back and cried, "No, I can never read the commandments and obey them!" Just then she heard the sound of many voices, and as she turned she saw a hand stretch forth and remove the tables of stone. Her heart was frantic with fear. "Is it too late now?" she asked herself. Then to her joy she noticed an imprint in purple on the sand where the commandment tables had been lying. She dropped to her knees and tried desperately to read what was written there, but to her dismay, she found that the print was backward. She looked behind her and saw that the water was still rising rapidly. Already the first wave had touched the writing, and the purple was running together. She tried harder than ever to read what was written there, but her mind was too confused. All too soon the imprint became only purple streaks upon the sand.

Slowly Gail turned and made her way up the bank and back to the little path, but everything was changed. The sun seemed darkened; the birds refused to sing; the flowers folded their petals and hung their heads. Gail's heart felt as if it were made

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KAUFMANN FABRY, FROM HARRIS & EWING

It Seemed to the Girl, as She Slipped Into Her Bed That Night, That Even Death Would Be Welcome, So Great Was Her Confusion of Mind



# STATION D J A BROADCASTING...

ARCHA O. DART  
Script Writer and Announcer

## Part 9



**G**OOD MORNING, radio friends. Here we are all ready for another visit with Wendell Wells down at the Danville Junior Academy.

Today the students of the academy seem to be a little restless. They are eager for school to close, although as a rule they enjoy their classwork. Perhaps the fact that tomorrow begins Christmas vacation accounts for this. Let us see what is going on in Mr. Wells' room:

"Undoubtedly this is the longest day I have ever seen."

"Just think, Louise, you will have ten days just as long as this one for your vacation."

"But that is counting the two week ends."

"Certainly. You will have the week ends, too."

"Why can't we have two weeks, Mr. Wells?"

"Would you like to have two weeks, Grace?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much time do you think you ought to spend in school each year?"

"Nine months is too much, I think."

"What percentage of your time is spent in the schoolroom each year?"

"There are twelve months in the year, so that means we are in school seventy-five per cent of the year."

"Are you sure about that? You know, our school runs only thirty-six weeks, and there are fifty-two in a year. Here, I'll figure it out on the blackboard. Why, that is only sixty-nine per cent!"

"It is close enough to seventy-five per cent for me to count it three fourths of my time."

"Class, Ernest thinks he spends seventy-five per cent of his time in school. What do you think about it, Louise?"

"O Mr. Wells, I believe it is even less than sixty-nine per cent, for we do not go to school two days out of each week."

"You are right, Louise. Keep that in mind, Helen, in your figuring."

"If we go five days a week for thirty-six weeks, that gives us 180 days of school. Let's see, I'll divide that by 365."

"One moment, Helen. Do we attend school Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other holidays?"

"Dear, oh, dear. Should they be subtracted from the 180?"

"We are allowed six days vacation, which leaves 174 actual days of school."

"Why, this is less than half. Look, not quite forty-eight per cent."

"There is something wrong somewhere. I know I spend more than half of my time in school."

"You are not counting the days you missed while you had the measles, are you, Ernest?"

"Does it mean that every day I miss

brings my percentage down even below forty-eight per cent?"

"You can check Helen's figures for yourself. And while you are doing that, bear in mind that you are not in school all day at any time. Each day has how many hours?"

"Twelve."

"Twenty-four."

"Now which is it, twelve or twenty-four?"

"Twenty-four."

"How many hours are we in school?"

"School begins at nine o'clock and closes at three. That makes six hours."

"Are we in school all that time?"

"We have fifteen minutes in the morning for recess, and forty-five minutes at noon. That makes one hour."

"Aw, that little bit doesn't count. We are in school more than five hours."

"Very well, just for Ernest's sake let's say six hours. What part of a day is that?"

"It is one fourth."

"If, then, we are in school only one fourth of 174 days, in reality we attend  $43\frac{1}{2}$  full days out of the year of 365."

"There is something wrong; there is something wrong, I know!"

"Where are the figures wrong, Ernest?"

"I don't know about those figures, but I just know from facts of my own."

"Ha, ha, that is Ernest for you. And, Mr. Wells, that is not counting recess periods nor the minutes lost in being tardy, is it?"

"Keep it up, Grace. We will figure

around until we discover that we don't attend school at all."

"Class, what would you think of a man who ran his business  $43\frac{1}{2}$  days out of each year and remained closed the other  $321\frac{1}{2}$ ?"

"He certainly would have to work hard during that short period to make a success."

"Be careful, Grace. Mr. Wells will use that answer on us the next time we fail to study."

"He'll not have to repeat it to me. I have already determined to use every minute from now on."

"Good for you, Louise. I am glad you see that every minute in school is a signed check on the bank of knowledge, and remember that each check is void if not cashed immediately."

"Come to think about it, we are bright scholars, aren't we? We make a grade in only  $43\frac{1}{2}$  days."

"Yes, Grace, it reveals what can be done when we follow a definite program. School helps us to learn how to accomplish the most with the least effort."

"With the least effort? I thought we were not supposed to try to get out of work."

"Work is accomplishing something. If I push against that wall I am spending energy, but not working."

"When Ernest taps his desk with his pencil he is wasting energy, but not working, isn't he?"

"Aw now. And often Louise utters guttural sounds without saying anything."

"How quickly my class can apply the rule—to the other fellow. But, now, coming back to our thought. Some people must read solid material over and over again in order to get the thought. While here in school we learn how to pick out the topic sentence with one reading."

"Some are just naturally brighter than others, don't you think?"

"That may be true, but I think there is a definite reason why some people find it so difficult to comprehend content material."

"What is it, Mr. Wells?"

"The light reading so many indulge in

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Here in School We Learn How to Pick Out the Topic Sentence With One Reading



# Advent Youth in Action



Avondale (Australia) Master Comrades After a Recent Investiture

## Largest S.D.A. Academy

Where? Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands. It has an enrollment of nearly seven hundred students. Last year seventy young people from this group were baptized. They are earnest, ambitious, interested in religious matter, and present a promising outlook.

## A Good Idea

A chemist's assistant in a small English town bought a large packet of envelopes and addressed one to every local boy who had been called into the armed forces. Then she placed the whole packet on the counter and beside it a writing pad and pencil. Every day customers, as they entered the shop, would write a few lines to any of the boys they knew. The assistant posted the letters and replenished the envelopes. Why not start a Letter Table in your church next Sabbath? The Missionary Volunteers who are serving God and their country are not having an easy time; they meet many discouraging and dismaying experiences. No one can inspire and strengthen them so successfully as can their friends who know them best. Again, why not a Letter Table in your church at the time of your next society meeting?

## Angola Progresses

Secretary P. Stevenson reports from Angola, Portuguese West Africa, that he has invested eighty-three young people who have been taking progressive class work at the Bongo Mission Training School.

## Effectual Prayer

One society in the Southern New England Conference has its prayer band just before the closing song. The young people have been praying for eight of their friends, and all eight of them are in the newly formed baptismal class. They are now praying for three other young people who have backslidden. This society sends out one hundred copies of *Present Truth* each week, placing a Voice of Prophecy radio log inside each one, and a Voice of Prophecy

sticker on the outside wrapper. A special room is being fitted up in the basement of the church for carrying on progressive class work.

