

The Youth's Instructor

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT

The Bible

I DON'T see why I haven't done this before." "Now that I have started I am going to keep up my daily Bible reading." "I wish mother would memorize John 14; she wouldn't worry so much." "Reading the Bible helped me." Such were the comments of young people who are reading the Bible through systematically.

There is something about the Bible that causes one to be fascinated and definitely helped by the practice of reading it regularly. Today, more than ever before, youth need a pilot. Too many are sailing in a dangerous harbor. In this the most important period of our lives we need an unerring counselor and infallible guide. This is found in the Word of God.

The Bible presents a perfect standard of character. The strange yet fortunate fact about the Word of God is that it distinctly sets forth the duties of both young and old and, since it is inspired by God and written by holy men, it is a perfect guide under all circumstances of life.

One who had just finished reading the Bible through in seven weeks said that he had time to read little else and meditated much upon the chapters of the day. For the one who opens his Bible with a sense of its inspiration or, to use the lingo of our radio age, who senses the fact that "this is God speaking," the Word of God will always have a rich content.

One United States Army chaplain writes: "Probably the most effective part of my ministry during those [wartime] days was to the men who lay wounded in the aid station on the beach awaiting evacuation to the hospital ships. I had often wondered what I would do in such times. I had feared that to repeat a psalm or offer a prayer over a man would be either presumptuous or would serve only to convince him that all hope for his life had been given up. I found that my fears were unwarranted when a certain man, whom I was about to leave, called me back and asked me to pray for him. From then on it was easy, and I found that my prayers answered a hunger as great as the longing for release from pain.

"A man came in with combat fatigue. He was a big man. A large mortar landing near him and killing his buddies had unnerved him, and he lay crying there on a

stretcher. He scarcely had the co-ordination to speak, but I noticed that he wanted to say something. Stooping down, I could make out, 'Tell me — green pastures.' I repeated the shepherd's psalm and prayed for him. He kept crying, but the strain was gone."

James E. Agate, the dramatic critic, in a rather striking definition, says: "An atheist is a man with no invisible means of support. Take away his visible means of support, and he has nothing left. But take the visible means of support from a Christian, and he can still say, 'The eternal God is my refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

I remember when we used to throw men into jail on the charge of vagrancy because they had no visible means of support. While that is a rather strange thing to do, it is quite in accord with the emphasis men place on material things, or things seen. But the Bible relegates a man's visible means of support to a place of minor importance. Its first emphasis is on man's need of invisible means of support. The Word of God portrays Moses surrendering all his material prospects, turning his back on wealth, position, influence, and favor in Egypt, and "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It tells us that Moses placed his life in jeopardy, suffered and sacrificed for a great cause, but stood up to it all, enduring it all "as seeing Him who is invisible." The secret of Moses' life was that he found the word of God to be his invisible support.

Paul, too, turned his back on brilliant prospects appealing to any young man and stepped into a life of poverty, persecution, and suffering in God's cause. But hear him exclaim, "Though our outward man

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By E. W. DUNBAR



H. A. ROBERTS

Are You Reading the Bible Through? If Not, Then Why Not?

Let's Talk It Over

OPPORTUNITY is everywhere," said James A. Garfield, "but the preparation to seize upon the opportunity is something that must be done by every man for himself."

WHO would dream of finding opportunity in a solitary-confinement cell of an enemy concentration camp? But it was there!

When Europe was liberated and the prison doors were thrown open, a thin, pale man, stooped, and bearing on his face the marks of mental and physical suffering, but with a courageous glint in his eye, made his way directly to the city of Geneva, Switzerland. Considering the confusion and transportation difficulties, he accomplished this with surprising speed. His errand was at the headquarters office of the World Council of Churches, and he had in his hand a cardboard box, which he carried carefully, as though it contained something very precious. When the box was opened in the office of Dr. Vissert Hooft, secretary of the Council, it was found to be filled with small incredibly small—pieces of miscellaneous paper.

The man introduced himself as Dr. Roland Pury, of Lyons, and Dr. Hooft instantly knew him as one of the most eloquent and powerful Protestant preachers of France in prewar days. Obviously he regarded the little heap of paper as valuable, but why? To the puzzled Council secretary it looked like so much trash. Then, to quote a news item sent air mail from Geneva by Paul Louis Hervier, this conversation took place:

"Do you know what it is?" asked the Frenchman.

"I haven't the slightest idea," answered Dr. Hooft.

"It's a book!" Dr. Pury announced. And then he showed Dr. Hooft that each of those small bits of paper was covered with pencil writing, and each bit had a number at the top—a page number, even though there were only a few words on each page. The numbers ran from 1 to 2,350.

"It was a book on the first epistle of Peter, that Dr. Pury had written secretly in his cell. For several years before his imprisonment he had been contemplating a book on this subject, and in the course of his studies had committed the entire epistle to memory, so that, even without the text, he could readily recall every chapter and verse." But *how* could he write a book under these adverse circumstances? Surely there was nothing like opportunity in this place of misery and suffering and death! He was not even allowed pencil and paper! However, there proved to be ways and means, makeshift though they were. When his desire to write became known among his fellow prisoners, one by one these little odds and ends were passed to him, oh, so very secretly, lest the givers or the gift be discovered. Each precious bit of soiled wrapping, labels torn from cans, oblongs of cigarette paper—anything paper from anywhere—was carefully hidden and as carefully used when finally, one red-letter day, an inch-stub of a pencil came into his

possession, and he could really begin his book. Here it was, completed!

Deeply moved by the story, as Dr. Pury told it, Dr. Hooft entrusted the priceless treasure to his secretary, who arranged the fragments in their numbered order and transcribed them. She found *only one* number missing, and that particular fragment had carried about twenty words of text which the author readily replaced.

Now the manuscript is in the hands of the printer, and will soon be ready for circulation.

Yes, "opportunity is everywhere"—even in a concentration camp! We do not need more opportunities half so much as we need keener eyesight to discern those that surround us, and the will to take advantage of them.

IN the early 1920's an American woman living in Vevey, Switzerland, lost her favorite dog. To fill the vacant place in her heart and home, she bought four of the most intelligent German shepherd dogs she could find, determined to breed them and get, if possible, another pet equal to her lost Hans.

But this did not work out as she had planned, and overpersuaded, as she thought, by an enthusiastic friend, she found herself

YOUTH'S FORUM NEXT WEEK

with a sizable kennel, from which she supplied dogs to the Swiss police, customs officials, and army. Her business grew and prospered.

Then she glimpsed opportunity—not only for herself but for others. On a visit to Germany she was amazed to see shepherd dogs used to guide ex-soldiers blinded by the first World War. These handicapped veterans walked everywhere with safety and assurance. The dogs were eyes to them! In her own country were veterans of this same war, desperately needing just what these dogs had to give to blinded humankind.

So Dorothy Harrison Eustis brought her kennels to Morristown, New Jersey, and today thousands of Seeing Eye dogs have been graduated from her training center. They are guiding not only veterans of the first World War but those of the second, and men and women in all walks of life as well.

Into this work each year go generous amounts of money contributed by interested, sympathetic friends. Breeding has been discontinued, and the best German shepherd dogs obtainable are purchased or accepted as gifts for training. So far as the blind are concerned, next to the invention of Braille, the work of the Seeing Eye dogs holds out more hope than any other single effort.

And as for Dorothy Harrison Eustis, she gives thanks for vision to see an opportunity, and initiative to seize it and make the most of it.

FORTY years ago Harry Huddleston, who lived with his parents on a poor farm in Pike County, Arkansas, managed to get a ticket to attend a lecture given by Dr. Russell Conwell, of Philadelphia, and heard him tell the classic story of Al Hafed, the Persian farmer who went a-hunting diamonds.

Al Hafed, you will recall, was a prosperous family man with property and many friends, and was contented until he heard an old Buddhist priest tell of precious stones called diamonds, one of which was worth more than all Al Hafed possessed. So he sold all that he had, left his family in the care of a neighbor, and started on a search of diamonds, which took him to far lands and cost his fortune and finally, as he realized he had failed, his life.

But though that was the end of Al Hafed, it is not the end of the story. The man who had purchased his farm found a diamond in the little stream in the garden where he watered his camel each day. Investigation brought a wealth of precious stones to light. And thus were discovered the mines of Golconda, one of the most famous diamond mines in the world. Al Hafed had allowed priceless treasure to escape him while he looked for something more spectacular.

Harry Huddleston took that story to heart as he went back to the poor little farm where he and his father could barely raise enough food to keep the wolf of hunger from their door. He saw no hope of getting away, but could it be that there were diamonds on their barren acres, in the form of opportunity? He meant to discover any possibilities that were there!

A part of the farm covered the crater of an ancient volcano, and crops absolutely refused to grow there. One day as Harry was tramping over these sterile acres, wondering what could be done with them, he picked up two small crystals that aroused his curiosity. When he showed them to his father, he advised sending them to Little Rock and having a jeweler examine them. To the astonishment of the jeweler, Mr. Huddleston, and the boy, the crystals turned out to be diamonds!

They were of only "fair" quality, it seemed, but the State geologist, upon investigation, assured the Huddlestons that they really had a diamond mine from which valuable commercial diamonds could be taken in unknown quantity.

And that is how it happens that if you should visit Pike County, Arkansas, you would find an eighty-acre area surrounded by a high, electrically charged wire fence, patrolled by guards. Visitors are not encouraged, but you *might* be fortunate enough to gain entrance and meet Harry Huddleston, who, because he was eagerly looking for it, found opportunity right under his feet!

OH, 'tis true, friend o' mine! There is opportunity everywhere, all around you right where you are! Look for it diligently, and you will not fail to find it!

Lora E. Clement



At Your Free Public Library There Are Books to Be Had Covering Almost Every Subject Known to Man

What Do You Learn IN COLLEGE?

By Edna Atkin Pepper

Part I—LEARNING TO READ

IT'S well enough for a freshman—in academy, that is. But grow as fast as you can, won't you? Get beyond this stage and give your mental teeth something they can really masticate."

She smiled on me, warmly, winningly, even wistfully, and went on into College Hall: I stood for a moment where she had left me, quite stunned with the shock of learning that I was still nourishing my mind with "the milk" of words. She had not scolded, or frowned, or berated me in any way. She had been most kind and thoughtful while she gave me the necessary information regarding my reading status!

Recovering my balance, I went on to the laundry to put in the essential two hours of "manual training." Surprising how much reflection can be indulged in over an ironing board! I had joined my instructor in front of the girls' dormitory and we had strolled along together as far as College Hall. To her inquiry as to what I was reading at the moment, I gave enthusiastic reply, together with a glowing book review in miniature. I waited hopefully, but there was no response.

"What—what's wrong?" I faltered. "Isn't the book all right?" And to that

she had acceded with, "Well enough for a freshman—in academy."

But I was not an academy freshman. This was my first year of college. College, to me, had meant books; all kinds of books. Not satisfied with the school library alone, I had annexed a card from the nearest village library, and frequently returned from the reading rooms with two or three additional volumes. Just what was this all about?

Why could I not read any books, all the books I wanted to? Were not books to be read or laid aside according to the interest of the reader? Evidently not. I had not had the privilege of attending a Christian academy, nor had I been near enough to attend my own church for some three years. I had read indiscriminately, omnivorously, and all the time. Of course, I had not read "bad books." In thinking back, it seemed to me that, with the advice of my English and history teachers as a guide, I had read excellent publications. But this was something else. Did it mean that I should not read a book that required little mental effort? Did it mean that a book should have some-

thing besides good morals, good English, and good interest to recommend it? So it seemed.

It was not long before we had a reading quiz in English. A list of reading motives took its place on the board. The motives came from the students. Our teacher merely wrote them down, once she had the answer she wanted. However, before we could tell her anything we had to think about it, or at least, I did. And therefore, there was a discussion. Did we like to read? Most of us did. There were a few exceptions. Why did we read? Some of my classmates were called on to explain why they read. I made hasty mental review, hoping I would not be called on. Why *did* I read? Because I wanted to. Because I loved to read. Because I wanted to know things, as many things as possible.

Several items of interest and importance were impressed upon my mind that day. The details as outlined on the blackboard ran somewhat like this:

Why We Read—To mold the character aright, to form right reading habits, to inform oneself, to develop the mental powers, to increase and develop the spiritual powers, to enlarge the vocabulary, to ac-

quire and strengthen right ideals, to give oneself special training.

I had a timid query. Had interest, then, no place at all on the reading horizon? Was it not permissible to read for the love of it? Yes, the class decided, reading as recreation was all right. Hence, "for recreation," was added.

After considering that synopsis, I decided that if my reading came up to those standards it would not go far wrong. The child's character is determined by his associations, and what companions are closer to him than his book friends? Various influences may keep him from his comrades: the weather, illness, whim, or circumstance. But his books are always available.

Much of lifelong profit and pleasure depends upon the right start in reading. If the mental food is light and frivolous from the beginning, the intellectual appetite will never desire the worth-while volume from which it may derive the afore-mentioned benefits. Someday you will have the regrettable experience of examining books that you would like to read. You will not read them, however, because you will complain:

"Somehow, I simply can't get interested in them."

Are you, by any chance, the "master of your fate," or are you simply a puppet to be pulled around by the strings of happenstance?

After you have begun correctly, you hold in your own two hands the keys to all the doors. You need only examine them and choose which you care to enter. Use your key, which is only the ability to read, and acquire your heart's desire. Why not?

At your free public library there are books to be had covering almost, if not entirely, every subject known to man. If you have no local library and cannot buy the books you desire, your State librarian can assist you. If you have health and determination, you can inform yourself. Indeed, you may if necessary, perhaps, do without the health, but the determination is essential!

Surely it must be a duty to read that which will contribute to mental force. "Tis the mind that makes the body rich." Personality is compounded of the charms and graces of both body and mind. Would you have worth-while friends? Make yourself worth while, and, miraculously, they will come to you. Develop your latent abilities. If the stomach does not receive nourishment, it shrinks. The same calamity can overtake your mind!

One dictionary defines "spiritual" as "unearthly, immaterial, intangible, pure, saintly, holy." The spiritual part of you is that part so designated in the above definition. Who does not discover, one time or another, that the intangible things are the more important? You have a spiritual side, regardless of how thoroughly you may have camouflaged it. You cannot be your fullest, best self unless you develop it. The Creator endowed you with it, and instinctively your whole nature reaches out for it. Do not allow that spirit to atrophy for lack of sustenance!

It is said on good authority that the average person's vocabulary stops growing when he is twenty-five. Long before that time he is adding shockingly few words each year. But at the mid-twenties he is done. Remember that at that age he has lived but one third of his lifetime. What

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NO SMOKING, PLEASE!

By Ed Miles

THERE have been multitudes of arguments set forth as to why people should not smoke. Many reformers have made dire predictions in regard to the evil consequences of this practice. The scientifically minded persons of this group have pointed to the physiological effects of tobacco on the human body, while the moralists raise the standard of Christianity as a powerful argument to convince people that smoking is a sinful practice.

Many smokers have ignored the moralist and scientist alike in taking up the habit. They feel practically none of the serious effects of which they have been warned and fail to see where they are physically or spiritually damaged by what they regard as a harmless practice, a habit or failing which is strictly their own concern.

But is it? It is interesting that in many public conveyances, restaurants, places of business, auditoriums, and such places, there are posted signs bearing the legend, "No Smoking, Please!" Some smokers are seen to grumble at this inconvenience, while others serenely puff away on their tobacco, emitting clouds of smoke into the air that is breathed by smoker and non-smoker alike.

Why are these signs erected? Are the responsible parties worrying about the smoker's health or spiritual destiny? No, indeed! They post these signs for various reasons best known to themselves, but the two primary considerations are the fire hazard on one hand and on the other the fact that many people express annoyance at being forced to breathe smoke-saturated air. In the light of this last-mentioned factor, are we unintelligent to assume that in this respect, at least, smokers are being selfish? It would not seem so.

Many harmful practices are damaging only to those who indulge therein, but this question of smoking presents itself in the role of a double annoyance. Not only does it enslave the victim in a virtually unconquerable habit, but it also proves distasteful to many who are sickened or disgusted by the persons indulging in this pastime. Any practice of this type that is so obnoxious to those around should not be lacking in enough advantages to offset the nuisance properties inseparable from smoking. What are the facts?

When smokers offer us cigarettes, we say, "No, thank you, I don't smoke." In reply to this statement, the vast majority of smokers will remark, "You're better off. I wish that I had never started in the first place."

Smoking is a gripping habit. No thinking person can honestly deny this fact. We hold that it is foolish to form a habit that is annoying to others and that is useless, not to mention the fact that it can prove to be definitely harmful in many, if not all, cases.

We see the smoker's composure de-

stroyed and his nerves jangled when he is unable to appease his body's incessant craving for the nicotine and other constituents to which it is accustomed. Is this drug a friend to man? Read the advertisements run in the leading magazines and newspapers of the country for your answer. These advertisements are sponsored by the manufacturers of tobacco products and might reasonably be expected to make all favorable statements about tobacco that are consistent with professional ethics and common honesty. To quote a few: "Sci-

Obedience Essential to Salvation

By PAUL R. LINDSTROM

CHRIST, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," learned . . . obedience by the things which He suffered." He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." And "being made perfect" "by the things which He suffered" He "became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."

He is the perfect example for all men to follow. He is the only pattern for the whole human race. They must follow Him if they are to reach a high standard of perfection.

How did He become perfect? By perfect obedience to the will of His heavenly Father. Listen to Christ verify my statement, "I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

Would to God that when our work on earth is done we could say without flinching that we have kept our "Father's commandments, and abide in His love." This is not an impossibility. "With God all things are possible."

Our duty is to look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

We should "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us," and "run with patience the race that is set before us." "For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."

God paid a supreme price for our redemption; therefore we ought to obey God even to "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

There is nothing that can take the place of obedience. God says, "To obey is better than sacrifice."

entific research in impartial laboratories proves — definitely less irritating to the throat." "More mild." "Taste jaded? Switch to —!" "Not a cough in a carload." All these and many more prove by an indirect method involving inference and ordinary exercise of reasoning power, that even the manufacturers cannot honestly claim any real benefits to accrue to the user of their products. They are not willing to guarantee their product to be harmless, let alone beneficial.

To avoid the petty discomforts, expense, and formation of a powerful habit that does no one any conceivable benefit, we do not smoke and are not willing to start doing so.

To quote a widely distributed sign, "Avoid the Glares! No Smoking, Please!"

Common sense, good breeding, true science, and religion all unite in condemning this useless habit. None can offer any actually valid reason for adopting the practice of smoking. All these considerations, with others not here taken up, indicate why we do not consider it wise or desirable to smoke.

The larger percentage of professed Christians in our modern world believe that faith alone is sufficient to ensure their salvation. However, this is not true. "Faith without works is dead," says James. Works without faith are likewise dead. We must have both or we shall not realize heaven.

There are three factors that involve our salvation. These three comprise one whole. They are the grace of God, faith, and works of man. Faith accepts the grace of God. Works prove that the one who by faith has accepted the grace of God is a genuine Christian.

A Christian is one who does as Christ did. Christ backed up His faith by good works. We must do likewise. In the day of recompense we shall be rewarded for our works and not for our faith alone.

Only to those who obey God implicitly will He give the Holy Spirit. Without the Holy Spirit we are forever lost.

Jesus says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and manifest Myself to him." "And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments."

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; . . . if ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land: but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword."

Let us submit ourselves to our loving heavenly Father. The way ahead may be rocky and thorny, but in the end we shall be victorious. We may have to suffer to purify ourselves from the earthly dross. Jesus suffered. He learned obedience by doing so. He became perfect. We must go through what He did. We must be perfect in our sphere even as our heavenly Father is perfect in His sphere. We must be holy, for without holiness "no man shall see the Lord."



H. A. RUBENIS

Seventh-day Adventist Young People Have Nothing of Which to Be Ashamed Except as They Stray From the Path Marked Out for Them by a Loving, Understanding God

Arbiters of DESTINY

By Mrs. E. WENDELL WOLFE

kindness of a loving heavenly Father that certain restrictions are placed upon them, it would result in a complete change of attitude on their part. A youth connected with the remnant church has ample access to the best in every sphere of activity. In the field of education he has opportunity to cultivate his intellect to the highest degree. If he places himself on God's side he will have a positive philosophy, a broad outlook, a high concept of life. "As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any other book, or all other books combined. The greatness of its themes, the dignified simplicity of its utterances, the beauty of its imagery, quicken and uplift

tian standards. It is a flagrant disregard of good form to deck oneself out like a Christmas tree. There are basic principles and fundamentals in regard to correct dress which should never be disregarded. A conservative, well-dressed person with clothes that look planned and not accidental can rightly represent the beauty of simplicity. Neatness, daintiness, careful design and tailoring, scrupulous cleanliness, and simplicity indicate conservative good judgment in clothes. A person who dresses with exquisite care and taste, who chooses good materials, lines, and colors, with correct and suitable accessories, will be stamped as belonging on a much higher level than will the one who makes himself conspicuous by his appearance.

It is interesting, as you mingle with others, to imagine the background and caliber of those you meet as indicated by their personal appearance. Not long ago on a train I noticed two girls who were opposites in every sense of the word. Both had youth, but the beauty of one seemed fresh and delicate, whereas the other achieved what she no doubt supposed was a stunning, fashionable effect by prodigious quantities of lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, and a screaming shade of rouge. A huge artificial flower adorned her fussy but cheap dress; she wore three enormous rings, as well as a bracelet and a necklace. Her pseudo sophistication and her air of bored distraction almost smothered one; it all seemed to proclaim degeneration of the soul. She had a highly superior attitude until she sat down by the cool-looking, well-poised young woman with a fine, patrician face. She was the kind of girl who looked fresh as a rose when others looked rumpled and disheveled. She wore a simple but tastefully cut suit of a good-quality material, a dainty blouse, immaculate gloves, and carried a conservative bag in her hand. I could almost read the thoughts of the shallow and flamboyant girl as she seemed to realize that "something was lacking"!

In regard to eating and drinking, one has only to take his pick of one of dozens of health publications to realize that from the standpoint of physical well-being, with no thought for religion, many people refrain from the use of tobacco, tea and coffee, alcoholic beverages, Coca-Cola, and flesh foods. One has only to see someone under the influence of strong drink to know how utterly repulsive a person can be in such a state. There is absolutely nothing to be gained from the use of alcoholic liquors, for they ruin the one who indulges in them from a spiritual, a mental, a social, a moral, and a financial standpoint. Anything that weakens the body and confuses the mind is a detriment to the highest degree of vim, vigor, vitality, and efficiency!

LIFE," says an old Greek adage, "is the gift of nature, but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom."

Every normal young person has a desire to live life at its fullest and best. Youth shrink from a dull, mediocre existence; and, in order to achieve their desires, some pursue a course which ends in dust and ashes. Seventh-day Adventist young people have the largest opportunity of any group on the stage of action today for rich, colorful, beautiful living; and it is an arresting thought that they mold their own destinies, shape their own ultimate patterns of life.