## A Science Addition

Atlantic Union College is constructing a large addition at the rear of the Miles Science Building. It contains a new biology laboratory having glass-brick walls, and a tiered lecture room with accommodations for one hundred and ten students. On the third floor provision is made for the expansion of the chemistry laboratory, a smaller laboratory for special research, and an observatory in which will be mounted a new telescope having a twenty-four-inch mirror.

## Greater New York

Fifty enthusiastic boys and fifty-seven enthusiastic girls enjoyed camps at Pine Grove Camp, near Howells, New York, in July. The boys had more than enough rain, but this only made the swimming periods longer and the craft classes and indoor games more interesting. The girls enjoyed sunshine and hikes, picnics, campfires, and games, in addition to swimming and craft classes.

## A Notable Record

Mrs. Amanda Sloan, supervisor of instruction in the New England Sanitarium and Hospital, at Melrose, Massachusetts, sends this encouraging word of achievement: "A good many years ago a group of God-fearing young people took some examinations set by the civil authorities of their day. Daniel and his friends made a notable record, excelling all others in the state examinations set by the rulers of Babylon. The nurses of the New England Sanitarium and Hospital School have not done quite so well, but they have made a notable record. In the examinations set by the Board of Registration in Nursing of the State of Massachusetts, these young Seventh-day Adventists from Melrose have placed in the upper tenth of the entire

State. This report was issued by the State Board and based on records going back for several years. Since there are sixty accredited schools of nursing in the State, some of them world famous, the record is a good one!

## Do You Have One?

A Missionary Volunteer publicity secretary who will work in close co-operation with the church publicity secretary has proved a great help in some societies. This job needs one who is alert for chances to publicize the M.V. work through newspapers and our own periodicals, to be responsible for catchy and appealing church and bulletin announcements, and to look after the regular preparation and use of good posters and placards.

## Summer Classes

Progressive work for the Juniors and some Seniors of the Lander, Wyoming, church resulted in the recent investiture of eighteen—five as Sunbeams, eleven as Friends, and two as Companions. Similar services have been held at Greybull, Torrington, Sheridan, and Cheyenne.

## Junior Dorcas Society

This busy group organized at Casper, Wyoming, recently celebrated its first birthday. The membership has grown from twelve to twenty in the months that have passed since the initial meeting. These girls have earned more than \$200 in sales and other projects. They have paid \$100 on the annex which the Casper church purchased not long ago, and also have sent some two hundred articles of clothing overseas. Their report to the present shows two hundred and fifty hours of Dorcas ministry.

## Camp Strader

Nearly one hundred Nebraska Junior boys and girls attended. This was a larger group than had been expected, but under the able leadership of Dr. E. B. Ogden, director for the boys, and Mrs. C. W. Reeder, director for the girls, all were cared for, and no one complained—not even the boys who slept on the hard cement floor of the porch around the dining room.

## Colorado Invests

G. D. Hagstotz reports the investiture of eleven Sunbeams and fourteen Builders in the Boulder church. The program was highlighted by a flannel-o-graph story of creation, displays of notebooks, collections of leaves, birdhouses, and a candlelight ceremony. The activity leading to this service was fostered by the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society, under the supervision of L. F. Bohner, and the work was done by Mrs. B. U. Nesmith and her corps of Master Comrade assistants.

Campion Academy church also invested a fine group of seventeen young people recently—two as Master Comrades. A cleverly arranged dialogue emphasized many features of the progressive class work, and the demonstration of memory work given by the candidates was impressive.

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GOOD-BY, little girl. Be sweet today and do be careful." A look of love mingled with anxiety crossed my mother's face as she bade me farewell for the day before she left for work.

This was a day just like so many others, and yet in my little heart was an eagerness and in my eyes a look of happiness that had never been there before in my life.

I had stood on the porch many times waving to mother as she drove away, and when the car was out of sight I usually turned and went into the house with a feeling of loneliness and found comfort only in playing with my dolls.

That day, however, I did not give my dolls a second thought. I let out a "war whoop," jumped up and down, and worked off surplus energy by throwing pebbles into the fishpond and making a variety of clamoring noises to express my joy. It was probably a good thing that I could not find the cat that morning so that I could pour my story into his little pink-lined, flea-inhabited ears, because I might have squeezed him hard enough to really hurt him or excitedly pulled his tail almost off.

It sounds as if I might have been a regular "tomboy," but I was not. I was in reality a very fragile little girl.

Yes, that was to be a day of days—I was going to see a parade! Mother had given her permission, and I was actually going! And furthermore, I felt an added importance, because I also was going to attend school for the first time in my life. I was long past the age when all normal children are enrolled in school. Fate had deprived me of the opportunity of attending school with other boys and girls of my age group, but that day I was going.

Mother was a nurse and could not get off duty to take me to see the parade, but she said that I could go to the little church school and see the parade with the other children and the teacher, who was a friend of mine.

I was ready early, left the house long before it was time to go, and limped away to the school where I had always dreamed of being a pupil. It was a timid and self-conscious little girl who walked into the door that morning and asked the teacher if she could go with the other children to see the parade. It was a new and thrilling experience for her to sit at a desk and watch the others write, and listen to them read, until it was time to start.

After the parade I turned to go home with a sadness in my heart that must have shown on my face, for the teacher put her arm around me and asked if I would not like to spend the rest of the day with them at school. It was the happiest day of my life. I shall always love that teacher for letting me read aloud and write arithmetic problems along with the rest. Although I had never gone to a regular school, my mother, grandmother, brother, and sister had taught me the multiplication tables, and to read and draw at home. That was the shortest day I have ever experienced, and when all the pupils had gone and the teacher had closed the door, she put me in her car and took me home.

Mother had reached the house before we arrived and, not finding me there, was greatly worried when we drove up. After a few minutes the teacher indicated that she wished to speak privately with mother, and so, at a significant look from her, which I realized meant, "Dear, you run along and play," I left the room.

Later they called me, and I found the

teacher with a smile on her face and mother with tears in her eyes. I was asked how I would like to go to school—but they knew that was a needless question, for the longings I had always expressed and the light in my eyes at that moment plainly gave my answer.

Mother had agreed to let me try school, but she reminded me that I was not like other children and could not run and play with them, and cautioned me not to forget but to sit off to the side at recess and just watch the others play the games and race.



## Dream Right On

★ ★ ★

I did not care about playing. My dream of going to school was at last to come true.

Now that I am older I am able to comprehend the pain and anxiety my mother must have experienced throughout my earlier life. She loved me very dearly and longed to care for me and protect me from the comments and curiosity of the world.

I was as normal as any baby could be at birth—perfectly healthy and happy, and often told the rest of the world so by exercising my lungs quite vigorously. But at the age of six months there appeared a blister on one of my little fingers. It seemed harmless enough until another one appeared; then mother became worried and took me to the doctor. That was only the beginning. More blisters appeared. No doctor seemed to know what was wrong. My condition became worse, and my arms and legs were affected with this strange malady.

On the advice of several doctors, I was placed in a hospital for observation by skin specialists. And so the first eight years of my life were spent in long white buildings where quietness reigned supreme, broken only now and then by the sound of a child's footsteps running in the corridors, or by the shout of glee when this same child was taken "piggy-back" with the house physician on his daily round to visit the patients. All the doctors and nurses loved me, and I loved them—especially the head surgical nurse. She had auburn hair, and I thought she was about the most beautiful woman that ever lived.

Some time later I was taken to another hospital and was under observation there

by twelve leading specialists, and one diagnosed my case as epidermolysis bullosa—a rare skin disorder for which there was no cure. The future seemed a little more promising, however, when mother and I were told that I might someday outgrow this handicap.

With this verdict I was taken home and was with my family for the first time in my life. I could not run and play as other children, for every little bruise developed into a blister. And with my welfare ever uppermost in her mind, mother had not allowed me to go to school. But God had heard my prayers, and it was through His mercy that now I was privileged to attend.

I began in the third grade, and the years I spent finishing the other grades until I graduated from the eighth were happy indeed. Of course, I planned to go away to the academy with the others of my class, and only God knows of the disappointment in my heart when I was left behind. I had been left before, many times, but *this* seemed more than I could bear. However, mother was firm in her resolution that I should not be laughed at and pushed about by the world in the cruelty of their misunderstanding.

Earnest prayer was my only weapon in my struggle for an education. Finally, with a reluctant consent from mother, I went away to a boarding school a year later. There I was to begin a new life, and there I had to fight my way alone.

My physical condition improved steadily, and even though those years were hard and bitter, I love every one of them. Somehow I was able to rise above my timidity and self-consciousness. I forgot myself completely, and I was so happy that people never seemed to notice my handicap.

There are some who live a healthy normal life who do not make the most of their God-given opportunities, but waste their talents on trivial matters. There are others who are not quite so fortunate as to have been blessed with good health. They wield the weapon of prayer with undaunted courage and maintain unwavering faith that God will answer their petitions, that there is a place in life which they must fill, and that He is ever willing and ready to help them find that place.

Perhaps my environment has had something to do with my choice of an occupation—some line of medical work. One asks me what I plan to be, and when I tell him, a smile crosses his face. It does seem a fantastic dream, but on the other hand I have had dreams come true that were even more fantastic. Nothing is impossible with God, and my faith is placed solely in Him who denies His children nothing if it is His will and for their best.

Life—just a little four-letter word, and yet that word has a host of definitions. Life is as we live it day by day, and my one consuming ambition is to live a life of perpetual giving, of devotion to others who do not enjoy full physical vigor. Will it be possible for my dreams to come true? Yes, if it is God's will. I have visions of the tomorrows when the light of a glorious morning has filled a room where I have devoted my all to the keeping alive of a flame of life which was close to being extinguished; when I may have the knowledge in my heart that I have helped to comfort and have made sweeter the last moments of those who are passing into the valley of the shadow of death. A famous poet has said that dreams grow holy when put into action, so I dream right on.





H. M. LAMBERT

## JEANIE and BILL

### *Learn the Hard Way*

By EDITH HAUGH

**H**URRY," called mother, "I have a surprise for you."

At this, Jeanie and her two brothers—Bill, who was fifteen, and little Jerry, who was only six—rushed into the house. All three of them were excited at mother's statement, because when she promised them a surprise they knew that it would be something nice that they would long remember.

"Father and I have decided to ask you to help us solve a problem that we have been considering for some time. Because of the recent war and transportation difficulties we will not be able to go away on a trip for our vacation. Would you three children like to spend two weeks camping along the river? Or would you prefer to spend your time at Uncle Henry's farm?"

They did not even have to stop to think what their answer would be, because they already knew where they would rather go. "Camping!" they all shouted together.

"O Mother," begged Jerry, "may I take Jackie along with us? He likes to fish and hunt wild flowers in the woods, too." Mother gave a quick smile, and he knew the answer. Away he bounded, out of the house, across the lawn, and up to the cottage next door.

Jerry's enthusiasm brought inspiration to Jeanie. She darted around the house, helping her mother. Since it was Friday, her mother was in the kitchen, preparing the Sabbath dinner. "I'll finish dusting and put the living room in order," she thought to herself, "and then mother will have time to rest." The hands of a ten-year-old girl are capable of doing many things, and Jeanie proved it that day. As soon as she was finished in the living room, she went to the kitchen to help there.

"No, dear, I'm almost through in here," her mother said. "You go find Jerry and bring him in. We must all get ready for the Sabbath and try to forget our vacation until Sunday. Then as soon as we can get our tent and other equipment ready, we will leave."

Sabbath passed quickly, but the minds of Jeanie, Jerry, and Bill were not free from the thoughts of the journey to come. On Sunday morning three bright and cheery

faces appeared at the doorway of the kitchen.

"We're ready!" they announced.

"And so are we," said father and mother, "but first we must pack everything into the car."

Finally, when everything and everyone, including Jackie, Jerry's little friend, were in the car, they were off. And in no time at all it seemed that they had arrived at their destination. Everything was unpacked, the tents raised and staked, and everything put in order. They picked a perfect spot for their camp. The big trees stood majestically against the background of the clear blue sky and made a wonderful illustration of God's love for His children. As the bank of the river was inviting, the four children sat there for a while. But suddenly Bill made a suggestion. "Let's get our boat and maybe dad will take us rowing." They all agreed and, dashing to the tent, persuaded their father to do just that.

About an hour later four children stepped from the boat, with father following close behind. He did not seem to have as much energy left as did the children. This was not strange, because he had done all the rowing while the younger members of the party sat and gazed at the shining water rippling all around them.

By this time the hungry youngsters had reached mother with cries of, "When can we eat, Mom? We're starved!"

"Now all of you go down to the riverbank and wash your hands. Then when you come back, I will have something for you to eat," she directed.

With this, Mrs. Taylor began to arrange the supper on a tablecloth which she had placed upon the ground under a tree.

Jeanie and Bill were running toward the river with Jerry and Jackie following as fast as they could on their shorter legs. Every few steps they shouted, "Hey, Bill, wait for us. Don't run so fast." But the older boy had only one thought in his mind. As soon as they had reached the bank he said to Jeanie, "You know what? I think I could handle that boat all by myself. I watched dad very closely while he was

rowing, and I think I can do it all alone. Want to try it with me?"

Jeanie thought a moment and said in a slow fashion, "Well-I-I, I don't know. You know dad wouldn't let us take it even if we did promise to be careful."

"Yes, I have thought that all out, and I know what we can do. Just as soon as dad and mom go to sleep tonight we can slip out and take it. The moon will be shining brightly and— Here come Jerry and Jackie. We can talk more about this later."

Then Bill stopped scheming for a while, because little Jerry, who was panting for all he was worth, was remarking, "Say, you must be dreadfully hungry to run that fast! Let's all hurry and get back to camp for supper."

"Here," Bill said to Jeanie, "I'll help Jackie and you help Jerry, and then washing won't take us long. And," he added, "we're all hungry, or at least I am, and the rest of you all act as if you might be."

Nothing was said walking back, but as soon as they had finished eating, Bill helped his sister clear away the extra sandwiches and salad, and wash what dishes had been used.

"Don't forget," he whispered, "just as soon as you think dad and mom are asleep, you come down to the bank. I'll be there waiting for you. Jack and Jerry will be dead to the world, and we won't have to worry about waking them."

After they had finished the work they found their parents admiring the beauty of the river at sunset. As soon as the glorious picture had faded away, father broke the silence and said in a tired voice, "All of us have had a busy day. I think it would be best for us to go to bed early and be well rested for tomorrow."