There are those who feel that the restrictions placed upon the actions of Christian youth are obstacles in the road to happiness. They feel that if the bars were lifted they might find a richer flavor to life without inhibitions. This is a negative philosophy.

Even persons of the world who live on the highest level reject many things that are not worthy of their regard. A connoisseur of jewels is amused or disgusted by a flamboyant display of cheap imitations worn by those who cannot distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit. Likewise, a person whose vision is not distorted by the debris and superficial values along the way recognizes that "sound wisdom and discretion shall be life unto the soul."

One who is striving to expand his mental horizon, who thinks deeply, and who wisely cultivates his faculties is repulsed by the flood of cheap literature on the market and on library shelves today, and he is well aware that it will harm him rather than help him if he reads it. Such a person has a wise sense of values.

If Seventh-day Adventist young people could realize that nothing good is forbidden them, and that it is through the gracious

the thoughts as nothing else can. No other study can impart such mental power as does the effort to grasp the stupendous truths of revelation. The mind thus brought in contact with the thoughts of the Infinite cannot but expand and strengthen." This thought, given by the inspired pen of God's messenger, is classic and embodies a vital truth. Christians should be glad to drink of the sparkling waters of good and to reject the muddy waters of evil.

In addition to the intellectual wealth to be gained from a study of the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy volumes written under God's guidance by Ellen G. White, there are many other books that will contribute to one's happiness, inspiration, and information without polluting the mind and making it a welter of decayed confusion.

These books can help one enlarge his narrow circle of interests and become more deeply aware of the breathless drama of life and its significance; they can help him build a solid mental structure that will not collapse under strain. They can inspire more profound thinking and resiliency of mind; they can enrich the personality without making one pedantic or ostentatious.

Those who feed upon fiction live largely in a world of make-believe and illusion. They look upon life with bored indifference, while those who read that which is worth while and based upon high principles are lovable, interesting, and have a rich understanding. These persons will never be wrecked on what one modern writer calls the "crags of dullness," or be thought of as having thick, clumsy minds and sick imaginations. Their faces glow with an inner joy, for there is nothing stodgy or dull about a wholesome young person who lives and thinks on the highest level.

In the realm of dress young people who adhere to the principles of good taste are the ones who dress in harmony with Chris-

Many young people feel that in order to experience the fullest happiness and to be modern and up to date, they must keep up with the latest moving pictures. Some plead that it is a means of education; others feel that they cannot be sparkling and interesting conversationalists unless they can quote the most recent quips of the cinematic world and discuss with familiarity the stars and near stars of this group. Others attend moving pictures to indulge in the daydreaming propensities within them. Yes, it is true that there is no more harm in a moving picture than in a still picture, and if the moving picture is one that can be appropriately shown in our Seventh-day Adventist churches or schools or sanitariums, then it is a good thing for both youth and age to see it, but not in a

theater. It is generally recognized that the films shown in commercial theaters are unwholesome in their influence. A young person who wants his or her life to be a true success should understand that there simply is not time or energy to spend in a make-believe world, and that it is a shabby illusion that leads one to feel he will be benefited by theater attendance.

Christian young people can enjoy the cream of the best in music and art. In the field of music one can learn to appreciate rich-textured harmonies, subtle overtones, moods, and tonal waves. One is not being smug when he feels that a cheap, over-amplified blare of discordant jazz should not be mentioned in the same breath with music written by masters and played by competent performers. In art one learns

that the capacity to express what one feels and sees can be mastered; he learns that dull canvas can quicken and gleam with living, vital beauty and that beautiful dreams can be chiseled in marble.

Yes, and wonderful dreams of wonderful lives can be chiseled in living, lovable, loyal Christian youth. Truly, they are the arbiters of their own fate, the masters of their own destinies, and it is only by their own choice that there are limitations to the heights that they can reach. Seventh-day Adventist young people have much to be grateful for, because the high standards held by the remnant church swing lives upward and not downward. They have nothing of which to be ashamed except as they stray from the path marked out for them by a loving, understanding God.

STATION D J A BROADCASTING...

ARCHA O. DART
Script Writer and Announcer

Part 12



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

The doors of the school are soon to close for the summer. The work for the year is done. The classrooms are empty, and the corridors are still once more. No sound is heard in the building except the hurrying pen of Mr. Wells. A patron of the school has just come in to bid him good-by.

"Good morning, Mr. Bradshaw. Come right in."

"Just wanted to come over this morning and tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for my children."

"It has been a pleasure to have them with us, I assure you."

"Would you have time for me to tell you something of my experience?"

"Certainly. I have heard a little, but would like to hear it from you."

"You know our farm is situated a long distance from any church. We are what you call isolated members. Three years ago my wife and I read this statement: 'In planning for the education of their children outside the home, parents should realize that it is no longer safe to send them to the public school, and should endeavor to send them to schools where they will obtain an education based on a Scriptural foundation.'"

"Yes, that is found in *Counsels to Teachers and Parents*, page 205. I have read that a number of times. If only parents could realize that a child will do what he is trained to do!"

"Yes, indeed. But there we were, seventy-five miles from a church school. We could not see our way through the problem. Eleanor, our oldest child, was too young to send away from home. And, too, we had other children who should also attend. It seemed foolish to us to try to sell our farm with no work here in sight. No matter in which direction we turned, it looked as if the way were closed."

"Parents living near a school do not

understand the tremendous difficulties confronting the isolated believers, do they?"

"I tried to reason with myself that the Lord knew our circumstances and would understand. Still that text in the Bible that says, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,' kept ringing in my ears. It seemed to me that sending my children to worldly teachers was teaching them to walk 'in the counsel of the ungodly.'"

"Why anyone will permit his child to be trained the way he *doesn't* want him to go is a mystery to me."

"I spent a miserable summer to the very last of August, arguing with myself: One morning I had my little truck all loaded with produce, ready to go to market, and went to the house to see whether my wife wanted anything from town. She handed me *Counsels* and said, 'Read that.' I read, 'Our people are now being tested as to whether they will obtain their wisdom from the greatest Teacher the world ever knew, or seek to the god of Ekron.'"

"My, that is a strong statement, isn't it?"

"I said, 'That settles it for me. Our children are going to a church school.' My wife asked, 'Where? Who will pay the tuition?' I said, 'I do not know, but one thing is certain, the Lord never sends His people a test that is impossible. We shall send our children.' I came right down to Danville, rented a small place, and had the family here by the first day of school."

"And you went back home by yourself?"

"Yes, I did. It gets a little lonesome for me at times to live alone during the winter, but I come down to see the family occasionally, which helps to break the monotony."

"You have to do your own cooking, as well as look after the farm, don't you?"

"What cooking is done I do. My wife does a great deal of canning each summer, which helps out considerably."

"You certainly are making a noble sacrifice, Mr. Bradshaw."

"Sacrifice, did you say? Nothing of the

kind. I am making an investment in my children. I cannot take my farm nor my car nor my money to heaven, but I plan to take them."

"You are a wise parent, for truly 'wisdom is the principal thing.'"

"I am giving my children the very best thing possible. Money could be stolen from them, houses may burn, cars will deteriorate in value, but an education is theirs for life. 'How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!' Last year Eleanor was baptized at the close of school, and yesterday Harold, my second child, was one of those baptized. Isn't that worth more than what little inconvenience I have had?"

"Yes, indeed."

"My children have learned their Bible so well they are able to help me in my work with the neighbors. Last year the neighbors were asking them questions all summer long."

"Mr. Bradshaw, while you have been telling me this experience, I have been thinking how richly paid a church school teacher is."

"Richly paid?"

"Yes, I have taught your children, and they will teach others, and they others. God only knows what the harvest will be. No doubt till the very close of time I shall still be receiving dividends for my investment here. I shall listen to my students preach, read their articles, see reports of their labor. No wonder the Lord has said, 'It is the nicest work ever assumed by men and women to deal with youthful minds.' Where would my influence be any greater than right here? I would rather be a church school teacher than anything else in all the world."

This is the Church School Broadcasting System, Station D J A. Let us all join in singing all the stanzas of our church school theme song, written by Bertha D. Martin, before we sign off for vacation. Turn to page 180 in *Gospel in Song* for the tune.

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,
High above the world of sin,
Calling every youthful soldier
To be trained to live and work for Him.

CHORUS:

Swing the door of every church school open;
Wide the invitation now proclaim;
For the Captain marches onward,
And I hear Him call my name.

With His truth our shining shield and armor,
Let us follow where His feet have trod;
For the church school is the gateway
To great service in the cause of God.

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

"Have Ye Not Read?"

By MARILYN CHACE

LOST! Yes, lost! A young lad with a promising future; a young lad who loved God and the truths of the third angel's message. And now he is lost! Why? When a traveler journeying from here to there looks at the wrong map or reads the right map wrongly, what happens? Yes, that is why this boy was lost. He read the wrong map. He did not think it would lead him astray. He did not intend to take the wrong road, but he did. He was warned of the risk he was taking, but the cautions of anxious relatives and friends fell on deaf ears. Now, at seventeen, he knows what sin is, and is beginning to realize that something is wrong somewhere. Prayers are rising daily to the heavenly Father for this youth, that he may be willing to return to the safe path—the strait and narrow path—before it is forever too late.

There is a young woman who is reading the wrong map and knows it, admits it; but says that she cannot help it; that she is not interested in the right map!

Perhaps you have guessed by now what map I am referring to. You are right; I am talking about the map of our reading,

about magazines, comic books, and novels of the unhealthy sort—the trash with which so many of us are filling our minds today.

One acquaintance says, "When I am discouraged I turn to a good story in a current magazine, and it makes me forget." Why is she discouraged? She has so much schoolwork to do that she does not know where to begin; therefore, she reads magazines every spare minute, all during study period and far into the night by flashlight! Consistent, is it not? She is attending a Christian school, but her habits of reading have so affected her mind and character that she is out of harmony with the spirit of the place, and she is tired of religion.

Yes, sad to say, this trend is taking many of us young people today as its toll. Poor choice of reading is found not only in our denominational academies and colleges but in many Seventh-day Adventist homes.

Paul admonished Timothy, "Till I come, give attendance to reading." And the revelator said, "Blessed is he that readeth." What are we to read? The prophet Isaiah tells us, "Seek ye out the Book of the Lord, and read." More satisfaction, more hap-

piness, more peace, can be obtained from the Book of books than can be obtained from any other piece of literature ever published. The only book that has ever come near to equaling it in volume of sales is *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book also dealing with the theme of salvation. Does someone say, "But you can't read the Bible all the time!" No, but we can be sure that it takes first place on our reading program. I do not refer to a hasty scanning of this inspired Road Map. I mean really reading, really studying it. Maybe you do not like genealogy. But the Bible is not all genealogy. The Lord knows His earth-born children. He is wise; therefore, while there is much of interest in this portion of the Book, by far the largest part of it deals with a wide variety of subjects which have a definite bearing on life here as well as upon life hereafter.

Also we do well to place high on our reading list the volumes written by the inspired pen of God's special messenger to the remnant church. Every one of them is a wonderful commentary on various sections of the Bible and throws light upon its meaning and application to our own personal, everyday experiences.

In the religious field there is much worthwhile literature from which to choose that will suit one's personal taste and satisfy the natural craving which almost anyone has for reading—literature that will not guide us into dangerous detours along the Christian highway of life. A story based on fact that teaches a helpful lesson is usually written in such an interesting style that it puts the reader in the writer's place and gives an honest thrill, because he knows that what is told really happened. This can never be said of a comic book or the usual run of stories in popular magazines. Certainly they give one a thrill, but it is a quack thrill, because it has no basis in fact. Travel stories and animal stories can be informing, thrilling, inspiring. For one who is interested in a particular field, such as teaching, nursing, music, business, art, or theology, there are scores of books that inspire the reader to greater achievements along these lines. Most of us have a hobby in which we find pleasure during spare minutes. Some may like gardening, some may like raising chickens, others prefer drawing pictures, but whatever it may be, there is great pleasure in making the best garden, the fattest chickens, or the loveliest pictures. And what better way is there to do this than by reading authorities on our own special hobby?

My special interest is in stenography and, believe it or not, airplanes. Rather an odd combination, but I would like to be able to fly and do everything a man can do with or in an airplane. I have read every book on the subject that I can find, and have discovered in each one new facts which are absorbing and thrilling.

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S. M. HARLAN

We Do Well to Place High on Our Reading List the Volumes Written by the Inspired Pen of God's Messenger to the Remnant Church



A Nurse Remembers

By FRANCES PRICE

in the class was to be chosen to work in the operating room. Fern listened with interest. Though there were twelve rivals for the place, down in her heart she thought, "I must be that girl. I must! I must! I must!" Then she saw her name posted on the bulletin board. Everything else was a haze. It could not be true, but there it was in black and white!

The next morning, while she was busy cleaning, the supervisor told her to report to the operating room. There was to be a serious amputation. Tense with excitement, she walked in to see before her a young man who had been crushed in a near-by mine. Each article of his blood-soaked clothing was disinfected before it was removed and thrown down the clothes chute.

"Since I was a 'probie,'" she told me, "I was the one to go down to the bottom of the clothes chute and obtain some valuable papers and a set of false teeth from his coat pocket." For months afterward she was to carry with her the terrible memory of that errand.

But lest you get the wrong impression of the life of a nurse in training, be assured that there are not too many such experiences. That day was the beginning of a delightfully happy period of learning and doing for Fern.

She laughed as she told me how she, as a "probie," purchased material as near like that first striped uniform of a nurse as it was possible to obtain. Again she mentioned the day when she received her first uniform. She had had the misfortune to burn her arm, and the stiffly starched cuff was not at all comfortable—but she wore it! That very same day her parents came to visit, and she, lest she lose her newly attained dignity, would not run to meet them, in spite of her sister's urging.

"I'll never forget the day of our capping," she mused. "We had looked forward to it for so long. We took note of the juniors and the seniors with stripes on their caps. Would we freshmen ever attain such heights? Yes, tonight was our night. We would start the climb. The juniors, with considerable ceremony, pinned on our caps. The Florence Nightingale Pledge was taken, and 'Follow the Gleam' was sung in words adapted to our profession. The freshmen had been 'capped' at last."

Again, there was the day when she gave her first hypodermic. Beneath her apparent knowledge lay a hidden fear; she knew it was her first, but the patient must not know. The supervisor was present to assist if it should be necessary. Instead she stood in the door and talked, just talked to the patient, giving only a reassuring nod to the very frightened nurse. But when it was over, she said, "Fern, you did well."

Could the nurse-to-be ever forget some of those humorous little experiences that fill a nurse's memories? No, for there was dear little Billy with his wealth of dark hair and that sunny smile. He came into the pediatric ward from the operating room a very sick little boy. It was an emergency case, the result of a serious automobile accident. It was not long until everyone had learned to love him. Sometime in the still hours of the night she would hear him begin with a low moan that would end in a shrill little cry, "Oh, oh, it's gonna hurt! Oh, oh, it's gonna hurt! Nurse, it's hurtin'!"

With his improvement in health came his ability to tease. All the children in the ward were his victims. One day Billy de-

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I CAN'T remember when I first determined to be a nurse," the girl in regulation nurse's uniform said in her delightfully happy voice. Her golden hair fell in soft waves about a face that glowed with Christian happiness and gave evidence of a character made beautiful by service for others. The sight of her lithe, slim figure brought a happy smile to the faces of her patients. Fern was a nurse who never tired of doing those little kindnesses of which others seldom thought. Often at night, when all was quiet, I would slip down to her office for a quiet chat, which I knew was truly confidential.

I wondered at her ability to smile through the busy days. Of course, she had her regular hours, but it seemed that there was always someone needing some kind of help from her outside of clinic hours.

Service for others had become a part of her life when she was but a child organizing her own imaginary hospital. "My sister agreed to bring the patients for me," she said, "and she did a good job of rounding up our neighborhood playmates for treatments." The neighborhood dolls received their share of attention, too. Many a doll went home with a much-altered countenance from the vigorous scrubbing it received before some serious surgery.

"All my knowledge of hospitals," she told me, "was bound up in my imagination, save the fleeting glimpses I caught of a uniformed nurse as I prevailed upon my father to drive past the hospital of our city on Sabbath."

Then came the day when Fern was to become a patient herself. For five weeks her mother had cared for her injured leg, not knowing that it was broken. When no improvement came, the doctor ordered her to the hospital. She was thrilled at the prospect. She could scarcely wait until she arrived. Even when the doctor said that she would probably have to undergo an operation, it held no fear for her. As she sat in the doctor's office and waited for him to see her, it was not the broken leg that concerned her; she was thrilled when a white-capped nurse came to talk to her.

"A break!" the doctor exclaimed as he completed his examination of the injured leg, "and it has been in this condition for five weeks! I don't know what we may have to do about it." But it was finally decided that a cast would remedy the trouble, and that when it had been put on the patient could go home. What a disappointment!

Knowing her childish desire to become a nurse, her aunt, on her eleventh birthday,

gave her a nurse's uniform and nursing kit. How delighted she was to dress up in professional attire and administer the sugar-coated pills to her many patients!

One of the experiences which strengthened her determination to be a nurse came when Fern was twelve years old. While repairing some farm implements, her father was involved in a serious accident. A huge gash was cut in his arm. He was rushed to the hospital; twelve stitches were taken in his arm and the minor bruises treated. Days ahead looked dreary until the doctor assured the family that his patient might return home with them if they would dress the wound every day.

Fern's heart fairly leaped for joy when she discovered that she was to be his nurse. Her own father was to be her first really-truly patient! No make-believe about this.

Days passed, and each one of them found the little nurse carefully dressing the rapidly healing wound. But no one was happier than she when the doctor came and said, "You have done your job well. You have cared for your first case successfully." Nothing could stop her now. She studied harder than ever, working daily on her correspondence lessons, that she might hasten the time when she could start training.

Academy! College! She was enrolled in her prenursing course. The days of prenursing sped by on wings of song and happiness. Application to Boulder-Colo-rado Sanitarium and Hospital! Would she be accepted as a student nurse? At last the long-looked-for word came. She had successfully passed all tests and would be received as a member of the freshman class. The one wish nearest to her heart was now to become a reality. She was happier than she had ever been in her life. She had reached the "foot of the rainbow"; she had found the "pot of gold."

Her spirits were not even to be dampened when she arrived in Boulder in a drenching rain. Happiness had come to her, and nothing could take it away. Making new friends, having a new roommate, and doing all the many things connected with settling in a new place were minor in comparison with the thrill of the thought, "My training really begins tomorrow."

The days that followed were so busy that Fern did not find time to be lonely. For one whole month she was on "household," during which time the "probies" did the general cleaning around the hospital. Though she could not see the connection between "household" and nursing, Fern did her work well.

One day it was rumored that someone

Bill

By MRS. INEZ CARR

BILL sat on the edge of his bunk, dejectedly staring down at the silver-plated spurs clamped to his boots.

The day's work was done, and long cooling shadows were creeping across hot sands of a large ranch near Roswell, New Mexico. A few whippoorwills were trying out their calls before beginning the evening's serenade. The dust, which had risen from the hoofs of many horses recently gathered into the night corral, was settling back to earth, and the peace of an evening on the plains was deepening over the landscape and in the hearts of weary cowboys. With the exception, that is, of the stocky, red-headed, hot-tempered Scotch-Irishman known as Bill.

A few weeks before, his horse had cut too close to the edge of a shallow canyon where the grassy turf overhung a washout from a recent cloudburst. The weight of the horse and rider caused the ground to give way, and Bill was pinned beneath his mount in the arroyo below.

For a while his Scotch determination had kept him going, regardless of the doctor's positive command to rest. But now stabbing pains in his back could no longer be ignored, and, very much against his will, the unhappy cowpuncher found himself forced to give up riding, just when the fall roundup was coming on.

Bill painfully leaned over and slowly and thoughtfully began taking off his spurs. Those spurs were weighted with significance. A pal who would never ride again had given them to him, and they had become a bond between the two. Now he gently and with vague presentiments laid them on the shelf over his head in the bunkhouse.

For some time Mrs. Kross, the rancher's wife, had been keeping a few copies of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* and *Signs of the Times* on the table in the bunkhouse, where the cowboys lived. They were mixed in with many popular magazines that the different riders had bought, but after Bill had been reading, the *INSTRUCTOR* and *Signs* were always found on top of the pile. Mr. and Mrs. Kross had noted with interest Bill's choice regarding his reading material, and when camp meeting time came for New Mexico, the kindly Christian ranchers had a bright idea.

Just as the discouraged cowpuncher had finished removing his spurs and pushing them far back against the wall on his shelf, a voice speaking in a soft Texan drawl came from the doorway, "Hi, Bill. Whatcha doin'?"

"Putting my spurs away," came the answer.

Slim knew of the struggle going on in his pal's heart and tactfully made his errand known at once.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kross asked me to tell you they would like to have you come to the ranch house. They want to see you."

"I don't want to see anyone," sputtered Bill. Nevertheless, he went.

Later, when the family car headed for Roswell, Bill was in the back seat.

He liked the minister who welcomed them upon their arrival at the campground. There was, somehow, a mutual understanding between them. Pastor Carter had

not arrived at his present standing in education and experience without struggles and disappointments, and he was able to give wise admonition to those who were passing through the valley of trial. Night after night, while the cowhand listened and the Lord called, Bill's stubborn heart and mind became more pliant and convinced. There was not a dry eye under that tent the evening Bill, clutching the rolled edge of his ten-gallon Stetson in one hand and pushing damp curly red hair off his forehead with the other, strode down the aisle to where he could grasp the outstretched hand of the pastor who had been praying and waiting.

Bill was never halfhearted in anything. That was one reason that his services on the ranch were so valuable. Now that he knew of Christ's soon coming, and all that it implied, he threw his whole influence against wrong and toward right. Many a swearing expression was cut short in the weeks that followed by a very direct threat from Bill. He lived and talked and worked his newly found faith with a zeal and fervor that was refreshing to see, even if it was, perhaps, a bit untrained at times.

Then came the good word from the doctor—Bill would soon be riding again! This news filled the new convert with such exuberant joy that he wanted to celebrate and so he accepted an invitation to a social gathering of those of like faith in a distant neighborhood. Two men from Southwestern Junior College, in that district buying broomcorn, heard about the gathering and, wanting to meet all possible prospective students, attended it. Of course they met Bill. The result of that visit meant another heart struggle for the boy.

A deep conviction pulled from the depth of his soul in one direction, while a deep love tugged in the opposite direction. It was midnight. Unable to sleep, Bill had gone out to where his beloved pony was grazing. Beauty, recognizing her master, with a whinny and a toss of her

pretty head, trotted to meet him. With his arms about the handsome black animal's neck, Bill made a life's decision. Only the deep purple of yonder mountain and the soft moist nose of Beauty knew about the tears that were shed when he decided to sell his favorite mount and his hand-tooled saddle to help defray the expenses of a Christian education.

School days were often very trying. The confinement of classrooms contrasted with the freedom of the open range, and the close application to lessons was a far cry from the wild whoop of cowboy pals. But Bill's perseverance won out, and assignments were mastered.