Jeanie and Bill hurried to their beds, but neither of them had any idea of going to sleep. After an hour had passed and both thought that by now the rest were surely asleep, they quietly made their way out of camp and met on the riverbank.

"Here, sis, you get into the boat and hold the oars. I'll push off and then jump in," whispered Bill.

"All right," Jeannie called back in a soft voice, "I have them. Push away!"

Neither of the children noticed how queer the sky looked. The moon was covered by a dark cloud. When they were in the middle of the river, a large gust of wind suddenly struck them. Jeanie screamed loudly. "Help, help!" She looked for Bill and saw him desperately trying to keep his head above the water. He had lost his balance and fallen overboard. Jeanie screamed again, louder, and tried to maneuver the boat over to her brother. Somehow or other



she managed to reach him, and he grasped the edge of the boat. In his terror he did not realize that he was pulling enough to tip the boat, but in a moment Jeanie joined him in the dark water. Then the wind swept the boat away, and they were all alone, trying to stay above water.

"O Bill, why did we do it? Why didn't we ask father? If only we hadn't thought we could manage it by ourselves we would be safe now," cried Jeanie.

Bill's answer was a silent prayer directed to their heavenly Protector. Only he and his Friend knew what he said, but suddenly a flash of light shone out over the water. Encouraged by this ray of hope, Bill shouted, "Here we are, Father! Hurry! Jeanie is just about unconscious."

Their father took the other boat and rowed as fast as he could make the oars go in the direction from which his son's voice had come. Soon he had both children in his boat, had tied theirs to the stern, and was hurrying to the shore.

As he picked up the limp girl, to carry her to camp, he directed, "Bill, you tie the boats up good and tight, so that the wind won't take them away." But the boy did not hear. As soon as he stepped ashore he collapsed. So their father had to carry both children to their mother, who, fortunately, was a nurse and could care for them.

As soon as the children realized they were safe, Jeanie and Bill thanked God for His love and protecting care, and asked His forgiveness and the forgiveness of their parents. Always after that experience they asked their parents for permission before they took matters into their own hands, for they had learned the hard way that parents know best.

## John Dwight

(Continued from page 4)

Ralph," he thought; "but I, too, used to be as wholesome and innocent as he."

Then he saw something that went to his heart like the stab of a sharp rebuke. The lad had dropped to his knees by the bedside and was praying. He may have spent four or five minutes there. Then he slipped between the covers and fell into the healthy slumber of youth.

John sighed again. How long it had been since he had prayed! How seldom across the far-flung years had he even thought of God! Yet once he had known the peaceful sleep, the simple, untrammelled faith in a heavenly Father that were Dan Tilton's heritage. His mind went back to his unscrupulous, wealthy old father who had sent him to an Adventist school—nobody knew why. He thought of the gentle mother who had died before he could lisp her name. Then he thought of Ralph, the pal who had taught him the Christian way, more by his daily walk than by spoken words. That radiant life had been blotted out in an accident. A flood of memories and regrets swept over the man who had almost forgotten God. Tears came into his eyes, tears that his associates did not know John could brew.

A vision of the old campus flashed through his mind. A group of plain brown buildings, a little white church. Why, not all the great cathedrals around the world which he had visited could appeal to him with the force and tenderness of that small New England kirk with its Christopher Wren spire! Once again he tramped through the old Pilgrims' cemetery, with its aged gray stones and strange epitaphs,

its myrtle and clove pinks. His mind played on, down to the "meeting of the waters." Then he seemed to be back in the chapel at a students' prayer meeting. He remembered the night he gave himself to God, and he thought of the peace that came to his heart when he realized that Christ had forgiven his sin. What a love had been born in him then toward his Redeemer!

"Now," he murmured, "I do not know Him." At last he sank into a troubled slumber. When he awoke, Dan was up and dressed, his suitcases packed and ready to be about his business.

"I must get through my errands today," he declared. "I have to get back home. Mom will need me. It isn't so easy on the farm nowadays. Dad is not well, and I have to look after things."

John gave Dan the assistance he needed and then saw him to the train. But for a long while afterward he carried about with him a mental picture of the youngster bowing before his Maker as he closed the day with prayer. It had all been so spontaneous and natural. And as often as he thought of that picture, the man of the world sighed.

Years slipped by; John had a successful career; he was always busy; and he seemed happy, too. But always underneath lay an undercurrent of discontent. He knew that his talent should be used in the service of God, and in spite of a veneer of indifference, there lurked deep down in his heart a love for the Man of Calvary.

Then suddenly one day his heart began to give him serious trouble.

"Take me to the sanitarium," he requested. "If anyone can help me, the Adventists can; if there is any help for me, the Adventists will provide it."

While he lay in a quiet room in the sanitarium out in the Fells, he found time to think. The doctors and nurses who attended him were the same kind of earnest, patient Christians he had known back in his boyhood. He spent long hours studying the Bible, and at last decided to come back to God and give himself wholly to His service for time and for eternity.

After he had recovered John was rebaptized. Then he did a strange thing. He went back to school—not to the university from which he had been graduated after he had finished the Adventist college,

but to a Seventh-day Adventist college in the Middle West. There he learned again the depth and sweetness of the truths he had loved so long ago.

The time came when he was ordained as a minister of the gospel. He was a powerful and eloquent speaker, and his pen produced convincing words and arguments on personal salvation. Who that heard it would ever forget the sermon he preached on the "Man With the Writer's Inkhorn"? His text was: "And, behold, the man clothed with linen, which had the inkhorn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as Thou hast commanded me." Not one who believed in God would be left unprotected when the besom of destruction passed by, he told his congregation. And somehow John felt that he was one upon whom the man with the inkhorn had set his mark. How humbly grateful he was to be among the number reckoned as God's.

John's work is done. He died a while ago, with his pen scarcely dry from some articles he had written for the *Signs of the Times* magazine. He had learned at last the secret of the victorious life and had left behind him evidences of what God is willing and able to do for the one who longs after Him. He had learned what a faithful Friend God is, and how tenderly He leads His wandering children back to the fold again, if they will only come.

## "From Sea to Shining Sea"

(Continued from page 6)

part of our American way. It's true that we publish very little current world news; we have to get that from the radio and city papers ourselves. But it's front-page news to me when the little girl—my next-door neighbor whom I've watched grow from pigtails to charming womanhood—gets married. It's news, too, when old Grandfather Brown falls and breaks his hip. Then we have social items that must be run. My subscribers enjoy reading about the current P.T.A. meeting or the last gathering of the Friendly Circle, and all the little personals like [reading from a proof lying on his desk], "Mrs. C. R. Jones spent Thursday afternoon in Fairview, shopping." These items, plus my five-, ten-, and twenty-years-ago-today columns,

## HE LEADETH ME

(Continued from page 16)

traveled somewhere in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand miles, not counting side trips. In Paris we have a neat and modern church where between fifty and sixty S.D.A. soldiers attend worship each Sabbath day. The services are usually in French, with an interpreter for the Americans, who sit in a group in the balcony."

"I have been around quite a little in the Pacific since I left the States. I like my work as a dental technician. Right now we are stationed about a mile from where some of our S.D.A. boys are holding meetings. I hope to be able to attend some of them soon. My faith is strong. At times I become discouraged, but I know that sometime in the future this world of sorrow will cease, and we shall have a much nicer place in which to live. We need men like Paul in these days, who do not fear others, but are willing to press toward the goal, crying, 'This is He who died for our sins.' Today the call is great. People all over the world need encouragement. I am sure that S.D.A. young men and women will answer that call."