The Lord knew the fiber of the man He had called, and He knew that he could stand even more trial and testing, so when the call came again to this young man to "come up higher, higher yet," he responded as did Saul on the road to Damascus. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The night-watching work which he did meant seven miles of walking between every dark and dawn. If this could have been done on horseback it would have been

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HENLE, FROM HONKMEYER

Very Much Against His Will the Unhappy Cowpuncher Found Himself Forced to Give Up Riding Just When the Fall Roundup Was Coming On

Plymouth Rock

By ELAINE JENSEN

PLYMOUTH ROCK is the symbol of America's dearest and most cherished possession—freedom. It was here at this rock that the Pilgrims landed on December 21, 1620. The *Mayflower* stole silently into Cape Cod Bay, and the Pilgrims anchored their little boat at the side of a mammoth boulder, the stepping-stone from tyranny and oppression to liberty and self-determination. This grand old rock, just across the bay from Cape Cod peninsula and forty miles southeast of Boston, marks the turning point of a long struggle as well as the end of a long journey from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, Massachusetts. It stands today, beneath its granite portico, a memorial to remind this "land of the free and . . . home of the brave" that she must return to the days of primitive godliness, to a renewed freedom of conscience and political liberty.

The gallant spirit of the Pilgrims could not be quenched. They would not give up their faith because of opposition. King James I of England attempted to control his subjects' consciences as well as their political opinions. He persecuted the Puritans and Separatists and declared that he would make them conform or would "harry them out of the land." So they fled to Holland, which was the only country in Europe at that time where men were not persecuted for their religious beliefs.

But these exiles were not entirely happy in their new home. They did not want their children to grow up in a foreign land, where they would forget their native tongue and be tempted to neglect their observance of the Sabbath day. They felt like "pilgrims and strangers," longing for a home under the English flag. The New World beckoned. Religious persecution did not make the Puritans and Separatists "conform," but it drove many of them to seek in the Western Hemisphere a refuge where they could worship God according to the commands of their own consciences. These humble people left their beloved country, their friends, and all that was dear to them, and sailed out into the great unknown with faith in their hearts. God, in His mercy, did not let them know the hardships they were to endure on this side of the ocean, but His Spirit accompanied them and brought them safely through the long and perilous journey.

True liberty of conscience was not fully understood by the Pilgrim Fathers. They were not, as a group, tolerant people. The majority controlled the worship, and the minority in every group were obliged to accept the religion of the majority, or face persecution and exile. The freedom to worship as one pleases is a very recent development and has been purchased by long and costly sacrifice.

The first genuine religious liberty came to the new settlers as a result of the persecution and exile of Roger Williams. When forbidden to preach a belief different from that which the Pilgrims held, he fled from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, and there founded a new colony in which full liberty



was granted to everyone. America then became the refuge for the persecuted of all faiths and the melting pot of all beliefs.

The patriots of 1775, observing the trend of European affairs, determined to free the New World entirely from the political and religious tyranny of the Old. Later the new nation brought forth the Constitution of the United States, which guaranteed to every citizen the right to hold political office regardless of religious belief.

America's experiment, granting freedom of conscience to its citizens, has not been completely accepted by all religious bodies. This could hardly be expected in a land that has permitted every idea and every thought to be expressed and cherished by such a divergent mass of humanity.

To one of the great bodies of Christendom in the United States, religious freedom means freedom for that particular church, with all the rights and privileges that the American Government accords to any religious group. The leaders and members of that church are willing to accept this interpretation of religious liberty on the basis that their church forms in the United States a minority group; but in countries in which their religious belief prevails, they hold to the old European idea that this church should be made the state church and that toleration shall be denied to other religious bodies.

This church holds this belief because it maintains that it alone possesses all truth, that all other religious beliefs are false, and that it is the duty of the state to remove or destroy all false religions.

In England, religious liberty means the right of the established church to control all its internal administration without interference from any source. This church expects the state to protect it in this liberty.

To the unbelievers or the skeptical group of intellectuals, religious freedom is the right to look upon religion as a social development, to be discarded

altogether in favor of a belief in the scientific rather than the supernatural.

But freedom of conscience as illustrated in the life and teachings of Jesus is the grant to each individual to act independently and freely in choosing and giving expression to his religious convictions.

This divine relation of human freedom in the exercise of religious freedom has expanded in America to include freedom of speech, freedom from want, freedom from fear, and freedom of religion. The purpose of the leaders of the United States Government is to expand these high ideals until they become a universal practice. The freedom of the human spirit from every form of tyranny, religious or otherwise, and the banishment of persecution of any sort from all lands of earth is the goal of these noble and high-minded statesmen.

But these freedoms are precious. Their foundation was laid at Plymouth Rock, and they have developed marvelously during the past three hundred years.

But today America faces the danger of losing these Four Freedoms. This is because we have almost forgotten Plymouth Rock. When opposition became insufferable in Europe, our forefathers rose up in protest to escape the persecution. They hazarded their lives in search of a country where life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness would become the fundamental law of the land. And this ideal was realized as freedom of conscience and action became the accepted way of life in the thirteen colonies. But as the years have passed, material prosperity has made us careless of our heritage and our Western civilization has taken liberty for granted.

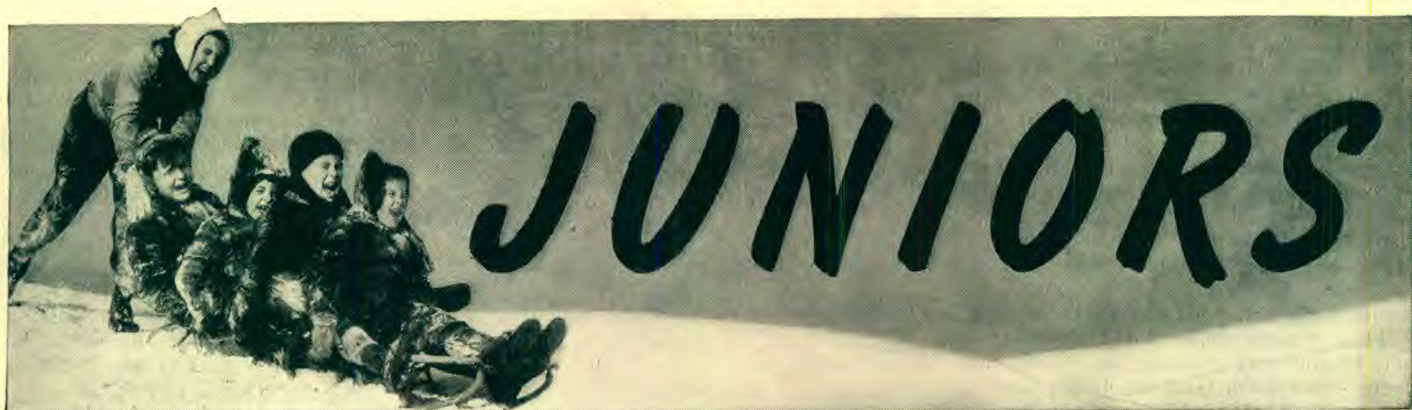
We have been carrying on a total war, which is always an enemy of freedom. Government, facing the necessity of multiplying materials for the prosecution of war, demanded of industry the right to control its output. When material was lacking, the Government felt the necessity of drafting labor as it felt the need of drafting soldiers. Little by little, man's peacetime liberties were curtailed. Out of the emergency of war, the Government of the United States also entered into the control of business. And now that the long struggle has ended, Government agencies find it hard to loose their controls.

Among the many evidences of this trend is the growing demand for peacetime conscription. Many thoughtful, well-informed Congressmen and citizens are alarmed at the urge that Congress pass a law requiring every young man, upon reaching the age of eighteen, to spend one year in specialized military training. During this time he will yield his personal liberties,

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The Historic Rock Where the "Mayflower" Pilgrims Landed in 1620



H. M. LAMBERT

A Baby Bear Grows Up

By LESLIE DAVID DUNN

IT'S really a bear!" said one of the interested spectators who had gathered to see this unusual novelty of the woods, captured a few days before. The news that a baby bear was to be seen in the community soon spread far and wide, with the result that many came to have a look at this interesting creature.

We made our first acquaintance with Teddy (for this afterward became his name) when some relatives emerged from the backwoods in the early spring before the snow had completely disappeared. Upon their arrival, someone came running to tell us that "Robert and Clair are home, and they have a cub bear!"

A cub bear! It seemed unbelievable; but when we, too, saw a small creature no larger than a month-old puppy dog, with fuzzy fur, clumsy movements, and a homely appearance, our doubts vanished. The little stranger seemed to sense his awkwardness in the eyes of these curious onlookers as he slunk into the nearest corner in an attempt to hide.

We asked Robert and Clair how they managed to get this baby bear, for we know that bear mothers usually defend to death the lives of their little ones. Their story told of how they discovered this little bear's tracks beside those of his mother in the snow, and how they set out to capture him. After a time the animals evidently became aware that they were being pursued, so they began to make greater speed. At last, the mother bear, in desperation, seeing that they were about to be cornered, left the little one to his fate and fled. Not once did she appear on the scene at the time of capture; nor did she, to their knowledge, return to pursue them as they carried the little fellow away. Never before had we heard of a mother bear's doing this, but at any rate the boys had their prize, and Teddy was destined to grow up under the care of human beings.

The first few days of his initiation into the ways of civilized men were very bewildering to him. He dreaded to be brought out into the light where everyone could see him, he did not appear active, nor did he relish the taste of milk. But after a time he began to feel more at home in his new surroundings, he learned to drink milk from a bottle through a nipple, and became more active.

It was not long before he proceeded to introduce himself to the cats and dog.

But his attempt to make friends with one of the cats met with a snarl and a cuff with the paw—in the face. Teddy did not resent this; however, he exercised surprisingly good manners immediately by turning and walking the other way. His efforts to become acquainted with the dog met with little better success. Stub eyed this prospective playmate with a question in his eyes and was evidently reluctant to make friends with a bear; then he, too, turned and made off in the other direction. But Teddy *would* make friends with someone; he *would* have success, or know why.

By this time he was beginning to grow. Having learned to drink and like milk, he was fed all he cared for three or four times a day. He soon learned to look for his bottle at the appointed hours. If it was not forthcoming immediately, his caretakers were reminded of his empty stomach by his pathetic cries. At other times he became angry if he did not get his milk

as soon as he wanted it. Nothing delighted him so much as to see his bottle being filled with that precious white food—it was hard for him to wait till the nipple was on and it was ready to serve. He would stand upright on his hind legs beside his mistress, watching her every move. Finally clasp- ing the bottle in his paws and still standing upright, he would drink the contents. But this was not enough. Those eager eyes said, "I want more," and he usually got it. Sometimes his haste was so great that he pulled the nipple from the bottle, gave a few sucks, got no milk, and hurled the nipple to the floor in a fit of disgust.

With a growing body there came to the bear a feeling of growing importance. He soon became the virtual owner of almost every armchair in the house. If he decided to occupy the chair, he did, whether anyone was sitting in it or not. And usually the chair desired was one in which someone was seated. Having compelled the first occupant to move to another, he would take possession with a gratified pride in the success of his efforts. No sooner would he be comfortably settled than he seemed to say to himself, "I'm going to have *that* chair, too." And immediately he would desert his newly gained possession to repeat the conquest of another soft resting place.

Teddy always loved to go for a ramble in the woods with his closest friends. And though he had the chance to run away, he chose to stay with them and to come back home. Fascinating indeed were those walks when he could explore every corner, hole, and turn that lay in his pathway. Each one held a secret that he must discover; and judging from the expression on his face, he obtained a great deal of satisfaction from each investigation. So engross- ing was this search that he often failed to keep up with his comrades. When he caught up with them his expression would seem to say, "You must give me more time! Why so great haste?" When a strange noise startled him, he immediately started to climb the nearest tree. Ascend- ing in quaint baby bear fashion for a few inches, he would stop to take a look. See- ing that no danger was near, he would



Making His Escape From Prison, and Getting a Bird's-Eye View From Among the Pea Blossoms.

drop to the ground again and the walk would proceed.

Water in a large tub on the front porch attracted Teddy's special notice. A splash and a swim delighted him, whether it was cold or not. Water would fly in every direction for a moment or two, then out he would jump as quickly as he went in, and make straight for the nearest armchair, never stopping to shake himself. Why should a small bear worry about getting a chair wet? In a moment he would jump down and repeat the process.

Thus it came about that Teddy's manners became very annoying, and finally the decree went forth from the family housekeepers that he should be shut in a pen. This did not appeal to him. Indignant, determined, he looked at us and seemed to say, "If you don't let me out of here, I'm coming out." This he usually did—before he was shut in a pen where escape was impossible. Occasionally his freedom would be restored for a short time, during which he made the best use of the opportunity to show that he was as lively as ever. At last he accomplished the feat of ascending a ladder to the housetop. How did he come down? Just as a man would, but on the underside of the ladder!

Many visitors came to see him, and when he was about three months old he was sold to a man from Elkhart, Indiana. Two days more and Teddy was put in a cage to be taken to his new home. It was with mixed feelings that we saw him go—feelings of regret at parting with such an amusing pet, and also of relief to think that we could enjoy once more the peace and quiet of our home without fear of molestation from an unruly baby bear.

The Bible

(Continued from page 1)

perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day; . . . while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." Paul, too, had invisible sources of strength that kept him true to his highest goal. One great advantage of constant association with the Bible is that we learn to stress and appreciate the value of invisible rather than visible means of support.

The church and the young people's society have for their chief business the task of giving vivid clearness and emphasis to man's invisible rather than his visible means of support. One of the difficulties with popular churches of today is that they have become too much concerned with economic reform and social security, more concerned with the unemployed than with the unconverted. Adventist youth, as the pillars of the church of tomorrow, must keep close to the Bible and its objective to give men invisible means of support by giving them God.

Our Lord said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," and then promised that visible means of support would not be lacking. The Word of God brings three of the greatest blessings it is possible for man to receive—by assuring the heart of pardon, by renewing the soul in strength, by inspiring the mind with hope. To enjoy this support, we must first fulfill certain conditions. We must live obediently; we must trust Christ's leadership; we must pray and obey God's revealed will as we find it in the Bible.

Today there are millions of people in war-devastated countries who have lost all



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.

Bible Coats

By CLYDE ROSSER

1. For whom was a little coat made each year?
2. For what occasion were men dressed "in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments"?
3. Who "went near, and carried them in their coats out of the camp"? Whom did they carry out?
4. For whom were "coats of skins" made?
5. Who wore a coat of mail? How much did it weigh?
6. Who tried on a coat of mail?
7. Who "girt his fisher's coat unto him"?
8. Who said, "It is my son's coat"?
9. Who said, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none"?
10. Who "stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments"? What garments?
11. Who were commanded not to put on two coats?
12. Of what coat did certain ones say, "Let us not rend it"?

Pleasures

By MELVA COBB

1. What king said, "I know also, my God, that Thou . . . hast pleasure in uprightness"?
2. "The Lord taketh pleasure in _____."
3. "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that _____."
4. What did Jesus say of His Father's good pleasure?
5. Who wrote of "the adoption of children . . . according to the good pleasure of His will"?
6. Of whom was it said, "The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand"?
7. "The Lord . . . hath pleasure in the _____ of His people."
8. Of what great ruler did God say, "He . . . shall perform all My pleasure"?
9. What royal sage said, "Go to now, . . . enjoy pleasure"?
10. What is said of one who lives for pleasure?
11. What is mentioned as being choked with the pleasures of this life?

Gate Crashers

By MRS. LESLIE HARDINGE

In each of the following groups there is one name that should not be there, because it has no connection with the rest. Can you find the "gate crashers"?

1. Ahab, Saul, Jeremiah, Hezekiah, Agrippa.
2. John the Baptist, Eli, Samuel, Agabus, Elijah.
3. James, John, Timothy, Paul, Peter.
4. Peter's wife's mother, Dorcas, Jairus' daughter, Bartimaeus.
5. Naboth, Gad, Issachar, Naphtali, Asher.
6. Nahum, Amos, Zephaniah, Nehemiah, Obadiah.
7. Silas, Zacchaeus, John Mark, Timothy, Luke.

(See page 15 for the answers)

visible means of support. Their material heritage is destroyed. They have little hope in the future. What an opportunity for God's young people! Can you not hear the Master calling you to take the bread of life to these beaten-down and discouraged multitudes? They have many needs, but God is their greatest need. The Christian hope will impart strength and courage. "Thy words have upholden him that was falling [kept men on their feet], and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees," is Job's testimony.

There is something about the Bible, in what it does not say, that proves its divinity. It does not satisfy human curiosity. God knows how prone the human heart is to an idolatry of persons, places, etc., and there is a divine obscurity on these points in Bible narrative. All worship of sacred places in the Holy Land, of sacred days except that one day which from Genesis to Revelation God calls His own—is outside the Bible. Formalism, churchism, ecclesiasticism, are not to be found in the Bible.

The human heart reaches out for hope where it can sense divine authority. The greatest proof of the divine authority of the Bible—next to its sublime claim "Thus saith the Lord"—is its fruit.

Make an honest effort to imagine what the world would be like if all that we owe to the Bible were suddenly blotted out. All that makes for personal integrity, business and governmental safety and honesty, would vanish. Everything just and right in law would disappear. Everything sweet in the lives of women and children, everything charitable and kind in the relations of rich and poor and of prosperous and unfortunate, the best in art and music, and an astonishing amount of scientific discovery would cease to exist. Most of us would not care to live in a Bibleless world. Is there any other book that has changed the course of nations and history, and has transformed the lives of individuals as has the Book of God? Let us as Adventist youth confronting a tremendous unfinished task determine to feed daily on this sacred manna.

"Does gloom oppress? the Bible is a sun;
Or ugliness? it is a garden fair.
Am I athirst? how cool its currents run!
Or stifled? what a vivifying air!
Since thus thou givest of thyself to me,
How should I give myself, great Book, to thee?"

YOU ARE INVITED to join the World-wide Bible Reading Circle, which is being sponsored by the American Bible Society from Thanksgiving to Christmas. The radio, newspapers, churches of many denominations, the religious press, and many business corporations are uniting in this around-the-world effort to draw the eyes of all men everywhere to the Book of books—God's Inspired Word to mankind.

Bill

(Continued from page 9)

fun indeed, but it included many a long flight of stairs, and Bill, not being used to walking anyway and with the nagging pain in his back often an irritable and unhappy accompaniment, found the task pure drudgery. However, as he needed the money it brought him, he persisted month after month, faithfully checking the many college buildings against fire hazards. It was this trial, perhaps, above all others, that the Lord blessed to the filling out of Bill's character pattern designed in heaven.

Patience, once an unknown quality with

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

the ex-cowboy, now became an example to the many with whom he came in contact. Several youngsters turned anew into the path of right because of Bill's strong love of the good and equally strong hatred of evil. He became loved and respected by both young and old, teachers and students.

Thus through trials oft, mistakes sometimes, and testings all along the way, Bill was re-created by the process of all things, in the hands of the Lord, working together for good.

Should you, perchance, seek a technician's services at a large and important medical institution here in the United States of America, it might be Cowboy Bill who would do the work for you; and if you happened to note a fine woman and a beautiful young girl waiting for him outside his laboratory, that is Bill's devoted family.

POITHY PARAGRAPHS

HE was industrious and upright, and he built up his own fortune. He built it modestly and surely. He did not found it on the wealth which passes and beguiles, on lucre and on worldly gain; he made it up of good faith, of devotion to his family, of true friendship, and of love for letters and for the public weal. He had the joy of being good.—ANATOLE FRANCE on A Friend.

THE prophet Isaiah asks this question: "Shall the ax boast itself against him that heweth therewith?" Surely not, you answer. Such boasting would be silly. It would be as silly as ours when we boast over what we have received as a gift, as if we had won it by our own cleverness. If everything were taken from us today except what our own unaided hands have gained, little would be left but our sin. About the only sane boasting is to boast in the Lord.—DR. CLOVIS CHAPPELL.

YEARS after the Crimean War a dinner party was given to the veteran officers who had served in that struggle. After the dinner the host asked his guests to write upon a slip of paper the name of the person connected with the war who was most likely to be remembered. When the slips were opened, it was found that the vote was unanimous. Every officer had written down, without hesitation, the name of Florence Nightingale, the Lady with the Lamp.—DR. R. A. WAITE.

WHILE I was in England during an air raid, the enemy dropped a land mine weighing several tons, which was lowered by means of a giant parachute. The parachute caught in a tree, and the mine hung there, ready to drop a few feet and explode on contact with the ground. I watched a young soldier calmly climb a ladder and detach the fuse, whereupon the mine was lowered harmlessly to a truck and carried away. I asked the soldier, "How were you able to control your fears and behave so calmly in that critical task?" He answered me, "I do it by means of a verse my mother taught me in childhood: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil!'" —DR. JOHN BONNELL.

"Have Ye Not Read?"

(Continued from page 7)

If one is interested in past or current history, or in any special angle of world events, numerous recommended periodicals and books containing accurate information are at any public library or bookstore.

Since there are so many worth-while books, papers, and magazines, why should we young people waste our time reading trash? and our money buying it? Certainly we must agree that this type of reading does not satisfy. It only whets the appetite for more and makes the reader restless as well as eager to experience the things about which he has read.

Take the experience of Leslie Bennett for example. This girl is a close friend of mine. Leslie loved to read. She read everything she could put her hands on, no matter what it was, as long as it held her interest. She could read two books a day—not that she remembered much of what she read, but it satisfied a restless longing for a different world. She especially enjoyed so-called love stories. In fact, she liked them so well and read them so frequently that she was unhappy because she did not have a Prince Charming of her own like the Romeos of the stories.

One day she woke up to what this was doing to her. She saw that as a slave to exciting reading she was losing her personal touch with Christ and her Christian experience. So she made up her mind to do something about it, and she stopped reading everything that did not have a religious slant. It worked long enough for her to almost finish reading her Bible and to complete *Great Controversy*. She found to her surprise that she enjoyed this solid reading.

However, the drug was not entirely out of her system, and in time she drifted back to the novels again. Waking up once more, she stopped. This period of abstinence lasted for an even longer period than the first. Four or five succeeding times she again tried to stop in her own strength. About the fourth try she decided to attend an Adventist college. There everything was all right until her roommate brought in several magazines. Yielding to temptation, she read one. A flood of remorse swept over her. Falling on her knees, she pleaded with her heavenly Father to take away this desire. He did. Only once thereafter did the temptation come to her. But, praying for strength, she overcame, and since that time has not been troubled. Gladly, enthusiastically, she prepares for a place in the Master's work.

Youth of the advent church, let us arouse ourselves and stem this tide of unholy reading that is sweeping us out of the church and away from God. Let us courageously fight to the finish! God needs us! Let us awake!

Learning in College

(Continued from page 3)

of the other two thirds? Shall he go on existing in the body while his mind gradually goes into a decline? Or do you suppose that in order to be a good bricklayer one does not need a vocabulary? "The boss does not use all those big words because he is in the office. He is in that office because he knew those words." And again, "Words are explosive. Phrases are packed with TNT." I know that it is the

common belief that just knowing a great many words cannot get you anywhere. Do not believe it! If you really know them, they will get you places!