"For the past few months I have been attending Sabbath school and church in Florence. Our people did much more than their part to make us servicemen feel welcome. One Sabbath I was entertained at the home of the president of the Seventh-day Adventist mission in Italy, Pastor L. Beer. We all spoke German and got along fine. The Lord certainly cares for His own. Many times His hand has been with me. All these twenty-seven months that I have been overseas the Lord has been good to me and has seen me through difficulties and dangers. We owe all to Jesus, and may we be worthy of His blessings."



crowd my eight-page limit, and I'm confident that every inch is read. I've one thing in common with the city newspaper. I'm as free as the birds about what I publish. I can say just what I want and, though there may be those who challenge my opinions, no one denies me the right to express them. We have a name for it here in America. We call it freedom of the press. It'll always be that way—here in America!

Here in America. The phrase rings in your ears as the little newspaper office fades from your eyes, and you stand in the spotless home of a broken-tongued couple with their family gathered about them. You do not ask; you know. They are Americans. The man speaks:

*But we haven't always been Americans. We came over fourteen years ago from the old country. We'd heard how they do things here in America [with the same thrill in his voice], so Hulda and I saved our money and came across. 'Twas hard going at first; couldn't speak much English. But we got us a farm and things went better. That's why I like this country. Everyone has equal opportunity. We made the most of ours. We've adopted America as our native land, and glad we are that it is. Our youngsters are growing up as Americans. Someday our little Ivan [with a gesture toward an unsuspecting and unpredestined-looking boy] may be President—who knows?*

Yes. Who knows? you wonder, as you step into the schoolroom where little Ivan is learning what every future President ought to know: readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. You see an attractive young teacher—she, too, is an American—facing not only this future President but also future farmers, housewives, bankers, newspapermen, and grocers of America.

And then the confusion that these quickly changing scenes have wrought in your mind disperses, and you understand their meaning. They are laid out clearly now in glorious *montage* about a banner, spangled with stars—red and white and blue. You know now what America is: It is the majesty of purple mountains and fruited plains; it is the clamor of smoky cities, alabaster only in a pure, fresh snow; it is the peace of a rustic country bridge with birdcalls in the air; it is breath-taking waterfalls, prairies stretching into endless monotony, and seas, shining seas; it is the zenith of riches and the nadir of poverty; it is the land of dreams and ambitions realized or frustrated, of opportunities grasped and ungrasped, but always of opportunity.

You know, too, who is an American. He is a farmer in a field and a workman in a factory; he is an executive at his desk and a mother at her stove. Housewives, businessmen, children laughing at play—they are all Americans; Spanish, Greek, Italian, perhaps a little of each, an American.

And the American way. It is a firm hold on a trolley strap and the ring of freedom in the five-o'clock factory whistle; it is the aristocracy from the inner office of a bank president riding the elevator with the humility of the scrubwoman and passing the time of day; it is a painting of the Four Freedoms and the raising of the flag; it is the sound of a church bell in the distance; it is the tranquillity that moves one to pray in a candlelit chapel while the organ plays a soft hymn; it is the thrill that drives one to his feet at the first chord of the national anthem.

Thank God! You are an American.



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, "Youth's Instructor," Takoma Park 12, D.C.

## Beheadings

By SUE M. COLE

1. Behead a large black bird of four letters and have a small part of a garden.
2. Behead a farm crop of five letters and have something that makes the crop grow.
3. Behead small animals of five letters and have grain.
4. Behead the seed of a certain kind of tree of five letters and have a common grain used to feed chickens.
5. Behead a farm implement of four letters and you have not high.
6. Behead a word of five letters that means to wander, and have something for serving food.
7. Behead a nickname of four letters and have a common food used the world around.
8. Behead what children sometimes do when they are angry, of four letters, and have a part of a person who is sitting.
9. Behead a pretty bird of four letters and have a boat we read about in the Bible.
10. Behead something used for traveling of five letters and have moisture.
11. Behead a part of fishing tackle of four letters and have a small water animal.
12. Behead a farm implement of four letters and have a worn-out garment.
13. Behead an outer garment of four letters and have a light tap.
14. Behead a large nail of five letters and have a kind of fish.
15. Behead a very small creature of five letters and have something carpenters always use.
16. Behead a necessity in your first-aid kit of four letters and have a tropical animal.
17. Behead something worn on your foot of four letters and have a garden tool.
18. Behead a household necessity of four letters and have writing fluid.
19. Behead a thing for cleaning of five letters and have the place you clean.
20. Behead a sailing vessel of four letters and have part of your body.

(See page 15 for answers)

## "Fear Thou Not"

(Continued from page 7)

of stone, as a sense of utter uselessness swept over her. She turned from the path and wandered out into a large field, sat down upon a rock, and buried her face in her hands to sob out her grief. Suddenly she felt the presence of someone beside her. As she glanced up through tear-dimmed eyes, she saw several persons, but she looked straight into the eyes of One whom she recognized as Jesus. From the look of tender compassion upon His face, she realized that here was hope. As He

stretched forth His hand to her and she reached out to grasp it, she awoke.

For some time she lay still, fearing to move lest she banish the presence of the Master. But in the quiet of that hour she made her decision. She slipped to her knees beside her bed and sealed the covenant with God.

The days that followed were not easy. The dark wall was still there, but it was not so hard now with Jesus by her side. Gail clung to this promise of God: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee."

Just as Satan had said, the friends and the job slipped away, but as God had promised, she received other friends and other means of support an hundredfold, and also the promise of everlasting life.

Today Gail is still rejoicing in the hope of the third angel's message. She has found her place in proclaiming it to those who are in darkness, that they, too, may share in the joys and blessings of working with Christ here and dwelling with Him hereafter.

## Station DJA

(Continued from page 8)

weakens the mind. Some individuals go a whole day without reading anything except the newspaper, and often the funny section comprises the major portion of this reading."

"Do you think that adults should keep on studying after they have finished school?"

"Louise, do you expect to keep right on eating after you have reached womanhood?"

"Certainly."

"Are you planning to neglect your mind after you finish school?"

"I hadn't thought much about that."

"You are not by yourself. There are hundreds of people who continue to feed their bodies as long as they live, but allow their minds to shrivel. Suppose you ate nothing but cotton candy. How long would you retain strong muscles?"

"Not very long."

"Neither can you keep your mind in good working condition if you feed it on comic strips, jokes, and wild West and so-called love stories."

"But when one leaves school, his time is usually taken up with work."

"True enough, but doesn't he have a regular time each day for his meals, a regular time for his sleeping, a regular time for his other duties? Why not have a regular time each day for his mental attainment?"

"One could not spend much time."

"It is not necessary. Fifteen minutes a day with a worth-while book would enable you to read a volume of average size each month."

"Oh, I can think of so many books I would like to read right now."

"So can I, Grace. I find if I keep a record of the books I read, I can vary my mental diet to include books on nature, literature, biography, character building, and others, in addition to my regular professional reading."

"My, twelve books a year would give one an education in itself."

This is the Church School Broadcasting System, Station DJA. We shall be with you next week at this same hour.



# TWENTY PARAGRAPHS

ONE of the sweetest lessons that I have learned since I have been in Christ's school is just to be submissive and let Him choose for me. I tell Him what I want, but when I get through, I like to say, "Now, Lord, Thou knowest best; Thy will be done."—DWIGHT L. MOODY.

NOBODY can blame you for wishing. It often spurs your ambition. But much wishing is actually a waste of time, and unless you are willing to hitch some good hard work to your wishing, it is just a substitute for something useful. Wishing never accomplishes anything until you get to work to make your wishes come true.—DR. JAMES ELLINGWOOD.

THERE is no saying of Abraham Lincoln's which is more deserving of being frequently repeated than this one: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought I could discharge the duties which have come to me since I came into this place [Presidency of the United States], without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others."—DR. J. J. BLAESI.

As a schoolboy I visited a New England fishing port and walked gingerly to the very end of the narrow wharf that stuck out alarmingly into the bay. An old fisherman straddled the top of the outmost piling, plying his line. I asked him, "If anybody fell off this pier, would he drown?" The old man answered with a quizzical smile, "Well, no, not exactly. It isn't falling into the water that drowns a man." "What, then, is it?" I demanded. "Staying there," was his emphatic answer. The incident has many applications to a Christian's contacts with the sins of the world.—DR. HIRAM BLOUNT.

## Noncombatants

(Continued from page 1)

ever, must pledge themselves to accept their control, to serve their interests, to be obedient to their principles. Seventh-day Adventists cannot bind themselves by any pledge which may involve obedience to rules and requirements which might violate their consciences and compel them to disobey God.

All the world today is in process of preparation for the developments which will close its long history. Lines of division, of separation, are being driven between groups. Distinctions and discriminations are the order of the day. Men are being grouped together in units. This is the work of an intelligence which is the enemy of mankind. It is that sinister intelligence which is binding the whole race into bundles. What will be the destiny of these bundles is vividly described by our Lord in His impressive parable of the wheat and the tares.

We know the tares are to grow together with the wheat until the harvest. But that is no reason why the wheat should seek

identification with the tares and be bound together in their bundles. Rather is it reason to maintain its separation—for the destiny of the bundles is not one to be desired but one to be shunned.

The servicemen of this church have witnessed a noble confession in military life, maintaining with fortitude and devotion the teachings of their church in standing apart from bearing arms and violence. They have made a magnificent contribution to the saving of life rather than to its destruction. Their fortitude and devotion to principle have gained favorable recognition by governmental and military authorities.

As they return to civil life, it will become apparent that the necessity of standing for principle still confronts them. In the field of industrial relations they must again stand apart from violence, from strife. Their allegiance to the Master they have served must still be made first. They will be subjected to intense pressure to compromise their religious faith, to violate their conscientious convictions. The church needs their undeviating loyalty in the industrial warfare as it has had it in the international warfare. They have merely stepped out of one war into another.

But as in the war now closing, so in this, their God rewards faithfulness, and He uses unflinching constancy to bring great victories to His cause.

To aid and counsel our men in military relationships and difficulties the church brought into being the War Service Commission.

To aid and counsel our men in industrial relationships and difficulties the church has recently established the Council on Industrial Relations.

This new council is now at your service.

## Daring for God

(Continued from page 3)

dered to do so anyway. He courteously explained that it was against his convictions. They painted the handle of a post maul yellow and forced him to drill with it, amid the sneers and scoffs of the other soldiers.

Many would tell us that those who refuse to carry arms during war are cowards. But I want to tell you that it is far easier to go along with the majority—to do meekly everything that one is asked to do—than to stand for what one thinks is right in the face of opposition and ridicule.

Incidentally, there were countless instances in the war just ended which demonstrated that the noncombatant medical soldiers are not yellow. The seventy-five comrades on Okinawa whose lives were saved one Sabbath by a Seventh-day Adventist medical-aid man would tell you that he was not yellow! It takes genuine courage to go out in enemy territory to care for the wounded without any means of self-protection. Yes, it takes real courage to dare for God, and there are still thousands of young men and women who possess a real bravery, genuine courage, true boldness!

Bear in mind, however, that daring for God is more than negative—it involves more than simply refusing to do evil. There is no end of positive, aggressive activity in service for God. Without even mentioning the reward of eternal life, which God has promised to those who fol-

low His leading, the Christian life offers many things that appeal to red-blooded youth, right here in this life.

Young people like adventure, travel, pioneering; they like to do hard things. Certainly, in the various branches of God's work—the ministry, foreign-mission service, medical ministry, teaching, radio ministry, etc.—there is abundant opportunity for one to satisfy these natural desires while also enlisting other people under the banner of Christ.

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson became quite famous as a result of their trips to Africa and other places where they took many interesting pictures of wild life. Truly, they had many thrilling experiences. I was privileged to see Mrs. Johnson shortly after the tragic airplane accident in which her husband was killed, and at that time she was still in a wheel chair. Many young people would have enjoyed accompanying them on one of their expeditions, but did you ever stop to think that similar adventure comes to many of our missionaries in connection with their work for God?

I have a brother who, while principal of a high school, accepted a call to the mission field. Since that time he has traveled in a number of foreign countries, has ridden air liners thousands of miles, has made contact with numerous statesmen of different nations, and has had one thrilling experience after another, besides helping to point many to the Saviour of the world.

Just the other day a friend of mine who has been teaching in one of our Seventh-day Adventist academies accepted a call to take up the Missionary Volunteer and educational work in the Hawaiian Islands. Think of the countless opportunities which will come to him!

While I have not traveled extensively in foreign countries, my work has brought to me many unusual opportunities, and I doubt that anyone gets more real happiness and "fun" out of life than I do. Then when I am able to help others know the joy which comes from daring for God it brings added thrills which surpass all others.

Today God is looking for wide-awake, courageous, red-blooded youth who really want to get something out of life. Do you long for action, adventure, and thrills, as well as lasting joy, peace, love, and contentment? If this is what you are looking for, I dare you to dare for God!

## Advent Youth

(Continued from page 9)

The Longmont church was host to an M.V. rally several weeks ago which was attended by representatives from Campion, Loveland, Hygiene, Fort Collins, Greeley, and Boulder. At the close of a Sabbath day packed full of good things, an investiture service was conducted. One Builder, twenty Friends, six Companions, and one Comrade received their insignia.

### Ohio Junior Camp

The Junior M.V.'s went back to Tar Hollow this year for two separate camps. The boys had their good time first—ninety-one of them—and then 117 girls took over the attractive grounds. H. R. Nelson, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Ohio Conference, reports that during the period of the two camps 161 Vocational Honors were earned in nature, leather-



craft, and swimming. Forty-seven boys and girls requested the opportunity to join baptismal classes in their home churches.

#### Junior Day

The Toledo, Ohio, church had a special Sabbath for Juniors recently. The conference M.V. secretary, H. R. Nelson, occupied the pulpit for the morning hour and spoke of the importance of the work every church is called to do for its youth. Following his sermon an investiture service took place, at which time nearly a score of young people were invested as Comrades, Companions, Friends, and Sunbeams. "As a fitting climax to this service," reports Pastor Merle L. Mills, "ten of the Juniors were baptized."

**Key to "Beheadings":** Crow, grain, goats, acorn, plover, stray, yegg, slap, lark, train, reel, drag, wrap, spike, snail, tape, shoe, sink, broom, ship.