After you have reached the age of twenty-five, you have to do something about it. Keep a pencil handy when you read, so that you can jot down any words that are new to you. I write them in the back of my book, if it is my book, and when I am through reading, or through with the book, I look them up in the dictionary. After that, using each word in a sentence will fix it in your mind and make it really yours.

It is common knowledge that a book may open a new world. It is your precious privilege to choose a book that will strengthen all that is best in your make-up, and discourage all that is undesirable. "Mary hath chosen that good part," said the Master, "which shall not be taken away from her." Mary had the inestimable good fortune to be associated personally with Jesus. We, too, may consort with the highest types of personality through our reading.

"Special training" may have reference to a trade or profession; or it may simply follow up an interest. There are books on the arts, for instance, that make good reading simply as reading. Or you may find an inspiration in reading a book on the making of pottery if you are interested, even if you never expect to mold the simplest form.

Supposing that none of the foregoing items appeal to you, there is always recreation. The most spiritualized intelligence receives benefit from the variety and relaxation from tension to be achieved through reading. Recreation is vitally necessary, and for the individual whose usual tasks require physical vigor, this is a pleasant as well as a valuable exercise.

The world is full, oh, overfull of books! It is very evident that one cannot possibly read all of them, or even all of them that are good. Is it not then a duty to choose every book with care, remembering that each one you read displaces another that you will now not have time to peruse?

"How readest thou?" indeed!

Plymouth Rock

(Continued from page 10)

and enter a period of intensive regimentation by Government control. During the most important period of his life, when his education should lead him to develop the powers of initiative, independence, and self-discipline, he will be required to allow others to do his thinking for him. It is his privilege merely to obey the dictates of his superiors.

The idea of peacetime conscription is European, and everyone knows that it has never been a guaranty of enduring peace. Clearly peacetime conscription is a move backward. It savors of the loss of liberty and becomes a tool in the hands of the state for the control of its citizens. In the end it creates war.

Also, peacetime conscription endangers the Four Freedoms and is a forerunner of revolution. With labor clamoring for increased power, with religious groups striving for a federated church, it is easy to see how this regimentation of youth could be the undoing of all the country's liberties. The man power, on being thoroughly trained in the use of arms, needs only to be led by some overenthusiastic group of leaders to be easily organized into an army and

seize control of the Government. So, what may appear to some to be a means of guaranteeing to America freedom from fear by a highly trained civilian army, can easily be the means of creating far greater fears involving the entire loss of both political and religious freedom.

The marvelous development of science has brought to man so many material benefits that people in general are beginning to feel less and less need of religious faith. Indeed, science, during the last generation has rapidly supplanted faith and taken the place of prayer.

Little by little, a new paganism has infiltrated all literature. Religion has entered into a period of decadence through the misuse of the moving picture and the development of salacious reading matter that is so conspicuous on the newsstands of today, until the substituting license for liberty has produced a generation of youth to whom God is unknown, to whom the Christian religion is unwelcome, and who find themselves enslaved in a new bondage—the tyranny of evil habits. If the Christian principles of liberty are to survive this flood of neopaganism sweeping our own country, we must protest against it with the same vigor that our forefathers protested against the rising tide of persecution in Europe.

Freedom is not something that, once secured, remains permanent; it can easily be lost through indifference. The hope of America and the youth of today is to return to the principles of freedom of conscience and action which are symbolized by Plymouth Rock. It is high time that we paid tribute to our Pilgrim Fathers for all their noble deeds and lofty aspirations.

Plymouth Rock—that huge boulder where the Pilgrim Fathers landed—will always be to Americans a sacred shrine of liberty. May we ever be true to the high principles of freedom for which it stands.

A Nurse Remembers

(Continued from page 8)

cided to kiss his nurse. Since previous attempts were failures, he kept his plan a secret and singled Fern out for his goal. Suddenly he called out, "Miss Johnson, please come here; I want to tell you something." Unsuspectingly she went over to his bed. "But I want you to come nearer," he pleaded, "so no one else will hear."

So she bent down, that he might whisper in her ear. With a mischievous twinkle in his eye he threw both arms about her neck and gave her a resounding "smack." After the first shock of surprise she gave him a reassuring smile, and he was content for the night. Billy continued to improve, but before he left the hospital he insisted on cutting off one of his dark curls to give to "Miss Johnson," lest she forget him.

Graduation day came at last, and no one was happier and prouder than Fern to receive her white uniform and be able to wear the graduate's stripe. Yes, those days are gone, but the memory of them will forever linger in her heart.

Now she is in college again, and this year she will receive her bachelor of science degree. Her nursing experiences have just begun, since she assures me that her plans are to be fulfilled when she becomes a medical missionary in foreign lands. For she has heard the call of God for workers in is vineyard, and has answered gladly, "Here am I, Lord; send me."



HOW much does a wisp of smoke weigh? And really, is there any weight to the dot of a lead pencil? A precision balance at the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C., can give you the answers to both questions. This is truly a "House of Wonders," and Government scientists working there are testing and investigating many strange things. It contains a device so sensitive that it can detect the amount of heat given off by a candle 200 miles away. There is a steel bar six inches in diameter and seemingly immovable; yet a gadget stands close by which indicates how much the visitor can bend that bar with his little finger!

Writing about this marvelous wonder house, Stanley S. Jones says that there are 100 "sections" in the Bureau, each headed by an expert scientist and his capable staff. The director-in-chief is Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, and under him is a staff of 2,300, which operates under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Department of Commerce. It is estimated that American householders alone are saved \$50,000,000 a year through the standardizing processes established by the Bureau. For instance, your soap is soapier, your linoleum wears longer, your plumbing equipment gives better service, your furnace performs more satisfactorily, and your tires wear better because this group of hard-working scientists are looking after your interests.

For only a few cents you can buy pamphlets from the Bureau of Standards giving reports and suggestions from its many departments. A perennial best seller is said to be a 125-page book which costs only twenty cents.

"Simplify and standardize!" is the Bureau's battle cry, and American industry has given its wholehearted co-operation to the enterprise. Where once there were sixty-six sizes of paving bricks, which fact caused headaches for many highway builders, today there are only four sizes, and there is greater road smoothness than ever before.

A new father in Chicago insisted on buying a clinical thermometer marked "NBS37"—which meant that it had been tested under National Bureau of Standards requirements. It was therefore regarded as more reliable than ordinary thermometers and sold for a higher price. One night the baby showed several degrees of fever by the tested thermometer, but the temperature register by the ordinary thermometer was normal. When the family doctor was summoned he confirmed the suspicion that the child was seriously ill, and said that it might have been too late to save it had the parents depended on the untested instrument.

The yardstick in your closet is a perfect thirty-six inches—if it is a good yardstick—"because it has been measured by the platinum-iridium meter that was brought to the United States in 1889, and is kept in a Government vault, and when used, the temperature is carefully controlled to prevent shrinkage or expansion. Similarly an inch is always an inch and a foot is always a foot in the laboratories of Uncle Sam's" wonder house.

Why, there is even a machine in it which can measure the heat of a particular star—if it is necessary for you know! But the staff is busy with essentials, and you must explain the whys and wherefores before they will take time to give you this particular information.

My Father's Father

MY grandfather reached young manhood the year General Winfield Scott helped the Mexicans decide where their front-yard fence should be built. He was a tall, strong man, and when rumors that there was gold in the California river beds reached his ears, he bade his mother farewell and joined the growing column of adventuresome folk who were moving toward the beckoning wealth and adventure of the West.

His preparation for the trip was not at all extensive, because few things were needed in those days of simple living. Good firearms and plenty of powder and slugs were objects of careful consideration. A supply of parched corn and a little liquor made up the balance of his bulky possessions.

Grandfather was a conversable chap, and liquor to him was an excellent medium of friendship. His affections were social and generous, and when he had money, he used it to assist anyone who needed help. This generous spirit soon brought about a change in his extensive plans, for his money ran low, and he decided to become a farmer instead of an adventurer. So he homesteaded a beautifully located section of land near the Missouri River.

In a short time a neat cabin appeared on a grassy plateau overlooking a crystal-clear stream. Although settlers were far between, grandfather's bigheartedness and his supply of "good" liquor caused his name to be on many tongues and his home to be visited by many friends.

From among his associates he chose a young woman who soon took charge of his home. With her by his side he worked hard and developed the homestead into a productive farm and cattle ranch. New buildings appeared, a new wine cellar was dug and well stocked, a large artificial fish pond and swimming pool were formed, and every convenience which was offered by the industries of the time was the proud possession of this happy couple.

As years rolled by, the family grew in numbers, and grandfather was able to take life easier, because his seven sons were good workmen and with but little supervision were well able to carry the responsibilities of the ranch.

Having fewer duties at home, grandfather was free to spend much of his time in a sizable village which had grown up beside a railroad line just three miles from the farm, and day after day he would drive his favorite horse to town. As he would pull up to the hitching rack, his many friends would come from every direction. He would chat with them and then invite them into the saloon and order drinks for all.

In his idleness, his desire to be a friend to everyone predominated over his attention to facts, and his accumulated fortune of a hundred thousand dollars swiftly melted away. Soon money and health were completely gone, and my grandfather became seriously ill. After weeks of suffering, during which time not one of his friends visited him, he died, and an

autopsy showed that his liver had completely disintegrated from the effects of the liquor he had drunk.

"The curse causeless shall not come," and "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children," are old proverbs. My father received an old cow for his share of the estate, and it soon died.

Station DJA

(Continued from page 6)

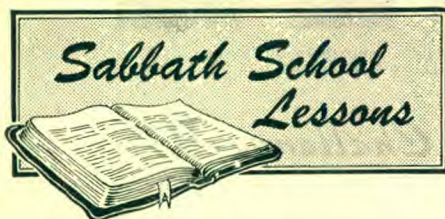
There's a place for every teacher
And a desk for every child;
Let the Word of God unfailing
Make us strong and keep us undefiled.

Hear the call, O Christian parents,
Gather all the children in,
Lest they join the ranks of Satan
And be lost out in the world of sin.

Key to Bible Coats: 1. 1 Sam. 2:19. 2. Dan. 3:21. 3. Lev. 10:5. 4. Gen. 3:21. 5. 1 Sam. 17:5. 6. 1 Sam. 17:38. 7. John 21:7. 8. Gen. 37:33. 9. Luke 3:11. 10. Acts 9:39. 11. Mark 6:9. 12. John 19:24.

Key to Pleasures: 1. 1 Chron. 29:17. 2. Ps. 149:4. 3. Ps. 147:11. 4. Luke 12:32. 5. Eph. 1:5. 6. Isa. 53:10. 7. Ps. 35:27. 8. Isa. 44:28. 9. Eccl. 2:1. 10. 1 Tim. 5:6. 11. Luke 8:14.

Key to Gate Crashers: 1. Jeremiah (Kings). 2. Eli (prophets). 3. Timothy (writers of epistles). 4. Dorcas (persons healed by Christ). 5. Naboth (sons of Jacob). 6. Nehemiah (prophets). 7. Zachaeus (co-workers with Paul).



SENIOR YOUTH

X—The Mystery of Iniquity

(December 8)

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Thessalonians 2:7.

LESSON HELP: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 355, 356, 443, 444, 49-60 (new ed., pp. 407, 408, 506, 507, 55-67).

1. Concerning what did the apostle entreat his brethren at Thessalonica? 2 Thess. 2:1.

2. To what end did he beseech them? Verse 2.

3. Before Christ's second coming, what must surely take place? Who will be revealed? Verse 3.

NOTE.—"The apostle Paul warned the church not to look for the coming of Christ in his day. 'That day shall not come,' he says, 'except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed.' Not till after the great apostasy, and the long period of the reign of the 'man of sin,' can we look for the advent of our Lord. . . . Paul covers with his caution the whole of the Christian dispensation down to the year 1798. It is this side of that time that the message of Christ's second coming is to be proclaimed."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 356.