### SENIOR YOUTH

#### VII—Peace and Safety; Faithfulness

(November 17)

**MEMORY VERSE:** 1 Thessalonians 5:6.  
**LESSON HELP:** *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 627-636.

1. Concerning what was it unnecessary for Paul to write to the Thessalonians? 1 Thess. 5:1.

2. What did they know regarding the Lord's coming? Verse 2; Rom. 13:11, 12.

**NOTE.**—Paul tells the Thessalonians that "the coming of Christ would be sudden, and a great surprise to most men. And this is what they knew perfectly, or might know, because our Lord Himself had so said, 'In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' Matt. 24:44. . . . No doubt the apostle had told them . . . also of His coming suddenly, which is the meaning of His coming 'as a thief in the night.' Rev. 16:15. As the thief usually cometh in the dead time of the night, when he is least expected, such a surprise will the day of the Lord be; so sudden and surprising will be His appearance. The knowledge of this will be more useful than to know the exact time, because this should awaken us to stand upon our watch, that we may be ready whenever He cometh."—*Matthew Henry's Commentary*, pp. 424, 425.

3. What would unbelievers be expecting at that time? With what result? 1 Thess. 5:3.

**NOTE.**—"When the reasoning of philosophy has banished the fear of God's judgments; when religious teachers are pointing forward to long ages of peace and prosperity, and the world are absorbed in their rounds of business and pleasure, planting and building, feasting and merrymaking, rejecting God's warnings and mocking His messengers,—then it is that sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 104.

4. How did Paul emphasize the believers' knowledge of truth? Verse 4.

5. Why would they not be taken by surprise? In what do they have no part? Verse 5.

**NOTE.**—"Paul teaches that it is sinful to be indifferent to the signs which are to precede the second coming of Christ. Those guilty of this neglect, he calls children of the night and of darkness. He encourages the vigilant and watchful with these words [verses 5, 6]."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 260.

6. What counsel does the apostle give to the waiting church? Verse 6.

**NOTE.**—"The watchful Christian is a working Christian, seeking zealously to do all in his power for the advancement of the gospel. As love for his Redeemer increases, so also does love for his fellow men. He has severe trials, as had his Master; but he does not allow affliction to sour his temper or destroy his peace of mind. He knows that trial, if well borne, will refine and purify him, and bring him into closer fellowship with Christ."—*Ibid.*, p. 261.

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7. What is said of those who are not watchful and sober? Verse 7.

8. How are the children of the day further counseled? With what arms should they be provided? Verse 8.

**NOTE.**—"God has provided abundant means for successful warfare against the evil that is in the world. The Bible is the armory where we may equip for the struggle. Our loins must be girt about with truth. Our breastplate must be righteousness. The shield of faith must be in our hand, the helmet of salvation on our brow; and with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, we are to cut our way through the obstructions and entanglements of sin."—*Ibid.*, p. 502.

9. To what has God appointed us? Through whom? Verse 9.

**NOTE.**—"Those who live and die in darkness and ignorance, who sleep and are drunken as in the night, are, it is but too plain, 'appointed to wrath'; but as for those who are of the day, if they watch and be sober, it is evident that they are 'appointed to obtain salvation.' . . . Were we to obtain salvation by our own merit or power, we could have but little or no hope of it; but seeing we are to obtain it by virtue of God's appointment, . . . on this we build unshaken hope."—*Matthew Henry's Commentary*, p. 426.

10. Through what sacrifice was eternal life with Christ made possible? Verse 10.

11. What should be our attitude toward each other in this watching time? Verse 11.

12. How are church leaders to be regarded? Verse 12.

**NOTE.**—"As the shepherd should know his flock, so the sheep must know their shepherd. They must know his person, hear his voice, acknowledge him for their pastor, and pay due regard to his teaching, ruling, and admonitions."—*Ibid.*, p. 427.

13. How and for what are leaders to be esteemed? With whom are we to be at peace? Verse 13.

### JUNIOR

#### VII—Admonitions to Watch

(November 17)

**LESSON TEXTS:** 1 Thessalonians 5:1-13; Matthew 24:36-46.

**MEMORY VERSE:** "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." 1 Thess. 5:6.

#### Guiding Thought

"We know not the hour of the Master's appearing; Yet signs all foretell that the moment is nearing When He shall return—'tis a promise most cheering—  
But we know not the hour."

"There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation;  
There's truth in the Book of the Lord's revelation;  
Each prophecy points to the great consummation—  
But we know not the hour."

"We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning;  
We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's returning;  
We'll sing and rejoice, every omen discerning—  
But we know not the hour."

—F. E. BELDEN.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts.

The stanzas of the Guiding Thought are part of a song. It is No. 878 in *Christ in Song* and No. 540 in the *Church Hymnal*.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

1. What had the Thessalonian believers learned? 1 Thess. 5:1.

**NOTE.**—"Paul had taught these believers of the second coming of Jesus, and of things that would happen before He came. They knew this, so Paul says he need not write about it."

2. What had they learned of Christ's coming? Verse 2.

3. What will many say before Christ comes? What will occur suddenly? Verse 3.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

4. Concerning what were the believers in Thessalonica not in darkness? 1 Thess. 5:4.

5. Why would they not be surprised? Verse 5.

**NOTE.**—"You are not in darkness, brothers, so that that day should surprise you like thieves. You all belong to the light and the day. We have

nothing to do with night or with darkness." Verses 4, 5, Goodspeed.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

6. What is Jesus' warning concerning His coming? Matt. 24:36, 42-46.

7. How did Paul warn the Thessalonian believers? 1 Thess. 5:6.

8. What is the condition of those who do not love Christ's coming? Verse 7.

**NOTE.**—"In those days it was considered a terrible disgrace to be drunken during the day. That was the time to be awake, sober, and attending to one's affairs. As Christians we are urged to be sober, not absorbed in pleasures so that we cannot watch or be ready for Christ's return."

9. What shall we rather be doing? Verse 8.

**NOTE.**—"We who belong to the day must be composed, wearing faith and love for a coat of mail, and helmeted with the hope of salvation." Verse 8, Goodspeed.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

10. What is God's plan for His children? 1 Thess. 5:9.

**NOTE.**—"His plan is that we should be ready to meet Him when He comes. We must know Him now in order to be ready then."

11. Through whom are we to be saved? Verse 9, last part, 10.

12. Because of this, what are we told to do? Verse 11.

**NOTE.**—"Therefore encourage one another and strengthen one another, just as you are doing." Verse 11, Goodspeed.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

13. Because Jesus is soon coming, how should the pastors and leaders in the church be regarded? 1 Thess. 5:12, 13, first part.

14. How should those who watch for Jesus' return live among themselves? Verse 13, last part.

**NOTE.**—"We beg you, brothers, to respect those who work with you and who lead you in the service of the Lord, and teach you. Hold them in the highest esteem and affection for what they do. Live at peace with one another." Verses 12, 13, Goodspeed.

How well do you know the memory verse?

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

Cross out the false statements:

1. We know the day and hour when Jesus is to come.
2. We do not know the exact time of His return.
3. Since we are children of God we need not watch for His coming.
4. We need the Christian's armor—faith, hope, love—to be ready when He comes.
5. Jesus is our only hope of salvation.
6. One day, soon, we shall go to live with Him.
7. We may talk unpleasantly about our pastors and leaders.
8. Live at peace with one another.