"Son of perdition" means devoted to utter destruction. This and "man of sin" are not titles which this power adopts, but are names indicative of his character as God sees it.

4. What will this "man of sin" do? Where does he presume to sit? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"Even at that early date he [Paul] saw, creeping into the church, errors that would prepare the way for the development of the Papacy. . . . Almost imperceptibly the customs of heathenism found their way into the Christian church. The spirit of compromise and conformity was restrained for a time by the fierce persecutions which the church endured under paganism. But as persecution ceased, and Christianity entered the courts and palaces of kings, she laid aside the humble sim-

plicity of Christ and His apostles for the pomp and pride of pagan priests and rulers; and in place of the requirements of God, she substituted human theories and traditions. . . . This compromise between paganism and Christianity resulted in the development of the 'man of sin' foretold in prophecy as opposing and exalting himself above God."—*Ibid.*, pp. 49, 50.

5. Of what did Paul remind the Thessalonians? Verse 5.

6. Because the apostle had so thoroughly instructed the believers, what did they now know? Verse 6.

NOTE.—Paul assured the believers that there was a restraining power that would hold in check the forces of evil, that they should not accomplish their ends prematurely. The time for the rise of this power had been set forth by the prophet Daniel. Not until that world empire, with its capital city of Rome, should be divided into ten kingdoms, and not until three of these had been removed before it, could that power represented by the little horn of Daniel 7:24, be seated upon the throne of universal civil and religious rule.

7. What does Paul further say concerning the workings of the enemy until the appointed time? Verse 7.

8. When restraint is removed, who will be revealed? How will he be destroyed? Verse 8.

NOTE.—After probation has closed, "when the restraining Spirit of God shall be wholly withdrawn from the wicked, no longer to hold in check the outburst of human passion and satanic wrath," the inhabitants of earth will see "as never before the results of Satan's rule."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 37.

9. With what energy will Satan work just before Christ's second coming? Verse 9.

10. Who will be especially deceived by the working of Satan? Why are all these easy prey to Satan's delusions? Verse 10.

NOTE.—Satan's "working is plainly revealed by the rapidly increasing darkness, the multitudinous errors, heresies, and delusions of these last days. Not only is Satan leading the world captive, but his deceptions are leavening the professed churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. The great apostasy will develop into darkness deep as midnight, impenetrable as sackcloth of hair."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 414.

11. What follows the rejection of the love of the truth? Verse 11.

NOTE.—God sends no delusion to destroy; it is Satan who seeks to destroy, and not until men reject every means of salvation does God give them over to Satan's delusions. But the one who receives the love of the truth and remains true cannot be deceived and destroyed.

12. What will be the consequence to those who do not believe? Verse 12.

JUNIOR

X—Warnings

(December 8)

LESSON TEXT: 2 Thessalonians 2:1-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first." 2 Thess. 2:3.

Guiding Thought

"It is like a man leaving his house to go abroad: he puts his servants in charge, each with his work to do, and he orders the porter to keep watch. Watch then, for you never know when the Lord of the House will come, in the late evening or at midnight or at cockcrow or in the morning. Watch, in case He comes suddenly and finds you asleep. Watch: I say it to you, and I say it to all." Mark 13:34-37, Moffatt.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. Through what does Paul appeal to the Thessalonian believers? 2 Thess. 2:1.

NOTE.—What he is about to write is so important that he appeals to them in a most solemn way.

2. What does he tell them? Verse 2.

NOTE.—Somehow, the believers were thinking that Jesus' coming would be very soon. Paul, in this chapter, points out events which must come about first.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

3. What must occur before Christ comes? 2 Thess. 2:3.

4. How would this "man of sin" consider himself? What would he attempt to do? Verse 4.

ASSIGNMENT 4

5. Of what had Paul told the Thessalonian believers? 2 Thess. 2:5.

6. What did they know? Verse 6.

NOTE.—Paul had told them that the "man of sin" had not yet risen to power, because the Roman Empire still ruled the world. The "man of sin" could not be a power until the Roman Empire was divided into ten kingdoms. Then he would grow rapidly and become a dominating power, exalting himself above God. See Verse 4.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

7. How does Paul speak again of the power which hinders the work of the "man of sin"? 2 Thess. 2:7. See note for question 6.

8. What is the "man of sin" called? What will be done with it when Christ comes? Verse 8.

NOTE.—"Then the embodiment of disobedience will make his appearance, and the Lord Jesus will destroy him with the breath of His mouth and annihilate him by His appearance and arrival." Verse 8, Goodspeed.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 6

9. How is the work of this evil power—the "man of sin"—described? 2 Thess. 2:9.

NOTE.—"In different parts of the earth, Satan will manifest himself among men as a majestic being of dazzling brightness, resembling the description of the Son of God given by John in the Revelation. The glory that surrounds him is unsurpassed by anything that mortal eyes have yet beheld. The shout of triumph rings out upon the air, 'Christ has come! Christ has come! . . . Only those who have been diligent students of the Scriptures, and who have received the love of the truth, will be shielded from the powerful delusion that takes the world captive.'—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 624, 625.

10. Who especially will be deceived by this power? Verses 10-12.

Answer.—Those who choose not to follow Jesus and His teachings or receive His Sabbath sign in their foreheads, will be deceived.

11. What will keep us safe during the time of these deceptions?

Answer.—The love of the truth, watchfulness, and prayer will keep us against deceptions. Eph. 3:17-19. Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Review all the memory verses so far this quarter.

Christ did not come during Paul's time, because

The "man of sin" is the great power of evil, because —. Give three reasons.

Man will be deceived by it just before Christ comes, because —.

We need not be deceived, because —.

The — in the heart will keep us safe from the deceiving power of the enemy.

Now read the Guiding Thought.

Am I living it in my heart and actions?



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The Listening Post

► THERE are 2,100 species in the carrot family.

► THE housing shortage in the United States has become so grave through the war years that experts now place the national deficit at 12,500,000 homes.

► PERMANENT waves for women, which had been banned during the war because they suggested American influence, and also to save electricity, have been resumed in Japan.

► UNITED STATES casualties for World War II, as most recently revised, now stand at 1,069,632, including 264,599 killed. Only 3.3 per cent of the wounded died, compared with 8 per cent in the first World War.

► IT is announced that the Hebrew University and Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America, will build a nonsectarian medical school on Mount Scopus in Jerusalem. The prospective institution will be the first one to train physicians in Palestine.

► IRELAND is having a bout with inflation. Cost of living has soared more than 100 per cent in Dublin. Plentiful money and scarce goods have brought this about. It is said that Irish men and women in the British armed forces sent home more than \$50,000,000 a year during the war.

► EMPEROR HIROHITO of Japan has made a social call on General Douglas MacArthur, supreme commander for the Allied forces in the Pacific area. This is a precedent-breaking action on the part of the emperor, who is worshiped as a god by his subjects, and heretofore has never called on a mere mortal.

► THE arrangement for Russia to share Port Arthur and the South Manchurian Railway with China under the terms of the Moscow treaty, once more provides the Trans-Siberian Railway with an ice-free Pacific outlet. During the last forty years the transcontinental system has been compelled to use the Russian port of Vladivostok.

► THE Salvation Army, which a few months before the outbreak of the second World War ceased to exist as such in Japan, continues to carry on work in the conquered country under a new name, and is supported by Japanese donations. The former Salvation Army members, who are all Japanese, now function as the Nihon Kirisuto Airin Kai, which translated literally means, "Japanese Christian Love Your Neighbors Society."

► IT is reported from Moscow that inside and out the famous Kremlin is being renovated and refurbished. Splendor long lost is being restored to its historical buildings and the hundreds of murals and religious paintings they contain. The golden cupolas of its cathedrals gleam once more as wartime camouflage paint is removed and the damaged roofs are repaired. In a long corner room that was the last czar's study a golden clock ticks away just as it did in the czar's day, "keeping time right on the dot."

► MAXWELL FIELD, vice-president of the New England Shoe and Leather Association, asserts that the trend in women's footwear in the United States is definitely nudist—heelless, toeless, sideless, and backless—just a sole and a strap here and there. And Dr. Joseph Interland, a noted podiatrist, of New York, says that the extreme styles in heels, which vary between pancake flat and three-inch spindles, are making a generation of flat-footed women. He estimates that 90 per cent of his young girl patients now suffer from flat feet.

► THE San Diego naval training center is using a new treatment—penicillin ice cream. It is cold and tasty, and disguises the medicine's bitter flavor. A few doses of this medicinal refreshment are said to clear up trench mouth, scarlet fever, gum and mouth inflammations, "strep" throat, and some cases of tonsillitis.

► THE Brazilian state of Minas Geraes (Central Mines) has a greater variety of gem minerals than any other such spot in the world. Recently a "new" gemstone has been found. It is called Brazilianite, is clear yellow-green, and comes in crystals as large as two fists.

► FORTY-ONE nations own real estate in Washington, D.C. Twenty-four nations do not own embassy or legation sites. The properties of three others are sequestered as belonging to enemies.

► Now that the war has ended, work is being resumed on the mirror for the world's largest telescope, planned for Mount Palomar, California. Seven men are at work in a dustless, cork-lined, astrophysics laboratory of the University of Southern California, grinding and polishing it into a curve exact to two millionths of an inch. It will be ready for installation by June of 1947.

★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★



The Soldier Congregation Gathered on Sabbath in the Pasay Compound Church in Manila, Philippine Islands

The Philippines Challenge Us

By Cpl. ALBERT L. GILL

When liberty and peace were restored to war-shattered Manila, our Seventh-day Adventist church in the Pasay compound was found intact—a manifestation of God's protection and a harbinger of the renewed endeavor in behalf of the gospel of salvation which was soon to be reorganized there. Only five kilometers south of the much-battered Walled City sector, and with ruin and rubble on every side, it remains a monument to faithful mission giving and a credit to our denominational work. For it was built in 1941 with funds furnished by the General Conference, and had just been completed and dedicated when war broke in the Pacific and spread to the Philippines.

Originally the compound comprised several buildings, including a union office, a publishing house, and a sanitarium, but in the interim between occupation and liberation, the enemy demolished all of these except the church. The sanitarium—a beautiful four-story structure—was the last to go, as a result of a charge of dynamite placed in the elevator shaft.

According to Pastor E. W. Bahr, who with his family remained in Luzon during the occupation, the Axis forces permitted worship in the Pasay church until early 1944. Thereafter, it served as an enemy storehouse, and the missionaries were put into a concentration camp.

The first Sabbath services after liberation were held on June 23, 1945, with thirty-eight persons present. Now each Sabbath day some hundred and twenty servicemen and forty civilians pass the row of pink lilies which line the old compound wall, to reach the sunny portals of the church.

The situation in these islands presents a great challenge today to the believers in the third angel's message. Health standards and living standards are low, and if one takes occasion to examine some of the hovel-dwellings in the Chinese section and then contrast these with the elaborate ornamental burial structures which house their dead, a reasonable perspective, at least, is gained of the deep-seated Oriental custom which amounts to ancestor worship.

To meet this challenge some of our servicemen have expressed their desire to return to these islands as missionaries once they have been discharged from the armed forces and have completed training for the ministry.

Our greatest needs here at the moment are your prayers and a good supply of third-angel's-message-filled literature. Every piece of literature here is precious. We therefore earnestly solicit your help, that the loud cry may go forth in victorious consummation.