Read the Guiding Thought again.

Is the third stanza true in your life?

Do you know the memory verse?



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#### ARE YOU MOVING?

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# The Listening Post

► AFRICA has more than 300 major languages and dialects.

► THE whole Bible has now been published in 184 languages, a whole Testament in 235 more, at least a complete Gospel or other book of the Bible in 560 more, and selections in 89 more—making a total of 1,068.

► RECORDS show that more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States have moved away from farms since 1940. A back-to-the-farm swing is expected now that the war is over, but agricultural experts are sure it will return only a fraction of those who left.

► SOME of the most famous statues of Paris were not carried away by Axis occupying forces. The beautiful marble group of horses which stood at Place de la Concorde entry to the Champs Elysees has been dug up from the Tuileries Gardens and returned to its original position on the triumphal way.

► NISEI members of the 442d Infantry Regiment of the United States Army have presented a gift of \$4,300 to President Harry S. Truman through four wounded Japanese-American soldiers. This fund is for the construction of a memorial to the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose ideal was that "Americanism is not a matter of race but of the mind and heart."

► A NEAT gadget patterned after a vacuum cleaner which can harvest a field of cranberries with amazing speed has been introduced to the world at Seattle, Washington. A twenty-horsepower motor drives the picker's suction fan, which draws the berries into dual hoppers. Workers "scan" the bogs where the berries grow with a hose attached to the hoppers. The fruit whirls around the hopper and drops to the bottom. Dust and weeds are drawn off by an intake of air. The machine was invented by A. V. Anderson, and it is estimated that it will do the work of fifty men.

► THE largest gun ever made—a monster weighing 1,344 tons that threw 31.5-inch shells weighing more than eight tons each a distance of nearly thirty miles—has been found on an abandoned railroad in Bavaria by an American Field Artillery officer, Colonel F. B. Porter. This gun was no freak, but because of its enormous weight, and the necessity of moving it in several separate pieces, it required about three weeks after arrival at the firing point to set it up. The speed of the Allied sweep through southern Germany in the last days of World War II accounts for its preservation, since the cannoners in charge of it had no time to demolish it.

► THE first great gap in the dikes flooding the ancient man-made island of Walcheren, Netherlands, has been sealed months ahead of schedule by the use of eighteen concrete "beetles" that one year ago were serving in the famous British Mulberry system of docks off Normandy. It is expected that with the employment of approximately 100 more of these "beetles" the remaining three breaks in the walls of Walcheren can be closed before the winter storms set in. The great pontoons have holes blasted in their bottoms for this use, and come to rest on willow mats. Then they are filled with sand and packed into place with clay. Each "beetle" is thirty-five feet long, seven feet in the beam, and ten feet high, and their placing in the dike gaps made by the retreating Axis forces poses an intricate engineering problem. But there can be no doubt that the sturdy Netherlands have won this bout in their battle with their ancient enemy, the sea.

► THE former French luxury liner *Normandy*, now the U.S.S. *La Fayette*, has been declared surplus property by the United States Navy and turned over to the Marine Commission for disposal. The great ship is now berthed in a barge canal near Brooklyn, New York, having been raised and partly restored at a cost of \$11,000,000 after she burned and capsized at her Hudson River pier on February 9, 1942.

► THERE has been little publicity of the important twenty-volume set of books currently being published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It is a *Catalogue of the Animal Parasites of the World* and gives the habits and haunts of 100,000 bugs that infest livestock. Needless to say, this represents years of world-wide research.

► "IN Caesar's time," says an unpublished report prepared by the now-extinct U. S. Office of War Information, "the cost of killing a man was 75 cents; in the Napoleonic Wars it was \$1,000; in the American Civil War it was \$5,000; in World War I it was \$21,000 to \$25,000; in World War II it was \$50,000."

► A MAHOGANY box filled with soil from Baranquitas, Puerto Rico, has been forwarded to Hyde Park, New York, to be deposited on the grave of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is a tribute from the Puerto Rican people.

► THERE were about 7,000,000 fewer automobiles on the roads of the United States when the war ended than on December 7, 1941.

► PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN refers to the Cabinet as his Board of Directors.

► APPLES will be scarce in the United States this year. The crop was only 65,000,000 bushels against a "normal" 120,000,000 bushels.

► ALTHOUGH Mrs. C. A. Poulton has more than 800 pairs of shoes, she still needs a ration stamp. In her collection of glass, bisque, and china shoes, is one pair of miniature gold slippers less than an inch long.

► A RARE operation, transplanting an index finger to the position of a missing thumb on the same hand, has been twice successfully performed in Britain in recent months. It has restored the grip of the hand in both instances.

► IT is reported that plans are on foot for modernizing the Suez Canal. This vital world waterway is under control of the Suez Canal Company, an international organization in which Great Britain holds the greatest number of shares. The administration, however, is predominantly French.

► SINCE much of American weather "begins" in Russian Siberia, and the Soviet Union never has given out weather reports, there has often been doubt about the accuracy of long-range United States weather forecasts. Recently it was announced that arrangements have been made for Russia and the United States to exchange about four hundred reports daily; so weather forecasting for North America should approach a high degree of perfection from now on.

## ★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

Soldiers from every part of the United States, writing from every theater of war, bear testimony to the continued goodness of a heavenly Father whom they love, honor, and serve. Let us listen while they speak:

"I have been in Burma for some time. One of our main jobs is the evacuation of wounded. There are no other Seventh-day Adventists in this group. However, we have an excellent chaplain. We have a discussion Sunday night, prayer meeting Wednesday night, and hope to have a Sabbath evening service a week from tonight." This young man in uniform is evidently letting his light shine, even though he is all alone.

"There are about eighteen of us S.D.A. boys here in the Aleutian Islands. We hold meetings ourselves on Friday evenings and have worship together. The chaplain gives us permission to use the chapel whenever we wish. Everything seems to be running along smoothly, but pray for us, that we may be faithful."

"As chaplain's assistant I enjoy my work on this Pacific island and find many opportunities to be of help to the boys. Have held two Bible classes a week ever since coming overseas, and have one soldier now keeping the Sabbath with us. He is soon to be baptized and received into fellowship with us."

"We are still stationed near Cambridge, England. Recently I sent in forty subscriptions for 'Our Little Friend' for a group of English school children in Northampton. They are enjoying the papers very much indeed and are also carrying on correspondence with children in the States. I spent one morning in their class and told them stories of Death Valley and Yosemite. The English children are little different from those in America, though in all the towns we are still approached with the greeting, 'Any gum, chum?' or, 'Any candy, Andy?' The food rationing over here is really severe for civilians."

"The other day I borrowed some money from a buddy, since I had none with me. When I went to repay him he returned two thirds of the sum, saying, 'Take this money and give it to your church. I have been watching you since you joined our outfit in the Fiji Islands. The more I watch the more interested I become. Anyone who can stand the ridicule you have received is worthy of admiration. All this that I have observed has caused me to ask myself, "Why aren't you in their pitching beside him?" And I ask you now to help me to become like you.' I have given him some literature, and with the Spirit of God working upon him the way it is, I know it will not be impossible to direct him to his Saviour and our Saviour."

"All my life I have heard about traveling as much as an S.D.A. minister, but I think the Army can outdo even that occasionally. Since entering the service I have

(Continued on page 12)